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Confederate Veteran
Magazine
1903

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Vol. II

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1903

No. I

Confederate Veteran

2230667



THE LATE GEN. GEORGE MOORMAN.

(Pages 8-11.)

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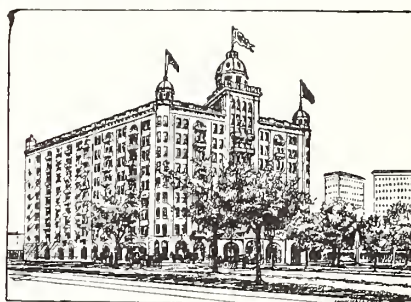
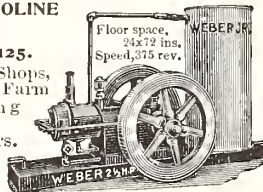
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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important. Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application. The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1903.

NO. 1. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

CONFEDERATE REUNION ARRANGEMENTS.

The Confederate Reunion Committee, of New Orleans, has adopted the plans for the Convention Hall offered by Thomas Sully, who drew them and was employed in preparing the plans for the Auditorium at Memphis. It is to be at the race track. After use, the material will be sold for the benefit of the reunion fund, unless the contractor agrees to take back the material after the reunion as a part of his payment.

It is said that the Memphis Auditorium cost between \$20,000 and \$25,000, and that the lumber was sold afterwards to a building company for half the cost.

In the proceedings of the committee Capt. Ward said that he had been receiving a great many communications from all over the South, and even from places in the North, asking about the date of the reunion and indicating a great amount of interest for this early date. Gen. Gordon has not yet officially announced the date, but May 19 is still adhered to as the earliest time when the local committee will be ready for it, and he will, no doubt, issue his order fixing that day as the date.

The *Picayune* reports at length proceedings of the committee. It was stated that Dallas raised \$85,000, besides \$5,000 which the ladies raised for the completion of a hall that had been built for the State Fair, and that \$13,000 was spent there for feeding veterans.

At Memphis, where the arrangements for feeding the veterans unprovided for otherwise were very much praised, there were vast quantities of provisions given free, and the cost was comparatively small.

Messrs. Wogan, Baldwin, and Walmsley were appointed a committee to see the street railroad people about the facilities for carrying the people to the Fair Grounds, there being apprehension that two car lines will be inadequate.

The following committees were appointed:

On Parade Review: Capt. James C. Dinkins, Chairman; Capt. R. E. Craig, Washington Hands, Leigh Carroll, Seymour Ransom, L. R. Bergeron, Gus B. Baldwin, E. H. Robinson, H. M. Gill, Col. Charles Santana, George Lyons, Sam McC. Herndon, W. C. Chevis, G. L. Tebault, E. B. Haral, and John R. Anderson.

Printing Committee: B. T. Walshe, Chairman; Edwin Marks, J. W. Noyes, Joseph H. DeGrange, J. A. Pierce, George K. Renaud, Holland S. Reavis, Lewis S. Graham, and N. S. Hoskins.

Music Committee: James Walton Gaines, Chairman; John W. Carnahan, J. C. Febiger, Tom Elliott, Sidney F. Lewis, L. C. Quintero, and Ed D. Walshe.

Committee on Entertainment of General Officers: Gen. J.

B. Levert, Chairman; Gen. W. J. Behan, Judge R. T. Beauregard, I. L. Lyons, Charles Janvier, Col. W. G. Vincent, Page M. Baker, Col. John B. Richardson, Branch K. Miller, Walter R. Stauffer, Albert Baldwin, Jr., Walter D. Denegre, Col. J. A. Chalaron, Fred G. Freret, Col. B. F. Eshleman, and Judge F. T. Nicholls.

CONFEDERATED MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee of the Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association met in special session at New Orleans to express their sorrow at the death of Gen. George Moorman, and passed the following resolutions:

"Whereas our Heavenly Father in his infinite wisdom has called to his eternal rest one more gallant Confederate soldier, we feel that in the death of Gen. George Moorman no more shining mark could have been claimed from the ranks of the few remaining veterans, and realize the loss of a true and chivalrous soldier, one to whose instrumentality we owe the perfect organization of our Confederate camps, to which he devoted his time, labor, and intelligence; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That with hearts filled with grief, we mourn the death of Gen. George Moorman, and extend to his bereaved widow and son our sincere sympathy and condolence, and in all humility submit to the will of an all-wise Providence.

"2. That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to his sorrowing family, and be placed on the minutes of this Association."

MRS. W. J. BEHAN, *President*;

MRS. SUMPTER TURNER, *Corresponding Secretary*.

Mary Fairfax Childs, Corresponding Secretary New York Chapter, writes that the New York Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, at their December meeting, was presented a large and handsome Confederate flag by the President, Mrs. James H. Parker. Bishop Garrett, of Texas, an honored guest, being present, responded to the address in the graceful and elegant style which ever characterizes his remarks. The words "Ever Faithful" have been recently adopted as the Chapter motto.

At the convention of the Texas Division, U. D. C., held in Fort Worth December 2, 3, 4, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Cone Johnson, Tyler; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Seabrook W. Sydnor, Houston, Mrs. B. F. Eads, Marshall, Miss Katie Daffan, Ennis, Mrs. S. E. Buchanan, Dallas, Secretary, Mrs. W. P. Lane, Fort Worth; Registrar, Miss Mollie Conner, Eagle Lake; Historian, Mrs. S. H. Watson, Waxahachie. It was the most successful convention ever held in Texas.

MRS. W. P. LANE.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

MCKINLEY, ROOSEVELT, AND THE NEGRO.

The Southern people will remain "solid" on the race question. The most clannish of them are not fearful of disturbance upon that point. They concede that their Northern fellow-citizens may not realize the necessity of white supremacy and that good men among them, in undertaking to disturb the natural relations, deserve prayer from knowing not what to do.

All the world remembers how the South grieved in the death of McKinley, and how her people respect his memory. They cherish his noble utterance in behalf of caring for the graves of the Confederate dead, and are comforted in the memory of his Christian resignation when shot down by an assassin. They prefer to remember these things to his early official acts. It may be well, however, in this connection to review his administration on the negro question. Elected by as partisan a class as any of his predecessors, and misguided as much by that question as any of them, he began appointing negroes to office in spite of the protestation of white people directly concerned. This emboldened the negroes to think that the bottom rail would indeed be on top, and they became more insolent than ever. The sin of it was so demonstrated in Wilmington, N. C., to note a single illustration, that the white people of that noted, conservative city determined, in spite of the power of the United States or all the world, that they would not submit to the outrages being there perpetrated. It was so bad that white ladies could not walk the streets in safety. The wife of a merchant, for instance, was accosted by a burly negro, who walked up close by her on a public street and said, putting his face close to hers: "Won't you kiss me, darling?" Public meetings were held, defiant speeches were made, and an organization was publicly perfected to annul the acts of the President of the United States. The men bound themselves by their sacred oaths to submit no longer, and blood ran in the streets.

These things induced the good McKinley to pause and consider his course on that subject. Impatient negroes held mass meetings and condemned the President. One of the speakers at such a gathering in the national capital demonstrated the animus of his race by saying that he "would concentrate those issues into one McKinley neck" and he "would hold the razor to cut the jugular vein."

The Spanish war coming on just then, men of the South rallied as promptly as those of the North to fight the battles of the United States, and the negro problem ceased to be considered. It is well remembered that McKinley did not further meddle with that question.

In the succeeding national campaign, McKinley's reelection was not regarded as the usual calamity in the election of a sectional and a partisan President, and many Southern people were not displeased that the remarkable leader of the "Rough Riders" in the Spanish-American war was ticketed with him. For his many admirable qualities they had much hope that, should he occupy the Presidency, Roosevelt would be a non-partisan, and that the deplored sectionalism would be obliterated before the patriotic soldiers of the Union and Confederate armies had all answered their last roll call. The last-named class is at least equally as anxious for it as the former. The

most opportune conditions possible were anticipated. President Roosevelt had the best opportunity that has ever occurred to restore primitive relations to the country. His versatility, his integrity, and his independence might have made him the most popular President that ever occupied the White House in the memory of any now living; but the worst mistakes are being made, and the writer voices the sentiments of many millions, surely, in expressing sorrow and anguish in the Booker Washington incident and for other events that have followed on the race question. Aside from the principle issue, those who know President Roosevelt personally—those who have been fascinated and charmed by his qualities of good fellowship—are the more grieved.

Surely his best friends should importune him to pause and meditate upon human imperfections. He has not the power, and the armies can't be made large enough, to force into the kind of subjection he seems to desire the white people of the South who were compatriots of his noble ancestors and their children.

These expressions are not of sectional consideration, but from a principle as old and as deep as the creation of white and black—and the distinctive color odor. Let every possible influence be brought to bear with the President for the good of all the people, black as well as white. Let his friends in the South be diligent to communicate with him upon the disastrous and grievous results that will come of playing with unquenchable fire.

It is due the President to state that his Southern blood induces our people to be much more exacting, and these remarks are as a plea to him rather than a criticism to injure.

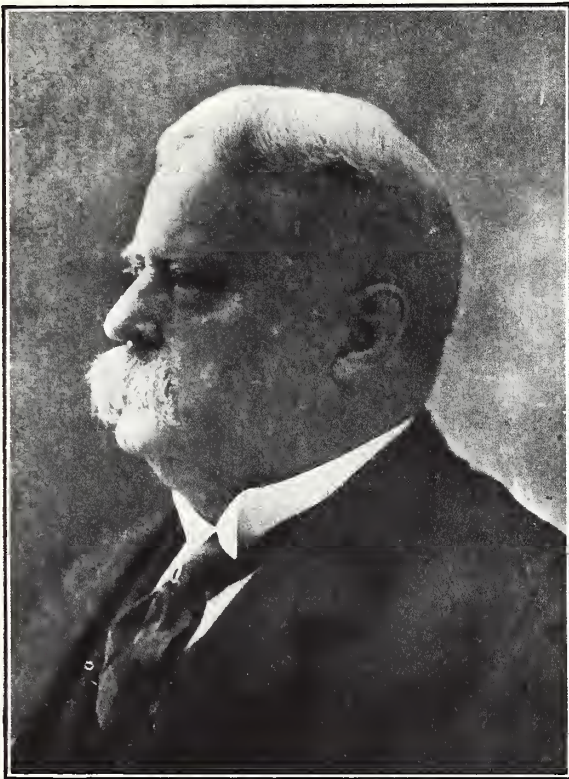
CONCERNING A CHARTERED ORGANIZATION.

It may be interesting to know that only one person responded to the suggestion that steps be taken to form a stock company to perpetuate the VETERAN and similar interests. That friend was Mr. Verne S. Pease, of Chicago, Northern-born but who lived in the South long enough to become an ardent devotee to the principles governing the Southern people. This is well established, as evidenced by his book, "In the Wake of War," of which much has been printed in the VETERAN. Mr. Pease writes that he hopes "not to live long enough to be called upon for the \$10." It will be remembered that subscriptions were to be made assessable upon the death of the founder and proprietor of the VETERAN. It would be difficult to show greater respect and consideration for the writer than has been done in so universally withholding action under the conditions. That evidence of friendship is most gratifying. The extraordinary silence on the subject causes no regret for the suggestion. The record is made of a proposed plan to continue the VETERAN beyond the life of any individual.

Although action is deferred upon the proposed plan, there is assurance most gratifying that the sentiment to perpetuate our Confederate record is earnestly considered and general, hence there must be inaugurated a compact more enduring than any person. There should be an organization formed—no money need be paid in—so that in an emergency the coöperators would take action that would not be otherwise practicable. It is desired that earnest representative men and women who would coöperate furnish their address to the editor of the VETERAN. If they would do so, he would incur the expenses necessary to an organization. This company or association might be entirely freed from obligation to the VETERAN or of any other kind. First of all, there should be charter members from the various States, leading Veterans, Sons, and Daughters of the Confederacy. Camps and Chapters might coöperate as bodies.

Miss Anna Caroline Benning, of Columbus, Ga., requests correction of the statement, on page 533 of the December VETERAN, that the U. D. C. of Georgia contributed \$64 cash and pledged \$325 to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, when it was the U. C. V. (United Confederate Veterans) of Georgia. Miss Benning, in writing for herself and sister Daughters of the Confederacy, says: ". . . and not one of us but exults when we have a chance to tell of their devotion."

Elsewhere there is a fine picture in this VETERAN of a room in the State library. It will be pleasant to those familiar with the former status of affairs to see Gens. R. E. Lee and Bedford Forrest in places formerly occupied by an officer of the Federal army and a politician who dominated severely in the days of the war and reconstruction. There is no more creditable spot in Tennessee than is this library under the management of Mrs. Lulu B. Epperson for the past two years.



GEN. FITZHUGH LEE.

This distinguished Confederate general, Minister to Cuba and general in the United States army, is spending several days in Nashville. He will lecture at the Tabernacle January 19, the birthday of his most distinguished kinsman in a large and honorable family since the United States has had an existence.

Comrade Marion Crump, of Fort McKavett, Tex., a subscriber to the VETERAN, served in the Confederate army as a mere boy. He was born August 9, 1848, in Tippah County, Miss. In February, 1863, his father gave him a good horse and encouraged him to join the service by going with him, so he enlisted in Capt. West Graham's company—all boys, except the captain and first lieutenant, John Cain—ninety-four members in all, which became Company I, Twenty-Second Mississippi Cavalry, under Col. Elijah Cox, and in Forrest's command. Com-

rade Crump was in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., and his last battle was that of Selma, Ala., with many cavalry battles and skirmishes between. He has never been to a reunion or belonged to a U. C. V. Camp, but is a warm Confederate and proud of it.

NASHVILLE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM.

MOVEMENT CONTEMPLATED THAT WILL ELICIT WIDESPREAD INTEREST.

For ten years Nashville, Tenn., has been the domicile of the VETERAN. Its mission has been ardent to sustain the Confederate cause universal, ignoring location or class, in the interest of the men and women who sacrificed all save honor in the issue that culminated in the sixties. This plan has seemed to be satisfactory to all the people. No local preferences are ever asked, and the Tennesseans have established their fealty in every way possible. They accept that it is proper for the VETERAN never to take active part in local affairs, but now merit requires attention in its columns. The State has donated, for all the time that reason would suggest, a fine, large farm of 475 acres and erected upon it a comfortable home for more than a hundred unfortunate Confederate veterans, who in their declining years have become dependent. In addition, the State is giving a hundred thousand dollars a year for the support of other unfortunate Confederate veterans who have family ties. This sum may be increased by the Legislature now in session. Nashville proper has as true a Confederate element as there is in Dixie. There are a Bivouac and two Camps of Veterans and three Chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy, and the sentiment of all the people is either coöperative or friendly. Everybody who attended the Confederate reunion here in 1897 remembers the sentiment of the people.

The city of Nashville now owns the beautiful park in which the Centennial Exposition was held, and in that park stand the two permanent buildings—the History building, erected mainly for the Confederates, and which was their headquarters during the Exposition; and the Parthenon, which is perhaps as classic a structure and as beautiful as was ever erected.

The Park Commissioners under the new régime are considering the donation of one of these buildings for a Confederate museum. It is understood that they favor giving immediate use of so much of the History building as is necessary for starting this museum, with the purpose of donating the Parthenon for such purpose as soon as the collection will indicate the propriety of a change. In the meantime, the multitude of massive columns of the Parthenon would be perfected in granite. Surely, a fairer or more suitable place in all respects could not be found and no more appropriate building for such purposes can ever be expected.

LAURA GALT HONORED IN THE FAR WEST.

At a meeting of Camp No. 770, U. C. V., held October 25, 1902, at Los Angeles, Cal., a committee of two, William C. Harrison and A. W. Hutton, submitted the following resolutions to be presented to Miss Laura Talbot Galt, of Louisville, Ky.:

"Whereas recently in the city of Louisville, Miss Laura Talbot Galt, a little girl, aged thirteen years, the granddaughter of the chivalrous Dr. Galt, surgeon of the First Kentucky Cavalry, declined to join her schoolmates in singing "Marching through Georgia," although commanded by her teacher; therefore be it resolved by the Confederate Veterans' Association of California, Camp No. 770:

"1. That as the State and society are based upon the family relation, and the family is but an aggregate of its individual

members, and the qualities of every member add to or detract from the honor, the worth, and standing of the State, it should be the chief purpose and object of every school and of every teacher to instill and encourage in each scholar those virtues which will make for the State the noblest men and women.

"2. That among the highest of virtues which should be thus implanted and promoted are moral courage, filial love and reverence, and a broad patriotism freed from those sectional animosities which the singing of 'Marching through Georgia' in the schools is calculated to keep alive.

"3. We appreciate the trying position in which this little girl was placed, and, believing that she decided wisely, we heartily commend her for her moral courage, her devotion to the memories of her dead father and grandfather, and to the principles for which they had gallantly risked their lives; and we extend to her our thanks and congratulations for her protest against that ignoble spirit which sometimes, even yet, delights to recall the devastation of the fair fields and homes of the South.

"4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent by the Adjutant of this Camp to Miss Laura Talbot Galt, and a copy be forwarded to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for publication."

CAPT. C. S. DOUGLASS.

H. H. Hockersmith, South Union, Ky., writes:

"It is right and proper that our sacred dead should be eulogized and their names placed upon the brightest pages of history; yet it is too often the case that the living are ignored—men whose deeds of daring heroism and self-sacrificing spirit stand unsurpassed, if even equaled, in the annals of war. While attempting to give a short sketch of Capt. C. S. Douglass as a soldier—his former and after life is too well known, and stands as an open book before the people, and upon whose bright pages there is not a blot—I do so with a feeling of reluctance, knowing that his modesty would shrink from having his name before the people; yet, as history, make bold the venture, feeling that if he would only call to mind how often he has helped the writer eat 'pig meat,' bought (?) of—well, it was a pig, just the same—he will have a sense of duty to forgive the one who was with him on picket, the skirmish line, and in the very heat of battle, where in every instance he proved himself as brave as Cæsar and as generous as he was brave, ever on the alert and ready to do his duty wherever placed.

"When on duty Captain Douglass knew no one; when off duty, he was simply plain Charlie Douglass, swapping jokes with his men and steadfastly looking after their best interests. Is it any wonder, then, that the boys admired and loved such a manly man? The world has produced many a brave soldier, but none braver than he, still an honored citizen of Gallatin, Tenn. The writer sincerely wishes that the declining years of his life may be fraught with sunshine, happiness, and sweet contentment until 'life's fitful fever is o'er.'"

Western Recorder, Louisville, Ky.: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is always a welcome visitor, with its reminiscences, its sweet poems, incidents, and anecdotes, all telling of bygone days, when times were hard, but hearts were warm and brave. Everyone who loves to hear of that struggle away back in the sixties, or who wants to revive his own experiences at that time, will take this magazine. It is published in Nashville."

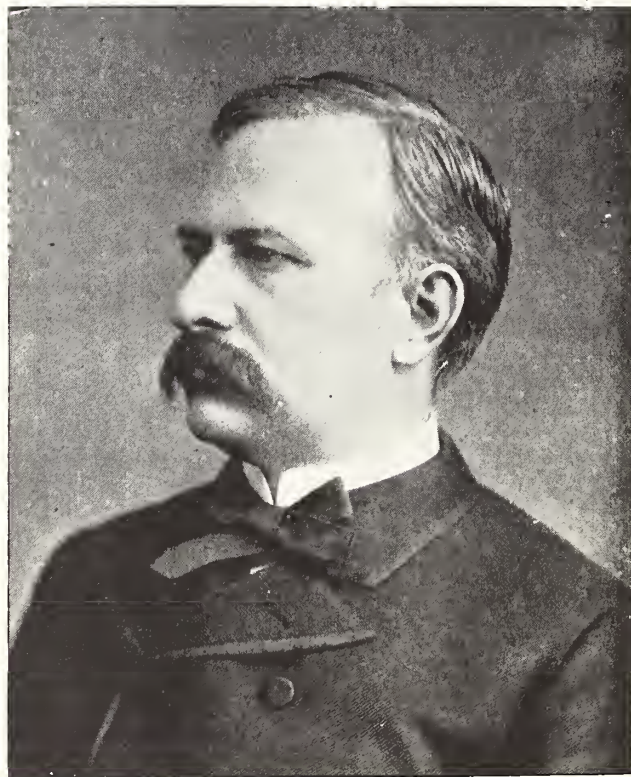
Christian Advocate, Nashville, Tenn.: "Our neighbor, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, celebrated its tenth anniversary in the December number. Its continually increasing circulation shows the appreciation in which it is held. It is a bright, well-illustrated periodical, devoted to the cause of those whose name it bears.

FEDERAL CARE OF CONFEDERATE GRAVES.

On December 10 Hon. J. B. Foraker, United States Senator for the State of Ohio, offered a bill which directs the Secretary of War to mark the graves of the Federal dead in the national cemeteries, the graves of Confederate soldiers and sailors who died during the Civil War in Northern prisons and hospitals and were buried there. The bill appropriates \$100,000 for the purpose, and was referred to the Military Committee.

Ever on the alert for the noble purposes of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, of which she is the efficient President, Mrs. W. J. Behan wrote Senator Foraker:

"At the close of the war the women of the South organized memorial associations, having for their objects the removal of the Confederate dead to the Southern States, wherever practicable, the marking of their graves and the erection of monuments, in memory of their valor and heroic fortitude. The remains of 20,000 or more have been removed to their native States from distant battlefields, but the prison dead, numbering as many more, still lie beyond our reach, in unmarked graves, though not forgotten by those for whom they gave up their lives. For many years we have endeavored to secure some appropriate legislative action, but this effort on our part is nearer the desired end than anything that has yet been proposed. As President of the Southern Memorial Association, I thank you most sincerely for the noble and generous sentiment that prompted your resolution, and hope your colleagues in Congress will give it support."



HON. J. B. FORAKER.

In reply, Senator Foraker wrote Mrs. Behan, stating:

"I shall try to get the bill reported by the Committee on Military Affairs early in January, and shall, as soon as possible thereafter, bring it up for consideration before the Senate. I do not apprehend any serious opposition, but as to that, of course I cannot know in advance. I can assure you, however, that I shall press the matter as much as propriety will allow."

Mrs. Dudley S. Reynolds, delegate and Second Vice President of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., and President of the State Organization of the E. M. Bruce Children of the Confederacy, offered the following resolution: "That representatives from all the Chapters of Children of the Confederacy be allowed the courtesies of the floor in the general convention, and that this convention recommends that yearly reports be heard from these organizations at their own State Conventions of the United Daughters of the Confederacy—that we may demonstrate and attract the eye of our youth to the glorious work we Daughters are accomplishing and the legacy we leave in their hands." The resolution was seconded by Mrs. M. C. Goodlett and Mrs. Laura Dugan, and carried.



MRS. FLORENCE PHILLIPS HATCHER.

Mrs. Florence (E. H.) Hatcher, of Columbia, Tenn., is a daughter of the late Charles W. Phillips, who was a devoted Confederate. He raised and equipped the "Phillips Rangers," and served under Wirt Adams. Mrs. Hatcher has ever been an ardent Daughter of the Confederacy. She is a charter member of the Maury Chapter, Columbia, Tenn., and was for three years its President. She has also been Treasurer of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C. She raised the largest sum yet secured from one source (\$125) for the Sam Davis Monument.

NORTH CAROLINA CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Fred B. Warren writes from Washington, N. C.:

"Mrs. Margaret Arthur Call is a peculiarly interesting woman. From her early girlhood she has been wrapped up heart

and soul in the love and adoration of the South and its history. During the sectional struggle the part she played was only the same of hundreds of Southern girls—that of nurse to the boys that wore the gray.

"She is the originator of the Children of the Confederacy in North Carolina. Several years ago, when this organization was mentioned, she straightway called together the children of Washington and organized them into an interesting working body. Her movement was but the beginning of what will be the historical redemption of the State. Mrs. Call knows our war-time history, and she became a teacher to the children of her organization. An interest was manifested in her teachings, and the parents learned and read history to be able to answer questions asked them by the smaller members of their families.

"Miss Mag,' as every one knows her, is a money raiser—a money maker. She has raised more money in amateur (or, to be more accurate, children's) performances with an admission of ten cents than other shows have made with an admission of fifty. As fruits of her work, a large number of Confederate soldiers have marked marble tablets in Oakdale Cemetery, where were before unmarked graves in a deserted graveyard.

"Mrs. Call is also a poet. Her verses have been read at many gatherings and published in the 'Confederate Columns' of Southern Sunday newspapers. Each Memorial Day she reads a report on some Confederate matter, and generally reads a poem of her own by request. She has on many occasions been the orator of the day before the old soldiers.

"I am getting old,' she said to me several days ago, and I had to laugh at her, for there is as much energy, vim, and fire about her as any person I know.

"This sketch is in a way typical of Washington women. They are all loyal, interested, energetic women, who cherish as much love and pride in the South, its fighters, and its present progress as any on earth. The book clubs here are students of our State history in all of its stages—colonial, Confederate, and present day.

"And, incidentally speaking of home folks, I will add that there is no handsomer group of womanhood anywhere than in this little city in the 'down east.'"

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY IN VIRGINIA.

Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Norfolk, Va., writes:

"Please do me the favor to correct a published error. Mrs. Mattie Bruce Reynolds, of Louisville, Ky., claims the first Chapter of Children of the Confederacy, beginning in 1901. I organized my Chapter, Pickett-Buchanan, in 1897. While in Louisville in 1900, at the Confederate reunion, the Daughters of the Confederacy asked me to tell them how I did my work, having seen an account in the VETERAN for April, 1900. An article was sent to our paper (Norfolk) November 1, saying such an organization *might* be started in Virginia. Mine was the first in the *South*.

"I shall be very glad to have you look into it. I am surprised that some one from our old State, Virginia, did not correct. I refrained on personal grounds. Please publish this letter in your next VETERAN, as I wish to say Norfolk, Va., Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, was the first Chapter in the entire South to have young people. I have in my Chapter the granddaughter of J. E. B. Stuart, the great-niece of Gen. R. E. Lee, the niece of the famous Pelham, the niece of Gen. George E. Pickett, the daughter of the Confederate scout Frank King-fellow. I have done much work and have been congratulated on all hands. I sold from June to October eighteen Confederate badges—Theus Bros.—and say truly I have done more than any other Chapter. You will see in the VETERAN for April, 1900, a sketch of my little girls. I have now 150.

GEN. GEORGE MOORMAN DIED IN HARNESS.

RIGHT ARM OF CONFEDERATE VETERAN ASSOCIATIONS.

That Gen. George Moorman died at his post as Adjutant General of the United Confederate Veterans is known wherever there are Confederate organizations.

Beginning his important work as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff with the birth of the great organization, he was so constantly allied with it and he was of so active and vigorous constitution that comrades did not moralize upon his death. Often the question was asked, "What would we do without Gordon?" and the sentiment has been universal that no other man could fill the position as Commander in Chief with comparable magnetism; but Moorman was never discussed in such connection. Gen. Gordon's service to the body occupied about four days, and Gen. Moorman's 313 days of the year. Gen. Gordon's confidence in his Adjutant General was such that he rarely ever saw an official order with his signature until he would find it in the Associated Press.

Well-posted Confederates are paralyzed at this sudden and greatest calamity that ever befell the organization. Grief is universal with them in the loss of so worthy and so popular a comrade, while they are stunned at so great a loss to the body.

Gen. Moorman was thoroughly disciplined. There is perhaps not in existence a business system more thorough than is his record for the Veterans. A stranger without the aid of his secretary or clerk can find, in the most accurate detail, every business transaction with any Camp in quick time. He kept his records in order.

Gen. Moorman was a native of Kentucky, and a descendant of South Carolina and Virginia ancestors, who moved from near Lynchburg to Breckinridge, Ky., where his grandfather, Capt. James H. Moorman, resided on White Hall Farm. His father moved to Owensboro, and there George Moorman was born June 1, 1841. After a thorough school course, he studied law at Owensboro; but, being too young to practice, he went West. He participated in the troubles of the Kansas war, and then took a perilous trip out on the plains on foot, there being then no railroad west of Jefferson City, Mo. He returned to Missouri, where he read up on the law and obtained license by Owen G. Gates, ex-Attorney-General of Kentucky. He was then nineteen years of age. He was defeated for Engrossing Clerk of the Missouri House of Representatives by one vote.

He formed a company in Kansas City for home service and along the border, of which he was made captain. He espoused ardently the Southern cause, and was one of the first to suggest the capture of the Liberty arsenal, in Clay County, Mo., which was effected on April 20, 1861, and in which he was conspicuous.

He then disbanded the home company and joined Col. J. S. Rains's Infantry Regiment as a private, and was in the engagement at Rock Creek on June 13, 1861, when the first gun was fired west of the Mississippi River. Later young Moorman was made captain and aid-de-camp on Gen. Weightman's staff. As such he executed the first dashing act of his career.

Gen. Price and Gov. Jackson, of Missouri, intrusted him with valuable dispatches to be delivered to the Governor of Kentucky. The trip was an extremely dangerous one, through the Federal lines and through a territory swarming with troops. He was twice captured, once at St. Louis and again at Jerseyville, Ill., but he escaped and delivered the dispatches. Returning to Price's army, near Hopkinsville, Ky.,

he was arrested by a band of Union sympathizers, but was soon released. He was assigned as lieutenant in Dismukes's Arkansas Battery, and afterwards became captain and aid-de-camp to Gov. Thomas C. Reynolds, who commanded all the Missouri troops in the field. He served as aid-de-camp to Gens. R. H. Weightman, Jeff Thompson, Gid J. Pillow, T. C. Reynolds, Milton A. Haynes, John P. McCown, Lloyd Tilghman, Bushrod R. Johnson, Mansfield Lovell, John Adams, Wirt Adams, William H. (Red) Jackson, Stephen D. Lee, Alexander P. Stewart, and N. B. Forrest.

It is asserted that he served every day of the war, from beginning to end, and in all forms of the service—infantry, cavalry, and artillery and on the staff. He was a private and captain of infantry, lieutenant of artillery and adjutant of the Tennessee Corps of Artillery, lieutenant colonel and colonel of cavalry, captain and assistant adjutant general, and major and assistant inspector general; and was successively aid-de-camp and assistant adjutant general, and assistant inspector general of brigade, division, corps, and department commanders. He was slightly wounded and captured at Fort Donelson.

He was taken successively to Camp Morton, Indianapolis; Camp Chase, Columbus; and to Johnson's Island. At Fort Donelson he carried to Col. Forrest the first order ever received to move forward into regular battle. He was engaged in some other most thrilling and romantic episodes. His name is repeatedly mentioned in the official records of the rebellion for gallantry in action at Belmont, Fort Donelson, Coffeeville, Thompson's Station, Franklin, Tenn., at and around Vicksburg and Canton, Miss., and in Sherman's Meridian raid.

Then he resigned from the staff on account of injury to his eyesight from so much clerical work, and, under orders from Gens. Wirt Adams and Leonidas Polk, organized Moorman's Mississippi Cavalry, of which he was made lieutenant colonel, and later, when increased to a regiment, he became colonel. This command was as active as its leader could make it, and never ceased its operations until it surrendered, with Gen. Dick Taylor's command, at the close of the war.

Col. Moorman then settled at Canton, Miss., where he engaged in planting and merchandising, and there he married Miss Helen Shackelford, daughter of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Mississippi. From 1866 to 1868 he served as sheriff of Madison County, a most difficult period, for reconstruction was then in progress, but he maintained order. His friends wanted to nominate him for Lieutenant Governor on the same ticket on which Robert Lowery was elected Attorney-General; but he was only twenty-eight years of age, and, the age limit for the office being thirty-one, he had to decline. In 1888 he was appointed United States Marshal of the New Orleans District, and served the full term. He was deeply interested in immigration to Louisiana, and served as President of the State Immigration Association.

He was the organizer of the Calvary Camp of Confederate Veterans, and served four years as its President. Then he conceived the idea of calling all the cavalry veterans from all over the South into a reunion in New Orleans. The first of these was held on February 13, 1888, and the second on March 4, 1889. He presided over both, and there were Vice Presidents from each Southern State. In the great organization, the United Confederate Veterans, he set to work with his accustomed energy, and the organization was formed with thirty-two Camps at the first reunion, held in New Orleans in July, 1891. Gen. John B. Gordon was elected Commander in Chief, and he appointed Gen. Moorman his Adju-

tant General and Chief of Staff. Gen. Moorman devoted almost his whole time and attention to it. He loved it as his child, and left nothing undone to make it a success.

SKETCH OF MAJ. GEN. GEORGE MOORMAN.

From the most authentic source possible, the private papers of the deceased, the following sketch was procured:

"George Moorman's ancestors were from South Carolina and Virginia. His immediate ancestors moved from near Lynchburg, Va., to Breckinridge County, Ky., where his grandfather, Capt. James H. Moorman, resided on Whitehall Farm, seven miles from Hardinsburg, from which place his father moved to Owensboro, where he was born on June 1, 1841. After attending the common schools, he studied law with the Hon. James Weir, at Owensboro. At an early age he moved West and participated in the Kansas war. He crossed the plains on foot, there being no railroad then west of Jefferson City, Mo. He returned to Missouri and obtained his license to practice law at Independence in 1860, at nineteen years of age. He commenced the practice in the office of Judge John P. Devereaux, formerly of Owensboro, Ky.

"Young Moorman was a candidate as a Whig for Engrossing Clerk of the Missouri House of Representatives in 1860, but through a combination that was made against him he was defeated by one vote.

"He raised a company in Kansas City, Mo., and in the counties along the Kansas and Missouri line—of which he was made captain—for home service on the border between Missouri and Kansas, for protection against the Kansas jayhawkers.

"In the great struggle between the North and the South, as might have been expected, he was prominent in every movement in Jackson County and Western Missouri to assist the Southern cause. He suggested the capture of the Liberty Arsenal in Clay County, Mo., and was one of the party to do it on April 20, 1861, and brought the arms South.

"He disbanded the home company on the approach of the Federal forces commanded by Capt. D. S. Stanley (afterwards Gen. Stanley, of the United States army), and enlisted as a private in Capt. Joe Jackson's Company, being made up for Col. James S. Ranin's Infantry Regiment, of the Missouri State Guards. He was at the fight at Rock Creek, near Independence, Mo. (the first west of the Mississippi River), June 13, 1861. In that engagement Col. Holloway was killed. Ranin's command joined Price's army.

"He was made captain and aid-de-camp of the staff of Gen. Roger Hanson in Price's army, and was sent by Gen. Sterling Price and Gov. Claiborne Jackson, of Missouri, from Jefferson City, Mo., with confidential dispatches to Gov. Beriah McGoffin, of Kentucky, which were delivered to him in the Galt House at Louisville, Ky., while he was in conference with Gen. S. B. Buckner, before he started South to join the Confederate army. That trip was made through swarms of Federal troops, as he had to cross the States of Illinois and Indiana, and was arrested and escaped twice, once in St. Louis and once in Jerseyville, Ill. Finding it impossible to return to Jefferson City, Mo., or to Price's army by that route, he determined to return by the way of Memphis and up the Mississippi River. He took the stage route by the way of Hardinsburg and Owensboro, and was not molested—although feeling was at fever heat in Kentucky between the rival factions, and troops were being drilled in nearly every county—until he reached a small encampment of Union sympathizers near Hopkinsville, Ky. He was arrested by them and kept for several days, after which he was released and made his

way to Camp Boone, near Clarksville, Tenn., where Col. Lloyd Tilghman had a camp of instructions.

"He afterwards joined that part of Price's army under command of Col. M. Jeff Thompson, near Sikestown, Mo. He was then assigned to the artillery service as lieutenant in Dismukes's Arkansas Battery, and was also made captain and aid-de-camp upon the staff of Gov. Reynolds, of Missouri, then commander in chief of the forces in the field. He was assigned at various times to duty as aid-de-camp upon the staff of Gens. John P. McGowan, Roger Hanson, Weightman, M. Jeff Thompson, Gid J. Pillow, Gov. T. C. Reynolds, of Missouri; Col. Milton A. Haynes, Chief Tennessee Corps of Artillery; Gens. Lloyd Tilghman, Bushrod R. Johnson, Mansfield Lovell, John Adams, Wirt Adams, William H. Jackson, Stephen D. Lee, Alexander P. Stewart, and N. B. Forrest.

"He served every day of the war from the first to the last, and, besides so many staff appointments, in all arms of the service—infantry, artillery, and cavalry. He was private and captain of infantry, lieutenant of artillery, and lieutenant colonel and colonel of cavalry. His experiences as adjutant general and inspector general, etc., fitted him specially for the important position of adjutant general and chief of staff to Gen. J. B. Gordon, Commander of the Confederate survivors.

"He was prisoner of war four times, and when captured at Fort Donelson, on February 16, 1862, was taken successively to Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind., and Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio; but was paroled at each of these places and given the liberty of each city, and then sent to Johnson's Island, where he was confined for nearly one year. He was slightly wounded once.

"At Fort Donelson he carried to Col. (afterwards Gen.) Forrest the first order he ever received to move forward into regular battle, in which he was engaged. He was also engaged in some of the most thrilling and romantic episodes of the war, notably that at Fort Donelson, one at Coffeeville, Miss., and another near Sharon, Miss.

"His name is repeatedly mentioned for gallantry in battle in the official records of the rebellion. The many orders published in the war records signed by him show the conspicuous parts he acted in Missouri, at Belmont; Fort Donelson; Corinth, Abbeville, Holly Springs, Coffeeville, Miss.; Franklin, Spring Hill, and Columbia, Tenn.; at and around Vicksburg, Edward Station, Clinton, and Jackson, Miss.; Sherman's Meridian Campaign; Canton, Yazoo City, Birdsong's Ferry, Mechanicsburg, and Harrisburg, Miss.; Thompson's Station, Tenn.; Livingston, Miss.; Coleman's Cross Roads, Franklin, Miss.; and in nearly all of Gen. W. H. Jackson's battles and skirmishes—over one hundred in all.

"In the latter part of the war he resigned from the staff on account of injury to his eyesight from constant writing, and organized Moorman's Mississippi Cavalry Battalion, under orders from Gens. Wirt Adams and Leonidas Polk, of which he was placed in command, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, which was increased to a full regiment, and finally surrendered with Gen. Dick Taylor's forces.

"After the surrender he settled in Canton, Madison County, Miss., where he married Miss Helen Shackelford, daughter of Chief Justice Thomas Shackelford, of Mississippi, and was sheriff of Madison County for nearly three years, during the difficult period of reconstruction, and managed the office with great ability and success, satisfying all parties. He was engaged in planting and merchandising at the same time, and moved to New Orleans in 1869 and to Mandeville, St. Tammany Parish, La., in 1882, where he resided after that time.

"He was appointed United States Marshal at New Or-

icans by President Cleveland in 1888, and filled the office with such ability and integrity that there was never a suit brought against him, nor even a motion filed for any cause.

"He was the First Vice President of the Louisiana Historical Society, which established Memorial Hall in New Orleans. He was at different times engaged in various business and mercantile pursuits. At one time he had charge of the Jackson Railroad, and was connected with the Louisiana Immigration Association, by the unanimous call of his fellow-citizens for over two years.

"He conceived the idea of calling together the cavalry veterans from every Southern State into the two cavalry reunions held in New Orleans February 13, 1888, and on March 4, 1889. He was chairman and the vice president for Louisiana. This was the inspiration which brought forth the United Confederate Veteran organization.

"He was appointed by Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, his Adjutant General and Chief of Staff on July 2, 1891, there being then only thirty-two Camps formed; there being now about fifteen hundred Camps."

TRIBUTE BY KENTUCKY COMRADES.

The George B. Eastin Camp, of Louisville, Ky., at a called meeting, took action upon the death of Gen. Moorman. Col. Bennett H. Young, Commander of the Camp and also Commander of the Kentucky Division, furnished a tribute which was unanimously adopted by the committee and the Camp. The following extracts are from Col. Young's paper:

"We gather to-night in the shadow of a great sorrow. One whom we all loved and who loved us has taken his departure and has 'gone before to the unknown and silent shore.' We are helpless in the presence of Death. We are powerless to stay his hand, and amid his mysteries we are mute and awed. The brave and the good alike, with the cowardly and craven, must yield to his inevitable demand, and when he speaks, all must obey.

"You have been called together to take appropriate action upon the death of Gen. George Moorman, whose loss to the Confederates and all they seek to accomplish is simply immeasurable. It is a maxim received by the world that 'there is no man whose place cannot be filled.' This is not always true. There is no one who can fill George Moorman's place. He was created and prepared for a special and extraordinary work. He did that work as no other man could. . . .

"It may be that his great, loving soul did not compass the extent and influence of the agencies which he had set in motion for the relief of human suffering, for the help of the invalid and the infirm, and for the truth of history; but the tremendous good done through the United Confederate Veteran Association no figures can approximate and no words can describe.

"No one can feel offended at the statement that Gen. Moorman was the real founder and leader in the great organization of United Confederate Veterans, the greatest of its kind, but one, in the world. No humanitarian can calculate what it has done for those who need help, and there are no tables which can give an adequate idea of the blessings and mercy which it has dispensed among the soldiers of the Confederacy.

"The deeds of George Moorman since the war are not such as will be printed in human history, but they are written in human hearts, and they are treasured in human souls, and the memories which gather about such a man are better than all the monuments the sculptors or artists of the world can create.

"When this great social, humane, and historical agency was originated, Gen. Moorman became at once its director. He

had been a brave soldier, and by his courage and valor he had won renown on many fields; but the work which he did on the battlefield was insignificant to that which he was enabled to do through this association for the men who by disease or wounds received or hardships endured in the great war needed home, pensions, care, and vindication.

"Giving up all his business, he devoted himself to the superb work of the association. Position and office to which were attached large salaries had no effect in winning him from the work to which he devoted his life, his energies, and his fortune.

"A majority of this Camp enjoying the honor of personal friendship with Gen. Moorman, we do not hesitate to say that he was one of the most extraordinary men of the period. With great gentleness of spirit and with great firmness of purpose, with unbounded kindness of heart and with infinite tact, he combined a vigorous and strong mind. He understood human nature, he knew men's weaknesses, he respected their prejudices and aroused their patriotism and enthusiasm to a most remarkable degree.

"In the management of an association like that of the United Confederate Veterans there was no bond of money or hope of gain. It was purely and entirely sentimental, and, while connected with the most beautiful sentiments which reach the human heart, these very sentiments made the task of holding and utilizing extremely laborious. In fact, that which he started twelve years ago with thirty Camps and now enlarged to fifteen hundred, with probably forty thousand enthusiastic members, tells as no words can tell the executive ability and genius of this wonderful man.

"He was possessed of absolute self-control. He never lost his temper. He never uttered an unkind or impatient word, and through all difficulties that surrounded him he maintained a sweet and gentle smile and gracious forbearance that won for him thousands of friends. He became party to no quarrels. He entered into no unkind discussions, but with a soul full of enthusiastic patriotism and a deep and inexpressible love for the South he carried on the great work of the association in a way to win the approval and to deserve the praise and commendation of every Confederate veteran.

"He destroyed his life in the service of his comrades. He went down at his post. A stroke which ended in his death found him at his desk making preparations for the coming reunion of the association at New Orleans. It was his desire to make this New Orleans reunion one of the greatest in the history of the association, and he spared no labor and no effort on his part in the necessary work to accomplish this end.

"Gen. Moorman was born in Owensboro, Ky., June 1, 1841. He was possessed with that intense patriotic love for State which marks the men of Kentucky, and it never left him. There was always a tenderness in his look and a gentleness in his grasp toward Kentuckians that showed his supreme love for the men of that State. When this association went into the United Confederate Veterans his great heart overflowed in words of welcome. When the national reunion of United Confederate Veterans was held in Louisville no one worked for its success more affectionately, efficiently, and faithfully than he did. He was all that a Confederate soldier, a gentleman, a Kentuckian, or a Southerner could be, and these words comprise all that can be said of any man. But there was one power against which his strong constitution, brave heart, and noble spirit could not avail.

There is a reaper whose name is death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath
And the flowers that grow between.

"The great enemy has overcome. 'God's finger has touched' our comrade, and he sleeps the sleep that knows no awakening.

"There has been made by his death a void that can never be filled. A great power in the association has been stayed and a great life gone out. 'Death joins us to the great majority' and our comrade has gone to be with the immortals in that land where Lee, Jackson, Beauregard, Stuart, Forrest, Morgan, Hampton, Cleburne, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, and four hundred thousand other Confederate heroes have gone before. What magnificent names with which to be associated! How it thrills the heart and quickens the noblest impulses of nature to know that our comrade and we have been associated with these great actors on the human stage!

"We mingle our tears with those who are bound to him by the closest ties. There is nothing left for us to do but to mourn our beloved comrade, and to tell his wife and his son and those who were bound to him in ties of blood that we sorrow with them in their great sorrow and weep with them in their terrible bereavement.

"Such spirits as those of Gen. Moorman do not die. They have enriched the earth, and, under immortal conditions, enrich heaven.

'Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To an eternal day:
Nor sink those stars in endless night;
They lose themselves in heaven's own light.'

TRIBUTE BY THE JOHN W. CALDWELL CAMP, No. 139.

RUSSELLVILLE, KY., December 19, 1902.

The committee appointed by this Camp to prepare suitable resolutions in memory of our beloved and honored comrade, Adjutant General George Moorman, adopted the following:

"Whereas it has pleased almighty God to summons beyond the bounds of earthly fellowship and friendship, from a high place of service and honor among the Confederate veterans, our faithful, gallant, and patriotic comrade, George Moorman;

"Resolved, That we bow with submission to the sovereign will of Jehovah, who 'doeth according to his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of earth.'

"That we recognize in the life and character of the deceased a rare combination of fidelity to patriotic principles, whether under a vanquished or a victorious flag; of a most attractive personality with proper official dignity; of the highest administrative talent with the broadest sympathy; and of unsullied integrity with an untiring ambition for the honorable recognition and the generous relief of the needy Confederate soldier.

"That we join with the several Departments, Divisions, Brigades, and numerous Camps, which owe their present organization and efficiency so largely to his unwearied diligence and wisdom, in lamenting his loss, and offer to the Commander in Chief and his general staff our sincere condolence.

"That we extend to the family and wife of the deceased our respectful and cordial sympathy in this hour of darkness and bereavement, commending them to the tender mercies of our Heavenly Father.

W. S. RYLAND, *Chaplain Camp No. 139, Chairman*;
G. B. OVERTON, *Chaplain Second Ky. Brigade, U. C. V.*;
J. B. BRIGGS, *Commander Second Ky. Brigade, U. C. V.*"

OTHER TRIBUTES TO GEN. MOORMAN.

At a special meeting of Cape Fear Camp, No. 254, United Confederate Veterans, of Wilmington, N. C., held on the evening of December 19, 1902, a memorial service was held

and resolutions, offered by Gen. W. L. DeRosset and seconded by Gen. James I. Metts, were unanimously adopted. They say:

"Gen. Moorman is dead! What a shock this short sentence was to those who knew him personally! A man endowed with the greatest amount of patience, dignity, and positiveness of character all combined, making him beloved by all who in business or pleasure were thrown in contact with him.

"Gen. Moorman served in the army of the Confederate States under Gen. Bedford Forrest, and was in command of Moorman's Battalion at the close of hostilities.

"Upon the organization of the United Confederate Veterans Gen. Moorman was appointed by the commanding general his adjutant general and chief of staff, which position he has held since, by annual reappointment. The duties devolved upon him to organize the large number of camps and bivouacs and combine them into one grand body, which required a vast amount of patience, labor, and knowledge of human nature, and, after the organization was completed, to arrange the many details which necessarily arise in the successful performance of the work of the association. All this was done, as a labor of love, without compensation for his services. Truly he was a hero in peace as well as in war.

"With assurance and intrepidity, under the white banner of Modesty, he paved the way for the recognition of the merits of the Confederate soldier that might otherwise have been discouraged by the difficulties, and possibly defeated.

"Our loss is great. It is befitting that we, as Confederate Veterans and an organized Camp, should recognize the faithfulness of our beloved and regretted comrade; therefore be it

"Resolved, by Cape Fear Camp, No. 254, Wilmington, N. C., that the above memorial be spread upon the records of the Camp, and that a copy of same be sent to Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander in Chief, and to the widow of our comrade, with the prayer of this Camp that our Heavenly Father will temper the blow to her."

The proceedings were signed officially by Col. W. J. Woodward, Commander, and A. L. DeRosset, Adjutant of the Camp.

PERSONAL TRIBUTE TO GEN. MOORMAN.

Philip H. Fall, in a letter to the Houston (Tex.) *Post*:

"Gen. George Moorman was one of those true, pure, and noble Southern characters such as the world has seldom produced, except in our old-time Southland. He so truly represented the Southern soldiery of the sixties that to speak of that conflict necessitated the mention of Gordon and Moorman. Moorman was even more prominent with the Camps and comrades than Gen. Gordon, for the Camps all came in direct communication with him. Gen. Moorman was an honor to both his Kentucky birthplace and his adopted Louisiana. His commanding appearance and his warm, firm grip, as he greeted his Southern comrades at each recurring reunion, will be sadly missed. All Southern veterans loved him.

Col. Fall is a member of Gen. Gordon's official staff.

The Veteran in Army and Navy Literature.—Messrs. George P. Rowell & Co., the famous Advertising Agents and Directory Publishers, have issued a pamphlet upon Class and Trade Papers, in which, under the heading of "Army and Navy," they say: "Out of twenty-one periodicals, three get credit for issuing regularly more than 1,500 copies. They are: New York City, *Army and Navy Journal*, weekly, 8,232; *G. A. World and Navy Chronicle*, monthly, 7,192. Nashville, Tenn., *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, monthly, 20,350.

CONCERNING THE RIGHT OF SECESSION.

ADDRESS BY CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS AT CHARLESTON.

At the eighty-third annual dinner of the New England Society, held at Charleston, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, of Boston, was the chief speaker of the evening, and his splendid address was on the philosophy of the great conflict of the sections in the war between the States.

The society held its annual meeting prior to the dinner, and elected officers for the ensuing year. The following were chosen, all being reelected; President, Dr. Charles S. Vedder; Vice Presidents, George W. Williams and J. R. Read; Secretary, Thaddeus Street; Stewards, Dr. J. S. Buist, W. S. Hastie, and Christian Larsen.

At the dinner there was a prominent company of about eighty members and guests. An elaborate and choice menu was served. The dinner occupied about three hours.

At 10 o'clock Dr. Vedder called for order and introduced the speech-making with a very interesting review of the year's work by the society. The president presented as the speaker of the evening, responding to the toast, "Forefather's Day," Mr. Charles Francis Adams. Mr. Adams was greeted with rounds of applause. He made an introduction of his speech with appropriate remarks as to its occasion and appositeness. His address was a development of his Chicago speech of a few months ago, on Robert E. Lee, in which he paid tribute to the patriotism and right motives of that great man. In this speech he repeated his opinion of the Confederate commander, and entered upon a philosophical analysis of the causes of the war of secession, and reached by logical process the conclusion that both sides were equally right in their contentions on the great issues involved in the interpretation of the constitution, and that the issue was settled by might instead of absolute right. Mr. Adams said:

"Not long since, circumstances led me into a dispassionate reëxamination of the great issues over which the country divided in the midyears of the last century. As a result thereof, I said in a certain Phi Beta Kappa Society address delivered in June at Chicago: . . . 'If we accept the judgment of some of the more modern students and investigators of history—either wholly unprejudiced or with a distinct Union bias—it would seem as if the weight of argument falls into what I will term the Confederate scale.' . . .

"The question is now purely one historical; but on that question of the weight of authority and argument as respects the right of secession I find a divergence of opinion existing to-day so great as hardly to admit of reconciliation. On the one side it is taught as an article of the political faith that, not only was the right of peaceable secession at will plain, manifest, and expressly reserved, but that, until a comparatively recent period, it had never been even disputed. In the words of one writer of authority, 'through a period of many years the right of secession was not seriously questioned in any quarter except under the exigencies of party politics.' On the other hand, in the section of the country where my lot has been cast, this alleged heresy is sternly denounced, and those propounding it are challenged to their proofs. With equal positiveness it is claimed that, from the time of the adoption of the constitution down to a comparatively recent day, 'there was not a man in the country who thought or claimed that the new system was anything but a perpetual union.'"

Mr. Adams reviewed the framing of the constitution, and pronounced that instrument "a pious fraud," the work of metaphysicians. He then concluded as follows:

"Historically speaking, from the close of our second war

of independence—commonly known as that of 1812—the ebb and flow of the great currents of influence have set in new and definite channels. Gradually they assumed irresistible force therein. Side by side two civilizations—a Chang and Eng—were developing. North of the Potomac and the Ohio a community was taking shape, the whole tendency of which was national. Very fluid in its elements, commercial and manufacturing in its diversified industries, it was largely composed of European or other descendants, who, knowing little of States, cared nothing for State sovereignty, which, indeed, like the unknown God to the Greeks, was to them foolishness. This vast discordant migration, the railroad, the common school, and the newspaper were rapidly merging, coalescing and fusing into a harmonious whole. Naturally it found a mouthpiece; and that mouthpiece preached Union. It was not exactly a consistent utterance, for, less than a score of years before, the same voice had been loud and emphatic in behalf of State sovereignty. But manners change with fortunes, and principles with times.

"So much for Chang, north of the Potomac and the Ohio; but with Eng, south of those streams, it was altogether otherwise. Under the influence of climate, soil, and a system of forced African labor, the Southern States irresistibly reverted to the patriarchal conditions, becoming more and more agricultural; and, as is always the case with agricultural races and patriarchal communities, they clung ever more closely to their traditions and local institutions. Then it was that Calhoun, the most rigid of logicians, in obedience to an irresistible influence of the presence and power of which he was unconscious—Calhoun, the Unionist of the war of 1812, and protectionist of 1816—turned to the constitution. He began that 'more diligent and careful scrutiny into its provisions, in order to ascertain fully the nature and character of our political system.' Needless to say, he there found what he was in search of. But a similar scrutiny was at the same time going on in New England. As a result of the two scrutinies, Chang and Eng both changed sides. Before, Chang's side of the shield was gold, while that of Eng was silver; now, Chang saw quite clearly that it was silver after all, while Eng recognized it as burnished gold of the purest stamp. Both were honest and both fully convinced. Both also were right; the simple truth being that no man can serve two masters, and two masters the fundamental law prescribed. The inevitable ensued.

"But what was the inevitable? That, again, as I read the story of our development, was purely a matter of circumstance and time. Fate—the Greek necessity—intervened in those lists and decided the issue of battle. To my mind the record is from its commencement absolutely clear on one point. After the 15th of July, 1788, when the last of the nine States necessary to the adoption of the federal constitution acted favorably thereon, a withdrawal from the Union, all theories to the contrary notwithstanding, became practically an issue of might. Into the abstract question of right I will not enter—least of all here and now. But conceding everything that may be asked on the point of abstract right—looking only on imperfect and illogical man as he is, and as he acts in this world's occasions and exigencies—I adhere on this point to my own belief. In 1790 Rhode Island was spared from being 'coerced' into the Union only by a voluntary though very reluctant acceptance of it; and from that day to 1861 any attempted withdrawal from the Union would, after long argument over the question of right, have ultimately resolved itself into an issue of might.

"Here again the elements of the Greek drama once more confronts us—the fates, necessity. What at different epochs

would have been the probable outcome of an attempt at withdrawal? That ever, at any period of our history since 1790, a single State, no matter how sovereign, even Virginia, could alone have made good, peaceably or otherwise, a withdrawal in face of her unitedly disapproving sister States, I do not believe. Naturally, or as a result of force applied, the attempt would have resulted in ignominious failure. But how would it have been at any given time with a combination of States, acting in sympathy—a combination proportionately as considerable when measured with the whole as was the Confederacy in 1861? I hold that, here again, it was merely a question of time, and that such a withdrawal as then took place would never have failed of success at any anterior period in our natural history. It was steam and electricity which then settled the issue of sovereignty; not argument, not even men in arms. Before 1861 steam and electricity, neither on land nor water, had been rendered so subservient to man as to make him equal to the prodigious, the unprecedented task then undertaken and finally accomplished. In that case, might in the end made right; but the end was in no degree a foregone conclusion.

"In other words, forecasting strife, and measuring the coercive force available at a time when steam on land and water was in its stages of earlier development, J. Q. Adams regarded the attempt at an assertion of national sovereignty as so futile that, though he most potently and powerfully believed in that sovereignty, he looked upon its exercise as quixotic, and, consequently, not to be justified. A dissolution of the Union, at least temporarily, he believed to be inevitable. So strongly was he convinced of the power of the disintegrating influence as contrasted with the cohesive force, that the late Robert C. Winthrop, then a young man of twenty-seven, writing in 1836, described him as saying, in the course of a dinner table talk, that 'he despaired of the Union, believing that we are destined soon to overrun not merely Texas, but Mexico, and that the inevitable result will be a break up into two, three, four, or more confederacies.' 'Inevitable!' The unexpected alone is inevitable. These two utterances were, the one in 1836, the other in 1839. In 1839 there were not five hundred miles of constructed railroad in the United States; steam had not been applied to naval construction; electricity was a toy. So far as he could look into the future, Mr. Adams was right; only the unexpected was to occur! It did occur, and it settled the question. In 1788 the preponderance of popular feeling and affection was wholly in the scale of State sovereignty as opposed to nationality. In 1800 the Union was, in all probability, saved by being taken from the hands of its friends, and, so to speak, put out to nurse with its enemies, who from that time were converted to unity. In 1815 the final war of independence gave a great impetus to nationality, and the scales hung even. In 1831 the irrepressible conflict began to assert itself, and now they inclined slightly but distinctly to nationality, the younger of the two sovereigns asserting a supremacy. Between 1831 and 1861 science threw steam and electricity into his scale, and in 1865 they made the other kick the beam. But when all is said, merely a fresh illustration had been furnished of the truth of that scriptural adage in regard to a divided service.

"Such are the conclusions reached from a renewed and somewhat careful review of a record frequently scanned by others. They found in it the outcome of great orations, labored arguments, and the teaching of individuals. I cannot so see it. It is, as I read it, one long majestic Greek tragedy.

Like to the Pontac sea
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,

so that great drama swept on to its inevitable catastrophe, fate and necessity ever the refrain of its chorus until, at the end, the resounding clash of arms.

"For better, for worse, a new era then opened. In what I have said I have dealt with a past in which, as I see it, the forces of nature—the unseen hand at the game—decided the issues involved. But there are times also when men have their turn, both asserting and establishing their superiority over fate, shaping destiny to their desires, triumphing amid the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. In closing, were I to look for such a spectacle, I fancy it would not be in vain, nor would my search be far or long. I should find it here in the South, and not least in Charleston, in a manly adaptation to unsought-for conditions, in the resiliency of a vigorous race casting calamity lightly aside, 'a dewdrop from the lion's mane.' To what extent the issues of the past are bygone, my being here and discussing them in this presence bear conclusive evidence. And, indeed, coming from Massachusetts to South Carolina, it gladdens my heart here to see, if I may in closing use the great language of Milton, 'a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; an eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam.'"

THE PRESIDENT'S CONFEDERATE KINSMEN.

Comrade R. F. Armstrong, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, paid fine tribute to Capt. J. D. Bulloch, who died at Liverpool, Eng., January 7, 1901. It was for copies of the *VETERAN* containing that sketch that President Roosevelt wrote cordial acknowledgment, and in which he said: "My uncle, Capt. Bulloch, always struck me as the nearest approach to Col. Newcome of any man I ever met in actual life."

Mr. Armstrong writes again on this subject:

"In the September *VETERAN* you describe an 'Outing with the President,' in which you make allusion to his esteemed and very worthy uncle, Capt. James D. Bulloch. President Roosevelt had two uncles in the Confederate navy, both distinguished, but you mistake the one for the other. Permit me to set you right as to the services performed by these gallant officers.

"Capt. James D. Bulloch was a lieutenant in the old navy of the date of 1840 to 1841, and, after serving several years as lieutenant, resigned his commission and entered the merchant service, commanding a steamship running between New York and New Orleans. The beginning of the war found him in command of the steamship *Bienville*, and overtures were made to him by the Governor of Louisiana to turn the ship over to the State authorities. These, however, he resisted, even to the extent of having his loyalty to the Southern cause suspected, and it was not until he had satisfied his honor by delivering his ship to her owners in New York that he felt at liberty to embrace the cause of his beloved South.

"Capt. Bulloch was immediately appointed commander in the Confederate navy and sent to England to purchase arms and ammunition for the army. He accomplished his mission successfully, and with the steamship *Fingall* (afterwards the ironclad *Atlanta*), pointed the way to that illicit commerce, blockade-running, which afterwards became such a factor in our unequal struggle. Mr. Davis knew the man, and Capt. Bulloch was again sent abroad to build and equip Confederate cruisers. The *Alexandra*, Florida, Alabama, Shenandoah, and

ironclad Stonewall, all built and equipped by him, show his indefatigable perseverance; and all these ships were eminently suited for their purposes. Their successful careers reflect great credit upon the superior abilities of this famous naval officer. The most meager details of the work performed by Capt. Bulloch would occupy too much space in your magazine, but when the history of the Confederate navy comes to be written no name shall stand higher on the roll of fame than that of James Dunwodie Bulloch.

"Irvine Stephens Bulloch, a younger brother, entered the Confederate navy as midshipman, and in 1862 reported on board the Alabama as one of her junior officers. By strict attention to duty he rose rapidly, and acted as master or navigating officer during most of the cruise of that ship.

After the fight off Cherbourg, and upon the fitting out of the Shenandoah, young Bulloch was commissioned master, and performed the duties of navigating officer during that eventful (and immortal) cruise. Where you make the mistake is in confounding the elder Bulloch with the younger, who it was that served with Semmes on the Alabama.

"While I greatly admire the character of Col. Newcome, as depicted by Thackeray, his chivalry, urbanity, high sense of honor, etc., yet there always seemed to me something weak in the portrait. Now about Capt. Bulloch there was not a weak point, and I believe him to have been the best all-round naval officer brought out by the stress of the times in either navy, and I doubt if any other officer could have accomplished so much for the Confederate cause, which he loved so well."

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Commander Stone issues official order No. 5 to the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, in which he says:

"Realizing the necessity of more active and enthusiastic work among the members of our glorious confederation, and feeling the responsibility resting on its Commander in Chief and Adjutant General, this order is issued as an appeal to the patriotic impulses of those who can point with pride as being descendants of the brave, the chivalrous, the heroic Confederate soldier, who sacrificed all save an imperishable honor, which can never die in the breast of a liberty-loving people. Our hope is to emulate the noble example of our ancestors, to perpetuate their deeds of valor and heroism in defense of principle, that future generations may learn that they fought for a cause that was just, right, and that no stain rests on the Southern shield.

"Having this object in view, each Camp will have a special meeting on the first and third Wednesdays in each month between now and the general reunion at New Orleans, the hour to be fixed to best serve the convenience of the members. At each of these meetings two comrades will make addresses on one of the following topics, taking them in the order in which they come:

- "1. The Moral and Legal Right of the South to Secede.
- "2. The First Battle of Bull Run.
- "3. Stonewall Jackson's Valley Campaign.
- "4. The Battle of Shiloh.
- "5. The Battle of the Wilderness.
- "6. The Southern Man Before, During, and After the War.
- "7. Southern Women Before, During, and After the War.
- "8. The Histories That Should Be Taught in Our Public Schools, and Our Duty to That End.

"At each of these meetings give all Confederate veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy special invitations to attend, besides inviting the public.

"It will be very interesting as well as instructive to have some of the Confederate veterans relate their personal ex-

periences in the war. In this way you will learn more of the hardships and privations endured by them than from all the beautiful tributes paid by the enchanting words of the orator or the magic power of the pen. In addition to the above you will arrange a musical programme, instrumental and vocal (Confederate songs preferable). In this feature you should have the active coöperation of the Daughters, which will be invaluable to you. Their presence and support will be an inspiration to this work.

"The commandant will on receipt of this order call a meeting of the Camp for the date fixed, and, with the aid of his adjutant and other members, arrange a programme in accordance with the order, or he shall appoint a committee for this purpose. It is also suggested that the programme, when arranged, be published in your local newspaper. Let this be done before each of the meetings, and you will find it a great help in creating an interest in its objects.

"It is the wish of this office that this order be published in all the papers of your vicinity immediately after its receipt, the newspapers being the surest means of reaching the minds and hearts of the people.

"Now, comrade, do not treat indifferently this earnest and sincere effort on the part of your headquarters to arouse an interest in the cause we all love, but let each one feel that he has a duty to perform. Let us make this the banner year of our confederation, and by our action gladden the hearts of those whose places we must take in the affairs of our country. We should prove ourselves worthy of the pure and stainless name they have left us.

"All who are eligible to membership in our confederation are urged to enroll. Old Camps should be revived, and new Camps organized where there are none. All information and instructions for this purpose will be furnished from this office on application. Send to it reports of each of your meetings, particularly these special ones."

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

In General Order No. 6, Thomas P. Stone, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. C. V., addressing the United Sons of Confederate Veterans from Waco, Tex., December 20, 1902, says:

"The sad news has come to this office that Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to Gen. John B. Gordon, Commanding General of the United Confederate Veterans, is dead. Let us not forget our duty to his memory, for in him was the embodiment of all that was noble, grand, and true; in him was typified the true Southern man and one that each of us could well emulate in those characteristics which made him so dear to the hearts of the Confederate Veterans.

"This order is issued to call your attention to the death of this distinguished citizen and patriot and to remind you of a duty you owe to his memory, and to impress on you that in a few fleeting years the last of these grand old heroes, of whom Gen. Moorman was one, 'will pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.' These deaths should make us more determined to fulfill every duty we owe to them. Let your influence be felt in your community in this sacred work. It will make you better men and worthier citizens.

"On receipt of this order the commandant will call his Camp together and take such action as will fittingly commemorate the worth of this brave and chivalrous man who has devoted so much time and money to the cause we all love so well."

Julian S. Carr, Major General commanding the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., presents in appropriate and attractive form his General Order No. 21, in regard to Gen. Moorman.

Action is being taken by Divisions and Camps throughout the South. His popularity was widespread.

THE KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE HOME.

The report of proceedings in connection with the Kentucky Confederate Home in the December VETERAN was short of what was intended. It was the occasion of turning the property over to the State. Col. Bennett H. Young's address, as continued, was as follows:

"The men who shall become inmates of this Home, while shattered in health and poor in this world's goods, have heroic, historic, chivalrous deeds and patriotic memories as their possession.

"The men who come here will be those who walked without fear amid the awful carnage of Shiloh, the first really great battle of the war. It was there first that the world understood the mightiness of the conflict upon which Americans had entered.

"Kentucky regiments there received a great baptism of blood, and their mortality list tells better than brush of painter or words of orator what part they played in that terrible conflict.

"There will be men here in this Home who, with their comrades, marched with unblanched cheeks into the tremendous fires which belched from Federal guns up and down the slopes of Chickamauga's hills, and who on that fateful field met with unfaltering courage immeasurable dangers, and who exhibited a gallantry that has few equals and no superior.

"There will be men here to pass the closing years of their lives who charged down along the valley of Stone River on that dreadful afternoon of January 2, 1863, under the leadership of the peerless Breckinridge, and who wrote in the clods of the cannon-swept valley with their lifeblood the story of the grandeur of their intrepidity and their valorous consecration to duty.

"There will be men here to live out the closing days of their careers who rode with Buford, Lyon, Faulkner, Tyler, and Hale under the valiant Forrest at Brice's Crossroads, and who helped to win there for the Confederate army the most brilliant cavalry victory of the world.

"There will be men here who assaulted the Federal lines at Harrisburg, Miss., under the leadership of Stephen B. Lee and Nathan Bedford Forrest, and, while defeated, by their splendid courage and magnificent heroism, and by losses unparalleled in cavalry conflicts, secured a reputation for courage, daring, and gallantry that has no superior in cavalry operations.

"There will be men here who fought in that memorable campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, in which the Kentucky troops made a record for constancy and faithfulness and suffered a percentage of casualties that for the number engaged has no equal in military annals. There will be men here to enjoy the advantages of this great benefaction who rode with the dauntless and brilliant leader, John H. Morgan, and who, amid ceaseless privations and ever-present dangers followed him where duty led. The men who will be here nobly, fearlessly, and heroically met the calls that duty made in the hour of its summons, and they are justly entitled to a place in the memory and record of Kentucky's sons, who in the past and in the future shall make secure her place in the world's history.

"A grateful and loving State accords them a well-merited recognition, and with no parsimonious hand has provided for their care when age, want, or disease shall render them helpless.

"To-day we swing wide these hospitable doors and bid these heroes come in. Here with sheltering love no want shall go unsupplied. Tender affection will anticipate every need and grateful voices declare to these grand old men 'that at evening time it shall be light.'

"Here they can abide in peace, plenty, quiet, and comfort until they shall answer the divine roll call and cross over to the unknown shore to keep company with the immortals.

"And to you, the Governor of our beloved Commonwealth, its official representative, one who so earnestly, so constantly, so generously has helped inaugurate this superbly benevolent enterprise, the Confederates of Kentucky, their friends and sympathizers, who have provided this magnificent building, I tender these keys, with unfaltering faith that Kentucky will never forget her brave and chivalrous sons who at Shiloh, Hartsville, Baton Rouge, Murfreesboro, Resaca, Jonesboro, Brice's Crossroads, Kennesaw Mountain, Farmington, Saltville, Peach Tree Creek, Marion, Chickamauga, Murfreesboro, Harrisburg, and hundreds of other conflicts, by their deeds of courage and daring, maintained the splendid record that the men of this Commonwealth have everywhere made for soldierly valor.

"We rejoice that Kentucky, always grateful to her sons, who have proven worthy of her history and tradition, has not forgotten these men who wore the gray, and in wearing it so nobly maintained the history of their mother Commonwealth for manliness, courage, patience, and gallantry on the greatest battlefields of the world's greatest war."

THE HOME ACCEPTED BY THE GOVERNOR.

Governor Beckham was one of the most distinguished-looking men in the large assembly. His maturity exceeds that which is indicated by the pictures usually printed of him. As he arose to respond in behalf of the State there were hearty cheers. He said: "There is a certain lady in this crowd who has me very much intimidated. During the war her work of sending supplies to the Confederate soldiers in the South was carried on to such an extent that it attracted the attention of the Federal authorities, and she concluded that the climate of Canada would be more congenial to her than the prospect of a Northern prison. So she took her departure. That lady was my mother. In talking to me about the remarks I would make on this occasion, she said that if I dared say anything that was not complimentary to the Southern soldiers or the cause they espoused she would get right up and disown me. So, to avoid running the risk of anything of the kind, I have committed to paper what I have to say." Governor Beckham continued with his address, referring occasionally to his manuscript. It was as follows:

GOVERNOR BECKHAM'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: On the part of the Commonwealth, and in compliance with the act passed by the last session of the General Assembly, I accept this property as the Confederate Home of Kentucky, to be used "for the care and maintenance of infirm and dependent Confederate soldiers of the State." In doing so I wish to commend the Board of Trustees for their wisdom and judgment in the selection of so acceptable and desirable a site, and to congratulate the Confederate veterans who come within the purposes of the act upon having so beautiful a home, where a generous people can protect them from the storms of winter and supply them with the necessities of life. Such is the object of this Home, established by the State of Kentucky for the benefit of those who fought upon the side of the South, and who now, in the evening of their lives, after manly struggles with the vicissitudes of peace as well as with the conflicts of war, need such care and protection as this Home will afford.

To them it is now opened, and in their honored old age we intend to minister to their wants. Kentucky must not be considered tardy and neglectful in making this provision for her

gallant sons who followed the flag of the Confederacy; for it should be remembered that the soldier of the South, who passed through the terrible ordeal of the war and the far more terrible ordeal of the reconstruction, with his spirit tested in the fire of defeat and suffering, came through it all as a proud and independent American citizen. He has asked nothing but the rights guaranteed him by the Constitution of his country and the privilege of earning by his own brawn and brain an honest living, faithful to his obligations as a man and his duties as a citizen. He stands to-day as the greatest and noblest product of American citizenship. He came out of the bloody struggle with all lost save his life and his honor, with his home in ashes, with his family in poverty. Pursued and harassed by a cruel and savage policy of radical reconstruction, he yet stood with bared breast to the winds of adversity, his trust in God, his hope in the future, and by his energy and his patriotism he has wrought the miracle of the South's restoration from hopelessness and despair to a condition of peace and prosperity.



MRS. SALE AND CAPT. PARR.

Several deaths have occurred at the Home already. Veterans have been received to nearly half the capacity of the large building. The wonder is how the State has managed to do so long without such a place.

Rev. L. H. Blanton pronounced the benediction, concluding the exercises, and the band played "Home, Sweet Home."

Capt. Parr, a retired capitalist and Confederate sympathizer of Louisville, donated a valuable house, through Col. Bennett H. Young, as a home for aged, infirm, and dependent Confederate veterans of Kentucky in April, 1901. The property was donated so that it could be used as indicated or be sold and the proceeds so applied to a more suitable place. At the first meeting of the Kentucky Association, Capt. Parr was presented to a grateful company, was elected an honorary member, and at the conclusion of beautiful addresses in his honor, the band struck up "My Old Kentucky Home."

This splendid donation was made at the suggestion of his daughter, Mrs. John H. Sale, an enthusiastic member of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C. Capt. Parr is a native of Alsace, France, and was born December 12, 1825. His father served under Napoleon and was at Waterloo. He came to America in 1828 and settled in Kentucky.

Daniel Parr has lived in Louisville for over sixty years. He has had a successful career and has been liberal with his means. Besides the princely donation to Confederates, which resulted in Kentucky's noblest and greatest needed hospitality to her worthy sons, Capt. Parr erected a Memorial (Baptist) Church in Petoskey, Mich., and also donated a splendid chime

of bells as a memorial to his wife, who was a daughter of Sampson Marmaduke, of Westmoreland County, Va., in the First Baptist Church of Louisville.

To Mrs. Sale is due the gratitude of Kentucky and the South for suggesting these important matters. They did not stop with the original bequest for the home, but she is active in furnishing rooms. A beautiful guidon in Confederate colors—red, white, and red—was presented by Mrs. Sale's young son, Marmaduke. It bears the inscription, "Kentucky Confederate Home," which may be seen in the distance, a credit and an ornament to the place and to the State.

SCATTERED REMNANT OF A COMPANY.

From F. R. Noe, Beebe, Ark.:

"Forty-two years ago to-day (December 24) President Jefferson Davis, accompanied by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Gen. Sterling Price, and others, reviewed the army at Grenada, Miss. How many now living were present and remember the occasion? I think now of many of my old company (C, Samuel's Battalion, Green's Brigade) who were afterwards killed in battle and died from sickness during and since the war. I saw Col. McFarland for the last time that day. He commanded the second regiment of Green's Brigade, and received an ugly wound at the battle of Corinth, October, 1862. When I saw him in Grenada, out on parole, as we passed he said: 'Boys, I am going to get well and give it to the Yankees again.' I have never heard from him since.

"My company was raised by Capt. Dick Campbell, in Green County, Mo., and at the reorganization Campbell returned with others to the Trans-Mississippi Department with a commission as lieutenant colonel under Col. Colton Green, and J. W. McSpadden was elected captain. A better company never served in the ranks of the Confederate army. Most of that company have passed over the river, and each of the sleepers is worthy of a memoir in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I must mention the names of a few. A. S. H. Boyd was a private in this company, and gave the command to charge the enemy in the first day's fight at Corinth. He ought to have been promoted to a colonelcy for that act. His brother, "Poney" Boyd, commanded a regiment in the Federal army. I have learned that 'Audly' or 'Edly' Boyd was accidentally killed a few years ago in Kentucky. Will Ingram was killed in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., 1863. A cannon ball took off the top of his head. John Horton, a color sergeant, died of consumption in Boone County, Ark., after the war. W. W. Merritt, a noble spirit and a fearless soldier, settled at McKinney, Collin County, Tex., after the war. He soon rose to prominence. He was elected sheriff, and to represent his county in the Legislature. He died of paralysis July 4, 1892. Alex Shultz is supposed to have died near Dardanelle, Ark., soon after the fall of Vicksburg. He was left at a private house sick, and has never been heard from since.

"I met at the last Confederate reunion, at Dallas, Tex., a few survivors of that company. William G. Perkins, the orderly sergeant, lives at Greenville, Tex., and is the Treasurer of Hunt County. Jesse McQuigg and Thad Turner live at Bonham, Tex.; Tom Tatum, at Farmersville, Tex.; Eli Graham, at Harrison, Ark.; and C. C. Middleton, in Benton, Ark. These I met at Dallas. Ed Town, I learn, was there, but I failed to meet him. Ben F. Schultz is at Tazewell, Tenn. T. Johnson is in Kansas City, Mo. William Prophet is at Hartsville, Mo. James Prophet is at Carthage, Mo. Tom Lair is in Boone County, Ark. George M. Jones, June Blackburn, William P. Dabbs, and Frank White are at Springfield, Mo., and J. W. Blakey is in Collin County, Tex."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS AND CEMETERIES.

Mildred Lewis Rutherford, State Historian Georgia Division, U. D. C., gives an elaborate report of what Georgia has done:

It has been the custom from remote antiquity to rear monuments to honor great military leaders and to erect buildings in memory of the illustrious dead, but very rare indeed has it been in the history of any nation that those who suffered defeat have been so honored. In this respect the South is unique, for she has delighted to honor those who fell under the banner of defeat. Did I say defeat? I did not mean that, but rather *seeming defeat*; for the South, though overpowered by numbers, with property wrested from her, with arms taken by force, with military oppression enforced for a season, has never for one moment yielded the point but that the principles for which she contended were right and will be right so long as the present Constitution stands. *We were overpowered, but never conquered.*

Rare, too, has it been found in the history of any nation that a private soldier has been as highly honored as a general or a commanding officer. Here again the South is unique, for all who served her faithfully, whether private or general, have been equally honored by her love.

When the war was over and arms had been surrendered and the oath of allegiance taken, our soldiers returned to their homes, when homes were left, with heavy hearts. In many cases they found loved ones gone. Heaps of ashes were piled where once their homes had stood. Was it not natural that, out of heart, out of money, and with hope itself almost gone, they should have despaired?

A period of darkness followed—the reconstruction period—and one can well understand how much courage it needed in that hour of despair to contemplate living, much less thinking of rearing monuments to the dead. And yet this is just what was done. The conditions to be met were far more trying than the perils encountered on the field of battle; and yet these brave men endured want without a murmur and submitted to oppression with a patience rarely equaled and never surpassed in the history of the world. True it was they were in honor bound not to resist, on account of the obligations implied in their paroles; but there are ways and ways of bearing wrongs, and they were verily brave in the bearing of theirs. Those who never had known what it was to toil before toiled now with their own hands to keep the wolf of hunger from the door of their loved ones. They put discouragements behind them, and they moved forward resolutely in the path of love and duty.

And while I would not detract one iota from the courage required of these brave men at this time, I must in justice pay a tribute where it rightfully belongs—to the wives and mothers who sustained and cheered them during these days of gloom and despondency. In times of danger, if danger threatens physical harm, woman is a natural coward; but if the danger threatens the moral nature or inner life, she becomes heroic, and meets adversity with a braver heart than man. And so it was at this period of our history, for verily it was when hope had well-nigh vanished and these women saw loved ones cast down, with spirit gone, they said: "The cause is not lost. We will build monuments to our loved dead, to let the world see that we believe they died for what was just and right. We will keep in tender remembrance these dead heroes of ours." Hope begets hope, and when the women became hopeful then the hearts of the men revived and became full of hope. Lofty shafts began to be erected all over our beloved Southland, to stand in mute and eloquent evidence of the loving

devotion they bore the Confederate cause. From the very commencement of this memorial work every obstacle was thrown in the way by the Federal authorities. At New Orleans July 6, 1866, the following official order was issued:

"Notification is hereby given for the information of all concerned that no monument intended to commemorate the late rebellion will be permitted to be erected within the limits of the military division of the Gulf."

The soldiers on parole said: "We cannot even give encouragement to this work, for our word of honor forbids." But the women said: "We are under no parole, we have taken no oath of allegiance; we will give entertainments, we will not ask your aid, we will sell our own handiwork and get the means whereby our dead shall be honored." And they did. These wives and mothers began to formulate plans and to raise funds to honor the fallen brave. They took upon themselves the duty of locating and removing the scattered Confederate dust. With the scantiest means at their disposal and under the most discouraging conditions, they entered upon this labor of love. So general became the custom of erecting monuments throughout the South that it is now regarded as a stigma of reproach to that town or city where no monument has been raised.

To the Ladies' Memorial Associations belong the greater credit for erecting the monuments now standing. These associations sprang from the Ladies' Aid Society, formed during the war, and have a province apart from the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy, although the work of all should be one in spirit. The arrangements pertaining to Memorial Day exercises and the removal of bodies from the battlefields and the care of the graves of the known and unknown dead is the work of the Memorial Associations, having the hearty cooperation of the Daughters of the Confederacy. The erection of monuments, memorial buildings, and soldiers' homes, and the collection of historical records, should be the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy, having the aid and sympathy of the Memorial Associations. The members of one general body should be the members of the other, but the two organizations should be kept distinct.

To Winchester, W. Va., belongs the credit of erecting the first monument to the Confederate dead. This monument was erected in 1865, a few months after the surrender.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS IN GEORGIA.

It has been almost impossible to secure a full record of the monuments in Georgia. A number are being erected now, and I trust many more will be entered upon this page of history. As far as could be ascertained, the monuments now in Georgia number forty-one, and are to be found at Americus (1), Athens (2), Atlanta (4), Augusta (3), Barnesville, Brunswick, Columbus, Crawfordville, Chickamauga, Dalton, Elberton, Greensboro, Griffin, Hinesville (4 slabs), LaGrange, Milledgeville, Macon, Madison, Newnan, Oxford, Quitman, Rome, Sparta, Sandersville, Savannah (4), Thomson, Thomasville, Waynesboro, and West Point.

An effort has been made to find the history of these monuments, with the inscriptions upon them, so that the correct order of their erection could be given. A scrapbook has been prepared, containing the photographs of these monuments and all data regarding them, as far as could be obtained. The Memorial Associations know more of this history than the Daughters, and it is from them that this information must be obtained.

There are seven Confederate cemeteries in Georgia, at Atlanta, Marietta, Chickamauga, Americus, Forsyth, Newnan, and Griffin. At Marietta there are three thousand graves marked

by headstones, and although loving care is taken of these graves, the contrast between the National Cemeteries, where the Union soldiers lie buried, and upon which much money is lavished, and those of our dead heroes, is painfully striking.

This memorial work can never end, for when the men and women who lived during the war between the States shall have passed away their sons and daughters are being trained to take up the loving task of perpetuating the memories of those so dear to every Southern heart.

Of course it would be impossible in the time allowed me to read the history of these monuments and their inscriptions, interesting as each would be; but if any deserve special mention, it should be the one first erected in the State. As far as has been ascertained, the honor belongs to Griffin. The date is 1869. The address was made by Gov. James Boynton. The flag that you see upon this stage was used on that occasion. All honor to those noble women of Griffin, who by this work set in motion waves of thought which have led to the honoring in stone and marble of these heroic men.

At Hinesville a little band of Daughters, nine in number, separated by miles of distance, have through discouragements of all kinds succeeded in placing four small slabs over the graves of some unknown heroes, lest in the years to come, when they in whose hearts their memory is enshrined shall have passed away, none shall know the spot where this loved dust was laid. Other monuments may speak by their loftier columns and more thrilling inscriptions of men just as brave and women just as faithful, but somehow these lonely slabs appeal in a way stronger than all others when the story is told of remembering the dead.

Now, Daughters of the Confederacy and members of the Ladies' Memorial Associations, we have reared, and are still rearing, monuments to the heroes who gave their lives for their country—died to protect us and our homes. If they could speak to-day, what would be the wish of their hearts? Do you suppose they would say: "Continue to honor us in cold marble, while our needy children and grandchildren are bereft of an education for lack of means?" Would they not rather say, "If as yet no monument stands to our memory, atone for this neglect by rallying now with full energy, and help to build this Winnie Davis Memorial, this dormitory to which our children and grandchildren may come for an education provided for by the State?" I feel sure this is just what they would say, could they speak. Then let us, united by ties of common interest, overcome every obstacle and work together for this building, designed to bless and cheer. Let us not fail in what we have undertaken to do.

And now a word of keen appreciation for the timely offer of \$4,500 from the Southern Educational Board. The provisions under which the gift was made can be met, I am sure, and we must send resolutions of thanks to them from this Convention. We shall need this and more this year to meet the payments that shall fall due. Later this sum can be used to aid worthy girls to meet the necessary expenses—that is, those expenses not included in scholarships.

I would not for one moment have our Georgians neglect the Jefferson Davis Monument this year; and yet I believe that, if our President of the Confederacy could speak to us, he would say: "Let this memorial to my precious child, designed to aid the descendants of the brave men who were true to the cause and gave their all to it—let this monument be built first. This honors me, as well as my loved Winnie and them." Then let our watchword this year be: "On with the Winnie Davis Memorial at Athens, Ga."

MAJ. SIMON MAYER, OF NATCHEZ.—In the VETERAN for

November, 1902, page 502, my name appears incorrectly in connection with the battle of Franklin. I am the First Assistant Adjutant General Maj. Simon Mayer, of Natchez, mentioned so flatteringly. The details of that terrific night can give one an insight into the feeling that a fellow must have as he charges under fire into such a death trap as was our heroic charge—said to have been equal to Pickett's charge at Gettysburg—by Gen. S. D. Lee, our commander. Our "High-Pressure" Brigade passed square through that famous locust thicket abattis. Not the slightest thing had been left. I rode to the breastworks of the enemy, got down and hitched my horse—and, by the way, I was the only officer of the division who reached the breastworks on a horse. I at once notified Col. Bishop, Seventh Mississippi, that he was senior officer and commander of the brigade, and I proceeded down the breastworks until I reached the angle on the left, to find Gen. Sharp, whom I knew had not come up with his line, and who ordered me to report to him when we reached the enemy's breastworks, if we succeeded in doing so. I had not gone very far when right at the angle five bluecoats arose and, leveling their guns at me, ordered me to surrender. I refused, and they blazed away, one bullet passing through the crown of my hat, a soft cotton one. I can at any time call up those five guns. The barrel in each gun looked like a cannon, and I fell flat on my back. I went on further, returned to the center of the brigade, and reported to Col. Bishop only a little while before he was mortally wounded. I detailed four men to carry him to the rear. The next morning dawned on the dead bodies of the lamented Bishop and the men detailed. Col. Bishop, when shot, had on a new uniform that was stripped from his body, and his men of the Seventh Mississippi swore that if they found a man with his uniform on they would shoot him and ask no questions. At daylight I found that my horse had been shot five times. Franklin, to my mind, was the bloodiest fight of the war, anyhow by the Army of Tennessee. The blood was ankle deep. I stepped in ditches, and blood ran over the top of my shoes. I was with my comrades in every battle fought by the Army of Tennessee, excepting Munfordville and Chickamauga, at which times I was sick. I was mustered into service at Corinth, and our company was known as Company B, Tenth Mississippi Regiment, Chalmers's Brigade.

MONUMENTS TO BATE'S SECOND TENNESSEE.

TO BE ERECTED ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF SHILOH.

John T. Branham, Robert D. Smith, W. J. Hale, J. E. Sloan, and William B. Bate, committee, sent out this circular:

"Some of the survivors and friends of our old Second Tennessee Regiment have inaugurated a movement for erecting a monument to the memory of our Second Tennessee boys who fell on the field of Shiloh, the monument to be placed near the spot close to the old church where so many of them fell in the first charge on the morning of April 6, 1862, and in doing so the survivors' meeting, recently held, appointed this committee to take proper steps to effect our object.

"Our regiment, as you know, took the initiative in several distinctive matters which inured greatly to the benefit of the service and redounds to its credit. For instance: As a command, it was the *first* of Tennessee regiments to be sworn into the service of the Confederate States; it was the *first* under fire (June 1, 1861, at Acquia Creek, Va.), as it was among the *last* to fire a shot in the last regular battle of the war (Bentonville, N. C., April 19, 1865).

"Again, it was the *first* in all the army to *re-enlist for the war*, which was done before any conscript laws were passed, or

other act of Congress calling for reënlistment. Growing out of this prompt patriotic action, there is a feature in its history connected with the battle of Shiloh that marks it with special distinction—to wit: For setting the example of *re-enlisting for the war*, Mr. Benjamin, the Secretary of War, gave the officers and men of this regiment a furlough for sixty days, armed them with new Minie muskets, and, by request, transferred the regiment to the Army of Tennessee. As individuals, with unexpired furloughs, the members of the regiment were scattered, and either at their homes or visiting friends throughout the South. The battle of Shiloh being imminent, five or six hundred of this regiment, on the call of the colonel (Bate), came together, without special obligation to do so, reorganized, and went into the Shiloh fight, *with their unexpired furloughs in their pockets*. They greatly distinguished themselves in this battle (as in many others), but not without heavy loss.

"We therefore, the survivors and friends of this noble regiment, in recognition of its patriotism and valor, and especially the self-sacrifice at Shiloh, greatly desire to perpetuate, in enduring form, the gallantry and glory of their death. To this end we invite our comrades and friends to aid us in raising the necessary funds. To accomplish this, we suggest that each of the ten original companies raise what they can. Each company is asked to raise by themselves and through their friends \$150, and as much more as they can, which may be easily done by one or two active, thoroughgoing comrades taking it in hand in their respective neighborhoods, and getting a subscription small or large, from each of the old regiment within his circle, and from our friends, many of whom we know will gladly contribute.

"We take the liberty of sending this not only to our immediate comrades, but to some of our friends, as well as old fellow-soldiers, who we think will take an interest in perpetuating the names and deeds of those of our regiment who fell by our side in battling in a just, noble, and patriotic cause for our glorious and beloved Southland. In taking this step we do not claim superiority over all other regiments that fought on the Confederate side on the field of Shiloh; but, feeling conscious of having done our full duty, we believe a monument to the Second Tennessee Infantry Regiment on that sanguinary field will be in keeping with the duty we owe our dead comrades who fell there.

"We indulge the hope that others of the many gallant regiments that fought with distinction on that field will follow our example and put up monuments there to their patriotism and valor."

BATE'S SECOND TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

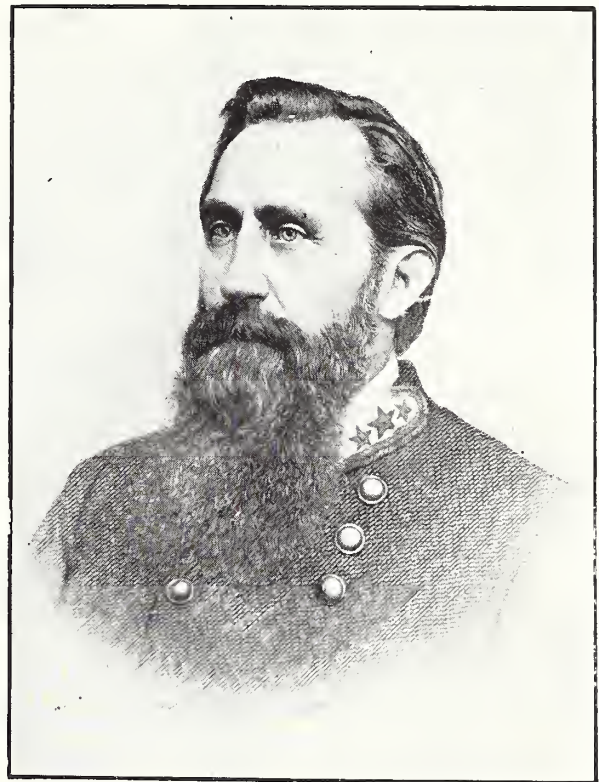
George G. Bryson writes from Gallatin, Tenn., the facts as to what command was first to enlist for the war:

"The controversy continued from month to month in the VETERAN seems to have narrowed down to two commands—viz., the One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment of Vaughan's Brigade and Douglass's Texas Battery. The time, winter of 1863-64; place, Dalton, Ga. Now both were excellent commands—none better—and deserve high honor for their splendid service; but I am sure neither will insist upon claiming an honor which rightfully belongs to another. The first reënlistment for the war was in December, 1861, and the Second Tennessee Regiment of Infantry, W. B. Bate commanding, deserves the honor. It was in winter quarters at Camp Dave Curran, on the banks of the Potomac, about two miles below Dumfries. The regiment reënlisted almost to a man, upon the condition that it be transferred to the Western Department, near their homes.

"Secretary of War Benjamin, in recognition of their patriotic action, gave both officers and men sixty days' furloughs. At the expiration of the furloughs the regiment was to be united to the Army of Tennessee. While at home, or elsewhere, enjoying furloughs, the battle of Shiloh being imminent, Col. Bate made a call asking men and officers to meet at Corinth. They met, organized, and went into the battle with unexpired furloughs in their pockets. As a command, it was the first to be sworn into the Confederate service. It was first under fire at Aquia Creek, June 1, 1861, and was in the last regular battle of the war, at Bentonville, N. C., April 19, 1865.

"Now, comrade, let us claim another honor for this regiment. Others may dispute the claim, but I believe it was the first command to cross the breastworks in front of Thomas at Chickamauga."

It may be well to state herein that there were not one hundred and fifty-four infantry regiments from Tennessee. This regiment claimed the honor of being the first from the State, and when the authorities decided against it they applied for the extreme possible number down the line. The men were ever proud of the reputation it made.



WILLIAM B. BATE,
Colonel of the Second Tennessee, and later a Major General—now United States Senator from Tennessee.

SHORT REPORT OF VIVID EXPERIENCES.

Comrade G. W. Crocker writes from Swannville, Tex.:

"I enlisted in 1861 in Company C, First Texas Legion, under Capt. John H. Brooks, and was under his command until the close of the war. Our first fight was the Indian battle of Chustenahlah, in December, 1861; Elkhorn Tavern in March, 1862. I was present when Gen. McCulloch was killed. I was in both sieges of Corinth. Our next heavy fighting was at Yazoo City, and then followed the fights up and down the Big Black River. Our next was the Holly Springs raid. I captured Gen. Grant's aid-de-camp, and got his big black horse

and boots and his sweetheart's daguerreotype. I think my sister has the latter, and would be glad to send it to its rightful owner, if he still lives, or one of his relatives. The next day I was a courier for Col. Brooks at Davis's Mill, and my horse dropped dead under me.

"I was in the infantry at Iuka and Corinth, in the autumn of 1862. We entered the Georgia campaign at Rome, and all the campaigns of Georgia to Lovejoy Station, where Kilpatrick ran over us. Then was back in Tennessee with Hood, and was at the Franklin and Nashville fights; then returned to Canton, Miss., where we surrendered. There were one hundred and forty-four of us when we started, and there were seventeen when we surrendered.

"After I got home I enlisted in another war—that was worse than the first—against the horse thieves. I was elected first lieutenant; was in three raids after them, and finally exterminated all of them except one, and he went to Bowling Green, Ky. I would write more, but my education is limited, my only schooling being by a pine knot fire after the war. Our nearest neighbor lived three miles away."

[A fine record of his (Comrade Crocker's) old captain after the war, Col. John H. Brooks, appeared in the *VETERAN'S* "Last Roll" recently.—Ed.]

BATTLE OF SANTA ROSA ISLAND.

W. J. Milner, of Birmingham, gives an interesting account of the battle of Santa Rosa Island, October 7, 8, 1861.

From a term of service as a Confederate soldier extending over a period of nearly four years, the following narrative of personal experience is selected, not because of the importance of the battle, but for the purpose of illustrating the spirit of patriotism, courage, and devotion to duty in those earlier days of the Confederacy.

Immediately after the secession of the States of Florida and Alabama, the navy yard, forts, and other government property upon the mainland in the vicinity of Pensacola were taken possession of by the State troops, the United States forces retiring to Fort Pickens, on Santa Rosa Island, opposite.

This fort, already strong, was strengthened and its garrison increased by the United States government. In addition to the garrison inside the fort, a regiment known as Wilson's Zouaves was stationed on the island about half a mile eastward of the fort to guard it from a land attack. It was also under the protection of the guns of the blockading squadron, and was quite formidable.

Early in 1861 Gen. Bragg, in command of all the Confederate forces in the vicinity, began organizing them, and by the middle of summer they numbered several thousand. Among these troops was the Fifth Georgia Regiment, commanded by Col. John K. Jackson, and recruited principally from the very best elements of the Empire State. Company A of this regiment, the Clinch Rifles, commanded by Capt. Charles A. Platt, was nearly one hundred strong, proficient in drill, and well equipped, being armed with Mississippi rifles with saber bayonets. Its uniform was dark green, trimmed with gold lace and brass buttons. Its splendid appearance was fully equaled by its fighting qualities. Alas! how few of that noble band were left in 1865! To the best of my information, only about twenty-five came back to their homes after the war.

My father was then living near Pensacola, and I enlisted in this company, having abandoned my studies at college. Guard duty, daily drill, and dress parade were features of camp life, under which the boys soon began to chafe, clamoring to be led into battle.

On October 7, 1861, the company being assembled for dress

parade and drill as usual, the captain, upon taking command, said: "We'll not have any dress parade this evening. I have on hand to-night a very hazardous expedition, and I want from this company sixteen volunteers; and I do not want any man to go who is not willing to die to-night, if necessary." The company was standing at "order arms." "Now," continued he, "those of you who are willing to go will bring your guns to 'shoulder arms.'" If he had given the command "Shoulder arms," the order could not have been more promptly and completely obeyed.

"Well," said he, "I can't take you all, as I should like to do; so I'll be compelled to make a detail." He then selected ten men from the right of the company, who were, of course, the tallest men. Then, after reflection, the captain said: "This is not giving the little men a chance." Whereupon he proceeded down the line, selecting a man here and there, until the number was completed. Being one of the "little men," I was near to the left end of the rear rank. My heart thrilled with delight when he pointed his finger at me and said, "You," and I proudly stepped to the front with the others. I really did not expect it, for I felt that it was an honor to which I was not entitled.

The company was then dismissed and the "elect" ordered to hold themselves in readiness to march at any moment, with forty rounds of cartridges. The camp was a bustle of excitement and preparation. Those detailed were busy getting their arms and accouterments in suitable condition. Some of the boys found a grindstone and ground their saber-bayonets as sharp as butcher knives. Charles E. Staples, one of my mess-mates, approached me with tears in his eyes, saying: "You are not entitled to this honor. I'll give you twenty-five dollars [Confederate money was then almost as good as gold] to let me go in your place." Think of conquering an army of such soldiers! I replied: "My opportunity is not for sale. I am going."

Speculation was at its highest as to where we were going and what we were to do. Soon after dark we were called out, and the several detachments from the different companies of the regiment were marched to the wharf at Pensacola, where we were joined by a number of other troops, constituting, I learned afterwards, altogether a force of about twelve hundred, commanded by Gen. R. H. Anderson. We were embarked upon a steamboat and two barges which it carried in tow. The steamer was then headed across the bay toward Santa Rosa Island, at a point about two miles eastward of Billy Wilson's camp. The tide being in, the boat and barges were enabled to approach very near the beach, and we landed by wading ashore. Here the command was formed into three columns, one moving along the north beach, commanded by Col. Jackson; one moving along the south (or gulf) beach, commanded by Col. James R. Chalmers, of Mississippi; while the third, commanded by Col. Patton Anderson, of Florida, moved along the center of the island between the two other columns. Our detachment was in Col. Jackson's command.

When all was ready pickets were placed in front, and we marched cautiously toward the Federal camp. After we had proceeded some distance, a body of troops was seen through the darkness coming up in our rear. Excitement was intense. Were they the enemy, and had they discovered us? or were they our men? Upon near approach we could discern the strip of white cloth upon their left arms which was to be our mark to distinguish friend from foe, and they were found to be one of the other columns which in the darkness had lost its way and found itself marching in our track.

A halt and a readjustment having been made, the columns again moved silently toward the doomed camp. A few minutes later a shot was fired in front. Either we were discovered and

the enemy's sentinel had thus given the alarm or our pickets had fired upon us. In either case our presence could no longer be concealed. We now marched in line of battle, hurriedly and with less caution. We passed the dead body of the sentinel, who had just been shot by our picket. A moment later, and we were in the camp, from which the Federals fled in great haste, not waiting to dress. Some were captured before they could make their escape. The camp was then burned, for which purpose some of our boys had been provided with matches and canteens of spirits of turpentine. The flames soon lit up the sky for miles around.

Our object being accomplished, we turned to effect our retreat to our boats, for daylight was approaching and we were within easy range of the men-of-war just outside, while the guns of Fort Pickens were frowning upon us. Our troops, having disbanded to burn the camp, were necessarily in great disorder, and could not now stop to organize. In this manner we had gone only a few steps when we saw glistening in the light of the burning camp a line of bayonets just across our way and only a few yards distant. Some one said: "They are our men." A volley from them, which killed and wounded some of our men, caused the cry, "They are Yankees!" and the fire was returned by us. Col. Jackson, coming up about this time, gave the order to cease firing, saying: "They are our men." In obedience to his order to form a line, I ran and placed myself on the Colonel's left. One or two others did the same, but most of the men seemed not to hear or understand the Colonel's order. At any rate, it was not obeyed, and the firing was kept up by some of our men, while others were saying: "Don't shoot! They are our men!"

In the meantime the unknown men were pouring a hot fire into us. About this time I saw a man on a mule riding up along the beach, meeting us. He said something to the men nearest him, and instantly several guns were aimed at him and he was ordered off of his mule. He proved to be Maj. (afterwards Brigadier General) Vogdes, commander of the battalion of United States regulars who had been obstructing our march, and he had come to demand our surrender. While we were busy burning the camp the commander of the fort had sent this battalion around on the gulf beach to get in our rear and capture us. His battalion now gave way and fled, leaving the way open for the continuance of our retreat.

One of the boys mounted the mule, while the Major, together with the other prisoners, was taken along with us. We now proceeded as rapidly as we could, carrying such of our wounded as it was possible to move, toward our boats, expecting to have the guns of both the fort and the ships outside open upon us. This, however, they did not do, either from fear of killing their own men or because we were shielded from view by the bushes on the island.

Upon arriving at the boats we found that the tide had receded and they had been moved farther out into the water, in consequence of which we had to wade a considerable distance to reach them. No order had been observed in the retreat from the scene of the battle, and each man waded in and got aboard as soon as he arrived. The steamboat was headed from shore with the two barges behind, read to start as soon as the order was given.

While we were thus embarking, the enemy, who had followed at a safe distance, approached the boats under the protection of the brush and opened fire upon us with their long-range guns. We returned the fire, but with little or no effect, as they were, besides being concealed from view, out of range of our guns.

After all had gotten aboard, the order was given to the steamboat to move, when it was discovered that the barges

were aground, caused by the receding tide and the added weight of the troops. The situation was critical. We were exposed in a helpless mass to the enemy's fire from their long-range guns, while our fire was perfectly harmless to them. The confusion and consternation became greater as the enemy's fire increased. Our commander, Gen. Anderson, was among the wounded. All who could find room had crowded upon the boat to lighten the barges, with the hope of floating them. I was standing on the middle barge and firing in the direction of the enemy's smoke as fast as I could load and shoot. While thus engaged I saw a man who had just waded out from the shore throw his gun up on deck, preparatory to climbing up, when the piece was discharged, the entire load passing through the ankle of a man, terribly mangling the foot and ankle.

The steamer continued to tug at the barges with all her might, but still they would not move. A man on the steamer raised a hatchet to cut the rope by which the barges were attached. Another man standing on a barge, seeing him, raised his gun and said, "If you do, I'll kill you," and he didn't. Finally the barges were discovered to be moving. Slowly, very slowly, we began to recede from the shore and beyond the range of those rifles. Another fear, however, still beset us, as a rifle ball from one of the ships, or from Fort Pickens, in full view, could send us all to the bottom of the bay. About eleven o'clock we reached the wharf at Pensacola in safety, where we were greeted by crowds of soldiers and citizens, among whom were many ladies with refreshments for the hungry and bandages for the wounded.

I think our loss, including killed, wounded, and missing, was about eighty or eighty-five. Among our killed was young Lieut. A. Nelms, of the McDuffie Rifles, said to have been one of the brightest intellects the State of Georgia ever produced. Among the wounded and captured was Ben Holt, of our company, beloved by all who knew him. I have learned that he was a brother of Mrs. Wallace Screws, of Montgomery. I found myself with no further injury than a bullet hole through my coat and one through my cap.

HEROISM OF CONFEDERATE KENTUCKIANS.

J. W. Williams writes of a fight at Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

"I have never been able to attend a reunion, or even to visit a Camp of Confederate Veterans. I was on the last raid J. H. Morgan made into Kentucky, just before his death. All the praise given Col. Martin for bravery I can vouch for, as I saw him under as hot fire as any man was subjected to during the war at Mt. Sterling. There were seventy men in the company I was temporarily with, and less than ten minutes after the action began I was the ranking officer left, being fourth sergeant. I fired fifteen deliberate shots in that battle, and I don't believe I missed one, as the distance ranged from twenty-five to one hundred yards. Lieut. McCreary was badly wounded; Bailey and Mitchell both captured. The former, sleeping on the same pallet with me, was captured in bed. But few persons know or ever heard of it. I was with Gen. J. C. Breckinridge as bearer of dispatches while he was in command in the Valley of Virginia. He was a noble, grand man, as was also Gen. Gordon, who commanded a division under him. I can indorse what Maj. J. Stoddard Johnson says of Mr. Sam Laurence, the General's clerk. There were only seven out of the seventy who returned with the command to Virginia. The rest were killed or captured."

CONFUSING THIRTEENTH GEORGIA AND THIRTEENTH VIRGINIA REGIMENTS.—Capt. S. D. Buck, of Baltimore, Md., writes: "I want to correct an error made by Dr. Dabney in his most valued work, 'The Life of Stonewall Jackson.' I have read it

several times, and it is one of the most reliable books I know of; but the Doctor is in error when he says: 'The Thirteenth Georgia of Early's Brigade crossed the river and was cut off when we were making our raid on Pope's rear.' The river was crossed at Warrenton, White Sulphur Springs. It was the Thirteenth Virginia Infantry—not the Thirteenth Georgia—under Col. James A. Walker. The Doctor makes the same mistake at second Manassas, when he says Early's Brigade charged the works when A. P. Hill was driven back with the Thirteenth Georgia. It is very fresh in my mind, as I was shot myself that day, but did not leave the field, and I am of the opinion that the Thirteenth Georgia was not in Jackson's Corps. I know that the Doctor would not take a laurel from the Thirteenth Georgia. He compliments it very highly at the battle of Slaughter's Mountain. Pardon me for my jealousy as to this regiment. It was a noble body of men, and won sufficient laurels to hand around to friends. Gens. Lee, Early, Ewell, and Stuart have all paid high tributes to this regiment, and it stands in history to-day equal to the best. It could not help winning laurels with such men as A. P. Hill, James A. Walker, and James B. Terrell as commanders."

JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT CHAPTER.

WHAT SOME LOUISIANA LADIES ARE DOING.

On April 18, 1898, four ladies, Mesdames A. W. Roberts, M. A. Forwood, I. J. Fowler, and Jefferson Davis Weir, met at the residence of Mrs. I. J. Fowler (No. 3440 Coliseum Street) and laid plans for the forming of an association for the purpose of erecting in the city of New Orleans a monument to the memory of Jefferson Davis.

The date of this meeting was the birthday of the third son of Jefferson Davis (and also of our President, Mrs. A. W. Roberts). The next meeting was at the residence of Mrs. Weir (1543 St. Mary Street), and it was then that the Jefferson Davis Monument Chapter of King's Sons and Daughters was organized. (This body of ladies were formerly the "Faith Ten" Circle of King's Daughters and Sons, of which Mr. Davis was a member.) Col. David Zable opened the meeting with prayer.

The officers elected were: President, Mrs. A. W. Roberts; Vice Presidents, Mrs. M. A. Forwood and Mrs. I. J. Fowler; Treasurer, Mrs. J. F. Spearing; Secretary, Mrs. Jefferson Davis Weir. Mrs. Davis, Miss Winnie Davis, and Mrs. J. Addison Hayes were elected honorary members. Mrs. Davis, in acknowledgment to Mrs. Weir, wrote:

"Please accept and present my thanks to the 'Faith Ten' King's Daughters of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Chapter for the honorary membership conferred upon me. Your desire to erect a monument to him, who so loved your city and your State, has touched me deeply. May God bless your efforts! Your obliged friend, Varina Jefferson Davis."

The next meeting, May 18, 1898, was held in the Young Men's Christian Association, the President presiding, and four persons were elected to membership. The dues of the organization were fixed at one dollar per annum, and it was made a rule that all applicants for membership be recommended by two members in good standing. A programme for the celebration of Jefferson Davis's birthday was arranged, and on June 3, 1898, this Chapter met again at the Y. M. C. A. With appropriate ceremony they celebrated the ninetieth birthday of Jefferson Davis. At this meeting the President was asked to write to Mr. Fenner, then a member of the Legislature, and solicit his influence to have introduced in the Legislature a bill making June 3 a legal holiday in Louisiana, which she did.

On October 4, the Chapter met and passed resolutions on

the death of our beloved honorary member, Winnie Davis. A copy of the same was framed and sent to Mrs. Davis, a framed copy was sent to be hung in the "White House" at Richmond also, and a page of the minute book was dedicated to her memory. Every Decoration Day we place, at the vault in the Army of Northern Virginia, where the remains of Jefferson Davis rested for a time, a beautiful wreath.

We took a prominent part in the State reunion in 1899, and at Baton Rouge in 1900.

Our charter, written by Mrs. Jefferson Davis Weir, was legally examined by Col. L. P. Bryant. After acceptance, Mr. Zack Spearing, Notary Public, did the rest, donating his services. On January 24, 1901, the charter was published in the New Orleans *Daily Item*. The charter members are as follows: John Dimitry, Eleanor P. Thompson, Mrs. Helen M. Keary (by Mrs. Forwood), Mrs. W. J. Hammond (by Lucy Roberts), Mrs. C. Doremus (by Mrs. Roberts), Lucy A. Roberts, President; Mary A. Forwood, Mesdames E. A. Graham, M. J. Spearing, Fannie Fowler, Jefferson Davis Weir, Irene Fagan Cockle, W. J. Morgan, Miss E. P. Palfrey, Carrie Yerger Musgrove, J. W. Carnahan, Mrs. M. M. Carnahan, Mrs. H. G. Parker, Mrs. J. Long, David Zable, Mrs. Thomas B. Pugh (by Mrs. Roberts), Mrs. Kate Walker Behan, Richard B. Cenas, B. T. Walshe, John A. Lafaye. Witnesses: J. G. Greve, John B. Hanlon, J. Zach Spearing, Notary Public.

This organization is no longer known as "King's Daughters and Sons," but as the "Jefferson Davis Monument Chapter of New Orleans." The officers at present are: President, Mrs. A. W. Roberts; Vice Presidents, Mesdames Alden McLellan, I. J. Fowler, J. D. Weir, D. R. Graham, W. J. Morgan, W. J. Hammond, J. W. Carnahan, H. H. Ward, Miss Sophie Wright, Mrs. A. Boisblanc; Treasurer, Mrs. J. F. Spearing; Assistant, Mrs. M. A. Forwood; Recording Secretary, Miss E. Thompson; Financial Secretary, Mrs. J. Long; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. Montgomery. Parish Vice Presidents: Mesdames Helen M. Gray, Rapides; E. John Ellis, St. Tammany; C. Doremus, Jefferson; Thomas B. Pugh, Assumption; W. J. Behan, Iberville; N. C. Blanchard, Caddo; M. E. Pratt, Point Coupee; Miss Mamie Walshe, Lafourche; Mrs. V. M. Purdy, East Carroll; Mrs. Thomas Overton, Voyelles. Advisory Board: Col. David Zable, Col. Louis P. Bryant. Directors: Capt. B. T. Walshe, Capt. Lewis Guion, Messrs. Andrew R. Blakely, H. H. Ward, A. G. Medine, Dr. Tichenor, and Capt. James Dinkins, Mrs. C. R. Cockle and Mrs. Charles J. Boatner; Mrs. W. N. White, Lake Providence. Approved by Mesdames W. J. Hammond, S. W. Rueff (by Mrs. Weir), Jefferson Davis Weir.

MRS. R. B. WILLIS, OF SEARCY, ARK.

Mrs. C. H. Wilmans, Recording Secretary of the Arkansas Division, U. D. C., writes of Mrs. Willis, whose fine address on history appeared in the December *VETERAN*:

"Mrs. R. B. Willis, Principal of Searcy Institute, a prosperous school for young ladies at Searcy, Ark., is a descendant of two prominent Virginia families. She is a niece of Hon. Thomas S. Bocock, the Speaker of the Confederate Congress, a man whose statesmanship and eloquence had made him prominent in the United States Congress for years before the war between the States. Mrs. Willis's mother was a sister of Gen. James L. Kemper, who, with Armistead and Garnet, led the world-renowned charge of Pickett's Division up the slope of Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg. The teaching and literary ability of this family has been as conspicuous as their military and civic talents; for another one of Mrs. Willis's uncles, Fred Kemper, was the founder of the Kemper Military School, of Boonville, Mo. Her brother, Willis Bocock, is Professor

of Greek in the State University of Georgia; while her oldest brother, John Paul Bocock, is a prominent New York journalist and contributor to our literary magazines."

MORE OF THAT "VICKSBURG" PIANO.

Col. R. H. Lindsay writes from Shreveport, La.:

In your issue of October, page 439, there is copied an article from the "Military History of Louisiana" which contains inexcusable errors. The facts are these: The Louisiana Brigade with other troops were sent from Tennessee to try to relieve General Pemberton, who was besieged by General Grant at Vicksburg, on the morning of July 5, 1863. My regiment, the Sixteenth Louisiana, was posted on "Big Black" River. About 10 A.M. I discovered a citizen coming toward my line on the railroad. I had him arrested, and after questioning him, he told me he was a Confederate spy, and was trying to get into Vicksburg, when he was captured, but afterwards released. He said: "I believe Vicksburg surrendered yesterday." I replied that surely General Pemberton would not surrender on the Fourth of July. I then sent him under escort to Gen. Dan Adams, brigade commander. He evidently did not believe the story of surrender, so he forwarded the man to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. On the morning of July 6, about 6 A.M., a courier brought me an order to fall back to Jackson, Miss., and he added: "The enemy's cavalry is now between you and Jackson, as General Pemberton surrendered on the 4th inst. After a hard and very hot march, we arrived in Jackson about 8 or 9 P.M., while a heavy drenching rain was falling. Next morning we were put in position on the fighting line. After a day or two skirmishing with the enemy, Gen. Adams, commanding the Louisiana Brigade, ordered me to burn that large dwelling (belonging to Mrs. W. W. Scott) in the rear of my line if I had to fall back. I went through the house and found much of value in it, such as library, costly carpets, and furniture, but I determined to save the fine piano if I had to burn the house. Finding it would be impossible to hold my line, I had the piano moved near the Washington Artillery, and my command passed over the ruins of that fine house, but that piano was saved and was played by Sergeant Andy G. Swain during that fatal Federal charge in which the loss to the enemy was not less than one to two thousand men, killed, wounded, and captured. This piano was left on the field and fell into the enemy's hands, but afterwards was restored to the rightful owner. It was subsequently put in excellent order, and thirty-nine years afterwards was presented to the Memorial Hall of

the Washington Artillery, in New Orleans. Through the kindness of Lieutenant Chalaron, I received a cordial invitation to be present at the presentation and reception. I was unable to attend, though I received a copy of the proceedings. This large and handsome dwelling was destroyed to prevent the enemy's sharpshooters from occupying same and consequently harassing our troops. How history gets all this story as being in July, 1862, at Vicksburg, when it occurred at Jackson, Miss., about July 12, 1863, is strange to me.

[The error in regard to location occurred through carelessness in not correcting a typewritten error.—ED.]

W. M. Spears writes from Jacksboro, Tex.: "The article places the occurrences at Vicksburg, when it should be Jackson, Miss. I belonged to Company C, Nineteenth Louisiana Regiment, Gibson's Brigade, and was but a few feet to the right of the Washington Artillery, the fifth company in the siege. It was not in Vicksburg during the war."

WITH COL. WILLIAM S. HAWKINS IN CAMP CHASE.

John F. Hickey, clerk to the Mayor and Common Council, writes from Hyattsville, Md., November 28:

"On a recent visit to the U. C. V. hall of Camp 171, District of Columbia, I was handed the VETERAN, Vol. 10, No. 9 (September issue), by the courteous janitor, Mr. Wortham, whose gentlemanly and gracious treatment to visitors is surpassed only by his vehement enthusiasm for the cause of the Confederate veterans.

"In perusing it my eyes fell upon the photograph of Col. William Stewart Hawkins, which I recognized at first glance, and I read with great interest the commendations contained in the article. I desire to add a few words more in praise to the memory of a dear friend and fellow-prisoner of war detained at Camp Chase, O., sharing his bed and eating at the same board for over a month.

"I was captured on September 12, 1864, on McCausland's raid into Pennsylvania, at Clair Springs, Md., where I had been left by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson to attend Serg. Samuel Spencer, of Company B, First Maryland Cavalry, who was severely wounded in a charge near Clair Springs. I had been wounded on Early's raid on Washington, and was not able to report for active duty; consequently it fell to me to be left with the wounded. . . . I was taken to Camp Chase in company with about one hundred of the Maryland line subsequently captured at Moorefield, W. Va., later in September.

"I was detailed from the prison proper in the early part of



THE JOHN H. REAGAN CAMP, UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, PALESTINE, TEX.

February, and appointed an agent for the Confederate sick and wounded in hospital, but when ordered out of the confines of the prison was informed publicly from the parapet by Lieut. Sanky, provost marshal of Camp Chase, that I was to be executed in retaliation for some Federal soldier who had been shot at Libby Prison. When I reported to Gen. W. H. Richardson, the commandant of Camp Chase, I was informed of the duties and object of my detail, and presented for the first time to my coagent and collaborer for our sick in hospital. Smallpox had been raging at Camp Chase, the records of the hospital showing that there had been fifteen hundred and over on its rolls, and I think that there were over one thousand buried. 'Stewart,' as I called Col. Hawkins, by his own desire, and I visited the hospital alternately every day, and dispensed clothing and delicacies, which we found in boxes that had accumulated in the warehouses from the establishment of the prison until the appointment of Capt. Allen, Gen. Richardson's adjutant general, who at once stopped, in a measure, the inhumanities of Sanky, and inaugurated a pacific and humane course of treatment. 'Stewart' read many of his verses to me, and on several occasions asked me to 'lend him a word.' He pined over his imprisonment, and in February we learned through Mrs. Madaira, whose husband was a State prisoner for publishing contraband news in his paper, the *Eagle*, I think, that Gen. Rosser was on a raid, with intent to liberate the nine thousand prisoners at Camp Chase. He was much troubled at the news. We had both given our paroles not to escape, or aid in the escape of any prisoner or prisoners, and felt that our duty to our fellow-prisoners, as well as our individual honor, obligated us to the most faithful and rigid observance of the parole accorded us. A few nights after Mrs. Madaira's information I heard 'Stewart' moving quietly about his side of the bed and dressing. I inquired what he was doing. 'O, I am sorry I disturbed you, John; but I have been awake all night, and cannot sleep, so I thought I would dress, make up the fire' (it was very cold, and we had a large wood stove in our room), 'and write a few lines of verse on "The Liberation."' The next morning, when I asked of his production, he said: 'I have destroyed it, John. When I indulged in my theme, the temptation was so strong to violate my parole, and, knowing your sense of honor too, I consigned it, two verses only, to the flames.'

"On another occasion we were invited to visit the theater at Columbus, three miles distant, by several of the Federal officers who occupied the same office and messed with us, but whose names, I regret, have escaped me. One of the conditions on our acceptance was that we should 'don the uniform of Federal officers,' so as to evade the scrutiny of Sanky's sentinels and prevent disturbance at the theater. How quickly thanks and declinations followed, was at once astounding to our Federal friends and seemed to rebuke them as though an insult had been offered.

"We had recourse to a bottle of good old Kentucky bourbon, furnished by Mrs. Madaira, who was permitted to supply her husband with delicacies through Gen. Richardson's order. Such things going into the hospital passed our inspection. Her visits were twice a week, and on those days Mr. Madaira was permitted to report to the hospital for treatment for his throat trouble. The kind-hearted Richardson said jocosely: 'Colonel, if Sanky knew what you and Mr. Hickey are allowed to do, he would call out the guard and hang every mother's son of us around these headquarters.'

"On March 12, 1865, my companionship ended with one of God's noblemen, a man as true to the Southern cause as ever drew a blade, yet who was generous of impulse to even the tenderest sense. On that day I was called to Gen. Richard-

son's office, whereupon I was handed a telegram as follows: 'Let the prisoner, John F. Hickey, Company B, First Maryland, be paroled and sent to Washington, under escort of safety, to report to his father at the Capitol, who has given bond for his good conduct until exchanged. A. Lincoln.' The parting I shall never forget. I received several letters from him, the last stating that he had been paroled and was with his wife. The letter contained a picture of his wife and himself. This was destroyed with my house and all my effects on January 17, 1886. Mrs. Hawkins wrote me in 1867, announcing the death of her husband.

"I shall send you, later on, a list of George M. Emack Camp, U. C. V., organized September 10, 1902, at Marlboro, Prince George County, Md."

While the foregoing will be read with general interest by many yet living who were in Camp Chase prison, especially as Col. Hawkins was conspicuous and greatly beloved, it is all the more important as refuting criticisms that have been made adversely to Col. Hawkins for having so acted as to gain the favor of a parole. In this respect Comrade Hickey, it may be unwittingly, furnishes testimony that will be gratifying to survivors who admired "Asa Hartz" personally and as the most conspicuous writer of all Confederates who were prisoners during the Confederate war.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES FROM VICKSBURG.

James M. Bourne writes from Louisville, Ky., Station E.:

"William Wallace Masterson, who was born on Aaron's Run Creek, in Montgomery County, Ky., moved to Missouri a year or two before the Kansas border warfare began, in which he took a part. He entered the Confederate army with a Missouri command, but in the siege of Vicksburg was in a Louisiana regiment, perhaps the Third, and in which regiment there was a company called 'The Tigers.' I was in the Twentieth Alabama Regiment of infantry, of which Senator Pettus, of that State, was lieutenant colonel.

"Mr. Masterson and I agreed, as both were serving with strangers, that if either survived the siege he would try to learn the fate of the other, and inform his family. After the surrender I started to the Louisiana regiment, but on the way I met an intelligent and gentlemanly Federal soldier who accosted me, and remarked that he was on his way to view that part of the battle lines called by the Federals the 'slaughter pen,' on account of so many of their soldiers being killed there daily. He said that every time any one tried to get a view of the Southerners' works, or to do some sharpshooting, he was shot through the head. Answering his inquiry as to what part of the line I occupied, he remarked that that was the part he wished to see. I returned to show him where I served. He drew a plan of their lines, and I readily recognized that the Twentieth Alabama Regiment had been doing the deadly work. I described to him how the Confederates did such effective marksmanship. I readily saw that the Federals had placed themselves at great disadvantage. The Confederates could 'skylight' any Federal who raised his head to shoot or to view. The distance was obtained by shooting a few shots at each embrasure. The two lines were not parallel by some thirty degrees.

"The Twentieth Alabama occupied the works continuously, day and night throughout the siege, so that the Confederates were thoroughly familiar with the points that made the clearest exposure to the 'skylight.' It is wonderful indeed that any venturesome Federal escaped who had the courage to raise his head against the sky. The Confederate line could not be 'skylighted,' because the ridge behind the men was higher than the embankment behind which they were shooting, and through this narrow ridge a way of egress had been made.

"I took the Federal through this opening, and he immediately exclaimed: 'Here is where your people had the best sharpshooters our men ever encountered!' Upon my remarking that we had no sharpshooters there, that it was all done by the ordinary soldier, and pointed to the sky through their embrasures, he readily saw that their 'military engineer' was incompetent. He told me that when his regiment was sent to relieve a regiment which had been on duty there, the members of the latter told them never to put their heads in view of the Rebels, because if they did they would get two or three bullets in them, and that had been their experience. He said that one of his regiment remarked that those men were cowards, and as soon as he got into the breastworks he was going to try to kill some Rebel. A moment after getting into the works this fellow—next to him—stuck his head in view of our men, received two bullets, and fell dead. He had no curiosity to view what was in his front. He came to see our works.

"We then went to Vicksburg, and on our way the Federal gave me some writing paper and envelopes, the latter having their flag upon them, and remarked that they had issued an order that all Confederates whose homes were on the Federal lines could write letters, submit them to their officers, and if all right, they would be mailed. 'But,' said he, 'you write what you please, hand the letters to me sealed, and I will see that the parties addressed receive them. You see they will be on our envelopes, and no one will know they are from you until your friends receive them.'

"I wrote several letters, and all were delivered. This soldier and gentleman lived near Terre Haute, Ind. I made a note of his name and home address, but it is lost, and I have forgotten his name. His mother was a widow and he her eldest son. I should be glad to hear from him or of his fate.

"I then went to the Louisiana regiment—I think it was the Third—inquired for my friend, and found that he was blown up by the enemy where they had undermined. I should like to know where he was buried; whether his grave was marked, and can now be found. On account of his immense frame—six feet, three inches in height—his activity, and bravery, he was selected to throw hand grenades—an invention, I think, of some Southerner. He had a brother, Higgins Masterson, who also was a Confederate soldier, but whether he survived the war I do not know. I wrote from Vicksburg to some of Mr. Masterson's kin of his death."

SWORD OF LIEUT. KNIGHT, A FEDERAL.—Andrew Knight, who was sergeant of Company C, Twentieth Michigan Regiment, Battle Creek, Mich., is anxious to locate the sword of his brother, Lieut. George C. Knight, of Company A, First Michigan Sharpshooters, who was killed at Petersburg June 17, 1864. It was given to him by the citizens of Battle Creek. The following in connection with this sword is from Capt. P. J. Johnson, Lenoir, N. C.:

"Lieut. George Knight was killed in front of my company, and only a few feet from us. We charged their line of battle, but they would not give way, and we fought hand to hand, with nothing but the breastworks between us. Finally they surrendered to my command, and we carried the prisoners to the rear, back to Petersburg, and my company guarded them in the courthouse all night. All this being in the night, you can see how we would not know what became of his sword. The commanding officer of the First Michigan Sharpshooters surrendered his sword and command to me that night, and I have the sword yet. I offered to return it, but he said: 'Keep it and give it to your boys, and tell them it was won by their father in a fair and honest fight.' I make extract from a paper by the historian of our regiment, the Thirty-Fifth North

Carolina, about that part of the charge: 'The gallant and chivalrous Capt. Thomas J. Blackwell, of Company B, was here killed, many others killed and wounded, and a number captured. Capt. Philip J. Johnston, of Company K, mounted the breastworks, and in a hand-to-hand encounter with a Federal major was shot in the hand, causing his sword to fall from his grasp. He was now at the mercy of his antagonist, when one of Capt. Johnston's men shot the Federal officer through the head. Ordering some imaginary reinforcements to advance, in stentorian tones Capt. Johnston called upon the enemy to surrender or "all be killed," and some three hundred came over the works and gave themselves up. During the night Gen. Beauregard withdrew to a new and shorter line of defenses near the city.'

"Next morning when my company got back to the front Gen. Beauregard had withdrawn to a line nearer to the city of Petersburg, and our dead were in the enemy's hands, so I think it is likely that some one of his own army got Lieutenant Knight's sword. I should be delighted to find it for him, and I should also be glad to find the old flag of the Thirty-Fifth North Carolina, captured that night by this same Michigan regiment a few minutes before this last charge, and which, together with the prisoners, had been sent to their rear."

A DISTINGUISHED NEW ORLEANS WOMAN.

SOMETHING OF HER FAMILY AND OF HER WORK.

Mrs. James Milton Ferguson, of New Orleans, La., is of Virginia ancestry, her father, Col. William H. Garland, and her mother, Frances Ann Eubank, both being natives of that

State, and she is also the great-grandniece of Patrick Henry. Mrs. Ferguson was the first Louisiana State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and did the pioneer work—always hardest—for that organization in Louisiana. She is of lineal descent from Col. Samuel Meredith, whose wife was Jane Henry, the eldest sister of Patrick Henry; and she is also connected with the Winstons, Cabells, Breckinridges, and other distinguished Virginia families. Her paternal grandfather, Col. David S. Garland, known as "King David" in his own town, was a member of Congress from Virginia, was General Superintendent of Improvement in that State, and served several terms in the Virginia Legislature. Mrs. Ferguson is also connected with William Robertson, the historian, and with Gens. Joseph E. Johnston and Wade Hampton, of Confederate fame.

During the War between the States Mrs. Ferguson's father raised a battalion of cavalry, and served in the Confederate army, though exempt from service by age; and her two brothers, under age, served faithfully in the same cause until the end. Her husband, Dr. James Milton Ferguson, was also a Confederate soldier the four years. During all that war the Ferguson home was kept open by its women for all Confederate soldiers, whether well, sick, or stranded. Mrs. Ferguson has served efficiently the New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, U. D.



MRS. J. M. FERGUSON.

C., as its Recording Secretary. When preparing for its National Convention obligations, Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, appointed her Treasurer of that committee, saying: "The only fault ever found with Mrs. Ferguson is her rigid adherence to law and duty, admirable faults (?) in a Treasurer." She performed the duties of this position with accuracy and faithfulness.

During the war with Spain Mrs. Ferguson was a member of the New Orleans Woman's War Relief Association. She was appointed Chairman for the First Regiment, Louisiana Volunteers, and also served as Treasurer. While on a visit to Long Beach, Miss., she made an address on "Parliamentary Law," at the close of which she suggested the formation of a public circulating library by the different organizations in that town, and donated the first book, thus starting what is known as the "Garland-Ferguson Library," which now has a lot and building of its own, with hundreds of books, pamphlets, etc., on its shelves. Mrs. Ferguson was the first Secretary of the "Woman's Club" of New Orleans, and one of its founders. She is a member of the Era Club, and was Secretary when that body did good service in the sewerage and drainage campaign a few years ago. As is well known, Mrs. Ferguson is the founder and President of the Arena Club of New Orleans, part of whose practical work has been the placing on the statutes of Louisiana the law known as "Act 115 of 1896," for the protection of young girls. This club was sheltered for nearly nine years by Mrs. Ferguson in her apartments, but it now has its own comfortable room at 606 Julia Street.

In speaking of Mrs. Ferguson, our own "Catherine Cole" once wrote: "There is not a finer or a more unostentatious thinker in all New Orleans." Mrs. Ferguson has a rarely logical mind. She is as absolutely free from snobbishness, prejudice, and from injustice as it is possible for a woman to be. At the meetings of the Arena Club the talk is high and the thinking is high. Again "Catherine Cole" wrote: "The Arena Club has accomplished one beautiful work, inasmuch as it has taught many women how to think for themselves; and this has been accomplished under the guidance of its founder and President, Mrs. J. M. Ferguson, one of the most powerful-minded women that New Orleans can boast, and whose graces of mind and heart are large factors in this fine educational work."

Miss Lucile Rutland, writing in the *Daily Advocate* of Baton Rouge, states: "Mrs. J. M. Ferguson, the Arena Club's founder and President, has the distinction of being a most exceptional President of an equally exceptional organization, one in which masculine and feminine intellects meet on common ground for the consideration of all questions of public interest. Mrs. Ferguson is a gracious, sweet-faced woman, who knows how to think and how to be silent."

Mr. B. O. Flower, of Boston, Mass., has often publicly commended Mrs. Ferguson's work, and has given most laudatory and encouraging notices in his book, "The New Times," both of Mrs. Ferguson and the Arena Club.

DECAY OF SOUTHERN MANNERS.

There was a time, not a great while ago, when white men would not sit in a street car when white women were standing. That time has passed, however, and New Orleans is fast losing one of its famous and most admirable peculiarities, as it is now becoming the rule for a man not to surrender his seat except to a woman of his acquaintance or to one whose acquaintance he wishes to make. That is the rule in all the Northern cities; and if we have not yet got it, it is considered an evidence that New Orleans has not yet got rid of its "old fogy" ways.

It has been said that the most important thing in life today is the business of getting money—of securing wealth—and everything must bend to that. In the race for wealth we may disregard all considerations of courtesy or of humanity.

This is civilization in its last commercial analysis, and the Southward is backward in civilization. The South has two relics of barbarism that it will have to get rid of before it can claim to have reached the highest mark of commercialism. One of these is the so-much-talked-of "Southern chivalry," and the other is the boasted Southern hospitality!

In a conversation some years ago with the distinguished traveler and author, Julian Ralph, who came to New Orleans to write up the Carnival, it was difficult to make him understand the real object and end of our Mardi Gras celebrations. He did not seem to comprehend that in the last part of the then nineteenth century the people of any American city would undergo the labors and the great pecuniary expenditures represented in our Carnival pageants, unless there was some ulterior object of financial benefit to be attained, and he was surprised at the entire exclusion from the splendid panoramic street parades of any advertising or other feature of commercialism, and when told that it was done for the special gratification of the public, freely donated by men who did not permit their names to be published, the eminent writer could not repress his surprise.

In Northern cities, where carnival parades are attempted, they are intended to promote business. It is much the same with hospitality. It is extended to personal friends, while in the South it used to be the rule in *ante bellum* times to keep open house to strangers who were properly presented. While the rule has been largely modified since the war between the States by the impoverishment of many important families, hospitality to strangers is still by no means a thing of the past, and there is scarcely a day but what there is some movement on foot to show attentions to visiting strangers.

But the need of money is just as pressing among the Southern people as anywhere else, and the fact is being recognized. The fight for money is going to become as strenuous here as elsewhere, and then we shall give up our old-time peculiarities. There will be no money in them, and special courtesy to women and the cordial entertainment of strangers will be things of the past. Then we will be commercially civilized (?), and doubtless we will grow rich, and we will cease to celebrate the Carnival in the old fashion.

Citizens of the old school may lament and condemn the change of manners, but the change will go on all the same. The forces that are working this change are too potential to be resisted, for times change and men change with them.—*N. O. Picayune.*

ESTATE OF GEN. GRANT'S WIDOW.

The death of the widow of General and President U. S. Grant is generally known. Much consideration was shown in the obsequies, and the body was lain by her distinguished husband in New York City.

The estate left by Mrs. Grant is estimated at \$234,000, and goes to the three sons, the daughter (Mrs. Sartores), and their children. Gen. Fred D. Grant, at the request of the other heirs, becomes the executor of the will.

CREED OF T. B. REED.—The son of a Confederate father, who rarely wrote poetry, had this to say a dozen years ago:

Old T. B. Reed makes up a creed,
And has the world to follow it;
The world kicks up and shows its speed,
But the last it does is to swallow it.

TRIBUTE TO NORTH CAROLINIANS.

From Capt. Robert W. Douthat, Morgantown, W. Va., the Southern battle lecturer, who seeks to know and honor and defend all his comrades.

To the "Old North State,"
A tribute late,
But due her gallant sons;
For, like their sires in all the past,
All in heroic mold were cast.

Thy sons, great State, were nowhere shorn
Of the glorious name thou long hast borne;
For as heroes great, whom none surpassed,
Thy shield they brightened e'en to the last.

Thy daughters, too, thy name upheld,
For from their souls true courage welled,
And by their deeds of love and care
They cheered their brothers everywhere.

Their hearts were true, their fingers deft,
And precious gifts, from homes bereft
Of brother's love, inspired his soul
To live forever on honor's roll.

Thy sons as Spartans, stalwart built,
In war's dread tournament did tilt
Against our foes, but never yet
Retreat did make when equals met.

Brave North Carolina, thy mighty host
Of men renowned and women grand,
Attests that thou hast right to boast,
"The world ne'er knew a nobler band."

At old Manassas twice thy sons
Did meet invaders of our soil,
And twice by help of thy good guns
We made our enemy recoil.

No battle plain more blood did drink
Than Gettysburg of thy rich life,
Nor richer fame can earth e'er yield
Than thine from that most famous field.

Though Southern hope thence settled fast
Into a clouded, blackened West,
Thy sons, good State, the "Wilderness" fought,
And by thy aid was vict'ry bought.

When darkness fell at Appomattox,
They parted thence in love and tears
From Lee, their chief, and old Virginia,
From cherished hopes to wasted homes.

Thy homes, then desolate, now bloom
In beauteous life and love and truth,
And everywhere thy honored youth
Guard well their fathers' glory.

A MONUMENT TO J. E. B. STUART.—The Richmond Times of recent date states: "A rally of those interested in the erection in Richmond of a monument to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart will be



SPONSORS AND MAIDS OF THE UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

A TEXAN BURIED IN KENTUCKY.—T. J. Childress, Erlanger, Kenton County, Ky.: In the fall of 1862, while Kirby Smith was in Kentucky, General Heth marched down the Covington and Lexington turnpike to within four miles of Covington. One of his men died while on the march near the third toll-gate, eleven miles from Covington. He was buried in a field near the road. After the close of the war I and two others took the body up and put it in a nice coffin and had it buried in the Linden Grove cemetery at Covington. I think he was a Texan. He belonged to McCulloch's old brigade. We never found out who he was. Please inquire through the VETERAN, as his family would be glad to know he was decently buried.

held in Lee Camp Hall, it is expected, the second Monday in December. It is planned that Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, the President of the Association, will be here and preside. This was all arranged at an adjourned meeting of the Executive Committee of the Association. The committee also discussed possible locations for the monument. The Executive Committee found out that it would take about \$12,000 in addition to the funds already in hand. It is the decision that the statue should be equestrian. There has been some talk about having a pedestrian monument, owing to the lack of funds, but it is positively decided that it be equestrian."

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

It is designed to publish reports of State Divisions from last report at the New Orleans session.

ADDRESS OF MRS. DOWDELL, PRESIDENT U. D. C.

Madam President: Alabama brings to the Daughters assembled in the ninth annual convention of the U. D. C. words of cheer and good will. It is again my honor to present the report of the splendid work, to tell of the enthusiasm that exists in Alabama, and to convey to you most loyal greetings and good wishes from the division and the members individually. Every Chapter in our State would be personally represented in this convention if circumstances were favorable and our women could always carry out the dictates and desires of their hearts. In the sessions of this high tribunal of Confederate women one receives the inspiration to attempt great things and the stimulus to achieve greater.

The sixth annual convention assembled in Demopolis last May, the guests of the Marengo Rifles Chapter, with every Chapter represented by a delegate or a proxy. The same spirit of loyalty animated the sessions of this convention that actuated the noble mothers in past years in their heroic work of love and patriotism. Enthusiasm and a realizing sense of our responsibilities filled every heart with the desire to work for the noble objects for which we are pledged.

A beautiful feature of the convention was the presentation by the Division of a magnificent life-sized portrait of Emma Sansom, Alabama's noted heroine, to the State Department of Archives and History. The presentation of this picture and the acceptance of it by the director, Hon. Thomas M. Owen, were one of the most charming occasions of the State meeting.

We now have thirty-six well-organized Chapters. Six of them have been organized since the convention at Wilmington, and three since the State Convention in May. Eighteen hundred members are actively engaged in the good works of the Division: caring for the living veterans, preserving history, building monuments, and caring for the graves of our immortal heroes. The growth of the Alabama Division is assured. We see that interest is being awakened in more remote towns. Several old Chapters have revived and entered the rank with renewed zeal.

The prime work of the Division is the care of the living veterans, whose needs cry aloud to us daily. We have a State pension roll for the care of indigent soldiers, and the Constitution provides a *per capita* tax for their aid, which is given them monthly; and though in small proportions, it is most graciously received and eagerly looked forward to by a number of old heroes. At our last convention one hundred dollars was donated to the Confederate Home at Mountain Creek. This home, though not yet completed, is the proud possession of Alabama since my report to this body one year ago. The erection of this home is due to the magnanimity and generous spirit of one noble veteran, Capt. J. M. Falkner, and his faithful colleagues who compose Camp Jeff Falkner, of the Alabama U. C. V., rather than the Daughters of the Confederacy, yet we claim the privilege of assisting Capt. Falkner, and as rapidly as the cottages are completed the rooms are claimed by some Chapter, to be furnished and sustained. Thus we have a part in this noble work. It would be unnecessary, though it is interesting, to relate to you the number of enterprising schemes that have been projected to raise the funds for erecting this home. But one plan, patriotic and loving, is worthy of your notice, hence my excuse for embodying it in this report. The main building is to have five hundred logs, which are to be marked with handsome brass tablets with the

name and records of any hero or heroine whose friends may wish to dedicate a log to his or her memory. The name sent to be memorialized with a log is accompanied by a contribution of ten dollars. Each tablet will bear a number, and in the library of the home will be kept forever a record book, which will contain brief biographical sketches of the soldiers and women of the Confederacy, corresponding to the number on the tablets. The memorial log feature carries out the determination to make the home historical in every department. Should there be one in this assembly who would love to memorialize the name of a friend in the Alabama Confederate Home, the opportunity is hers.

We have no inactive Chapters in our Division. Each one is engaged in some splendid local work, and with untiring energy we strive to perpetuate the illustrious deeds of our heroes in history and in marble. Pages might be covered with interesting accounts of the Chapter work; but time and space forbid, and all are excellent in different lines, hence none could claim preëminence in this report of Division work.

Several Chapters are deeply interested in erecting Confederate monuments in their localities. One of our younger Chapters, which has not yet passed the second milestone of its existence, accepted for its work from the beginning the erection of a monument to gallant John Pelham. The city of Jacksonville and the home of this Chapter (the Gen. John H. Forney) is the honored resting place of this noble young hero.

Our Division also donated at its last convention one hundred dollars to the Jefferson Davis Monument, through Alabama's representative on this committee, Mrs. Charles G. Brown. This donation carried with it the good wishes and loyal love of a people whose hearts were burning with patriotic love for this sacred cause. If desires could have been transformed into glittering dollars, the meager sum would have grown into thousands, and all difficulties would have been removed from this committee, so devoted in its purposes and untiring in its efforts to honor the South with a grand monument to our chieftain. But nay. Such patriotic love was forced by a small treasury to yield to practical figures and contribute only a mite. I wish it were my privilege in this report to stand ahead even of those who justly claim the honor of leadership in this sacred work.

The privilege of conferring upon the veterans the Southern Cross of Honor and appropriately observing our memorial days goes steadily on. Every Chapter glories in the honor of presenting the veterans with the cross, and feels more than repaid when it sees how they prize the trophy.

Several places in our State where no Confederate graves are planted observed Memorial Day for the first time last year, which was due to a Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy located in their midst.

One of the cherished works of the Alabama Division is to erect a monument to the silent heroes of our State on Shiloh battlefield, and the committee, composed of some of the most loyal Daughters, is actively engaged in accomplishing this work.

No State yielded more to the cause than Alabama. The chivalry and valor of her best manhood was offered on the altar of sacrifice, and her best blood flowed freely. Her noble women were no less courageous in the trying years of conflict, and with abiding faith and true, noble spirits welcomed the returning husbands and sons to rejoice in the proud heritage of the Confederate glory.

The spirit of these Spartan mothers has been transmitted to the Daughters of the Confederacy in the Alabama Division, and they stand firm in the purpose that justice shall be done the South in the preservation of true history.

ARKANSAS DIVISION, U. D. C.

The seventh annual convention, Arkansas Division, U. D. C., held at Newport, Ark., October 22, 1902, is reported by Mrs. C. H. Williams, Recording Secretary. It is in substance as follows:

Our little Arkansas town, Newport, welcomed within her gates charming guests in the members of the Confederacy on October 22. They came from every part of the State, and there were in attendance eighteen Chapters, representing forty-nine votes accepted, the largest convention ever held by this Division. We hope another year that no Chapter will fail to be represented in either State or general convention. The convention was called to order in the court room, which had been magnificently decorated for the occasion in red and white bunting, flowers, and Confederate flags. One of these was the flag presented by some of the ladies present to the Jackson Guards when they left early for the great conflict. This old flag brought back to these dear women the faces of their soldier boys as they left that day. As brave now as then, they smiled to think how their dear flag had been proudly taken off and, though furled when it was tenderly carried back home, it came without a blot upon its honor. The local Methodist minister, Rev. J. W. Smith, invoked God's blessing on the assembly. Mrs. C. H. Wilmans delivered the address of welcome, responded to by Mrs. Clementine Boles, of Fayetteville, in her witty and pleasant style. The President, Mrs. B. E. Benton, then gave her annual address, which was most heartily received and enjoyed. Beautiful music was rendered by Mrs. G. A. Hillhouse and her able assistants. Each session was a treat to all present. On the evening of the first day a large reception was given. Hon. Charles Coffin presided, introducing the speakers in his own bright and graceful way. The exercises were opened by the bugle call on the cornet, answered by the old veterans, who marched upon the rostrum and stood in a row, "looking like a lot of happy, mischievous schoolboys. They sang "Dixie" as only old veterans can.

Mrs. W. M. Neal, of Helena, President of the State Federation of Clubs, gave the U. D. C. a fraternal greeting from the Federation. Mrs. Keller, of Hot Springs, on behalf of the U. D. C., responded to Mrs. Neal's address with thanks and appreciation for Mrs. Neal's goodness in coming to extend such kindly thoughts to this organization, at the same time expressing disapproval of any Chapter of the U. D. C. ever federating. Mrs. R. B. Willis, of Searcy, gave a fine address on "Southern Literature," which was considered so worthy of wider notice that the convention requested that it be sent to the VETERAN for publication, which will be done. Miss Esther Neill, of Batesville, a gifted daughter of Gen. Robert Neill, read Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner," which was received with enthusiasm. Maj. Cabell Minor, recently returned home from the Philippines, gave a negro dialect story, which "brought down the house." There were many other interesting features, especially fine music. The evening closed with an informal reception where dainty refreshments were served to the old soldiers and other guests.

On Thursday evening, at the home of the Misses Brandenburg, the young ladies' clubs received the delegates, visitors, and members of the local Chapter. The rooms were beautifully decorated in red and white, the color scheme being carried out in refreshments, and in every possible way this perfectly arranged function was conceded to be the crowning event of the week.

Friday noon saw the convention's close. The election of officers was as follows: President, Mrs. B. E. Benton, Pine

Bluff; Vice Presidents, Mrs. S. S. Wassell, Little Rock; Mrs. Mary Hunter Hall, Dardanelle; Recording Secretary, Mrs. C. H. Wilmans, Newport; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Fay Tullis, Nashville; Treasurer, Miss Lela Gatewood, Lonokey.

The convention accepted the invitation of Mrs. J. M. Keller to come to her interesting city, Hot Springs, next year. Friday afternoon the visitors were taken for a drive along the banks of the beautiful White River and up to the old, historic, deserted village of Jacksonport. At night the guests were given a theater party, thus ending one of the most pleasant weeks in the history of Newport.

MILITARY MASS.

Miss Katie Daffan, of Ennis, Tex., writes of the beautiful ceremonial in St. Louis Cathedral, New Orleans, at the close of the U. D. C. Convention in November:

"New Orleans, with its quaint and ideal environment, its charming women and chivalrous men who dispense such warm-hearted hospitality, its unquestioned place in the commercial world, are too well known to review here.

"The many historic places, the old homes, old trees, monuments, and battlefields, and its traditions, place a halo around this old city that grows brighter as the years go on.

"Perhaps the most visited, the most loved, and the nearest to the hearts of many lovers of New Orleans is the old St. Louis Cathedral, facing Jackson Square, which has been the scene of the devotions of some of our bravest and best.

"The Annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has just been held in New Orleans. Four days of genuine pleasure, harmonious business sessions, the renewal of pleasant friendships begun the year before, beautiful hospitality received at the hands of the New Orleans Daughters of the Confederacy, who left absolutely nothing undone for the gratification of their guests—all of this will be sweet to remember. But the 'finale' of this splendid meeting, the triumphant close, will linger longest in my heart—the 'military mass,' celebrated in the old cathedral on Sunday morning, to commemorate the brave deeds and many virtues of our warriors departed, and to honor the brave, true souls still with us.

"It was to this old church that Andrew Jackson marched with his battle-grimed, blood-stained soldiers after the victorious battle of Chalmette, and gave thanks and praise for his great victory. It is understood that he went direct from the battlefield to the cathedral to receive the benediction of the Holy Church before meeting the cheers and cries of an adoring people.

"This cathedral, built in the style of the Renaissance, has seen time and change, victory and pæans of praise, love and griefs, for more than a hundred years. Many and solemn scenes have been enacted in this old church, and I think events actually leave an essence of themselves in places, and the knowledge that they have happened where we stood recalls them as a mysterious power to fill the heart. Down the long aisles bridal processions have passed, when two waiting hearts received the covenant which brings us nearer to God and gives life consecration. Its great walls have throbbed with the solemn notes of the requiem mass, imploring the repose of the souls of the blessed dead. Young mothers have gone with their innocents to the baptismal font, invoking the blessing and guidance of the Holy Mother. And many faithful souls who there received absolution have knelt before the great altar above and looked down in tender mercy upon the pilgrims traveling on who do not yet see the end of the journey.

"This military mass celebrates victories on land and on sea,

and pleads the humble gratitude of a patriotic people. At the time announced on this beautiful November morning the nave, the gallery, and the entrances were filled with an eager, watching throng, awaiting the organ's announcement of the solemn occasion. The priests, in their robes of scarlet and gold, walked silently among the people, giving their blessing. Then the sound of martial music, together with the 'Gloria,' sung by the great choir, and the troops of soldiers filed in, filling the broad aisle. The glint of gold lace, the immaculate military bearing and presence, there in the midst of kneeling hundreds, the forms of Christ and his mother so near, were a scene to inspire patriotism and thanksgiving in a heart less responsive than in this Daughter of the Confederacy. Their leader, marching to and fro, gave his commands in a clear, distinct voice. Then all knelt to hear the holy service. From the transept apart came that sweet melody, 'The Palms,' in pleading, tender notes, and then to a vast throng, who listened in breathless silence, the pure, sweet strain of the 'Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana,' which was taken up by the choir, and then 'The Gloria' pealed forth again, filling that old pile with its volume of passion and tenderness. To the one who loves and feels music there are moments when the effect of a great old organ and rich voices blending in rhythmic harmony is so solemn and stirring that the veil is rent apart and you see face to face the beauties of the real life. The soul at that time knows and understands, and touches the heart of things. And I am sure that music can have a bad effect—its appeal is so strong and so true. And when its pleading and weird messages



MISS KATIE DAFFAN.

are directed to a weaker nature or evil nature it can sway and bend to evil, and becomes a seductive art. For the soul that is wrapped in music will follow it to good or bad.

"The service of thanksgiving and praise was read, the feast days of the incoming week were given, and as the choir sang louder, fuller, and sweeter the soldiers passed by, out into the

beautiful morning sunlight, and the sweet, distant notes of the 'Intermezzo' came back to us as we still waited to watch the veterans pass from their seats of honor near the altar, and the Daughters of the Confederacy to join them.

"Intelligent appreciation of benefits received is one of the noblest attributes of the growing soul. Let us pray that 'peace' and 'love for each other' shall crown our beautiful Southern land, and that the women of the South may be welded strongly together in their sacred duty of honoring the brave and remembering their dead and preserving traditions so dear to us in song and story. And let us be eager in our efforts. Modesty commands the respect of many, but it is open success that appeals to almost all of mankind.

"A more appreciated and fitting occasion could not have ended our Annual Convention, the most satisfactory and genuinely enjoyed of any ever held before. Magnificent.

MODEL WORK OF A CHAPTER OF U. D. C.

Mrs. J. C. Norman, Vice President, in sending subscriptions to the VETERAN, adds:

"I want to tell you about the work that a small 'country Chapter' of U. D. C.'s are trying to accomplish, and let some of our city Chapters see what difficulties we have to contend with.

"On June 15, 1901, a few friends from the 'Charter Chapter' in Savannah came on the train, and then rode five miles out to a little village in our county called Hinesville, and assisted a few ladies that love the cause to organize a Chapter of U. D. C. We began with enough to get a charter, then added to twenty-one. We now number forty paid members. Assessments for 1901 are all paid, and for 1902 ready when called for. In April we tried to place a wreath on every soldier's grave in the county, over thirty, and scattered for miles apart. We have erected eight stones to unmarked graves, and are trying hard to raise means for more. We have responded to all calls for aid from sister Chapters; have cared for a helpless veteran with a family of seven for five months, and now have him under treatment where he is well cared for.

"Our members are mostly wives of farmers, and not many are blessed with much of this world's goods. They are scattered all over Liberty County, so that some of us have to ride twenty miles, and some even farther, in private conveyances to attend a meeting. So our 'city sisters' can see how very hard it must be for us to meet together often, and impossible to get up entertainments or do anything to raise means to carry on the great work we have undertaken. A few Chapters, knowing this, have sent us small donations, for which we are truly grateful. There are about twenty-five more unmarked graves of heroes in the county; and if not marked soon, when we older heads lie low, will be forgotten. Therefore we would be glad of any assistance from friends of the 'great cause.'

"Since we organized we have bestowed crosses of honor upon thirty-five veterans of C. C. Jones Camp. These crosses were donated by our 'Mother Chapter' from Savannah. We trust to be able to do more work in the next year and increase in numbers."

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. Mattie Bruce Reynolds, of Louisville, Ky., Second Vice President of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., and the founder of the E. M. Bruce Organizations of Children of the Confederacy, was an active worker in the U. D. C. Convention at New Orleans. She offered a resolution, which was promptly adopted, and which was most useful in the crowded proceedings at the last sessions. It was that no one should

speak more than twice upon the same motion. Mrs. Reynolds made remarks upon Dr. Tichenor's address asking indorsement of the U. D. C. in the proposed monument to the women of the Confederacy, in which she said: "I am all in all for the woman's monument. But women of to-day have the same self-sacrificing natures that they had during the horrors of our war, so they only feel at present they cannot indorse the woman's monument movement until the memorial arch to their beloved chieftain, President Davis, is completed." Mrs. Reynolds moved that a copy of the U. D. C. minutes be furnished Dr. Tichenor, as it was stated in the daily papers that the women were opposed to the woman's monument, and she desired by the record to contradict that erroneous impression.

Mrs. E. H. O'Brien, of Alexandria, Va., moved thanks of the United Daughters to the veterans for their expressed desire to honor them, but said that they could not heartily indorse the woman's monument now, as the Daughters are so anxious to see the Davis monument completed.

Mrs. Reynolds is creditably persistent in behalf of the children's work in this great cause. She has been unceasingly active when it seemed that her efforts were doomed to failure. The E. M. Bruce organization bears the name of her father—E. M. Bruce Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy.

CHAPTERS FORMING SINCE NOVEMBER 30, 1901.

The E. M. Bruce Chapter, Louisville, Ky., No. 1: Directors, Mrs. Charlotte Osborne Woodbury and Mrs. L. E. Williams.

The J. M. Graves Chapter, Lexington, Ky., No. 2: Director, Mrs. Eleanor Graves Webb.

The John H. Morgan Chapter, Covington, Ky., No. 3: Director, Mrs. James P. Tarvin.

The Gen. Adam Rankin Johnson Chapter, Henderson, Ky., No. 4: Director, Mrs. Helen C. McClain.

The Lorenzo Dow Hockersmith Chapter, Madisonville, Ky., No. 5: Director, Mrs. Preston Bradley Ross.

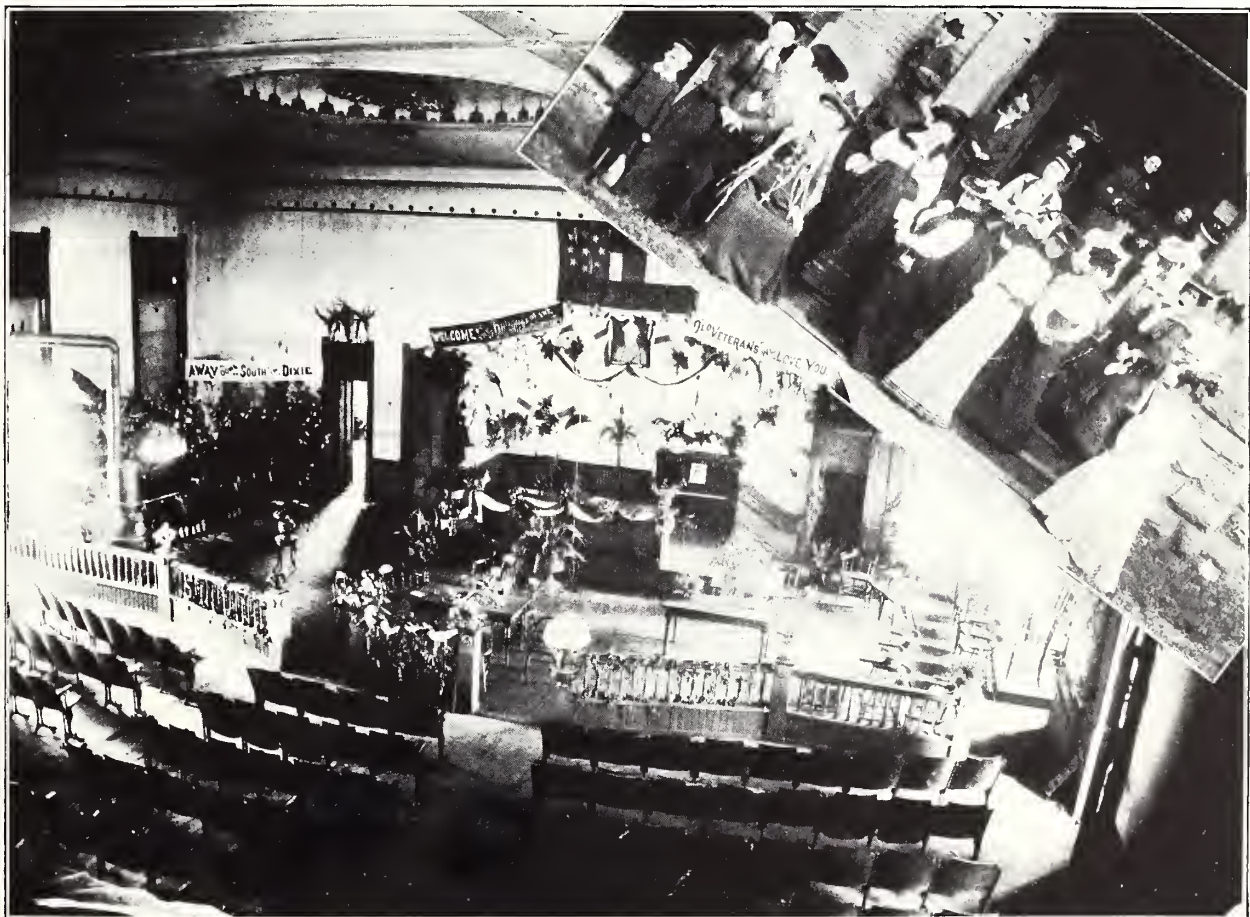
Nathaniel Mothershead Chapter, Earlington, Ky., No. 6: Director, Mrs. Nathaniel Mothershead.

The John C. Latham Chapter, Hopkinsville, Ky., No. 7: Director, Mrs. George Gary.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, Brooklyn, N. Y., No. 8: Director, Mrs. Helen Adams Lau.

There are now fifteen members enrolled for the Owensboro Chapter, Owensboro, Ky.

At the last State meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, October 8 and 9, Newport, Ky., a very interesting report was made of the work of the E. M. Bruce Children of the Confederacy. Mrs. J. M. Arnold, President of the State Division, read in her report: "In Kentucky we believe that one of the principal duties of a Daughter of the Confederacy is to inspire in the youth of the South love and devotion for the principles fought for by our fathers. To carry out our belief, we have indorsed the organization of the E. M. Bruce Children of the Confederacy, and it is our hope that this convention will approve of the plan inaugurated in Kentucky, and that it will indorse and carry into execution the suggestions which Mrs. Mattie Bruce Reynolds, founder of the E. M. Bruce Children of the Confederacy, has prepared for this convention. I therefore request that you grant to Mrs. Reynolds the right to introduce this matter. If you decline, then remember that as Daughters of the Confederacy you are throwing away golden opportunities."



COURT ROOM, NEWPORT, ARK., DECORATED FOR THE STATE DIVISION UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY, 1902.



CAPT. S. P. DUNCAN.

R. W. Crabb, of Uniontown, Ky., writes of him:

"Capt. Samuel P. Duncan was born in Trimble County, Ky., April 22, 1826, and died at his home near Morganfield, Ky., October 10, 1902. At twenty-one years of age he enlisted for the Mexican war, and served under Gen. John S. Williams throughout. When the war between the States broke out he cast his lot with the South. He enlisted in Company A, Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, was elected its captain, and assigned to the Buckner Guards. He was engaged in all the prominent battles fought in Kentucky and Tennessee from the first of the war to the winter of 1863, when he was captured at Rheatown, Tenn., and was sent to Johnson's Island, where he remained as a prisoner of war until the final surrender.

"Capt. Duncan was a brother of Capt. Ben Duncan, who also commanded a company in the Confederate army. These two brothers had always lived together, and were very fond of each other. They were kind and affectionate at all times, which was noticeable and admired by their friends.



CAPT. SAM DUNCAN AND SISTERS.

"Capt. Sam Duncan was never married. He leaves two sisters: Mrs. M. H. Ringold, of Hartford, Ky., and Mrs. Eliza S. Gray, of Beaver Dam, Ky. He was a member of Adam Johnson Camp, of Union County, Ky.

"Capt. Duncan was truly the old soldiers' friend. They always gathered around him wherever he was, and he had pleasant greetings and good words for all. His friends were numerous throughout the State, and he was greatly esteemed."

—
FRANK M. BELL.

Comrade Frank M. Bell died at his home near Rogers Prairie, Tex., December 6, 1902. Comrade Bell entered the army from this State, first as a six months' volunteer, and then for the war, in the Twenty-Fifth Texas Cavalry (dismounted), Company K. He was taken prisoner at Arkansas Post in January, 1862, and escaped by crossing to the other side of the river. At the reorganization of his regiment with Company C, he served during the remainder of the war and was paroled in North Carolina. He was wounded several times; severely at New Hope Church. He was first lieutenant, and commanded his company in every engagement except at Arkansas Post. He leaves a wife, three sons, and three daughters. His sons are all worthy men, and, should occasion require, would follow their father's example. He was a good soldier, a good citizen, and a member of the Baptist Church.

CAPT. W. J. ROBINSON.

The following address was made at the grave of Capt. William Joseph Robinson by Comrade J. A. Miller, of Franklin, Tenn.:

"There is a reaper, whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."

"Comrades of Fishing Creek, Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Kennesaw Mountain, Dead Angle, Peach Tree Creek, Jonesboro, Franklin, Nashville, and Bentonville! Upon these historic battlefields, amid the roar of cannon, the shrieks of shells, the rattle of musketry, and the shouts of the living and the groans of the wounded and dying, cheering each other on to victory, defeat, or death, ties of affectionate friendships were formed that bind us into one brotherhood by an invisible chain that is being shortened link by link, and ere long the last link will be broken.

"In the presence of this new-made grave some of the tenderest recollections of our lives are awakened and brought forth from memory's urn. Memories, however sad, dear alike to you and me, because they are embalmed in sorrow, suffering, sacrifice, and tears.

"The visitation of this sad dispensation of an all-wise and a most merciful God visibly reminds each of us old comrades that, at best, but a very few years remain to us upon this earth. Let us this day resolve to make our calling and election sure, and so live that 'when the roll is called up yonder' we will have an unbroken reunion of all Confederate veterans, who risked their all amid privation and sufferings for four long years in defense of all that is dearest to man, home, and loved ones, and to protect and maintain the most brilliant and magnificent civilization the world has ever known—that of our Southland. Every Confederate soldier's tombstone is as touching as his last tear upon the white bosom of his young manhood's bride, and as tender as his sad farewell.

"Poets will sit among the graves of Confederate veterans some future day and write sweeter songs than mortal ear ever heard before, because each tombstone is a volume within itself. Thirty-seven years ago the 9th day of last April the Confederate flag, with its cross of St. Andrew, its stars and bars, was furled, and we are content to let it stay so forever. There is enough of glory and sacrifice encircled in its folds not only to enshrine it in our hearts forever, but the trumpet of fame must be silenced when it ceases to proclaim the splendid achievements over which that flag floated.

"Capt. William Joseph Robinson has answered to roll call for the last time upon earth. No truer or braver soldier or a better man wore the gray. For devotion to duty and nobleness of nature, he was the peer of the purest and bravest. His heart was sensitive to every cry of need, and his hand was wide open to help. It is but natural that such a man had the confidence, esteem, and love of his people. He was a true type of a Southern gentleman of the old school, with a record of many kind deeds.

"He was conspicuous upon the battlefield for gallantry, and his life's blood crimsoned the soil of the same. In business he was faithful and energetic; as a man he was honorable and pure; a true friend, a neighbor without guile, a faithful husband, a loving father, and a Christian.

"With him life's sun is set and the burdens of his days are over. He has passed away from the rapidly fading host whose deeds of valor and heroism are a part of our country's imperishable history. He has passed from the vision of loved ones and kindred into 'that beautiful land, the far-away home of the soul.' To you, the children of our beloved comrade, he has

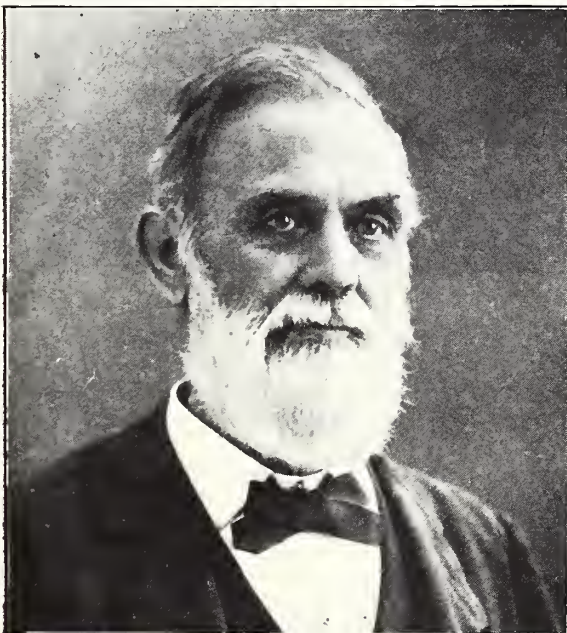
left the greatest legacy ever bequeathed by any father. To you belongs the memory of his gallant and good deeds performed in the 'days that were.'

"When the decoration of Confederate veterans' graves takes place, the sun will unlock the earth from the clasp of night and gild it with his golden-tinted rays. On that day loving children will come to this sacred spot bearing garlands of flowers of sweetest fragrance; and each flower, as it falls gently on this grave, will silently petition heaven for his eternal happiness. . . . Peace to his ashes, and may he slumber gently and sweetly 'beneath the shade of the trees' until the resurrection."

HON. S. H. DARDEN.

Col. Stephen Heard Darden, the last survivor of the Texas delegation in the Confederate Congress, gently passed away at the home of his daughter, where he and his wife had resided for several years, in Wharton, Tex., May 16, 1902. Col. Darden was a modest, unpretentious man, who lived uprightly and commanded the full confidence of all with whom he had dealings. He possessed a marked personality, great purity of life, broad, tender sympathies, and a courage that made him a stranger to any form of fear, and was resourceful in the face of the greatest difficulties.

A native of Jefferson County, Miss., his parents were Washington Lee Darden and Ann Sharkey Darden. Before attaining his majority, he joined a cavalry company, and came to Texas in 1836 to assist the struggling army of independence. After serving his term of enlistment, and the war being over, he and others were honorably discharged, and he returned to his former home in Madison County. He moved his family and property to Texas in 1846, settled in Gonzales County, and engaged in farming. He represented his county three times in the House and once in the Senate of the Texas Legislature. His wife soon paid the debt of nature, and he married again in 1862. Though originally a Union man, when war between the States was declared, he promptly enlisted in the first company organized in his county, and was elected first lieutenant of Capt. Key's Infantry, Company A, of Gen. Hood's Regiment, Fourth Texas. He participated in various engagements from Yorktown to Sharpsburg, inclusive, after



COL. S. H. DARDEN.

which he was discharged on account of ill health. The hardships of the march and campaign had undermined a strong and vigorous constitution. He retired from the Virginia Army as captain of Company A. I will mention one incident of this last battle. While leading his company in a final charge, shot and shell raining around, and two color bearers had successively fallen by his side, he immediately caught up the banner and carried it through the fight, and brought the same home all tattered and torn. He deposited it in the State capitol at Austin.

After recuperating for a few months, he joined the State forces that were being organized into a battalion, and was elected major in command, which was an order to the Texas coast to watch for the approaching enemy. Later it was merged into a regiment, and he was promoted to colonel, with headquarters at Victoria, Tex. An incident may here be mentioned indicative of his sense of right to the weaker party. The enemy was then threatening to land a force upon our coast, and Gen. Magruder instructed him to burn all unoccupied houses and premises at Indianola and Lavaca. It was in the midst of the coldest winter Texas had ever known. There were many vacant houses. To burn them a conflagration would ensue and render homeless a number of women, children, and old men. Col. Darden promptly but politely refused to obey the order, and wrote the General a letter of expostulation and explanation, fully expecting to be cashiered and discharged for disobedience. Fortunately, Gen. Magruder saw the inhumanity of the order, and revoked it.

Col. John Wilcox, the representative of the then Fourteenth Congressional District, died early in 1864, and Col. Darden was elected to fill the unexpired term, and promptly proceeded to Richmond. When the "break up" came, in 1865, he returned to Texas, and endeavored to retrieve his lost fortune.

In 1874, the first Democratic administration after the war was inaugurated with Col. Darden as Comptroller of Public Accounts, in which capacity he served three terms, after which he declined to be a candidate for reelection. Later he filled several positions of public trust. His first and last work was for Texas. The last twelve years he was the honored secretary of the Texas Veteran Association. The last public work of his life was as Acting President of the association at Lampasas. In the absence of the President, he was asked to preside on April 21, 1902. From there he went to Dallas to attend the Confederate reunion.

Soon after returning to Wharton, malarial symptoms were developed, and on the 16th of May he gently passed away, in the presence of his family and a few friends, at the age of eighty-five years and six months. Complying with his expressed wish, his remains were interred in the State Cemetery at Austin, the Masonic fraternity officiating, with the John B. Hood Camp in attendance.

ROBERT I. BAZZELL.

John R. Kemp, of Camp 1228, U. C. V., Clinton, Ky., writes: "Comrade Robert I. Bazzell died at his home in Clinton, Ky., Saturday, June 7, 1902. He had been in feeble health for a long time, and had constant and loving attention from children and friends. The end came very peacefully, as he died in the triumphs of a living faith. He was a faithful member of the Methodist Church, a Mason of long standing, and a Confederate veteran who did well his part. Comrade Bazzell was born in Maury County, Tenn., April 22, 1843, and came to Kentucky in his boyhood. He enlisted in the Seventh Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A., at the beginning of the war. He was with his regiment at Shiloh, Vicksburg, and on other hard-fought fields. Later he was transferred to the Twelfth Ken-

tucky Cavalry, and served under Gen. Forrest until the sad, sad end. Returning to Kentucky after the surrender, he served his people in many positions of trust, among others that of sheriff of Hickman County for four years, trustee of the jury fund, etc. He was a member of our Camp (the Col. Ed Crossland, 1228), and served one year as its Commander. Bob has 'passed over the river,' leaving another vacant place in 'the thin gray line.' It is well with him. May our God bless and save all 'our boys' left behind!"

NAT TURNER.

Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald writes of him:

"That is what we called him away back yonder in 1855, when we were young and taking our first lessons in the science of human nature under new conditions in the California gold mines. He was a typical Tennessean of his class—rather more than six feet high, straight as an arrow, with eyes that were gray or bluish-gray, with that martial glint that bespoke the sort of men who are quickest to volunteer and the last to quit fighting for any cause they loved. To this class belonged Bedford Forrest and his rough riders, that were so apt to get there first with the most men if it depended upon superb horsemanship and marksmanship to match.

"Nat Turner was from Sumner County—'Sumner County, Tenn., God's country,' as the irrepressible old Col. Bill Gift put it, 'where ninety-nine out of every hundred are gentlemen; where they vote a straight ticket, and marry for life.' The old Colonel's description was not far wrong; they did love politics; they were ready to get up at midnight to serve a friend or to face a foe. Blessings on their memories!—those Tennesseans in early California. I was a sort of general pastor for them. If one of them was to be married, visited when sick, or buried when dead, the Southern Methodist preacher was sent for.

"Nat Turner was a miner on Woods Creek, where, like many others, he had dug away from month to month, finding pay dirt all along and hoping to 'strike it rich' at last. The Franklins, the Solomons, the Williamses, and other Sumner County men were partners in the same diggings. When it came to pass that Maj. Perrin L. Solomon was elected sheriff of the county, Nat Turner was one of his deputies.

"I was one of the posse of twenty men that kept off the mob that was after Felipe that Sunday at Sonora, in 1855,' said Turner to me on the occasion of his call on me some months ago in Nashville. The reader of my 'California Sketches' will perhaps remember that account of how a brave man with twenty others of like metal, with six-shooters in their hands, defied a mob of fifteen hundred miners who had gathered there to lynch a Mexican who had on the night before shot a policeman. From 1855 to 1902 many years had passed. Great changes had come over my early California friend. His locks were snowy, and time had written its record of toil and danger and care and pain upon the lines of his face. But his form was as erect as ever, and as we talked of the thrilling scenes he had witnessed since our last meeting there was the Nat Turner of the early California days, the fire of battle kindling in his eye and a quiver of emotion trembling in his voice as he spoke.

"Of course he was a soldier in the war between the States. He took the side chosen by most of the men from Sumner County, wearing the gray uniform as he charged under the stars and bars in a number of the most desperate fights in that desperate struggle. He fought on the same side with Bate and Porter and the rest of the Tennesseans who in that four years' fiery trial shot as they had voted. The Volunteer State,

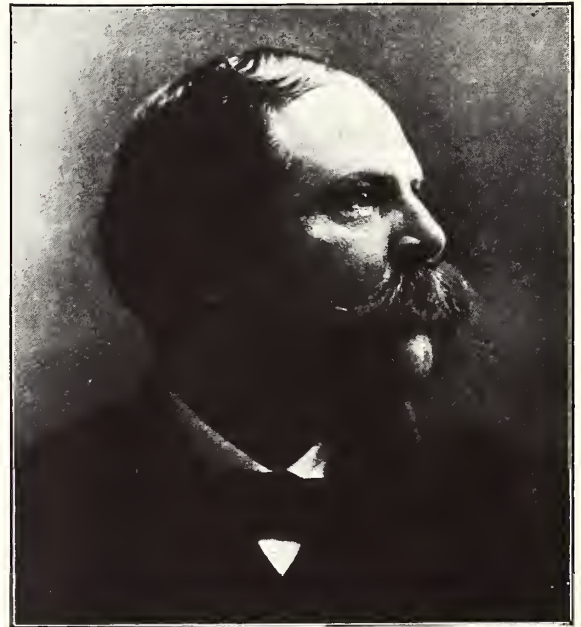
of course, had its full share of that conflict, as it has had in every fight on American soil where there was anything to fight for. That sort of volunteering will be followed by another in the good time not far off, when good soldiers of Jesus Christ shall carry to all nations the gospel that proclaims peace on earth, good will to all men—yes, good will to all men.

"You will remember the strangeness of Nat's death—and sad as it was strange. Slugged by the desperadoes that somehow manage to infest the fair and hospitable city of New Orleans, he was found bleeding and stunned, and, recovering strength sufficient to travel, he went to Houston, Tex., where he died suddenly of heart failure, falling from his chair and passing instantly into the mystery of death. To die such a death after passing through the perils of pioneer adventures in California, and coming forth unscathed from so many bloody battles of our civil war—it was a strange fatality indeed.

"It was a strange coincidence that Gen. Tyree H. Bell, also a Sumner Countian, and a Californian by adoption, should have been attacked by thugs in New Orleans in pretty much the same manner as was Nat S. Turner.

"Brave, true-hearted Nat Turner!—it is a friendly hand that would drop this autumn flower upon his grave."

In the VETERAN for May, 1901, page 231, Comrade Nat Turner furnishes some interesting data about the noted Ton Ochiltree, who served in the Confederate army on the staff of Gen. James Longstreet and afterwards with Gen. J. E. Johnston.



THE LATE TOM P. OCHILTREE.

Ochiltree's death, which occurred some months ago, has not been heretofore mentioned in the VETERAN. The circumstances attending his death were truly pathetic. Widely known and popular, he died in a hotel with only his servant present.

S. W. ALLISON.

Samuel W. Allison was born in October, 1846, in Houston County, Tex., enlisted in the Confederate service in the spring of 1863, as a member of Company H, Baylor's Regiment of Texas Cavalry, and served until the war closed. He died at Ballinger, Tex., in December, 1902. Comrade Allison was a member of Henry E. McCulloch Camp, No. 55, U. C. V., and good citizen. He leaves three sons to continue his good works.

MISS A. M. ZOLLICOFFER.

The seventh child born to Felix Kirk Zollicoffer and his wife, Louisa Gordon, was Ann Maria, the subject of this sketch. Of the six children who preceded her, only the eldest, a daughter, survived the first few weeks of life. Five infant sons, in succession, died before the advent of the second daughter, whose babyhood was consequently a source of peculiar pleasure to her parents. The special tenderness accorded her may have clung to the parental hearts, for, of all the six daughters who eventually completed the family circle, none was more indulged than she, who was familiarly called "Ridie." In her, above the others perhaps, was centered the ambitious hopes of her father, who early discovered the artistic tastes that afterwards distinguished Miss Zollicoffer. Nothing was left undone to foster this and her other talents until such time as she should be sent abroad to complete her education and study art in foreign studios—plans which were frustrated by the events of 1861-65.

On Gen. Zollicoffer's departure from Nashville for the seat of war, the five young children were left in care of their oldest sister, Mrs. James H. Wilson, their mother having died several years before. Mrs. Wilson removed with them to her husband's plantation, "Harpeth," sixteen miles from Nashville, where she nobly supplied a mother's place until ill health and a growing family of her own caused the duties of her position to fall by degrees on the youthful shoulders of Maria, who gradually became, in turn, the head of the band of orphans. At an age when girls are usually thinking chiefly of pleasure, her time and thoughts became engrossed with the problems of the nursery. After the battle of Fishing Creek, whereby the children were doubly orphaned, they also suffered the loss of the good old "black mammy" who had from their infancy nursed and bathed each of them, rocked them to sleep, and tucked them in bed; motherly offices which thenceforth devolved on the devoted young sister. Mending and darning became part of each week's programme, and when, under stress of war times, it became impossible to go through the Federal lines into the city for replenishment of the family wardrobe, it was her girlish hands that ransacked cedar chests and clothes presses for materials to cut down and make over for the nurslings. Nor was the importance of systematic training of the children's minds forgotten. Every morning, with the punctuality of a seminary, school was opened in a detached building on the place, where for several hours the little ones were drilled in the rudiments of education, after which the higher branches were diligently studied by the teacher herself, who deplored the interruption of her own culture. There were also hours devoted by her to music and languages, lest what had been learned before leaving town should be forgotten.

In pursuance of the same idea, a newspaper, edited in French by the head of the school, made its appearance from time to time, creating a mild sensation in the admiring family. Other studious hours were spent by the self-appointed governess in the antique, walnut-paneled library of the Wilson homestead in reading after classic poets, historians, and essayists, thus laying broad foundations for the store of solid information for which she was in after life noted. As for pastimes, there was horseback-riding, in which Maria was exceptionally expert and daring. On her trained hunter, "Di Vernon," she could clear a fence or scale a precipice at need. It was no uncommon feat for her to mount an unbroken colt and skim over the country lanes as erect and fearless as an Indian maiden.

Another favorite recreation was to portray on canvass or paper the beauties of the surrounding scenes. For a long while the quietude of the secluded place was undisturbed by either army. But in the course of time it chanced that sol-

diers penetrated the serene valley. A detachment of Federals and a small party of Texas Rangers came to close quarters one morning in front of the Wilson house. Volleys of firing from the line of "bluecoats" deployed across the lawn, together with the boom of a piece of ordnance which was brought into action, startled the retired family and gave promise of a serious affray. With characteristic self-forgetfulness, the young girl gathered her still younger sisters into the safest corner of the remotest room behind a barricade of feather beds, then betook herself to a window commanding the field, and, heedless of bullets or balls, calmly watched the incipient battle. Fortunately, the skirmish ended quickly and without casualties; as the Texans, being greatly outnumbered, withdrew to a more advantageous position, artfully tolling the enemy after them in their maneuvers along the Wilson turnpike.

On another occasion, when Wheeler's men, who were out after the Yankees, stopped by for refreshment of men and horses, it was "Ridie" who, with patriotic sympathy for the hungry Confederates, hid her to the storeroom and drew molasses for the soldiers until the last canteen was filled and the last sirupy drop had been drained from the barrel.

It was not until some years after the war between the States was over that Miss Zollicoffer's ability as an artist was properly cultivated in the schools of Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. In these, as well as several Southern cities, her finished work was admired and purchased. In Columbia, Tenn., where she at one time made her home, a number of portraits of prominent citizens attest the appreciation in which her talents were held. A fine specimen of her portraiture is the likeness of Gen. Leonidas Polk, painted in oil on a satin banner, as ordered by the Leonidas Polk Bivouac, of Columbia. Miss



MISS A. M. ZOLLICOFFER.

Zollicoffer resembled her father in face and form. She was fearless in temperament, upright in character, and unswervingly faithful in her affections. In manner like her father also, she combined rare dignity with a most winning gentleness of demeanor.

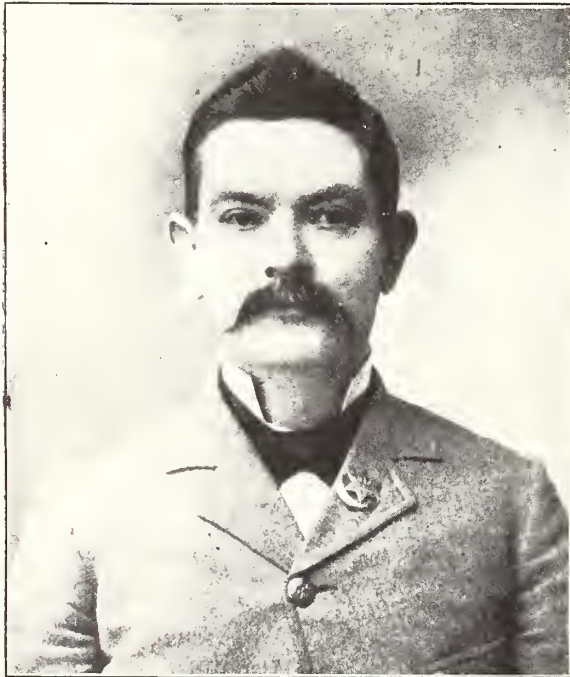
Aside from the pursuit of art, her life was devoted to making those around her happy. Her influence on others was altogether ennobling. She inspired with the highest aspirations

those she loved, and called out the best that was in the nature of each. The world is better that she lived. Having pointed the way to right living and reared a stainless standard for those who are left behind, she passed into the spirit world on October 3, 1902, at the home of her sister, Mrs. R. H. Sanson, in Knoxville, Tenn.

The surviving sisters are Mrs. Virginia Wilson, of Nashville; Mrs. J. M. Metcalfe (Felicia), of Fayetteville, who is President of the Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter of U. D. C. at that place; Mrs. J. B. Bond (Octavia), of Maury County, Tenn.; and Mrs. R. H. Sanson (Louisa), President of the Knoxville Chapter U. D. C. Mrs. Nat Gaither (Mary Dorothea), of Hopkinsville, Ky., died many years ago, leaving one son, Felix Zollicoffer Gaither, who now lives in Fort Worth, Tex.

A. P. COTTRELL.

A. P. Cottrell, one of the leading citizens of West Point, Miss., passed over to the other shore on November 19, 1902. He served as a private in Company E, Eighth Confederate (Miss.) Cavalry, after being a year with the Fourteenth Mississippi Regiment. After the war he went to work with energy and determination, and at his death left a handsome estate to his family. He was very successful in his business enterprises, but the impulses of his generous nature were not restrained, and in that way much that he made was used for the benefit of others. He had served as marshal of his town, also as alderman, and but a short while before his death had been elected mayor. He was a very popular man—genial, hopeful, liberal—an ardent Democrat and loyal Confederate. The pic-



A. P. COTTRELL.

ture here presented was taken some years ago, but exhibits faithfully his remarkably young appearance for one of his age, being sixty-one years old.

W. S. QUINN.

This veteran passed away at West Point, Miss., in November, 1902. He was born in Lincoln County, N. C., eighty-two years ago, and was a sergeant in a battalion of cavalry from Georgia in the Mexican war. He served in the militia of

Mississippi, and surrendered at Vicksburg after that terrible siege. Though not liable to military duty, he afterwards joined Harrison's Mississippi Regiment of Cavalry, and fought to the end under Forrest. After the war he returned to his farm, some twelve miles west of West Point. He was a model citizen and successful. He served his country later in the State Legislature; also his county as its public treasurer. He was worthily honored, a patriotic citizen and consistent Christian.

W. R. CAPPS.

J. G. Meadows, of Dyersburg, writes of him:

W. R. Capps, who lived at Dyersburg, Tenn., has joined the great majority of the soldiers of the sixties. He was born in



W. R. CAPPS.

Marshall County, Tenn., in March, 1844, and at the age of fourteen went to live with his uncle, W. L. Meadows, of Dyer County, where he received the education of a country boy. When the war began he went on foot back to Marshall County, and enlisted in Walker's Company of the Third Tennessee Regiment, and shared in the toils and pleasures of the army to the finish. He became a prisoner of war by the fall of Fort Donelson, but after being exchanged was in the

many battles of the Western army—Mission Ridge, Chickamauga, Ringgold, Atlanta, Resaca, Jonesboro, and Lovejoy—in fact, all of the skirmishes on the retreat from Dalton to Atlanta. He never failed to respond to roll call in all the four years. In the battle of Franklin he helped take several prisoners, and after the battle and defeat at Nashville retreated with the army to Corinth, Miss., where he got his first furlough. Returning to his post as a true soldier, he went on that famous march with Gen. J. E. Johnston, and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C. After the war he made a good and loyal citizen. He was never married.

CAPT. W. W. GREEN.

Comrade J. N. Stubbs, of Woods Cross Roads, Va., writes:

"In May, 1901, Capt. W. W. Green, of West Point, Va., departed this life. He was a member of John R. Cooke Camp, U. C. V., of that city, and a warm friend of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, of which he was an interested reader from the first number, and for which he had obtained many subscribers.

"Comrade Green was a native of old Virginia, reared and educated there. He had nearly reached his three score years and ten. His father was a senior officer in the United States navy at the commencement of the war in 1861. Resigning his position, he came back to his native Virginia, and died about fourteen years ago at the age of eighty-eight years.

"As a Confederate soldier, Capt. W. W. Green was of the best type. He was a member of the Richmond Howitzers. He enlisted as soon as Virginia seceded, and remained with the Army of Northern Virginia until the surrender at Appomattox. He cherished his parole to the end.

"Capt. Green was a chivalrous gentleman, a true friend, and an affectionate husband and father. In his community he was greatly respected and esteemed.

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

"A widow, two daughters, and a son survive him. The flag of his Camp covered the casket as his comrades bore him to his



W. W GREEN.

last resting place, in the West Point Cemetery. The cheeks of old veterans were moistened by tears, for they loved him.

The VETERAN pays tribute to Comrade Green with sincerest gratitude. When the first issue was sent forth, with half a hundred paid subscribers, nearly half of them were from Capt. Green. The above engraving is made with much labor and expense from an old photograph, so much faded that it was almost a hopeless undertaking to secure even a fair likeness.

CLOSING EVENTS OF GEN. MOORMAN'S LIFE.—Dr. C. H. Tebault, Surgeon General, United Confederate Veterans, sends out an elaborate account of Gen. Moorman's last illness, in which he states, after mentioning that he was at work in his office: "The work was exhausting, both mentally and physically, and particularly so in his then condition. At 5:30 p.m. on Tuesday, December 16, he was taken while at his work with fatal congestion of both lungs. He rushed to the window (it was a cold day) and threw it up, gasping for breath. He next hurried to the head of the stairs, threw open the back door, and fell, almost knocking Miss Patrick down. She followed him, not knowing what ailed him. She ran downstairs, called for help, and some gentlemen there hurried up to Gen. Moorman's assistance, while Miss Patrick phoned for me. I responded at once, and within five minutes was with him. His last words were to ask if I was coming. Before my arrival Miss Patrick said: 'Let us try to pray, General.' She knelt at his side and prayed with him. He indistinctly uttered part of the Lord's Prayer."

PRISON LIFE IN CAMP DOUGLAS.

J. M. Berry writes from Salem, Mo.:

"The group of pictures sent to the VETERAN by Mrs. Swain, and her reference to Camp Douglas, call to mind afresh the scenes of army and prison life. As has been stated in the VETERAN, I was sergeant of Company I, Eighth Arkansas Infantry, commanded by Capt. W. F. Gibson. I was first a member of Capt. Cuie's company, of the Seventh Arkansas Battalion. Upon the reorganization of the army (at Corinth, Miss., after the battle of Shiloh) the Eighth Arkansas Regiment and the Seventh Battalion were consolidated. I was at my post in all the campaigns of the Army of Tennessee, including the battles of Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Tenn., and Chickamauga.

"It was this division that opened the memorable battle of Chickamauga on the morning of the 19th of September, 1863. Well do I remember how we hastened to the engagement, and before very many shots were fired we were ordered to halt, fix bayonets, and then to charge. My, that Rebel yell! The Yankees gave away before us quickly. The sight of artillery, the horses, and cannon that fell into our hands is vivid still. The first man I saw fall in that charge was Lieut. Willcox, of my own company, who was mortally wounded. We drove everything before us until we ran on to Gen. Thomas's command, when we were checked and compelled to retreat. After this first charge our division was moved around to the right wing of the army, where we had more or less fighting during the day. At night Gen. Cleburne moved forward with his division, passing over us, and gave the Federals a grand round of musketry in the darkness. On the morning of the 20th the engagement was renewed. All day long the roar of cannon and musketry reverberated the country around, indicating the deadly conflict in progress. Just before sundown the Federals made a sudden charge on our right wing, and captured quite a number of our brigade. We had been thrown forward in advance of our line of battle. The Federals discovered it, and thought to take us in. The order was given us to fall back and form behind a rail fence to our rear. Only a few understood the order, and all of us who halted at the fence were captured.

"We were hurried off the field and marched back to Chattanooga that night. The next morning a great multitude of Yankees gathered around us. Some of them treated us kindly, and others cursed us. One fellow cursed me because I had brass buttons on my jacket. We were sent across the river at Chattanooga, and after many hours they issued rations to us, which consisted of a bit of bacon about an inch square to the man. As soon as arrangements could be made, we were started on our long and wearisome journey to Stevenson, Ala., under guard of one or two regiments of cavalry. We had nothing more to eat until the second night, when they killed a cow that belonged to a citizen in the neighborhood and gave us the meat, which was not a very great allowance. At Stevenson, Ala., they put us on the cars and sent us to Nashville and kept us at the penitentiary for two or three days, and then sent us to some old barracks at Louisville, Ky. There we remained long enough for the lice and bedbugs to nearly eat us up. From thence we were sent to Camp Douglas, reaching that cold and cruel den on the 4th of November, 1863, where we were held as prisoners until the war ended, in 1865. When we reached Camp Douglas the post was in charge of a Michigan Regiment that had in it two companies of Indians. This regiment had never been to the front, and they were the meanest men that ever had to do with us. They would shoot a prisoner for the smallest offense. I remember when one of

them shot a poor, sick Confederate who had gone out of his quarters and was scarcely able to stand alone. They would punish those of us remaining if a prisoner had the luck to escape, which occasionally occurred. They would march us out of our barracks and compel us to stoop over and with our hands to the ground stand in that position for a long time in the coldest of weather. We were so poorly clad that we could hardly stand that cruel roll call. Often they kept us in line for hours in the awful cold without the least provocation, so far as we knew. There was a Dutchman with us named Stanburg who went crazy rather than submit to their cruel roll calls.

"In the spring of 1864 this brave (?) Michigan Regiment, which had the grit to abuse and shoot defenseless prisoners, was sent to Gen. Grant and put into the front, where they had a chance at the Rebels, and in their first engagement with Gen. Lee's army they were nearly all killed or wounded. I could not tell of all the cruelties we had to endure. We should have doubtless starved to death, had it not been so that many of us could get help from home. Many of Morgan's men were there from Kentucky; there were a good many from Tennessee, West Virginia, and North Carolina—in fact, we represented every State in the South. Except those living in the extreme South, we could get some help. Only a small portion of what was sent, however, was ever delivered to us. I asked permission to have a suit of clothes sent me from home, and the officers informed me that I could receive none except of very inferior quality; but I was glad to get anything, of course. There were issued to some of our boys a lot of black coats that were made for the army early in the beginning. When they came to give them to us they cut the skirts off from the seam at the waist on either side, sloping back to a narrow strip, leaving the center of the skirt full length, so as to make them look as ridiculous as possible. Most of us were too proud to have worn them if we could have helped it. The worst of all, however, was the way we were fed. Our brave men drew their dirty little morsel and ate it all at one time, and it was not half enough; but it was all they could get until another day. How we ever lived through it is a mystery. Those of us who got help from home divided with the less fortunate as far as we could; but we could not give to all, and no doubt many died from hunger. Barrack No. 14 ate the captain's dog, and the inscription was written: 'For want of meat, the dog was eat.' We also ate all the rats we could catch. [Other resorts for food are too bad to report.—Ed.] No doubt many died after the war from disease contracted on account of these things. I have written the foregoing in no spirit of ill will, but simply to state facts. It will not be long until we shall all pass under review in a better world than this. I am now sixty-three years old, and am crippled and helpless."

THE PACIFIC DIVISION, U. C. V.

At a special convention of the Camps composing the Pacific Division, held at the city of Los Angeles, Cal., the 15th of November for the election of a major general, vice major Gen. Tyree H. Bell, deceased, appropriate memorial resolutions were adopted, and the Secretary requested to send copies of the same to the family of our lamented chief, and to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for publication.

In performing this sad duty I also send the VETERAN a brief account of the proceedings of the convention.

Comrades representing Camps in Kansas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California, and Comrades J. A. Willson, Commander of Hi Bledsoe Camp, No. 1201, Santa Ana, Cal.; T. W. T. Richards, Commander of Sam Davis Camp, No. 1280; and Louis Tieman, Commander Confederate Veterans'

Association of California Camp, No. 770, the Commissioners appointed to hold the election, assembled in the spacious quarters of Richards and Robinson, 430 Douglas Building. Both members of this firm were Confederates. Capt. T. W. T. Richards, Commander of Sam Davis Camp, No. 1280, is from Kentucky; and Commander E. G. Robinson, late Adjutant Camp No. 770, Los Angeles, is from Tennessee.

The Convention was called to order by that princely gentleman and gallant officer who was Inspector General of Morgan's command at the close of the war, Maj. Hugh G. Gwyn, now Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of Gen. W. L. Cabell, Lieutenant General commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Comrade Robinson was elected Chairman, and Comrade George N. Nolan, Adjutant of Camp John H. Morgan No. 1198, was elected Secretary. Col. Gwyn addressed the Convention and spoke as follows:

"Comrades and Gentlemen: I appear before you in obedience to General Order No. 51, emanating from the headquarters of the Lieutenant General commanding the Division.

"This order directs the cancellation of the election for Major General as Commander of the Pacific Division, U. C. V., held on August 28, 1902, and commands me as Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of the General commanding the departments to cause to be held a new election for the office of Major General of this Division on the 15th day of November, 1902, and to superintend the holding of such election. This official duty I perform, and I confidently expect your most hearty and cordial support as befits gentlemen, patriots, and veterans of the grandest army the world has ever seen.

"With the unfortunate differences as to the policy of the U. C. V. in this Division and the irregularities which have caused the Lieutenant General to cancel the former election I have nothing to do. I do not know officially what they are. It is not part of my duty to know, and I do not care to know. It is my duty, and my inclination, to hold this election with absolute fairness and impartiality, following implicitly the rules laid down by our constitution."

The address was received with hearty applause, and the immediate action of the Convention showed how thoroughly the heart of the Convention was in unison with his appeal.

Comrade A. W. Hutton was placed in nomination for Major General in an eloquent speech by Comrade C. Jackson, M.D., of Camp No. 770, formerly a resident of Independence, Mo., and it was seconded by Comrade R. B. Guthrie, of Camp Hi Bledsoe, No. 1201, Santa Ana, Cal.

Comrade Hutton was not a candidate, but yielded to the urgent and unanimous voice of the assembled delegates. There was no other nomination.

As soon as his election was announced, Maj. Gen. elect Hutton, being called upon, made an earnest, eloquent acknowledgment of the honor, and said he would make untiring efforts to build up and strengthen the U. C. V. organization in every part of the Division.

He spoke in feeling terms of the death of our late Gen. Tyree H. Bell, Major General Commanding the Pacific Division, which occurred in New Orleans, August 30, 1902, and offered resolutions in memory of the deceased. They were seconded by Comrade C. H. Hance, who was one of "Pap" Price's captains, and lost his right arm at the beginning of the war. He is just finishing his third term as city clerk of Los Angeles.

"Resolved: 1. That Gen. Tyree H. Bell, in his four years' service in the Confederate army, and especially as commander of a brigade in Forrest's Cavalry, proved himself to be one

of the best soldiers the South produced in that long and bloody struggle, and won for himself that renown which even ultimate defeat can never tarnish.

"2. That his selection as Major General of the Pacific Division, U. C. V., was a deserved recognition of his bravery and worth as a soldier.

"3. That we, his old comrades in war as well as in peace, sincerely lament his death, but believe that, after a long and honorable life, he was fully prepared for that change which sooner or later must come to all.

"4. As his comrades, we tender to his family and friends our sincere condolence and sympathy in their bereavement, and that copies of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of Gen. Bell, and to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for publication."

Col. Gwyn was complimented by resolutions for the splendid manner in which he had discharged his duty on that occasion, and for his personal sacrifice in attending.

Comrade C. H. Hance said he thought the time opportune, here in the presence of an unusual number of comrades representing the different Camps of the Pacific Division, to suggest that immediate steps be taken to arrange for a reunion of the Division, to be held at Los Angeles during the ensuing year. This met with a hearty response, and the Major General elect was requested to take the matter up, which he said he would do at an early date.

California Confederates are everywhere zealous. Our subscription list has grown nicely on the Pacific slope.

SLAVES AND MASTERS.

W. H. Council, colored, an Alabama teacher of an industrial school near Huntsville, writes to J. M. Falkner, Esq., the chief benefactor of the Confederate Home for Alabama, in which he makes a generous offer and some remarkable statements. The letter is as follows:

"*Dear Sir:* In writing to you the other day in reference to the philanthropic work at Mountain Creek for the Confederate Veterans, I neglected to say that we should be proud to assist you in your laudable enterprise if you should desire us. We can furnish you at any time ten or fifteen carpenters, painters, blacksmiths, and others who might be useful in building up your soldiers' home. We should be glad to work a week or ten days without money and without price. Our shoe department will be glad to furnish you with at least a dozen pairs of shoes a year for those grand old men who followed Lee's tattered banners down to Appomattox, leaving their bloody footprints over the snow-covered hills of Virginia.

"Although I came up from the other side of the flood and drank of the dregs of the cup of slavery, still I honor those gray-haired veterans, and I feel that, when they pass away and when their old slaves have passed away, in a measure the power of the balance wheel of Southern society will be gone. The propriety of this offer on my part may be called into question by those who do not measure slavery as I do. I feel that the slaves got more out of slavery than did their masters, in that the slaves were helped from the lowest state of barbarism to Christian citizenship of the greatest government the world ever knew.



VIEW IN THE TENNESSEE STATE LIBRARY—PORTRAITS OF GENs. R. E. LEE AND N. B. FORREST RECENTLY PAINTD.

LIGHT OF THE MOON AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

John C. West, Esq., of the Fourth Texas, writes from Waco: "It was a beautiful moonlight night." 'It was the darkest night I ever saw.' These two contradictory expressions appear on page 456 of the October VETERAN, 1902. The first is the expression of Mr. E. D. Anderson, of Adamstown, Md. The second is the expression of Mr. I. Roseneau, of Athens, Ala., and both refer to that historic night at Chancellorsville on May 2, 1863, on which night Stonewall Jackson was wounded. On page 448, Volume II., of Lieut. Col. Henderson's splendid book, "Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War," occurs the following: '8:15 P.M.—There was a lull in the battle; the firing had died away, and the excited troops, with a clamor that was heard on the Federal lines, sought their companions by the *dim light of the rising moon.*' On page 453 of the same volume, in referring to General Jackson's fall, when one of the litter bearers was shot in the arm, it is said: 'Smith sprang to his side, and as he raised his head a bright beam of moonlight made its way through the thick foliage and rested on his lacerated face.' On page 456, same volume, it is written: 'The night was very clear and still; *the moon, nearly full*, threw light into the woods, facilitating the advance.'

"I had not the honor and privilege of being at Chancellorsville that night, but I have long had the impression that it was a moonlight night."

VISITING BATTLEFIELD OF PIEDMONT.

Comrade S. T. Shanks, who was a sergeant in McClannahan's Battery, writes from North River, Va., in regard to a visit to the battlefield of Piedmont by Col. H. A. Dupont, of Delaware, who was Hunter's chief of artillery; Prof. W. W. Humphreys, of the University of Virginia, who was a sergeant of Bryan's Battery; and Dr. Carter Berkeley, who as lieutenant commanded a section of McClannahan's Battery: "These gentlemen met here by appointment last Saturday and drove down to the battlefield. Col. Dupont is writing an account of Hunter's campaign in this region, which culminated in his fight at Lynchburg with Early and his subsequent disastrous retreat to his base of operations in West Virginia, beyond Lewisburg. They spent several hours on the battlefield, compared recollections as to the location of the different commands, revived incidents of the famous engagements, and had some good laughs at each other's expense. Col. Dupont said that he had twenty-four pieces, while the Confederates had only fourteen. He described very graphically the havoc made by Berkeley's two pieces upon a battery of horse artillery he had advanced to the attack, saying it was knocked out in short order and the remnant had to be withdrawn.

"After the conference Col. Dupont said to Prof. Humphrey: 'Now, sir, you write up the account, and I will accept it as mine and publish it in my report.' The Confederate officers were delighted with the courtesy and kindly speech of their quondam enemy, who spoke in the highest terms of the gallantry of the Confederates, and they parted as the best of friends."

THE NEW YORK TIMES.

The New York Times, one day's issue, includes: The news section, 28 pages; the annual financial supplement, 56 pages; the quotation supplement, 4 pages; the magazine supplement, 16 pages; the magazine section, 6 pages; the winter resort section, 8 pages—total, 118 pages.

A few years ago the New York Times, with all its prestige, was about to succumb. At that critical period, Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, as thoroughly "self-made" as any American, with experience in the Chattanooga Times, beginning in his boyhood,

had ambition for the ownership of that venerable New York daily, and, securing the coöperation of friends, he assumed the responsibility, and determined to publish "all the news fit to print" on conservative, dignified lines. It was a prodigious undertaking, and Mr. Ochs won.

The feature of this enterprise of interest to VETERAN readers is that Southern people may read the New York Times with perfect satisfaction. They get the news reliably all the time, with never a word of discredit upon their section.

Mr. Ochs bought his first newspaper, the Chattanooga Times, from the founder of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which occasioned much business with the writer, and it was conducted throughout with pleasing liberality and fairness.

His subsequent purchase of the Philadelphia Times—so long and ably conducted by Col. A. K. McClure—and then the purchase of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, gives Mr. Ochs a newspaper prestige unequaled by any other man of any country or time.

INQUIRY FOR COMRADES.—William Moses served in the Second Missouri Infantry. He was wounded and captured at Franklin. He was kept in a Nashville hospital for a time, and afterwards sent North and discharged from Point Lookout, Md., July 1, 1865, going from there to Meridian, Miss. He desires to hear from any who knew him in the service or in prison. Direct in care of the VETERAN.



CARRINGTON WEST,
From Alice MacGowan's popular novel, "The Last Word."

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Your attention is called to the Confederate Mining Company's advertisement in this issue.

SOUTHERN BIVOUC WANTED.

I will pay \$1 for the issue of September, 1882, and 75 cents each for May and June, 1883. R. A. Halley, Nashville, Tenn.

BACK NUMBERS OF VETERAN can be furnished at fifty cents per dozen. They are especially valuable for historic data. The engravings and sketches are well worth the price.

MARDI GRAS.

New Orleans and Mobile, February 18-24, 1903. One fare for round trip via Queen and Crescent Route. Tickets on sale February 17-23, inclusive. Good returning until February 28, inclusive. Ask ticket agents about extension of limit, or write W. C. Kinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

WANTED! FOR CASH!

Confederate C. S. A. buttons, also Texas State buttons with large star on face of button. Only the authentic original specimens of above are wanted. Also want negro slave deeds, bills of sale, receipts, etc. Want all the above in good condition. Address C. E. Tribbett, Thorntown, Boone Co., Ind.

COLONIZING SOUTHWEST.

RAILROAD COMPANIES INDUCING IMMIGRATION TO ARKANSAS AND TEXAS.

CHEAP LANDS WHEREON CATTLE-RAISING, FRUIT AND TRUCK GROWING, ARE HIGHLY PROFITABLE.

An unusual effort is being made by the railroad companies with lines running into the Southwest to induce a greater immigration to that section than ever before. The opportunities offered the farmer, stock raiser, and truck and fruit grower in portions of Arkansas and Texas are perhaps not surpassed anywhere in the wide world.

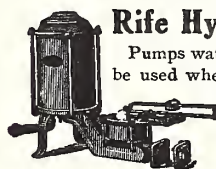
Along the Cotton Belt Route in Southwest Arkansas are large tracts of land from which the timber has been cut by sawmill companies, which may be cleared and made into excellent farms. This land can be purchased for \$2 to \$5 per acre. It makes good pasture land for cattle and sheep, and much of it will produce an average crop of cotton or will grow immense crops of vegetables of all descriptions.

So prolific are the yields of potatoes, onions, cabbage, melons, tomatoes, pears, peaches, and, in fact, nearly every kind of vegetable and fruit, that truck growers' associations are forming at many points. The Cotton Belt is actively assisting these associations by granting special rates and otherwise aiding in securing a ready market for the products. It is a fact of much importance that wherever truck-growing has been entered into the prices of lands have immediately begun to advance.

In order to encourage this and kindred industries along their lines, the Southwestern railroads have put into effect very low round-trip Homeseekers' rates of one-way fare plus \$2, and one-way Colonist rates of half the one-way fare plus \$2, from such points as St. Louis, Cairo, and Memphis to Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, enabling homeseekers to visit the country for the purpose of looking around or to locate.

The Cotton Belt Route, through its General Passenger Department at St. Louis, has taken a leading part in calling attention to the possibilities of this splendid country, and volunteers to assist any one in securing therein a home such as he desires.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION



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Pumps water by water power. Can be used where rains fail. Absolute air-feed. Will pump 30 feet high for each foot of fall.

Every One Guaranteed.

Chauncey C. Foster, Special Agent,
329 Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

URICOL
THE GREAT CALIFORNIA REMEDY.
CURES RHEUMATISM. Send stamp for book of particulars. Uricol Chemical Co., Los Angeles, Cal., or the Lamar & Rankin Drug Co., Atlanta, Ga., Distributing Agents. \$1 per bottle. For sale by druggists.

Cancer Can Be Cured.

Not by the knife or the barbarous burning plaster, but by soothing, balmy Oils. Not a late discovery, but successfully used for the past eight years. More successful than all other treatments combined. Convincing books sent free to those interested. Address Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Box 462, Dallas, Tex. (The originators of the Oil Cure.)

MONEY MADE

Selling the "People's" Windmill.

I made \$260 last month selling Windmills. I sell to almost every farmer. I build the mills myself. The material costs only \$12. It is as good as a \$150 mill. To the farmer who prefers building his own mill, I sell the plans and specifications. It is the easiest money I ever made. Any intelligent person can do as well. If you need money, write me. I will send plans and specifications prepaid and all necessary information for success on receipt of \$1. Address JEAN F. CASEY, Drawer No. 65, St. Louis, Mo.

THE SOUTH VINDICATED.

Speech of the late Henry R. Jackson on the Winder Case, delivered in the House of Representatives November 13, 1891. In pamphlet form; introduction by "Bill Arp;" biography of the General by Jos. M. Brown, Esq., and an appendix of Daniel Webster's last and greatest speech at Capon Springs, Va., in 1851. This book contains valuable historical information that cannot be had from any other source. Every Southern man should have it in his library for his children.

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CITY,
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THE
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BETWEEN
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It cures SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

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ABSOLUTELY EXTERMINATED in one season. At the same time and with the same labor a first-class cotton crop raised on the land. Write for testimonials and references. Address **THE TEXAS JOHNSON GRASS EXTERMINATING COMPANY**, Cleburne, Tex.

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OLD ROOFS MADE GOOD AS NEW.

If an old leaky tin, iron, or steel roof, paint it with Allen's Anti-Rust Japan. One coat is enough; no skill required; costs little, goes far, and lasts long. **Stops leaks and prolongs the life of old roofs.** Write for evidence and circulars. Agents wanted. **Allen Anti-Rust Mfg. Co.,** 413 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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WHY DO YOU HESITATE?

The common use of violent cathartics is a habit destructive of health, and creates a necessity for larger and more frequent doses.

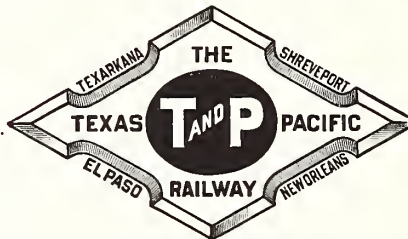
A trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine will be sent free and prepaid to any reader of this publication who needs it and writes for it. One small dose a day quickly cures the most stubborn case of constipation or the most distressing stomach trouble, to stay cured. Its influence upon the liver, kidneys, and bladder is gentle and wonderful, and restores those organs to a condition of health, so that they perform their functions perfectly and painlessly. Perfect health and vigor are soon established by a little of this wonderful curative tonic.

Any reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN may prove this remarkable remedy without expense by writing to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y. They will send a bottle free to all who need it and write for it. It quickly and permanently cures indigestion, constipation, flatulence, catarrh of stomach, bowels, and bladder, and all stomach, liver, kidney and urinary troubles caused by inflammation, congestion, or catarrh. Why hesitate? Write immediately for one bottle. You will receive it promptly, free and prepaid.

Agents wanted for Dr. White's Electric Comb, the greatest discovery of modern times. Cures all scalp diseases. Sold under a guarantee. The best seller out. Everybody buys it. Mrs. Ora C. Hart, General Agent, Richmond, Ky.

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Ticket agents of the Jacksonville-St. Louis and Chicago line, and agents of connecting lines in Florida and the Southeast, will give you full information as to schedules of this double daily service to St. Louis, Chicago, and the Northwest, and of train time of lines connecting. They will also sell you tickets and advise you as to rates.

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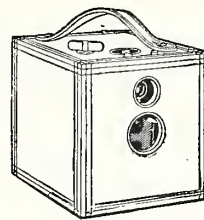
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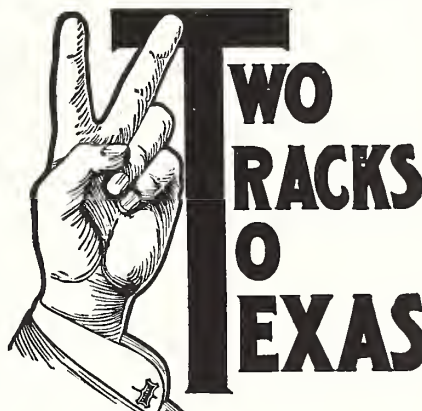
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Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle.



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Between St. Louis and Kansas City and

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And principal points in Texas and the South-
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with electric lights and all other modern
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Every appliance known to modern car
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Full information as to rates and all details of
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BOUNTY** issued to soldiers of any war. Also Soldiers' Additional Homestead Rights. Write me at once.
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Old Confederate Veterans, disabled from any cause but able to ride in a buggy and traverse a township or county, can make good wages at an honorable business.

An article that gives universal satisfaction. Demand increases as sales are made. Becomes as much in demand as bread when known. Costs you only one cent—a postal card—to learn all about it, and costs you nothing to test it. 100 to 150 per cent profit to the dealer. Address

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Give name of Post-office, County, and State. Will assign special territory if desired. Write to-day. One of the old boys.

This is to certify that we have been acquainted with C. H. Gregory for several years, and we have ever found him reliable, and of unblemished character.

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Any letter addressed to us, inclosing stamp, will be promptly answered.

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Best Route to

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I have just written a book on Importing, Breeding, and Rearing of Jacks, Jennets, and Mules, giving my experience and observation for more than seventy years. Have sold stock in fourteen States, and those that were carried out of the United States, and up to date have had no litigation. Have been interested in a number of importations of Jacks and Jennets from Spain, France, and Italy. **L. W. KNIGHT, M.D.**

Dr. Knight's book, of over 100 pages, comprises interesting reminiscences of his long life as an importer and dealer in these animals. It is sold for \$1.50. The VETERAN will furnish this book, with a year's subscription, for \$2.

Russell's Big Ball Cotton Seed.

I have about 1,000 bushels selected Russell Cotton Seed, which I will sell at \$1 per bushel in lots of 6 to 15 bushels, or 80 cents in lots of 50 bushels or more.

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Introducer of Russell Cotton Seed.

It is sold with
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Bixler's New Kitchen Spatula. Nickel-plated blade 8 in. long; satin wood handle. Indispensable for lifting cakes and pies, turning cakes, scraping bowls, kettles, etc. The ideal kitchen article. By mail, 25 cts. Agents wanted. Crescent Mfg. Co., Fremont, O.

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South, East, and
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W. S. KEENAN, G. P. A.,
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Owing to close confinement in business I suffered from a bad touch of indigestion, so much so as to cause me intense pain. My tongue was coated, and I had severe pains around my eyes and felt miserable. Through the persuasion of a friend I tried Ripans Tabules, and after taking them for two days I obtained some relief. I kept on taking them, and can safely say they have cured me.

AT DRUGGISTS.

The five-cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, sixty cents, contains a supply for a year.

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If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhea (Whites), displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT and FULL INFORMATION.

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Ask any of your friends who have traveled via the Choctaw, and they will tell you it is the best road.

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Incorporated under the Laws of Arizona.

CAPITAL STOCK, \$1,000,000.

PAR VALUE, \$10 PER SHARE.

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DR. Z. T. BUNDY, DIRECTOR, Milford, Tex.

MAJ. R. W. CRABB, SEC. AND TREAS., Uniontown, Ky.
CAPT. J. I. WILKES, DIRECTOR, Martin, Tenn.
R. W. WOLSEFER, DIRECTOR, Frankfort, Ky.

THE CANDALARID GROUP OF MINING CLAIMS

are now added to the Confederate Mining Co.'s property. The Stockholders can congratulate themselves upon securing this group of claims. We have now a force of men at work in these mines. The following report is from our Manager, Mr. Theodore Crandall:

Report on the Candalarid Group of Claims, Maricopa County, Brown Mining District, Ariz., Acquired by the Confederate Mining Co.

ASSAYING. ANALYSES. WORKING TESTS.		GEO. S. ANDRUS, MINING ENGINEER.		P. O. BOX 128. GLOBE, ARIZ.	
Assayed for Mr. <i>Theo. Crandall - Mgr. C. M. Co.</i>		<i>Oct 31 1902</i>			
Office No.	OWNER'S MARKS.	PER TON OF 2,000 LBS.		PER CENT.	PER CENT.
		Ounce Gold.	Ounces Silver	COPPER.	
1	<i>No 1</i>	<i>120</i>			
2	<i>" 2</i>	<i>Dr</i>	<i>1 6/10</i>	<i>23.7</i>	
3	<i>" 3</i>	<i>Dr</i>	<i>2 4/10</i>	<i>15.7</i>	
4	<i>" 4</i>	<i>Dr</i>	<i>1 6/10</i>	<i>19.8</i>	
5	<i>" 5</i>	<i>Dr</i>	<i>0 8/10</i>	<i>20.8</i>	
CHARGES <i>10.00</i>					
<i>Lease 15% 1 50 8 50</i>					

Geo. S. Andrus

KEY TO ABOVE.

No. 1. Gold ore, from 64-foot shaft, taken from top to bottom and across, and is below the fair average run of mine. This sample shows 12-100 oz. of gold, or \$2.40 per ton. From Chicopee.
No. 2. Copper ore, from 64-foot shaft, silver 1 6-10 oz., and copper 23.7 per cent, not counting silver value, worth \$52.10 per ton. From Chicopee.
No. 3. Open cut Chicopee lead, silver 2 4-10 oz., copper 15.7 per cent, worth \$34.54 per ton.
No. 4. Sample of ore dump, from 10-foot shaft on bearing wall of Chicopee lead, silver 1 4-10 oz., copper 19.8 per cent, worth \$43.56 per ton.
No. 5. Average sample ore dump, Monitor shaft and open cut, silver 8-10 oz., copper 20.8 per cent, worth \$45.76 per ton.
The copper value is figured at 11 cents per lb., and the gold at \$20 per ounce. Work is progressing nicely on this and the Reno Group.

THE Confederate Mining Company was organized at the Memphis Reunion, June, 1901, by the Confederate soldiers, who alone will own and control its properties. The officers were selected from among the old soldiers, who are capable, honest, and experienced business men. They are men who took some "life risks" in the war and who are not afraid to take some money risks in the Confederate Mining Company. The time to invest in mining stock is at the beginning, when the company is just starting and the stock is low, not when the mine is opened and you can measure its value with the naked eye, for then its value will assert itself and you will be left out.

The directors are prohibited from incurring any indebtedness in excess of money in the treasury. No debts, liens, or incumbrances will be placed on the property. The stock is fully paid and nonassessable.

The board of directors have set aside 50,000 shares of the capital stock as treasury stock.

The directors have decided that the stock will continue

to be sold at one dollar per share until their next meeting, which will take place at the Reunion at New Orleans next May.

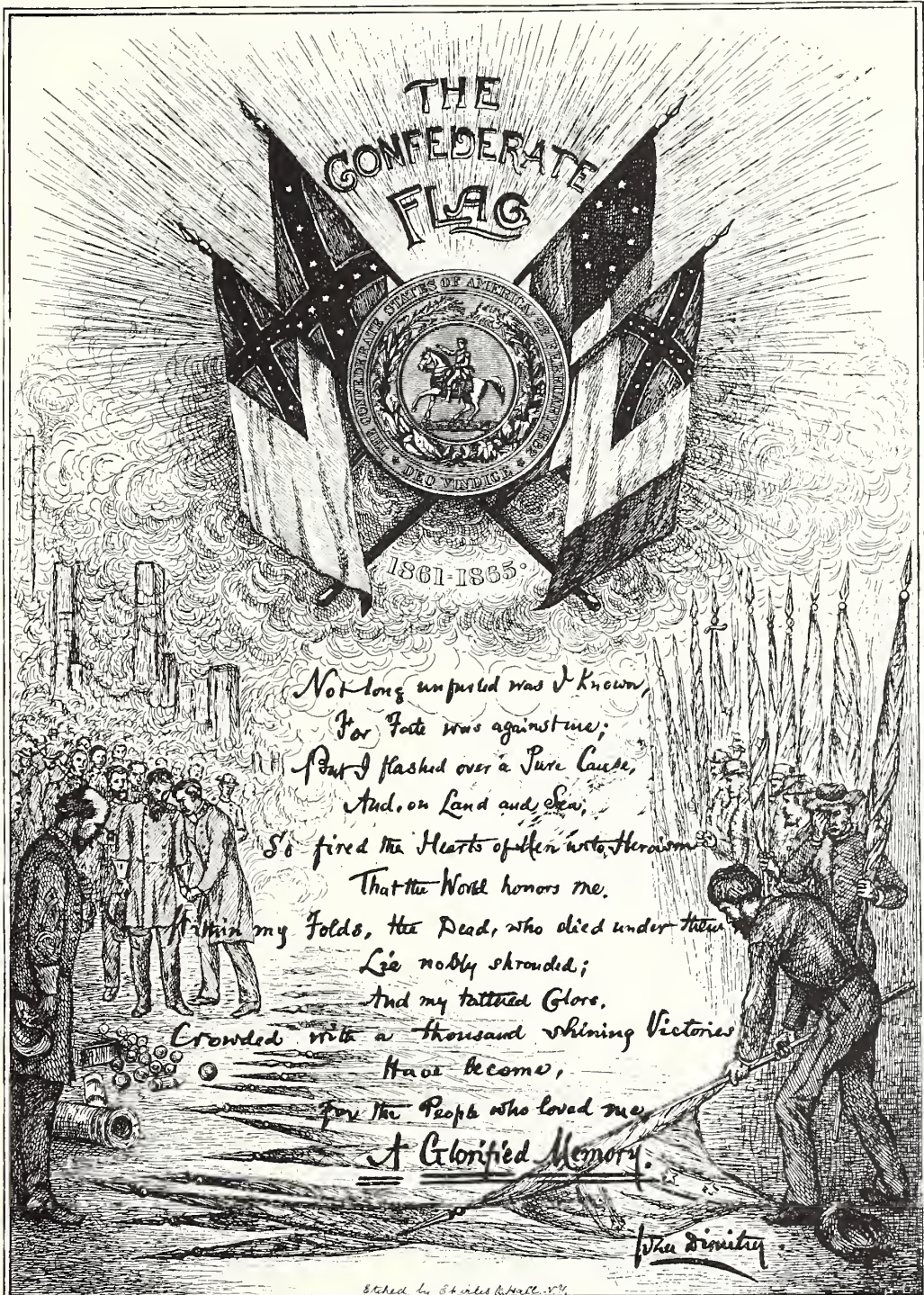
Not less than 10 nor more than 200 shares will be sold to any one person or Camp.

A FEW ADVANTAGES.

Property paid for in full. Title absolutely genuine and perfect. No debts or incumbrance of any kind. \$50,000 set aside as treasury stock. Stock fully paid and nonassessable. Plenty of wood and water, so necessary in mining. New railroad coming within two miles of our door. Not long to wait for dividends. Copper enough in sight now to pension every old soldier member of the company. The best mining experts say that our property is among the best in all the mineral belts of Arizona. Fortunes are being made in mining in the great Southwest. Will you join us?

Address and make all remittances payable to Maj. R. W. CRABB, Treasurer, Uniontown, Ky.

Confederate Veteran



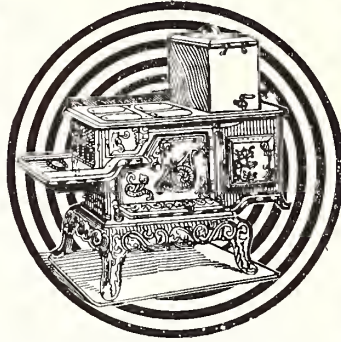
No long untried was I known,
For Fate was against me;
But I flashed over a Pure Cause,
And, on Land and Sea,
So fired the Hearts of men with Heroism
That the World honors me.
Within my Folds, the Dead, who died under them
Lie nobly shrouded;
And my tattered Glors,
Crowded with a thousand shining Victories
Have become,
For the People who loved me,
A Glorified Memory.

Etched by Charles H. Hall, N.Y.
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(See pages 72-74.)

THE NEW ENTERPRISE

WE HAVE
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CATALOGS
TO
MEXICO
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KIMBERLY
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GUAR-
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GOODS
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SPREAD
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"We have been handling it now for two years, and have yet to meet with the first kick. . . . We persuaded a customer who had tried three other stoves without satisfaction to try an IMPROVED NEW ENTERPRISE, and next day he came in smiling, and said he would not give it for ten of the 'cheaper' stoves."

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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR,
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. } VOL. XI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1903.

No. 2. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

ADJT. GEN. WILLIAM E. MICKLE.

SUCCESSOR TO GEN. GEORGE MOORMAN.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the United Confederate Veterans held in New Orleans January 19, Col. William E. Mickle, of Mobile, was unanimously selected for appointment as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, to succeed the late Gen. George Moorman. The following General Order, No. 293, was thereupon issued:

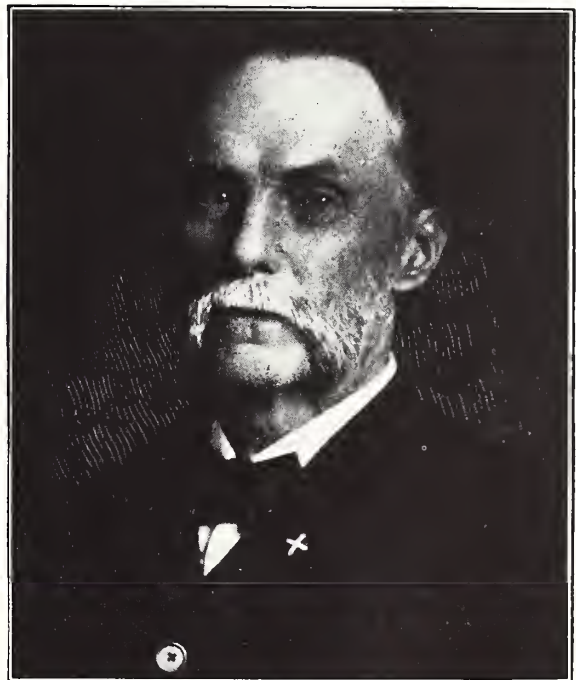
"In recognition of most difficult and arduous duties faithfully performed without any compensation for a number of years, and on recommendation of the Executive and Finance Committee, Col. William E. Mickle, of Raphael Semmes Camp, No. 11, of Mobile, Ala., aid on the staff of the Commander in Chief, is hereby promoted to Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, and will immediately enter on the duties of the office. He will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

J. B. GORDON, General Commanding."

The above announcement will give great pleasure to Gen. Mickle's many friends. The appointment is in recognition of his faithful and efficient efforts in behalf of the cause. For years he was Gen. Moorman's assistant at the reunions, and no one living is in a better position to carry out the policies of the late Adjutant General. The appointment not only honors Gen. Mickle, but through him honors his city and State.

"William E. Mickle, in the late summer of 1864, was employed as a teacher in a large boarding school located in the county of Noxubee, in the State of Mississippi. A boy of seventeen, full of ardor and patriotism, he declined to avail himself of the exemption from military service allowed teachers under act of Congress, volunteered, and went to the front, selecting as his command the Mobile Cadets, Company A, of the famous Third Alabama Infantry, in the Army of Northern Virginia. He joined the command shortly after the evacuation of Harper's Ferry, at once tendered his services to the sharpshooters' corps, and had to borrow a gun when he was sent out as a picket on the first night of his connection with the regiment. He participated in all the hard marches and almost daily skirmishes up to the memorable battle of Cedar Creek, on the 19th day of October. After sharing in all the triumphs of arms during the day, he was, late in the evening, wounded, it was thought mortally, by a fragment of shell. As he was leaving the field, weak from loss of blood, with the assistance of a comrade, he was again wounded in the right ankle by a Minie ball. After spending a short time in the hospital at Staunton, Va., he was furloughed, and remained at home with his family for ninety days. At that time he was greatly improved, and, though still on crutches, he rejoined his command

in winter quarters near Petersburg. He resumed his vocation as teacher at the close of the war, and for a number of years was principal of the boys' senior grammar school of the Mobile public schools. He gave up his position to enter the book trade, in which, after years of service, he has built up a fine business. His collection of war literature is said to be unsurpassed for volume and variety in the world. Many of his treasures have autograph letters from the leading writers (Mr. Davis, Gens. J. E. Johnston, R. E. Lee, G. T. Beauregard, and others) bound up in the books. He has always been deeply interested in the work of the United Confederate Veterans, and has a most complete knowledge of all matters pertaining thereto. He is the Adjutant of Raphael Semmes Camp No. 11, a position he has held almost continually since the formation of the Camp; and, in the words of a leading member of the organization, "he is an ideal adjutant." In addition he is a colonel and aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. John B. Gordon, and at the reunions was Gen. George Moorman's right-hand man, serving in the capacity of Assistant Adjutant General.



ADJT. GEN. WILLIAM E. MICKLE.

LAST REPORT ON GEN. MOORMAN'S ACCOUNTS.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Finance Committee of the United Confederate Veteran Association held in Dallas, Tex., April 22, 1902, in obedience to General Order No. 278, the following action was taken:

A subcommittee was appointed to examine the accounts and system of Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General of the Association since July 1, 1891. The committee reported that after a thorough and complete investigation of all the accounts and vouchers, the same were found in excellent and most satisfactory condition. The system of books and papers adopted by Gen. Moorman was comprehensive and thorough, and shows exactly all receipts and expenditures. The receipts, as a rule, are in small sums, but they are kept in such a way that it could be easily seen from which Camps the subscriptions were received, and also showed the expenditures of the general fund.

The committee finds, on examination, that, beginning in July, 1891, with thirty-three Camps, the number has increased in eleven years to a total of one thousand four hundred and fifty-four.

The income and outlay from 1891 to 1902 were about as follows:

YEAR.	RECEIPTS.	EXPENDITURES.
1892.....	\$ 571 50	\$ 580 20
1893.....	2,213 22	2,210 10
1894.....	2,594 45	2,600 50
1895.....	3,388 00	3,370 40
1896.....	2,295 22	2,910 60
1897.....	3,585 46	3,478 82
1898.....	3,489 20	3,398 90
1899.....	3,325 01	3,423 84
1900.....	3,925 64	4,067 61
1901.....	4,634 23	4,527 66

Whenever, during this long period, there has been a deficit, it has been paid by Gen. Moorman out of his own funds; so that, in addition to the enormous amount of labor and time required in conducting the affairs of this Association, Gen. Moorman has been compelled to pay quite a sum of money for its maintenance.

W. A. MONTGOMERY, of Miss., *Chairman*;
 WILLIAM E. MICKLE, of Ala., *Secretary*;
 C. H. TEABULT, M.D., of Louisiana;
 W. J. WOODWARD, of North Carolina;
 FRED L. ROBERTSON, of Florida;
 BENNETT H. YOUNG, of Kentucky.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Jan. 20, 1903.

To All Commanding and Staff Officers, Adjutants and Comrades of the United Confederate Veterans.

At the meeting of the Finance Committee of the U. C. V. held in New Orleans January 19, the subjoined resolutions were adopted by a unanimous vote, and the Adjutant General was directed to place them in the hands of those interested. It is not deemed essential to emphasize the necessity of a prompt and liberal response:

"Whereas the receipts from Camp dues and other sources have not been sufficient to pay the current expenses of General Headquarters (the late Adjutant General and Chief of Staff having since the organization of the United Confederate Veterans never asked nor received compensation for his services, it having been a labor of love to him), and now finding it necessary to recompense his successor with a salary of not less

than \$100 per month, we, the Finance Committee, recommend the following assessment to be devoted to the maintenance of the order, to wit: Upon Lieutenant and Major Generals, \$8; upon Brigadier Generals, \$5; upon each member of staff, regardless of rank, \$2.50. We recommend also that each Camp, in sending its per capita tax to General Headquarters, make a remittance as a free gift toward this object of such an amount as in its judgment it can afford, be it \$1 or \$100, and that this be done at once.

"The late Gen. George Moorman made no charge for his services, but even gave from his own pocket a considerable amount toward meeting the current expenses of Headquarters, and, it being impossible to find a comrade to fill the position who can afford to give his time free, it is absolutely necessary for the success of the United Confederate Veterans that additional expenses be incurred, and the funds to meet these expenses be forthcoming; otherwise the principles we are bound together to maintain will cease to have organized support.

"We earnestly hope that the officers and Camps will immediately come to the rescue of our beloved association. Believing that our comrades will not fail us in this most important matter, we have guaranteed the amount necessary to meet the added expenses of the organization. By command of

"J. B. GORDON, General Commanding.

"W. E. MICKLE, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff."

NEW ORLEANS.

Gen. J. B. Gordon, by his Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Gen. William E. Mickle, sends out the usual announcement in regard to the approaching reunion, in which he states:

"Few cities in the South offer such attractions to the ordinary visitor, but her sufferings and hardships render her doubly dear to the heart of every Confederate. It was upon her old men, too far advanced in age to take up arms, and her noble women, that were heaped all the barbarities the ingenuity of a brutal Butler could imagine. Within her borders was the home of the gallant Beauregard, at whose command the first shot of the war was fired, the hero of the first Manassas, the able engineer who planned the defenses of Charleston Harbor, which so long successfully resisted the terrible attacks of the powerful Federal fleet. Here lived and died the beloved George Moorman, the inspiration and life of the great order of the United Confederate Veterans, for which he toiled night and day, and to whose efforts its wonderful success is entirely due. Here labored and administered spiritual consolation the sainted B. M. Palmer, who regarded it almost as a teaching of the holy word of God that the doctrine of State rights should be upheld, even at the great sacrifice that was made for it, and who, in the last hours of his life, referred lovingly to his Confederate uniform. Almost the first life that was sacrificed on the altar of his country, that of the noble Col. Charles Dreux, was a resident of this city. Here for a while reposed the precious ashes of Albert Sidney Johnston, before their removal to their home in our sister State of Texas, in the magnificent tomb in Metairie Cemetery. Here passed away the great and only President of the Confederate States of America, Jefferson Davis; and here, on all sides, the mind and heart are stirred to patriotic enthusiasm by enduring monuments in marble or bronze of the glorious dead of the past—the noble column of the immortal Lee towering over all. Here dwell the most open-hearted men and the most beautiful, patriotic, and loyal women of the South. No better preparations have ever been made for the pleasure and entertainment of the wearers of the gray. The Commanding General hopes that there will be an immense gathering of his old comrades, and that these

old heroes will go back to their homes when the reunion is over happier and better men, singing the praises of those who have contributed so much to make their sojourn pass delightfully.

"At the request of its most zealous President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, the Commanding General takes pleasure in announcing that the Confederate Southern Memorial Association will hold its fourth annual convention at New Orleans on the same dates as the United Confederate Veterans. The opening feature of the convention will be the usual Jefferson Davis memorial service, which will be held in Christ Church Cathedral Tuesday, May 19, 1903.

"All United Confederate Veterans, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, and United Daughters of the Confederacy are cordially invited to assist at this solemn and impressive ceremony in memory of the first and only President of the Confederacy. The Commanding General sincerely trusts that all who visit New Orleans will take part in this beautiful service, if possible. The Confederate soldier cannot too often mark his appreciation of the glorious women of the South and their noble work.

"Many matters of importance will be brought before the convention, among which will be the proper steps to be taken to teach the young men and the young women who are soon to take our places that the cause for which their fathers fought and their mothers toiled so unweariedly for four suffering years was right—was right then, is right now, and will ever be. No greater effort has been made to instill the truth of history into the minds of the rising generation than is put forth by the Historical Committee of our organization, of which Gen. S. D. Lee is chairman, and the Commanding General feels that the convention should adopt measures to push forward the noble work of the committee.

"The Commanding General most earnestly begs all Confederate soldiers, whether of the army or navy, whether members of Camps or not, to meet in New Orleans and live over for a little while in loving comradeship with each other the glorious deeds of the grandest armies the world has ever known.

"The Commanding General sincerely hopes that the press of the entire country will endeavor to stir up interest in the coming meeting, and to this end he requests that this order be published and editorial comment made thereon."

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President, announces that, in accordance with the charter of the Confederation, and with the unanimous and cordial approval of the United Confederate Veterans, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its fourth annual convention in New Orleans at the time of the United Confederate Veterans' reunion.

The opening feature of the convention will be a memorial service in memory of Jefferson Davis, Tuesday, May 19, 1903, at 10 A.M., at Christ Church Cathedral.

The President announces that there are at present over forty associations enrolled in the Confederation, and the Corresponding Secretary is in communication with many more. The State Vice Presidents are urged to bring this matter before the people of their respective States, as it is known many of these memorial associations are still in existence throughout the South. All of these are invited to join at once, and thus assist in the patriotic endeavor of preserving the record of the noble work accomplished by the women of the South.

Application blanks can be had from the President, State Vice Presidents, and Corresponding Secretary Miss Sue H. Walker.

MISSISSIPPI EXPERIENCES.

Senator McLaurin, of Mississippi, in commenting upon the Indiana post office, said of what that State has endured:

"I have seen the soil of Mississippi drenched with the blood of her sons that laid the dust like rain. I have seen the careworn women and hungry children of our State cry for bread, while the contents of their cribs and their smokehouses went up in flames, kindled by the hands of invaders in resistless numbers. I have seen the elements black with the smoke of our cities and towns and villages and country homes, and our schoolhouses and churches and eleemosynary institutions erected for the care of the halt and lame and blind and deaf and dumb and those bereft of mind, when the torch was applied by hostile armies. I have seen the time come when, arrived at the age of sixteen, under a sense of duty I still approve, I took a rifle as a private and joined the ranks to fight against that government for the establishment of which my ancestors only three generations removed fought in the incipency of the Revolution. I have seen the time come when, our treasury emptied, our ranks depleted, the sources from which they were recruited exhausted, we were compelled to lay down our arms, and \$400,000,000 of property in which the Constitution of the United States invited us to invest the fruits of our toil was swept away without indemnity. I have seen the time come when it was declared that we were not a part of this Union. I have seen the time come when there was put in charge of the government of Mississippi a race of people who knew no letter nor book, who knew nothing of government except the absolute government of the slave by the master, and whose only training for self-government, to say nothing for the government of the white superior race, and whose only elevation from barbarism and cannibalism was found in the school of slavery.

"I have seen the legislative halls of our State filled with members of that race, not one of whom could write his name or tell a letter in the alphabet or paid a dollar of taxes to support the government. I have seen peaceable assemblies of her citizens ordered by Federal military to disperse when they were in social converse on the Sabbath evening, and, because they refused to do so, old men eighty years of age marched off through the mud four miles to a jail, from which one man died. I have seen a man who was Military Governor of the State of Mississippi, and not a citizen, elected to this body.

"I have seen another day come, after this mad carnival, when the State government of Mississippi was turned over to its own people. I have seen the State of Mississippi literally rise from its ashes, rebuild its waste places, build its factories, its mills, its ports, its cities, its towns, and its villages.

"I have seen another war come, when the people of the State of Mississippi marched to the beat of the drum under the flag of the stars and stripes, united again with the Northern people, to fight the battles of a common country. I have seen, as I thought, a happy reuniting of these sections. But allow me to say that in all this time I have never yet heard it said by any authority until now that we had not the right to peaceably assemble and peaceably present our request for what we desired in reference to our public affairs.

"It may be that it will come to this; it may be that this is a step in the fastening of this chain upon us; but I assure you that, while we may be compelled to submit to it, willingly or unwillingly, under the administration as it now stands, we never will do it without protest. In the language of McGregor:

E'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,
Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steel shall career,
And the rocks of Crag Royston like icicles melt,
E'er our wrongs be forgotten or our vengeance unfelt."

CONFEDERATE GRAVES IN THE NORTH.

On January 26, 1903, Senator J. B. Foraker called up his bill for final passage in the Senate asking for the appropriation of \$100,000 toward placing headstones to the graves of Confederate soldiers and sailors who died in the Northern prisons during the war between the States. There was not a dissenting voice upon the presentation of the bill, and Senator Foraker's earnestness and interest in the great measure he advocated was manifest to all who heard him. In looking to the speedy passage of this bill by the House, which will probably be increased to \$200,000, the VETERAN anticipates the happy effect of such a result upon the gratitude of the Southern people, and Senator Foraker's recognition of the honor and reverence due these heroic dead merits the praise of all generous-hearted men. His is the same spirit which led to the chiseling of the word "Americans" on the stone arch unveiled at the burial ground of the Confederate dead at Camp Chase, Ohio, July, 1902. Recalling this memorable unveiling, the VETERAN does not forget that Col. W. H. Knauss, of Columbus, Ohio, seven years ago conceived and inaugurated such a ceremony, having spent much time and energy for many years toward making such a consummation possible. The War Department will doubtless appoint a commission to carry out Senator Foraker's bill, and as the VETERAN seeks with grateful vigilance to acknowledge every service rendered the memory of Confederate heroes, it early desires to anticipate one of the first names on the board of commissioners by suggesting that of Col. W. H. Knauss. Col. Knauss is so well qualified for such an appointment that if made it would gratify all the South, and the VETERAN cherishes the conviction, in proposing his name, that no man, North or South, would disapprove this suggestion.

Facts are constantly coming out in Congressional procedure showing the terrible proportions, as a war, of that between the North and the South. Mr. Foraker has introduced a bill to provide for marking the graves of the Confederates who died in the Federal prisons and military hospitals, and who were buried near their places of confinement. These men numbered about 30,000. Northerners hear much of Libby Prison and Andersonville, but little of the long line of prisons on this side of the conflict. The list of United States prisons used to confine Confederate prisoners of war included those at Alton, Camp Butler, Camp Douglas, Rock Island, Ill.; Camp Chase, Johnson's Island, Ohio; Camp Morton, Ind.; Elmira, N. Y.; Fort Lafayette, Hart Island, New York Harbor; Fort Delaware, Del.; Fort Henry, Point Lookout, Md.; Newport News, Va.; Fort Warren, Boston Harbor; Old Capitol Prison, Washington; Ship Island, Miss.; Louisville, Ky.; and St. Louis, Mo.

There are known to be in the national cemeteries 9,300 Confederate dead. More than two-thirds of the Confederate prison dead are thus buried in other places, and presumably not under government control.

The friction between the Federal and the Confederate governments regarding the articles of exchange during the war unhappily resulted in the accumulation of prisoners on both sides, with consequent congestion and increased death rate.

BEAUVOIR BOUGHT BY SONS OF VETERANS.

In all the Southland there is no place dearer to the hearts of the Southern people than Beauvoir, the last home of Jefferson Davis. It was here he found rest after years of hardship and severest trial, and the final deeding of the historic old mansion to the Sons of Veterans by Mrs. Davis on February 4, 1903, is a source of gratification to many who have long wished to see it converted into a State Home for the Mississippi veterans.

INTEREST FOR CONFEDERATES IN ARKANSAS.

Resolutions of Camp J. G. Adams, No. 1036, U. C. V., Lonoke, Ark., upon appropriations to Confederates in that State:

"That our representatives in the upper and lower house of the next General Assembly of the State of Arkansas are petitioned to diligently inquire into the condition of the Confederate Home, financially and otherwise, and to make such appropriation for keeping up the same as may be needed.

"That our representatives in both branches of the next General Assembly of the State of Arkansas are hereby respectfully requested to secure an appropriation to care for all the graves of Confederate soldiers in Lonoke County, Ark.

"That an annual appropriation be made for the maintenance of the same, with such legislation as may be necessary.

"That while we hold every Confederate soldier in grateful remembrance, we respectfully protest against any appropriation being made to build a State Confederate monument, until the graves of our Confederate comrades have been properly cared for, and that the needy Confederate and sailor has been provided for in such a manner as his needs require.

"That our representatives in both branches of the next General Assembly of the State of Arkansas are respectfully requested to take into consideration our Confederate pension laws, and that none be allowed pensions except those whom the law really intends to help: the needy Confederate soldier who is indigent, or is incapacitated to perform labor in the ordinary avocations, or suffering from wounds or diseases which disqualifies him from earning a support.

"S. W. Blackwood, Commander; T. J. Young, Adjutant."

GEN. BUSH, OF ALABAMA, NAMES HIS STAFF.

Brig. Gen. John W. Bush, of the Fourth Brigade, U. C. V., Alabama Division, announces the officers of his staff in General Order No. 1, from his headquarters at Birmingham, February 1, 1903: A. C. Oxford, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Lieutenant Colonel; J. L. Darby, Assistant Adjutant General, Captain; W. R. Houghton, Judge Advocate General, Major; Joseph F. Johnston, Inspector General, Major; B. F. Roden, Quartermaster General, Major; T. A. Hamilton, Commissary General, Major; S. L. Robertson, Chief of Ordnance, Major; J. C. Abernathy, Surgeon General, Major; R. D. Jackson, Assistant Surgeon General, Captain; Rev. James H. McCoy, Brigade Chaplain; Miss Lillian Roden, Brigade Sponsor.

The following aids are named, with the rank of captain: S. W. Vance, J. W. Inzer, J. Knox Miller, Samuel H. Gist, Chambers McAdory, J. W. Gorff, T. W. Huffman, H. L. Stevenson, B. F. Weathers, W. E. Yancey, A. W. Key, J. M. Huey, D. B. Odom.

The VETERAN is gratified to see that Comrade A. C. Oxford, Adjutant General, is given an important place. If all Confederates had been as zealous and as faithful in its cause as Col. Oxford, it would be the most conspicuous and valuable journal on the earth.

CHICAGO WOMEN OF UNION VETERAN LEGION.—Mrs. Ada Ryan, Senior Vice President of the National Auxiliary to the Union Veteran Legion, Chicago, at the installation services recently, and before a large audience, spoke for her organization, in which she said: "When I say 'comrades' I mean the American soldiers, not the man who may have worn a uniform for seventeen days or maybe four years and who has been robbing the government ever since. No, not he, but the man who had a conviction and had the courage to defend it on the firing line, I care not whether he wore the blue or the gray."

SONS OF VETERANS IN LOUISIANA.

Harry H. Clark, Commander Louisiana Division, U. S. C. V., sends out Circular No. 1, in which he states:

It is with pleasure that the Division Commander applauds the good work that is now being done throughout the State. He is at your service with his time, his energy, and love for the work we have in hand. Let us look upward and onward, so that when the Confederate reunion meets here in the spring we shall have the largest division in the Confederation.

Brigade Commanders are earnestly charged with the duties of their positions, that the good work they can accomplish may bring forth the great credit their parts of the division are entitled to. The following officers command the three brigades:

First Brigade: Edward A. Fowler, Commander, New Orleans; S. C. Cook, Jr., Adjutant.

Second Brigade: Ferd C. Claiborne, Commander, New Roads; C. J. Lecoq, Adjutant.

Third Brigade: Henry T. Liverman, Commander, Mansfield, La.; Joe R. Brown, Adjutant.

Each brigade commander should keep in close touch with the different Camps in his brigade, and be especially active in organizing new ones. A great deal of detail work will have to be looked after in connection with the approaching reunion.

If every member of our organization would come in active touch with the Confederate veterans and talk to them, I am sure it would spur you on in the good work, and you would be impressed, as I have been, with the interest with which they are watching the success of our efforts.

Two new Camps have recently been formed, and there are several others in process of organization. Camp Beauregard, of this city, is showing a decided activity in working up a larger membership, and hopes to have it the largest in the Confederacy by the next convention. Every Camp in the State should exhibit such enthusiasm. Boys, let's get to work. The veterans are watching us, and I know that there is not one of you who would like to fall short of the standard they have set for us. Try to get in at least one new member for your Camp every month, and at the same time see if you cannot interest your friends in other parts of the State to organize new Camps.

Gen. J. B. Levert writes to Commander Clark:

"I write to tell you that I will cheerfully do anything I can for the cause you have so much at heart. It goes without saying that I am in full sympathy with any effort to perpetuate the memory of those eventful years between '61 and '65. The superficial thinker may consider your efforts reprehensible, he may inveigh against your association as a pernicious element to keep alive the memory of the old strife; but those who realize the power of brilliant example as an incentive to noble deeds will hail with gladness any effort that tends to keep before the eyes of this generation the lives of those valiant heroes who, to the forgetfulness of personal consequences, acted unselfishly and patriotically in the bitter struggle that took place in the sixties.

"The sons and the grandsons of those intrepid men who wore the gray, who bravely faced the horrors of the battlefield and the inconveniences and hardships of campaign life, should rally to the ranks of your association and be proud to be known as the scions of sires so noble and so brave. It should be the duty of each one to constitute himself a recruiting officer and bring into your division as many as possible, so that when the sons of the gray and grizzled veterans of that war visit us next May they will find the sons of their dead comrades proving that they are grateful for the legacy which their fathers bequeathed to them at so great a cost."

Such words from the Commander in Chief of the United

Confederate Veterans should spur every member to his highest ambitions, and make us even more than ever proud that we have been given the privilege of caring for the truth they leave with us, the muskets they used with such unerring aim, the dear old battle flags they followed, both in the flush of victory as well as the hour of defeat, the little trinkets they carried in their pockets, and last of all the furloughs and papers showing the close of a memorable campaign for truth and righteousness. Let us treasure all these in our own hearts, keeping them as dear to us as our own offspring, and instilling into our children the beautiful traditions and privations, glories and heart-aches so interwoven with every thread of those worn and stained battle flags.

We want the veterans to know that their records and achievements shall not pass away with them, that their battle flags and muskets and all the priceless little things they fought with and for shall be held sacred by us, and we promise them that we shall do our utmost to follow the noble examples they set for us.

Do not forget to make your plans now for the reunion in May. Let us have a full attendance of the Louisiana Division, that our veteran fathers may have reason to be proud of us.

Mrs. T. B. Pugh, President Louisiana Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, writes to Commander Clark from Napoleonville:

"In '61 the noble men of Louisiana rallied to the call of their State, and joined the noble army of martyrs of a just and holy cause. They helped form that army which was not to wage a war for conquest nor a war offensive, but a war to uphold the Constitution of our country, a war defensive to protect the homes and firesides against invaders. For four years they endured hardships and privations with heroism and devotion unparalleled. They uncomplainingly waged an unequal war against not the armies of the North, but against the levied armies of the world. At length, not conquered, but worn out with conquering, they furled their banner, stainless save with the blood of its brave defenders. They would have fought to the bitter end, upheld by their convictions that their cause was just; but their noble leaders deemed further resistance useless, they stacked arms and gave up the struggle. They returned to their desolated homes—broken in health, but with their faith in the justice of their cause unbroken. With patient endurance that characterizes true nobility of soul, they unflinchingly marched in the path of duty, and fought the stern battles of life, cheered and aided by the women they loved.

"It has been said that woman is the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. Such may have been the case in times past; but the men of the South, with true Southern chivalry, placed their women on the throne, while they were the great power behind the throne—by whose advice, with whose money, the organizations of Daughters of the Confederacy have been kept up."

In an appeal to the Sons of Confederate Veterans Mrs. Pugh writes: "We need you, every one, to join our order and help us form a triple alliance of Veterans' Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy. Let us make it a quadruple alliance, embracing the Confederate Southern Memorial Association and form a wall to defend the record of our Southern cause against all injustice and calumny—a wall strong enough to turn back all shafts hurled against it by ignorance and prejudice, but not so high but that the glorious sun of truth may shine over it and illumine the world.

"O, Sons of Veterans, rally to your standard; realize that the present is the gold link that binds the past to the future; help us forge the link of the period from '61 to '65 so strong that it will last through all time."

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President Ladies' Confederate Southern

Memorial Association: "It is with great pleasure that I learn of the enthusiastic efforts now being made to arouse a deeper interest in the State organization of Sons. The record of the Confederate soldier for heroic fortitude and valor is unsurpassed in any history, and to be the son or grandson of a man who wore the gray is a proud heritage; and should be valued above all else.

"Let the United Sons of Confederate Veterans study the history of the war of '61-'65, and consider well the true causes that led up to it, making the "call to arms" inevitable. As their standard of truth and justice, let them follow the teachings of that eminent statesman, true patriot, and Christian gentleman, Jefferson Davis, the martyr President of the Southern Confederacy. From the pages of his highly interesting and valuable work, 'The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,' they will learn that their fathers were the faithful exemplars of the Constitution of the United States, and not the violators thereof; and that they were not guilty of treason.

"The Confederate Southern Memorial Association, composed as it is of women of the Confederacy—the women who stood among the smoking ruins of homes, while their fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers were amid the smoke of battle; the women who busied themselves with loom and wheel and needle, and kept their tearful, prayerful vigils, and who gave solace and comfort to the sick and wounded soldier—now bid you Godspeed in your good work of organizing for the purpose of perpetuating the record of the Confederate soldier on the field of battle and during the trying times of the four long years of the war."

The Louisiana Division of Sons comprises the following Camps: P. J. Gilbert, Napoleonville, La., E. O. Lalande, Commander; Ascension, Donaldsonville, La., Edmund Maurin, Commander; Beauregard, New Orleans, W. R. McCarthy, Commander; H. W. Allen, Baton Rouge, La., Hugh Waddell, Commander; C. A. Brusle, Plaquemine, La., E. J. Gray, Commander; W. Feliciana, St. Francisville, La., W. R. Percy, Commander; G. A. Scott, Jackson, La., D. M. Pipes, Commander; Turgis, New Orleans, La., Loys Charbonnet, Commander; Guy Drex, Gretna, La., J. R. Langridge, Commander; Bouchard, New Roads, La., F. C. Claiborne, Commander; R. E. Lee, Luling, La., T. B. Sellers, Commander; Henry Gray, Coushatta, La., J. R. Moss, Commander; Dick Taylor, Mansfield, La., H. T. Liverman, Commander; Joe Wheeler, Clinton, La., C. W. Ball, Commander; Leroy Stafford, Alexandria, La., C. Pierson, Commander; Leary Nicholls, Gonzales, La., Joseph Gonzales, Commander; Stonewall Jackson, Gibsland, La., W. W. Todd, Commander; T. Oakley, Springhill, La., N. S. Young, Commander; Rea, Lake Providence, La., F. B. Davis, Commander; R. E. Burke, Natchitoches, La., W. P. Breazelle, Commander; Isaiah Norwood, Moreauville, La., Dr. George R. Fox, Commander.

In conclusion, Commander Clark states: "If your son or brother does not belong to either of them, have him join; or, if there is no Camp in his neighborhood, I will take pleasure in showing how easy it is to form a new Camp, and he can prove his right to say his father was a Confederate soldier, for as sure as the sun rose and fell on the Confederates of '61 and '65, the day is coming when the Confederate soldier will be looked up to as an example of what true manhood can do when questions of right and honor stand in the balance."

ANNUAL ELECTION OF TRIMBLE CAMP, BALTIMORE.—The annual meeting and election of officers of the Isaac R. Trimble Camp, No. 1025, United Confederate Veterans, Baltimore, January 6, resulted in the following elections: Commander,

William L. Ritter; Lieutenant Commanders, Winfield Peters, James W. Denny, Wilson M. Cary, Aubrey Pearre; Adjutant, William H. Brent; Quartermaster, M. Warner Hewes; Surgeon, Dr. John H. Grimes; Assistants, Drs. R. T. Bell, James G. Wiltshire, and Walter R. McKnew; Chaplains, Revs. Henry T. Sharp and W. C. Maloy; Officer of the Day, Spotswood Bird; Paymaster, E. Brison Tucker; Commissary, Charles Parkhill; Vidette, John W. Scott; Chief Musician, A. J. Hubbard; Sergeant Major, Edwin Kershaw; Color Sergeant, Richard T. Knox; Color Guards, George C. Minor, Myer C. Block, Henry Weeks; Executive Committee, William L. Ritter, Andrew C. Trippe, Winfield Peters, M. W. Hewes, and Charles Parkhill. The retiring Commander, Andrew C. Trippe, who had been Commander since the organization of the Camp in 1897, was presented with a handsome set of resolutions.

WHY HE SALUTED THE SOUTHERN FLAG.—To G. H. Blakeslee, who fought in the Union army, the VETERAN is indebted for the following: "Half a dozen veterans stood about a flag in the union depot at Kansas City. They wore the Confederate gray, and the flag was the stars and bars. The alert, soldierly chap wearing the Khaki uniform of the regular army, with letters on his campaign hat, indicating that he belonged to the Twelfth United States Infantry, came swinging by. He was homeward bound from three years in the Philippines. His quick eye caught the folds of the Confederate flag. His heels came together, and respectfully and solemnly he gave the salute prescribed in military tactics. 'Why did you salute that flag?' he was asked. 'My father was killed fighting for it,' he replied, as he strode out the gate."

"TELL A. P. HILL."

The following is from W. W. Scott for his "Cousin Belle:—

No epitaph more noble and sublime
Hath e'er been writ in all the tide of time,
Nor yet can be; it doth all fullness fill—
These death's undying words: "Tell A. P. Hill!"

Hill was already Fame's, but Jackson's death
Confirmed her verdict with his latest breath;
So Lee's last words, as his great heart grew still,
Were Fame's and Jackson's own: "Tell A. P. Hill!"

"Prepare for action!" Ah! the action's done.
These three have met on fields beyond the sun;
But Fame endures and shall endure until
Her trumpet cease to sound, "Tell A. P. Hill!"

J. F. Peterson, Homer, La. (Company E, Twelfth Louisiana Regiment, Loring's Division, Stewart's Corps): "I should be pleased beyond measure to hear from any of the boys who by strategy got their names on the roll for special exchange in a squad of five hundred men from Camp Douglas in the spring of 1865. We were taken to Cairo by rail and then loaded on a steamboat for New Orleans; thence back to the mouth of Red River for exchange. Gen. Price having surrendered, we were turned loose, and went in every direction to our different abodes. About two hundred of us were taken by transport up Red River. I got off at Campti, and, in company with two Arkansas soldiers, made my way to Farmville, my old home. I should especially like to hear from James Neilson, Dick Moore, both of Mississippi; Bob Rutherford, of Tennessee; and — Poplar, of Carolina."

UNEXCELLED DARING OF A FEDERAL.

One of the most daring acts performed during the Civil War was told by L. S. Flatau, formerly of Dallas, Tex., but now of St. Louis, a member of Gowan's Battery, Vicksburg. He is now Chief of Ordnance on Gen. W. L. Cabell's staff, U. C. V. This act was performed by a Federal soldier named Allan. Flatau, with many friends in his battery and the infantry support, was an eyewitness.

The Confederate forces were massed at Snyder's Bluff, above Vicksburg on the Yazoo River, where Gen. Grant landed his forces to invest Vicksburg. His transports, loaded with soldiers, passed up the Yazoo River, accompanied by their gunboats. We were well intrenched at Snyder's Bluff, above Yazoo City, and anxious for the attack, hoping that it would be made by that route. My battery was in a fine position, supported by Wall's Legion, and, I think, part of Hebert's Louisiana Brigade. The Yankee transports, accompanied by the gunboats, were in full view of us across a beautiful farm in the bottom. Our works were at the foot of the hills, about a mile from the river, with nothing in the way between us and the enemy except that near the banks of the river there was a considerable growth of heavy timber. They landed between seven and ten thousand men from the transports, formed in line as though they were preparing to advance and charge our works. Just as we were expecting them to make this move, a horseman rode out from their line and rode direct to our center down an old turn road in the field in plain view of every one in our line of battle. This old turn road was straight and level, with no obstruction whatever. As he left the Yankee line they fire volley after volley, as it were, at the rider, but he rode direct to us at breakneck speed, and when within one hundred and fifty yards of us he pulled his hat from his head and whipped the beautiful animal he rode, and at the top of his voice he cried, "Hurray for Kentucky!" The animal he was riding, coming at this fearful speed, jumped the breastworks within ten feet of my gun. She was the perfection of horseflesh, a dark, roan color, and as she stood breathing in her tracks, with her nostrils expanding and contracting, so thin that the sun shown through them like silk, I thought the rider and horse made the most beautiful picture I ever beheld. He wore a blue Kentucky jeans suit, and had buckled about him a beautiful pair of ivory-handle Remington pistols. His name, "Allen," was engraved on the pistols. When he landed, as it were, he exclaimed in a loud voice: "Hello, boys, how are you? I have longed to join you; this was rather a desperate feat, but I took the opportunity, and am with you. God bless all of you! How are you, anyhow?" Our boys began to crowd around him, and in a few minutes there were more than one hundred of us looking at and talking to the mysterious man. One of the officers came up and ordered us to disperse or we would draw the fire of the enemy.

In the meantime one of my company, Joe Willis, asked to look at one of the pistols. Willis had the pistol in his hand and many of us were admiring it, when we saw the patrol guard coming to take this deserter, as it appeared, to headquarters to be interro-

gated by our officers. He with an eagle eye saw them approaching, and appeared to be very uneasy and restless. His bridle and saddle were of the Mexican make, the best I ever saw. He wore a beautiful pair of spurs, and as this guard approached and came within thirty or forty feet of the crowd, we, being attracted by the guard to some extent, did not pay as close attention to him as might have been, and not in the least did we think what his next movement would be, but quicker than a flash he pulled toward his left bridle rein and spurred his right foot into the flanks of this beautiful animal, and she leaped the works like the flight of a bird and hit the ground on the other side a-running. After he had made some sixty or eighty yards distance from our line he threw himself over quarterly in his saddle and swung back over the quarters of the animal with his broad-brimmed hat and cried at the top of his voice: "Hurray for Kentucky, by God!" and repeated that as far as we could hear. None of the men thought of the gun or firing at this dashing, bold rider until he was more than two hundred and fifty yards back toward the Yankee line. Then there were two men just on our right who opened fire on him with Springfield rifles, but I shouted to them not to shoot that man. He rode without any danger from our side whatever, save three shots that were fired. As he neared the Yankees they yelled tremendously, and every gunboat opened on our lines. He rode to our works evidently to satisfy Gen. Grant whether we were there as anticipated. It would have been easy for us to have repulsed the enemy had he advanced against our splendid position. It was only a short while afterwards until we heard the guns thundering below Vicksburg. We were moved the next morning, and fought them at Baker's Creek or Champion Hills, where we were repulsed at length and driven into Vicksburg, and then began the long and fearful siege.

Comrade Joe Willis kept the pistol of the dashing rider and had it a few years ago at a meeting of our old battery. This shows you what such a rider can do in any country where he has the nerve, the judgment, and rides the right kind of stock. I have often wished to meet this man. The very name of Kentucky was like music in our ears, for we were familiar with that grand old Orphan Brigade. This is just as true as that we had a war.

BRAVERY OF A BOY SOLDIER.

T. M. Rembert, Company E, Second Regiment, S. C. V., writes from Ridgeway, S. C., of the bravery of a boy soldier in the army of the Confederate States:

"Richard Kirkland belonged to Company E, of the Second Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers. He was at the siege of Fort Sumter, and went from there to Virginia, and was in the battles of Manassas. The incident referred to occurred at Fredericksburg, and shows how he was actuated by feelings of pure humanity.

"Our command was at the stone wall, where Meagher's Brigade of the Union army charged us repeatedly, only to be repelled with tremendous slaughter. Their dead and dying for hundreds of yards in our front were literally piled on each other, and the cries of the wounded for water were distressing. The heart

of the noble and brave Richard Kirkland, a mere boy, could stand it no longer. He left our lines and went to the brave and peerless Kershaw, who then commanded our regiment, and asked permission to give water to the wounded Union soldiers in our front. Kershaw refused, and told him he would surely be killed; but the noble boy insisted, and Kershaw at last consented. Securing a dozen or more canteens filled with water, Kirkland crossed the walls to the wounded. The enemy saw him, and, supposing his purpose was to rob the dead and wounded, rained shot and shell upon the brave Samaritan. God took care of him. Soon he lifted the head of one of the wounded enemy, placed the canteen to his lips, and cooled his burning thirst. His motive was then seen and the fire silenced. Shout after shout went up from friend and foe alike in honor of this brave deed.

"I knew this brave boy; he was my friend and chum; we shared each other's blankets. He was a noble boy, and the South lost thousands like him. He fought through all the Virginia battles in Longstreet's Corps, and was killed on the bloody field of Chickamauga. There his body rests. He did his duty and always answered the roll call. 'No sound can recall him to glory again.' No nobler soul ever winged its flight from the field of battle than that of Richard Kirkland. In his native county of Kershaw, his comrades have named a Camp in his honor. Sleep on, dear friend. Your old comrades will soon join you in your home of rest."

The foregoing has been published in substance before, but it can't be printed too often. Richard Kirkland and Sam Davis honored themselves and their Creator by their imperishable deeds. The VETERAN repeats again, in this connection, its desire for a picture of Kirkland.

PERILOUS RIDE AT CHICKASAW BAYOU.

S. R. Martin, Camp 32, U. C. V., Vicksburg, Miss.:

"I saw in your June issue an inquiry from Comrade H. H. Hockersmith, South Union, Ky., as to the identity of the bold rider who, on the day of the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, carried a dispatch from right to left of the Confederate line, but did not until recently note the replies of Capt. R. N. Rea, of Brunett, La., and Commander W. T. Moore, of McKinney, Tex. I write to corroborate the statement of Capt. Rea, that such a ride was made on that day by Richard H. Wildy (the Captain has the name Richard W. Wildy), sergeant major of the Forty-Sixth Mississippi Regiment, of which regiment both Capt. Rea and myself were members. On the day of the battle, our regiment occupied the extreme right of the Confederate line, and as the Federal advance did not extend to our front, we were mere spectators of the engagement. Col. Withers, who commanded on the right, wished to send a message to Gen. Lee, and, having no courier available at the moment, 'Dick' Wildy promptly volunteered for the service. I saw him mount and depart on his perilous errand, sitting his horse like a centaur, and followed his course down the line till his form was hidden in the smoke of battle. I remember that his act was afterwards commended in strong terms by Col. Withers and all oth-

ers cognizant of it, that it made him the pride of the regiment, and that we were all much surprised when he received no mention in the dispatches. The description of the rider given by Comrade Hockersmith fits 'Dick' Wildy to a nicety, as he was tall, straight as an arrow, dignified and commanding in appearance. He was, in fact, the 'beau ideal' of a soldier. I have no desire to detract from any credit that may be due Comrade Moore's brother, nor do I presume to say he did not make a ride such as that described, but, like Capt. Rea, I have never heard that two such rides were made on that day, and I know that 'Dick' Wildy made *one*."

THOSE NOBLE ALABAMA WOMEN.

Joe H. Bowman, who was of Company D, Thirty-Second Tennessee Regiment:

"In the October VETERAN (page 459) appears a tribute by Mrs. Sue Pierce Finley, of Montgomery, to Mrs. John May Pierce and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mildred Pierce, in regard to the hospital established and maintained at Collirene, Ala., during the year 1864. As one of the boys in gray who was an inmate of their splendidly conducted home, I add my tribute to the memory of those patriotic people who so kindly ministered to our wants and nursed us through our afflictions. I say home instead of hospital; for, had we been their sons or brothers, they could not have cared more kindly for us. When we arrived in Montgomery, June 24, we found every hospital in the city full, and we were sent to a hospital tent on the banks of the Alabama River on an outskirts of the city, where we fought mosquitoes at night and hid from the blistering sun during the day. About the last days of the month some twenty-five or thirty of us were lined up and marched down to the wharf and took passage on a boat, to go we knew not where, but were told that we were going to the country. About daylight next morning we got off at Benton, where Mr. Robert P. Rives met us with vehicles, and after a ten-mile drive we landed at beautiful Collirene, and such a welcome as we received! It seemed as if the whole country had turned out to bid us welcome. On the balcony of the second story (of what was for the time to be our home) were congregated some fifteen or twenty young ladies to see the soldier boys. The old men and elderly ladies met us at the gate to bid us welcome. We were escorted to the house, and, after washing our hands and faces, were invited to breakfast; and now, after a lapse of thirty-eight years I can remember how that crowd of soldiers relished that home breakfast. After breakfast those whose wounds the ladies could dress were invited upstairs. I was among the number. At the head of the steps I was met by Mrs. Mildred Pierce, who asked me if she might dress my wound. As kindly and gently as if I had been her own brother she removed the coarse domestic, which was the best our government could furnish. After tenderly washing my wound, she bound it up with nice, soft cloths, and from that day, as long as I was in the community, she was in deed and in truth as kind to me as a sister. As Mrs. Finley says, Mrs. John Pierce furnished the house and her brothers, Dr. James Dunklin and Thom-

as Dunklin; her sister, Mrs. Caroline Caffey; their mother, Mrs. Anna Dunklin (then in her seventy-sixth year), Mr. Robert Rives, Dr. Peoples, Mr. Wilson,—in fact, the whole community—united in furnishing the supplies to maintain the home. The Mesdames Pierce, Thomas Dunklin, and Caffey served week about as matron. The Misses Dunklin, Caffey, and Rives served during the day as nurses. Then, last, but by no means least, big-hearted, whole-souled Dr. Clay Dunklin gave his services as surgeon. How gentle and kind he was, this writer well remembers, for he was for more than three months under his care.

Only one soldier of all those who were sent to Collirene died there—of consumption, brought on by exposure. Some of the soldiers were taken to the homes of citizens who lived a few miles distant from Collirene. But those who lived in and around the hamlet preferred to maintain the home; so the most of us, to give as little trouble as possible to our benefactors, remained at the home until ready to return to the front. Mrs. Robert Rives was crippled in a runaway accident about the time we were being carried to the home, and could not do much; but her husband and daughters did their full share. The young ladies of the neighborhood seemed to try to see who could do most to alleviate suffering, and whenever any of the boys were ready to return to the front they were always furnished with a good supply of home-knit socks.

Now, all of those who were past middle age when it was the fortune of the soldier boys to be their charges have crossed over the river. The motto of those good people was truly a Christlike one: "Do as you would be done by." Now that their descendants are scattered from Massachusetts to Texas, my prayer has ever been that the bread their parents cast upon the waters may return to them, and the same kindness that was extended to the boys in gray may be theirs, should they ever need help.

It has been my privilege as well as my pleasure to have as the guest of my family some of the citizens of Collirene and their children several times since the war, and I never hear of their prosperity or that of their children that I do not rejoice.

CONFEDERATE GRAVES AT WINONA, MISS.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy of Winona, Miss., have in contemplation the erection of a handsome monument to the heroes whose names appear below, and the VETERAN feels that the relatives and friends of these brave men will be comforted to learn of their last resting place: T. H. Harper, Company G, Forty-Third Mississippi, was the first buried, November 16, 1862, and his burial was followed by E. Mullins, First Mississippi Battery; F. W. Evans, Company K, Fifth Missouri; Christian Contoline, Company E, Forty-Second Alabama; Irving McGehee, Company K, Twenty-Eighth Mississippi; P. McGowing, Company K, Thirty-Eighth Mississippi; Y. C. Dunbar, Company C, Second Battalion, Texas Legion; G. T. Haley, Company K, Forty-Third Mississippi; A. P. Smith, Company H, Sixth Mississippi; R. P. Gary, Company B, Twentieth Mississippi; James L. Click, Company F, First Battalion, Wall's Texas Legion; G. P. Williamson, Company C, Forty-

Third Tennessee; John A. Thomas, Company K, Sixth Mississippi; A. Guitro, Company C, Pt. Coupee Battalion; J. B. Huckaby, Company B, Thirty-Seventh Mississippi; Edmond Jerrall, Pt. Coupee Battalion; Jasper Rankin, Company A, First Arkansas Cavalry Battalion; W. R. Smith, Company C, Eighth Kentucky; E. L. Wise, Company L, Twelfth Louisiana; G. W. Hudspath, Company B, Fortieth Mississippi; Patrick Gallaha, first lieutenant Company H, Fifth Missouri; B. F. Rodgers, Company E, First Missouri; Moses G. Hayes, Company H, First Battalion Arkansas Cavalry; W. H. McElroy, Company G, Eighth Kentucky; Sandy Malone, Company D, First Tennessee Cavalry; John A. Goss, Company I, First Tennessee Cavalry; E. M. Ferguson, J. W. Beville, Elisha Kacy, and J. W. Skinner was the last. Twenty-six unknown whose register has been destroyed by fire. Should it be the wish of any one to contribute to the monument fund, offerings would be received by Mrs. F. B. Ward or W. A. Holman, Winona, Miss.

The Benedette B. Tobin Chapter, No. 588, U. D. C., of Palestine, Tex., is one of the strongest Chapters in that great State. It was organized only last April, and now numbers one hundred and ten, with rapidly increasing membership. The Chapter is named for the beloved Mrs. Benedette B. Tobin, formerly State President. At Miss Emma Tobin's marriage she was presented by the Chapter with an elegant medallion, which she prizes highly. Mrs. Houston, sister of Mrs. Tobin, will present the Chapter an enlarged portrait of Mrs. Tobin at an early date. The object to which this Chapter is specially devoted is the aiding of old veterans, widows, and orphans. Several entertainments have been given by the members, which added materially to their treasury.

A. J. Dye, Grapevine, Tex.: "During the siege of Vicksburg I was captain of the steamer J. M. Sharp (in the Yazoo), Confederate. I carried Col. Ferguson's command from Haines's Bluff up to the Rolling Fork to head off the Federal gunboats going up Black and Steele's bayous to get in the rear of Vicksburg. Col. Ferguson had with his command Boone's Missouri Battery, Capt. King in command. I should like to learn the whereabouts of any of the party in that expedition. I had with me on the trip Capt. W. O. Burton, quartermaster, and Brooks, his assistant, both from Missouri. Should like to find them. Also a Mr. Cunningham, who was with Burton; Flippen Brooks and Maj. Quart, who was in the commissary department."

NEW OFFICERS OF THE SOUTH GEORGIA CAMP, U. C. V., FOR THE YEAR 1903.—The U. C. V. Camp at Waycross, Ga., elected the following officers: Commander, C. A. Sheldon; Lieutenant Commanders, T. L. Brown, R. D. Harris, R. T. Cottingham, C. M. Eunice; Adjutant, R. P. Bird; Quartermaster, W. R. Harbin; Treasurer, W. M. Harbin; Commissary, Jackson Grimes; Surgeon, T. S. Paine; Chaplain, D. A. Johnson; Sergeant Major, J. J. Wilkinson; Officer of the Day, W. P. Humphreys; Color Sergeant, E. Cottingham; Color Guards, A. J. Sweat and S. R. Jenkins; Vidette Guard, J. A. Cason.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

ABOUT PERPETUATING THE VETERAN.

Mr. John Shirley Ward writes from Redlands, Cal.:

"When I first saw the suggestion of incorporating the VETERAN so as to keep it after you have passed away, the idea possessed me that it should be done. For ten years the VETERAN has made a golden archway over the last days of many old Confederates. It has been a source of hope and comfort to many despairing souls who might have otherwise felt that they had lost all that was worth fighting for. Its pages have been as love letters from the homes they have not seen for years. Every page has flashed names of Confederate braves who were supposed to have gone down in 'the red burial of battle,' but who survived, by a hair's breadth, the loss of life.

"Such a history as might be woven out of what has appeared in the VETERAN would be the delight of the living and of posterity. I hope you may live long to edit the VETERAN; but your work must go on after you have laid aside your pen, and it is wise to provide for such a day. You may put me down as one of the organizers for such a corporation."

Of such spirit are the indications in many letters. The many loyal expressions are profoundly appreciated. Subscriptions have been made for from \$10 to \$100, but the charter has not yet been taken out. It is desirable to make the charter membership very large. Will all interested about it write?

The duty to prepare for perpetuity becomes imperative. The editor of the VETERAN requests letters from all friends who are interested in this movement. He desires to submit a plan of organization to those who respond. His idea is that there should be a multitude concerned, rather than for a few to form the organization. He requests attention from friends in every State who are interested in the work. It would be well to have a thousand charter members, and for these small interests to be distributed wherever there are Confederates. In writing on this subject let it be on a separate sheet. Other matters may have attention in the same inclosure.

The VETERAN learns with deep appreciation of the generous and manly action of Alonzo Post, G. A. R., of New Superior, Wis., in the care for through sickness and the burial of Comrade Emanuel E. Miller, who died January 25, 1903. At the time of his death the deceased was without relatives or near friends, and the veteran wearers of the blue evidenced their recognition of the brotherhood of man in so tenderly caring for the son of another cause. Such deeds of gentleness show the spirit of true patriotism, and convince the world far better than words can do what the real relation between those who faced each other in battle is.

The New York *World* published quite a sketch of Col. Bennett H. Young in connection with his examination of J. Pierpont Morgan in the recent investigation by a Kentucky commission as to the merging of railroads in that State. It

says: "Bennett H. Young, the Kentucky lawyer who upset all precedent by treating J. Pierpont Morgan as an ordinary witness, proved a surprise to the wealth of New York legal talent, who have made it a rule to always deal with the great financier with kid gloves. The tall, suave, white-haired Kentuckian, with imperturbable politeness, but with an insistence that knew no limit, kept Mr. Morgan on the rack for a full hour, and drew out of him information which the great financier never dreamed of giving."

A Washington special to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, quoting an address, states that at an alumni banquet Gen. Basil Duke "came to the rescue of President Roosevelt on the negro question, and declared his belief that the President is the only man who 'could be elected' in 1904." The next day's telegrams reported the tender of a Federal judgeship to Gen. Duke, but he declined it graciously.

JOHN H. REAGAN CAMP.—In the January VETERAN appears a print of the John H. Reagan Camp, No. 44, U. C. V. The central figure in the picture is the venerable patriot and statesman for whom the Camp was named. The members of the Camp represents every State in the South and every arm of the service. The ladies in the picture are the sponsor, Miss Agnes Mergenthall (on the left), a daughter of Comrade John Mergenthall, who served throughout the war in the Seventh Texas Cavalry. The chaperone, Mrs. A. R. Howard, is a daughter of Maj. D. P. Black, of Gen. Churchill's staff. The maid of honor, Miss Lilly McDermott, is the daughter of one of the brave "young boys" who enlisted at Holly Springs and followed Gen. Forrest.

OHIO LAD LIKES THE CONFEDERATES.—Berry Brown, of Franklin, Ohio, aged fifteen, writes: "I am making a stamp collection, and want some stamps that stood for one of the grandest lot of States in America, the Confederate States. I hope this may come under the eye of some one who would be so kind as to send me these stamps. One Confederate is buried in our cemetery, and I mean to take a whole basket of flowers to his grave on Decoration Day, for he was perhaps some mother's son who told her he would return to her. Gen. Lee's birthday was observed by no one here but myself, and I put up my Confederate flag."

STORY OF GEN. J. E. JOHNSTON'S NURSE.—In the early sixties the Knoxville *Register* published the following: "We heard of a little incident that may profit some of our Northern foes, should this paper fall into their hands, and they will take the trouble to peruse it. Gen. Joe Johnston was receiving friends at the Lamar House. He was surrounded with many gallant officers who had called to pay their respects, when there came a smart rap at the door. An officer, shining with stars and gold lace, opened the door, and there stood a venerable negro woman with a coarse sunbonnet on her head and a cotton umbrella under her arm. 'Is this Mr. Johnston's room?' asked the old woman. The glittering officer nodded assent. 'Mr. Joe Johnston's room?' Assent again being condescended, she said: 'I want to see him.' In she marched, and tapped the great military chieftain on the shoulder. He turned and clasped her ebony hand in his, while she for a moment silently perused his features. At length she spoke: 'Mr. Joe, you is getting old.' The General affectionately held his old nurse's hand, and answered her artless inquiries, while large tears rolled down his soldierly cheeks. The venerable negress who made the commander of the armies of the West 'cry like a baby' was Judy, slave of Dr. Paxton, who had 'toted' Joe in her arms when he was a baby."

COL. MCCLURE URGES A MONUMENT TO LEE AT GETTYSBURG.

The VETERAN knows of few men whose hearts beat more truly in sympathy with the South and her traditions, and whose words ring with more force and clearness in all parts of this great country when the interests of her people are to be championed, than Col. A. K. McClure, of Philadelphia. Concerning his proposition before the Pennsylvania Legislature to erect a monument to Gen. Lee at Gettysburg, the New York *Sun* says:

"Col. McClure reminds the veterans who are opposed to the Lee statue that when Andrew Curtin, the grand old war Governor of Pennsylvania, recommended, ten years after the war, that the Confederate lines at Gettysburg be marked by tablets, a storm of protests arose from Federal veterans. In course of time the work was done, and there is not a surviving Federal soldier who would undo it. Fifteen years ago the survivors of Pickett's Division and of the Philadelphia Brigade celebrated at the Bloody Angle the terrific fighting which culminated in the repulse of the Confederate Gen. Armistead, who was mortally wounded on the field, and at that fraternal meeting Gen. Burns, of the Philadelphia Brigade, proposed, amid approving cheers, that statues be erected to Armistead and to Cushing, the Northern general who beat him back when he had almost reached the Federal lines. If Union veterans applaud a proposal to illustrate the fighting at the Bloody Angle by statues of the opposing commanders, why not statues of Lee, Longstreet, and Stuart on the Confederate side, as well as statues of Meade, Hancock, and Gregg, of the Federal army, to tell the story of Gettysburg to future generations of Americans? The visitor to Gettysburg who stands on Seminary Hill sees in his mind's eye the figure of the general who directed the operations on the Confederate side. Why not a representation of him in bronze to kindle the imagination? No man who is capable of admiring the genius, courage, and manliness of Robert E. Lee, no less an American because he wore the gray, will be satisfied, when the ashes of hate are cold and prejudice has disappeared, to read the story of Gettysburg only in the statues of Federal commanders. What a reflection it would be on the tolerance, charity, generosity, and even the intelligence of the race? 'What!' the foreigner would naturally say, 'you deny to the South, which fought shoulder to shoulder with you in the war with Spain, representation at Gettysburg in a series of monuments which are simply illustrative of that titanic conflict! Does it mean that you treat the South as a vassal and not as an equal?'"

OTHER HEROIC VIRGINIANS.

A writer in a recent issue of the Baltimore *Sun* calls attention to the fact that there were many other Virginians besides Armistead and Cushing who indicated the high-water mark of American heroism. Among these he mentions Col. John Baker Thompson, about whose death he refers to an inquiry that was made in the VETERAN for August, 1901 (page 383), and of whom Capt. Parks wrote:

"I dined with Col. Thompson about the 1st of April, 1862, at the Gayoso Hotel, at Memphis, Tenn. At that time I was eighteen years of age, and he twenty-four, and I was senior first lieutenant of heavy artillery, Hoadley's Arkansas Battery, then located at Island No. 10, and shortly thereafter succeeded him as captain of said battery. After dinner, as I was to take passage on a Mississippi steamer, Col. Thompson walked with me to the boat. On the way to the boat he was making many inquiries touching my captain's proficiency in military tactics. I remember he asked me this question: 'Where is the position of the lieutenant colonel and major in time of action?' (He was then a lieutenant colonel, and the impression was that a great battle would soon be fought at or near Shiloh, his com-

mand being a part of the Confederate forces to be engaged in the expected battle.) Laughingly I said: 'Why, Colonel, ask me something not so easy.' He said: 'You do not know, sir; nor does your captain.' 'Supposing I did know,' I answered, 'as shown by diagram in Hardie's "Tactics?"' 'Ah,' said he, 'just as I expected. 'Your answer is incorrect; but I do not censure you, because the answer to that question is not in Gen. Hardie's "Tactics." He failed to translate that from the French tactics, of which I have a copy.' He then explained to me what the French tactics set forth—their places are in time of action on the right or left in line of battle six and twelve (or fifteen) paces, and explained the reasons therefor. Knowing him to be a brave and chivalrous Christian gentleman and scholar, I looked him straight in the eyes, thinking it could be only a few days until he should be in the impending conflict at or near Shiloh, and said as we were shaking hands to part: 'You surely will not thus unnecessarily expose yourself in the coming engagement, will you, Colonel?' He answered: 'I will most certainly do my whole duty, sir!' With a voice of sadness I said: 'Then, my dear Colonel, I shall never see you again. You will be killed in that battle. May God bless you! Farewell.'

"The battle came. It proved to be one of the bloodiest and most important, and withal perhaps the only battle fought out as planned in the whole Civil War. Great indeed was the loss we sustained there. Perhaps the greatest loss was the loss of Albert Sidney Johnston, who was considered by President Jefferson Davis as one of the greatest generals in America. There, as I had predicted, Col. Thompson fell upon the right and at the head of his regiment. He lived four days, though pierced with four (some reported eight) balls in his breast."

Borne to the rear by his men, as he passed through the ranks he encouraged others, telling them how sweet it was to die for one's country. The enemy remained in possession of the field, so that Col. Thompson died within their lines. His grave was marked by his orderly, who had accompanied him, and after the war his remains were brought to his native State of Virginia and deposited in Holywood Cemetery at Richmond.

In the cyclorama of the battle of Shiloh the death of Col. Thompson is marked as one of the principal events. He was called the Havelock, or Christian soldier, and was the idol of his command.

WEEKLY PAPERS WITH THE VETERAN.

Club rates have been secured with the following representative papers over the South for their weekly editions, and subscribers in different States can get their favorite paper at reduced price by ordering with the VETERAN: Arkansas *Gazette*, \$1.50; Houston *Post*, \$1.50; Dallas *News*, \$1.50; Nashville *American*, \$1.50; Nashville *Banner*, \$1.50; Montgomery *Advertiser*, \$1.50; Atlanta *Constitution*, \$1.50; Louisville *Courier-Journal*, \$1.50; Richmond *Times*, \$1.50—the *Times* daily, \$3. The Nashville *Banner*, daily, and the VETERAN, \$5.25.

NORTH CAROLINA PAPER VALUES THE VETERAN.

In the Orange County *Observer*, Hillsboro, N.C., the following gracious reference appeared on January 29, 1903: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a monthly magazine published at Nashville, Tenn., S. A. Cunningham, proprietor, is well worth one dollar per year, the price of subscription, and every veteran in Orange County ought to take it. If you want to be reliably informed about the great war, send one dollar and receive the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for a whole year. A sample copy will be sent to any person who requests it. A request on a postal card will bring you a sample copy." Let other exchanges do likewise, if they would help a worthy cause.

THE LATE GEN. GEORGE MOORMAN.

Below we give a few of the many tributes received:

GEN. WALKER'S TRIBUTE.

Gen. C. I. Walker, commanding Army of Northern Virginia Department, pays tribute. It is official, coming from James G. Holmes, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff:

"Adjutant General George Moorman is dead! As these sorrowful tidings were swept over the South the heart of every veteran was bowed with grief. The sympathy of all other Southerners was given to the bereaved veterans, who had lost the one man who in general estimation was the moving spirit of the grand organization of the United Confederate Veterans.

"The Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., now lays its wreath on the tomb of one who was to the U. C. V. not only the highly efficient officer, but the noble, loving comrade.

"Our Association has been supremely blest in that to the earnest efforts of thousands of our comrades has been added the magnificent directing abilities of two men to whom is eminently due its grand success: Gordon and Moorman. Each did his part well in his own special line of work, and, without either, we could not have had the glorious upbuilding which unified the Confederate sentiment of the South and brought us, fellow-comrades, into such cordial, warm, close union. One of these two has gone, and his loss is irreparable.

"General Moorman appears to us in manifold aspects—all the best of God's creation; but in only two is he so intimately associated with the U. C. V. that all others must give place, and we must consider him more particularly as the Confederate soldier and as the friend and organizer of the survivors of the Confederacy, our Adjutant General and General Gordon's Chief of Staff.

"He served the Confederacy with such diligence and heroism as to win great distinction. A pure patriot, like thousands of others, he offered manhood, life, and all he held dear in life for the honor and defense of his country. That his services were more valuable than those of many others, was to be expected from the character of the man. His country recognized them in bestowing upon him the rank he so richly deserved. *He did his duty well.* . . . He was a true and loyal Confederate soldier.

"But it was reserved for his connection with the U. C. V. to draw out those magnificent characteristics which have won him the confidence, the esteem, the love of every comrade of our splendid organization. He was ever diligent in every service to the U. C. V., giving days and months and years to its work with unparalleled discretion, unabated zeal, without pecuniary remuneration. He died as he had lived, at the post of duty, dictating a communication to some of those comrades he loved so well and served so truly. If he had had his choice of his mode of death, the nobility of the man, the soldier, and the faithful officer would have led him to choose just such an ending.

"His discharge of the many delicate duties of his position was characterized throughout by a most superb good judgment. He inspired the faltering, restrained the over-zealous, smoothed over every difficulty, and made the pathway of our Association smooth and easy. Dealing with men—his comrades—of all classes, he was the kind friend and earnest adviser to all, and brought them all pleasantly under the banners of the U. C. V.

"Every duty which a large heart and generous nature made him feel was a duty was discharged zealously and in the very best manner for the interest of our Association. And all were discharged with a gravity of manner which could only have sprung from a heart overflowing with love for his comrades.

So willingly was it done as to force every comrade to know that George Moorman was his friend.

"All this was done for love of the Association and the hal-
lowed memories it was formed to preserve. All that was best of a bright mind was freely given to his comrades. No hope of pecuniary reward moved him, as he declined to receive any payment for his work. He was right. The kind of work he gave us was beyond price. We, his comrades of the U. C. V., owe a debt which we can repay only by uniting our efforts to continue the prosperity of the Association he so largely contributed to make, always served with untiring devotion, and loved second only to his family. Let us determine to do this, and by so doing show that we esteem the work of the beloved Moorman, whose dearest hope was that by the building up of the U. C. V. he could engrave on the eternal hills of truth the sacredness of the Confederacy, the nobility of the Confederate soldiers, and the grand truth that they fought for honor, liberty, and their firesides.

"The colors of all the Camps in this department will be draped in mourning, when used on public occasions, for ninety days from the date of his death (December 16, 1902), and also at the next reunion of the U. C. V., in honor of his memory."

MOORMAN MOURNED IN ARKANSAS.

The J. Ed Murray Camp, No. 510, at Pine Bluff, took prompt action in regard to the death of Gen. George Moorman. The resolutions were presented by Col. J. Burton Trulock, Chairman of the committee, comprised of himself, Junius Jordan, and U. T. Roberts:

"Whereas the Camps of the United Confederate Veterans have suffered a severe loss in the death of our comrade, Gen. George Moorman, a veteran to whom they were greatly indebted for the perfection of their organization and for keeping alive and vigorously active the sentiment of loyalty to the memory of the old Confederate States; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That J. Ed Murray Camp of ex-Confederate Veterans express its sorrow and its feeling of affliction at the loss of a comrade who was the type of a chivalrous Southern gentleman and a most gallant and meritorious soldier of the Confederacy.

"2. That we bear testimony to the fact that through all the hardships and dangers of a hundred battlefields he bore himself as a knight without fear and without reproach, and that in the terrible persecutions and tortures of prison life he remained firm and devoted to his faith and more resolute to suffer and fight for the cause he knew to be right.

"3. That we recognize that to him is due the conception of an organization of Confederate Veterans to perpetuate the memories of the camp fires of the Confederacy and to strengthen by social intercourse and annual gatherings the friendships made in the roar of battle and sealed by the blood of fallen comrades.

"4. That we speak especially of his executive ability and powers of organization, in that he took hold of the idea of forming these Southern Camps, and began with the light of fifteen camps and increased it to fifteen hundred, thus showing the matchless genius of the Southern mind, incomparable in battle and peerless in leadership.

"5. That while he exemplified to the fullest extent his devotion to the Southern cause and its glorious memories, he uniformly proved his loyalty and intrinsic worth as a citizen of the United States when he pledged his faith to its flag after the furling of his own loved and immortal ensign.

"6. That we do truly and heartily join in the universal sorrow that pervades the Camps of veterans and our Southern States, and that we express to the family of the true warrior

and leader our profound sympathy for them in this sad and mournful bereavement, and assure them that, although he has been taken from us, his memory shall be a burning and shining light in our hearts and in our Camps until the last old Confederate has passed away.

"7. That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the family of our departed comrade; also to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, at Nashville, for publication; and that they be spread on a memorial page on the records of this Camp."

TRIBUTE FROM OKLAHOMA.

J. C. Jamison, Commander, and C. R. Buckner, Acting Adjutant, submit the following resolutions of Jamison Camp, No. 347, Guthrie, Okla.:

"Whereas God in his infinite wisdom has summoned from the walks of life and earthly comradeship our gallant, faithful, and beloved comrade, Gen. George Moorman; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That in his death every Southern heart is made to grieve and every Southern home to mourn the loss of a friend, and that to him more than to any one else the maimed veterans of the South owe a debt of grateful memory for the establishment of permanent free homes for their declining years.

"2. That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

At a meeting of Camp Ward, No. 10, U. C. V., Pensacola, Fla., the following was adopted:

"Whereas in the death of Gen. George Moorman we feel that the Confederate Veterans have lost a most sincere and true friend, a most efficient officer, and the South a patriot of unblemished character; therefore be it

"Resolved, That as a tribute to his memory and an expression of our sorrow, we, Camp Ward, U. C. V., devote a page in our minute book inscribed to his memory."

GEN. CABELL'S ANNUAL ADDRESS.

Lieut. Gen. W. L. Cabell, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department of the United Confederate Veterans, sends out his annual address, in which he says, after his usual affectionate greeting:

"Our ranks are growing thinner, and many of our noblest and best have crossed the river during the last year; yet we have every right to thank God that the death roll is no greater, and that our comrades, enfeebled by old age, incapacitated by wounds, disease, and sickness, who are unable to make a living, have been properly cared for by the great States of Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, and the Territories. I am satisfied that every State and Territory in this department will continue to make liberal appropriations to carry on this noble work.

"My old comrades, I would call your attention to the growth of our noble Association of United Confederate Veterans. Adj. Gen. Moorman, before his death, reported fifteen hundred Camps, and I am proud to say that nearly one-half of this number are in the Trans-Mississippi Department, where many new Camps have been organized. Continue this good work; let every Confederate now living enroll. Let the memory of the brave men who died on the battlefield or in prison bestir you to enroll. I appeal to you by the memory of the suffering and hardships borne by the noble women of the South while their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons were in the field fighting for constitutional liberty—in the name of all that is dear to the truth of our history, patriotism, and glorious record—to join some Camp, and thus keep in touch for the few years you have to live. Then you may be attended in sickness and other misfortunes by old comrades. I therefore call on all Division

and Brigade Commanders of every State and Territory to issue at once the necessary orders that may increase the number of Camps, as well as the membership of each Camp, at the reunion to be held in New Orleans May 19-22, 1903. I request that Division and Brigade Commanders urge every Camp in the department to meet at once to arrange for sending delegates to the reunion and the necessary *per capita* to Adj. Gen. Mickle, New Orleans, La.

"The Committee on Transportation, consisting of Gens. H. W. Graber and S. P. Mendez and Cols. B. F. Wathen, L. A. Daffan, and T. B. Trotman, will do all in their power to secure rates on all railroads leading into New Orleans. Then, my old comrades of the Trans-Mississippi Department, consisting of the great States of Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, California, Colorado, Oregon, Kansas, Montana, Idaho, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona, who were unable to attend past reunions, be ready and join us at this grand reunion.

"The people of New Orleans will extend to you that hospitality she has ever shown brave Confederates. Comrades, attend the reunion with your wives, your noble sons, and your beautiful daughters. Let us have a grand love feast, let us renew old friendships, and in memory call the roll of the heroic dead and recount their gallant deeds.

"Business of importance will come up for your consideration—such as the proper care of the graves of our dead, the care of our needy comrades, the erection of the monument to our noble President, and gathering facts that will enable the future historian to truthfully tell the story of Confederate bravery and the justice of the cause for which we fought."

Just at going to press "Circular Letter Number 21" comes from R. B. Coleman, Major General Indian Territory Division, setting forth to his Brigades and Camps the various issues of the times. His tribute to the late Gen. George Moorman is worthy of consideration. This significant paragraph is reproduced in the conclusion of an appeal for historic record: "Each comrade can certainly write a short sketch of what he saw and did; send it to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn., and it will pass into history."

FLAG OF SECOND ILLINOIS CAVALRY.

J. Stickel, who was Lieutenant of Company F, Second Illinois Cavalry, writes from Baldwin, Kan.:

"While the Second Illinois Cavalry was soldiering in West Tennessee during the summer of 1862 the flag of Company F was nailed to the cupola of a building—a courthouse, I think—not far from our camp, and probably between Trenton and Bolivar; but I am unable to locate or name the town. The flag was presented to the company by the ladies of Monticello, Ill., at its organization, in July, 1861, and, as one of the commanders of the company, I am desirous to recover it.

"J. H. McDowell, of Union City, Tenn., suggests inquiry through the VETERAN. McDowell presented a carbine to the son of a sergeant of my company at a reunion of the regiment at Quincy, Ill., last October. This sergeant was killed at Holly Springs, Miss., December 20, 1862, in a saber charge against McDowell's regiment, Col. Ballentine. McDowell picked up the carbine and carried it until the close of the war, and at a camp fire during the reunion, at the close of an eloquent speech, he presented it to the son of its former owner.

"I am glad to know that the bitterness engendered by the strife between the two sections no longer exists, and that the heroism and chivalry of both armies have become the heritage of the American people. . . . I guarantee satisfactory remuneration to the person who may return the flag or who may give information that will lead to its return."

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. Cone Johnson, President of the Texas Division, sends out to her Chapters a circular that abounds with patriotic appeal for activity and zeal in their important duties. She says:

"In assuming the office of President of the Division it is my wish to assure every Daughter of my deep interest in the work which is to be done and of my prayers for the welfare of every Chapter. We must at once get in touch with each other."

In calling attention to some matters which were enacted at the Fort Worth Convention, she said:

"The convention resolved to ask of the approaching Legislature liberal and proper appropriations for the Confederate Home at Austin, and for the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of Texas soldiers in Chickamauga Park. These are both worthy objects which appeal strongly to every Daughter of the Confederacy. The care of our aged and decrepit veterans is not only one of the objects of our organization but a matter which is near to our hearts. We can best show our loyalty to the memory of our dead heroes by making provision for the care and comfort of those of their brothers who survive. I request that each Daughter write to some man of influence or prominence who would likely become interested in this matter, and solicit his coöperation and influence with the Legislature, and that each Chapter memorialize its Representative and Senator to be liberal in the provision for the Confederate Home and for an appropriation for a Texas monument at Chickamauga. We will not be without influence when our demands are reasonable and for such worthy objects as these. Let some of the many gifted women who are to be found in every Chapter write something for the press. Legislation is always the result of a proper public sentiment. The managers of the Home will no doubt lay before the Legislature the needs of the institution, and our object is to assist them in securing the necessary appropriations.

"I have appointed a committee to take in hand the matter of having the birthday of Jefferson Davis made a legal holiday.

"The Secretary, Mrs. W. P. Lane, will communicate to Generals Gordon and Van Zandt the wish expressed by the convention that sponsors and maids of honor to the Confederate reunions be appointed from members of the U. D. C.

"The report of the Committee on Text-Books is of such importance that I would suggest that it be read by every Chapter.

"U. D. C. departments have been reëstablished in the *Houston Post*, with Mrs. Seabrook W. Sydnor, Houston, as editress; in the *Waco Times-Herald*, with Miss Decca West as editress; and in the *Fort Worth Register*, with Mrs. F. L. Jordan as editress.

"The constitution requires 'that elections of officers of Chapters shall be held as near the 1st of January as possible.' This is important. Please send lists of these officers promptly to Mrs. W. P. Lane, Secretary, Fort Worth, and to Mrs. S. H. Watson, Historian, Waxahachie."

In conformity with the law, she requests that on the 1st of January, or as soon thereafter as possible, Chapters remit the State dues to Mrs. Wharton Bates, Treasurer, Houston, and on the 1st of February to Mrs. James Y. Leigh, Treasurer U. D. C., Norfolk, Va., the ten cents *per capita* tax.

"The convention decided to create a fund for the purpose of placing pictures in the Confederate Museum of Col. C. M. Winkler, distinguished both as soldier and jurist, and of our beloved Mrs. A. V. Winkler, who has worked so faithfully to see that Texas is properly represented in the Confederate Museum. Let our contributions to this fund be liberal and prompt. The same may be sent to Mrs. Melissa F. Hardy, Chairman, Austin; Mrs. Seabrook W. Sydnor, Houston; Mrs. A. C. Johnson, Corsicana.

"The convention at New Orleans added another day for the bestowal of crosses of honor, and our convention at Fort Worth selected for this additional day the birthday of Hon. John H. Reagan, patriot. Too much importance cannot be placed on the matter of the bestowal of these crosses."

She concludes with earnest prayer "that this year's work may be full of blessings for us all, and that we may do much for the cause in which we are enlisted."

EXPLANATION TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The VETERAN is making every effort to systematize its editorial department so as to show more thorough appreciation of correspondence and other data, and apologizes to a multitude whose valued contributions have been apparently neglected, the seeming remissness being due to unavoidable crowding of material awaiting publication.

THE MAXWELL HOUSE DISASTER OF 1863.—W. H. Isham writes from Kellers, Tenn.: "In response to an old inquiry in the VETERAN, I would say that I am one of the survivors of the Maxwell disaster of 1863. John Dickey, Forty-Fourth Tennessee, a prosperous farmer of Kelso, Tenn., was also in the terrible catastrophe, and was badly wounded. I, too, was severely injured. I was standing at the head of the stairs when the crash came, and, though I felt that I was going to certain death, I struck feet first and found myself standing erect, though many dead and wounded were lying about me. One hundred and fourteen fell, and my survival has always seemed a miracle."

CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN MONTANA.—It is a reminder that the needle turns to the pole when word comes from far-off Helena, Mont., that two hundred Southerners assembled at that place on Lee's birthday to bespeak their continued allegiance to the cause which the great leader espoused. Dr. W. G. Eggleston, a Virginian, was master of ceremonies, and former Associate Justice Robert Lee Wood, was the first speaker of the evening. He was followed by Chief Justice Theodore Brantly, Judge Sidney H. McIntire, E. C. Day, Judge N. W. McConnell, A. A. Campbell (who was a student at Washington College at the time of Lee's death), Gen. Paul A. Fusz (commanding Montana Brigade, U. C. V.), and Gen. Frank Brown (commander of the northwestern division of veterans). Rev. J. B. Harris read a poem upon "The Record We Made."

ONE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS'S CAPTURS.—A negro ex-Union soldier, John Camm, is preparing to file claim for a reward for assisting in the capture of Jefferson Davis. There still remains in the United States Treasury an unexpended appropriation of \$1,503.38 for this purpose, and Camm, who has already received one payment for his services, wants the balance of the money. He says of the capture: "It was about the 7th of May, 1865, when Joseph A. O. Yeoman, captain of the First Ohio Cavalry, myself, and twenty-eight soldiers of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry were detailed to get information about and, if possible, arrest Jefferson Davis and those who were with him. We learned that they were somewhere not far distant from Macon, Ga. We located Mr. Davis's camp on the morning of May 10. It was about four o'clock, but there were several persons up, and Mr. Davis himself was just preparing to go to a spring near by. He had on a heavy rain coat, and the cape was thrown over his head. I suppose this accounts for the report that he tried to escape in his wife's clothes. His wife was with him at the time, but it was man's clothes which he wore. Mr. Davis quietly submitted to the arrest, as did the whole party, and we returned with them to Gen. Wilson's headquarters."

ECHOES FROM THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.

BY B. L. RIDLEY.

[Federals designated it Stone River.]

The memory of incidents in boyhood is rarely incorrect, because impressions first made are most lasting. I was seventeen when the great battle of Murfreesboro (Stone River) was fought between the Army of the Cumberland (Rosecrans) and the Army of Tennessee (Bragg). It was midway of the war between the States, and it was one of the most hotly contested battles in that great conflict.

Bragg had concentrated his forces at Murfreesboro, after the famous battle of Perryville, and Rosecrans massed his forces in Nashville, thirty-one miles north.

My home was between the two armies, at Old Jefferson, twelve miles from Murfreesboro, on a pike intersecting the Nashville and Murfreesboro pike near Lavergne. The battle ground was six miles from my home, northeast on a road that could flank Murfreesboro or intersect with the Murfreesboro and Lebanon pike and afford a fine route for the left wing of a pursuing army.

The location in the disputed territory gave me a better opportunity for taking in the situation than one who was in the front or rear. I had brothers in Morgan's Cavalry, stationed at Black's shop, the intersection of the Murfreesboro and Lebanon and Jefferson and Milton pikes, and a brother in Bragg's army, and my father's home was, of course, the rendezvous of many on our side. Wharton's Cavalry was near Triune, in front of Hardee. Wheeler was below Lavergne, while John Morgan was watching approaches from Lebanon at Black's shop. Pegram was on the flank in front of our infantry at Readyville.

Scouting parties, making petty fights and movements, and foraging parties of both sides, made things lively, and an occasional gathering of the young folks between the lines, when "kissing games and chasing the glowing hours with flying feet" lent a lively pastime to some of our soldiers.

It was before the "cradle and grave act" of our Congress enlisting persons eligible for soldiers from sixteen to fifty, and as one of what was known as the "Seed Corn of the South," too young to be called on for service, the limit being eighteen, I would go along with the soldier boys "bearded like the pard, jealous in honor, seeking bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," and join in the revelry—raids in progress about the State Insane Asylum, dashes on the Chicken road about Nolensville, the Hermitage, around Nashville, Lebanon, Gallatin, and other places.

On December 8, 1862, among the flying ordits, we received the news that Gen. John Morgan had taken his own command and Hanson's Kentucky Brigade and captured 2,000 prisoners at Hartsville. Morgan returned a lion, and my young heart leaped with joy when I went up to Black's shop and saw the 2,000 bluecoats filing by. Every tongue was in his praise, and the Confederate Congress congratulated the brilliant achievement. In the midst of this rejoicing it was secretly whispered that one of Murfreesboro's fair women, Miss Mattie Ready, had captured John Morgan. "The voice of the bridegroom and the bride" was soon to be heard, and from out the exuberance over military glory, on December 14, at the home of the bride's father, Judge Ready, in Murfreesboro, Lieut. Gen. Polk (Bishop Polk) in full uniform, performed the ceremony, and Gens. Bragg, Hardee, Cheatham, and Duke stood by them as best men. Even Col. St. Ledger Grenfel, the Moor, whose rigid enforcement of military discipline was causing a reign of terror among the cavalry, was there, wreathed in smiles, and, while he

was fearful that the marriage might lessen Morgan's usefulness, yet he thought it grand that his chief was honored by such guests. About this time Stevenson's infantry division had been sent off to Baton Rouge, while Rosecrans was re-enforcing. Then Forrest had to look after hostile forces in West Tennessee, and, in order to divert Rosecrans, Morgan was started on another raid to Kentucky.

Some of our infantry was sent near the front as supports to cavalry, and dashes and fights became more frequent. On the night of December 28, at a party of young folks at Smyrna Depot, it was said that the Federal army was moving upon us; that McCook's Corps had taken the Nashville-Triune pike,



GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG.

Thomas's the Franklin to the intersection of the Wilson pike, leading to Nolensville, and that Crittendon and Rosecrans were advancing on the pike from Nashville toward Murfreesboro, and had reached Lavergne. The soldiers at the party took leave of their friends and sweethearts. Among them was a lieutenant, F. B. Crosthwait, who went to his command (the Twentieth Tennessee), whilst the "Seed Corn Contingent" returned to their respective homes, awaiting developments.

On December 29 there was heard the rumbling of artillery. Toward Lavergne it was more distinct and gradually came closer and closer, until about nightfall on all of the pikes could be seen the stubborn falling back of the cavalry. At Nolensville, Thomas came in the rear of McCook, who was at Triune fighting Hardee's front (Bragg's left wing), which also was slowly falling back toward Murfreesboro. At Lavergne, Crittenden's Division broke off at the intersection and took the Jefferson pike and camped that night at Espey's Church, throwing their vanguard to the north side of the bridge, on the west fork of Stone River. There was a calm that night preceding the storm, that even a boy in bewilderment noticed. About day-break Wheeler's Cavalry from Murfreesboro moved out to

strike the Federal rear. Meandering paths were taken to the Sharp Springs ford opposite Espey's church, and in a short time the zip-zip of Minies and the basso interlude of the shells beat upon the air.

It was my first sight of a battle. It sounded like the breaking of millions of sticks, and the cannons boomed like a trip hammer sounds over a stubborn piece of heated iron. Then followed the woo-oo-oo-ing of the solid shot, the whizzing, whining howl of a shell as with a shuck tied to it. Wheeler had engaged them for a while with a brigade, and continued to the rear toward Lavergne, where he struck the wagon train, and must have destroyed much.

One of the diverting incidents of the Espey's Church battle was the conduct of a neighbor physician. He was of a nervous turn, but, like Weelam McClure in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," he was highly respected as the doctor of the glen. When the shells crashed through his house he broke through the woods, urging his wife to follow. She said: "Hold on; let me get my baby." The Doctor said, "Let the baby go," and off he ran to get away from danger.

In a short time after the fight this flanking column was all marching via Smyrna Depot, called back to the Murfreesboro pike, and then the rattling and rumbling of firearms everywhere all day and at rapid intervals was kept up at Stone River and in the rear. The flank movement via the Jefferson pike having been withdrawn, when perhaps they found that the bridges above and below Jefferson in the fork of the junction of the river had been burned, it left us high and dry from the invader, and their "round up" made the west fork of Stone River their line of defense. And so it was that Rosecrans had concentrated his army near Murfreesboro.

From a memoranda issued by Gen. Bragg for general and staff officers the line of battle of the Army of Tennessee was formed for the coming onslaught:

"1. The line of battle will be in front of Murfreesboro, half of the army (left wing) in front of Stone River, right wing in rear of the river.

"2. Polk's Corps will form left wing, Hardee's Corps right wing.

"3. Withers's Division will form first line in Polk's Corps, Cheatham's the second line. Breckinridge's Division forms first line, Hardee's Corps; Cleburne's Division, second line, Hardee's Corps.

"4. McGowen's Division to form reserve opposite center on high ground, in the rear of Cheatham's present quarters.

"5. Jackson's Brigade reserve to the right flank, to report to Lieut. Gen. Hardee.

"6. Two lines to be formed from 800 to 1,000 yards apart, according to ground.

"7. Chiefs of artillery to pay especial attention to posting of batteries and supervise their work, seeing that they do not causelessly waste their ammunition.

"8. Cavalry to fall back gradually before the enemy, reporting by couriers every hour when near our lines. Wheeler will move to the right and Wharton to the left to cover and protect our flanks and report movements of the enemy. Pegram to fall to the rear and report to commanding general as a reserve.

"9. To-night if the enemy has gained his position in our front ready for action, Wheeler and Wharton, with their whole commands, will make a night march to the right and left, turn the enemy's flank, gain his rear, and vigorously assault his trains and rear guard, blocking the roads and impeding his movements in every way, holding themselves ready to assail his retreating forces.

"10. All quartermasters, commissaries, and ordnance offi-

cers will remain at their proper posts, discharging their duties. Supplies and baggage should be ready, packed for a move forward or backward, as the results of the day may require, and the trains should be in position out of danger, teamsters all present, and quartermasters in charge.

"Should we be compelled to retire, Polk's Corps will move on Shelbyville, and Hardee on Manchester pike. Trains in front, cavalry in the rear. BRAXTON BRAGG.

And so was Bragg's disposition of his army.

Our cavalry was so persistent that it took Rosecrans four days to move twenty miles to confront Bragg. Rosecrans was all day Tuesday, the 30th, locating his artillery and extending his right so as to flank Bragg's right from the McFadden Ford. When nightfall came McCook commanded Rosecrans's right, Thomas the center, and Crittenden the left.

Gen. Rosecrans reported: "My plan of battle was to open on the right and engage the enemy sufficiently to hold him firmly and to cross with my left (at McFadden's Ford), consisting of three divisions, to oppose which they had only two divisions. But the enemy attacked the whole front of our right wing, massing his forces on its right flank, which was partially surprised, thrown into confusion, and driven back."

Gen. Bragg says that it became apparent that the object was to flank on his right, and he determined to assail him on our left Wednesday, the 31st. For this purpose he moved Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, from the second line on the right to the left, having previously moved McCown to the first line on Triune road left, and Gen. Hardee was ordered to that point and assigned to the command of that and McCown's Division.

The movement was made on the evening of December 30, and before seven o'clock the next morning, the anticipated time for Rosecrans to begin his flank movement on his left. The result of this was the entire rout of the Federal right wing, and it would have been of Rosecrans's army had it been vigorously followed up. To show that this was so, those of us in the rear picked up stragglers fleeing in every direction. A number of us near Old Jefferson got over 200 during the battle and marched them to our pickets at Black's shop, four miles on the Lebanon pike crossing, and turned them over as prisoners. They came down the west side of the river in squads, and when we would halloo "Halt," up would go a white handkerchief.

The flush of Wednesday's battle, together with the information from these stragglers that we had run them back north of the pike and corralled the whole Federal army from the turnpike north at what is now the cemetery to the McFadden ford, coupled with Wheeler's and Wharton's burning 800 wagons from Overall Creek to the asylum, led all to believe that the retreat of Rosecrans was inevitable and the destruction of his army certain.

Among these stragglers that the "Seed Corn Contingent" were picking up appeared a lieutenant colonel with his eagles and epaulets. He was on a good horse and had a pair of fine Holsters. Two of us, anxious for big game, commanded him to surrender, but that fellow went for his knives, and, fearing that our little six-shooters were too small, we "absquatulated," and after picking up a few more boys, followed on, and took him in seven miles this side of Lebanon. He said that he was not going to let two boys with pocket pistols capture him. That colonel was six miles from the battlefield, and a Federal officer told me after the war that he was cashiered for cowardice.

Notwithstanding the apparent confusion in the enemies' rear on Thursday, the roaring of artillery continued at

Murfreesboro, and about three o'clock on Friday the firing of artillery and small arms was more terrific than usual. A fearful battle was evidently in progress. It turned out to be Breckinridge's fatal charge, where he is said to have been repulsed with a loss of 1,500 killed and wounded. It is the history of that event that he was driving one or two lines into the river at McFadden's Ford, when fifty-two pieces of artillery opened up and almost decimated his ranks. On that Friday my dear mother made her way to Murfreesboro through the Confederate pickets to look after husband and sons, and reached there, after passing through long lines of cavalry mounted and ready for the conflict.

I quote from a letter she wrote of this trip: "On entering town what a sight met my eyes! Prisoners entering every street, ambulances bringing in the wounded, every place crowded with the dying, the Federal general, Sill, lying dead in the courthouse—killed Wednesday—Frank Crosthwait's (Twentieth Tennessee) lifeless corpse stretched on a counter. He had been visiting my house, and was killed on Wednesday. The churches were full of wounded, where the doctors were amputating legs and arms. I found my own safe, and, being informed that another battle was expected to begin, I set off on my way home, and passed through our cavalry all drawn up in line. I had only gone a mile when the first cannon boomed, but I was safe. I think of that trip now with wonder that I had no fear, but my anxiety was so intense it seemed at the time that it was no more than a visit."

In all these days, from the 26th to the 29th, Wheeler, Wharton, and Pegram seemed busy, and then from the 30th to the 4th of January they made three rounds of the Federal army, and rushed back to Murfreesboro at times to protect the flanks. The movement was wonderful, and it was there that Gen. Wheeler properly won the sobriquet of "Fighting Joe."

Undoubtedly up to the time that Breckinridge made his fatal charge the Confederates had the battle, and the Federal commander was expecting to retreat. It is said, whether true or not, that in the Federal conference after the rout of December 31 the commander was bewildered.

The papers captured on the field out of McCook's headquarters wagon placed the Federal army there between sixty and seventy thousand. And with Bragg's force of 30,000 effectives, beside 5,000 cavalry, undoubtedly his battle as aggressor in an open fight *was one of the most masterful efforts of the Army of Tennessee*. Bragg outgeneraled his adversary in the outset, and on Wednesday evening, had he thrown Breckinridge's division—although heavily drawn from—against Crittenden at McFadden's Ford, as he says he ordered, the fruits of the victory of Hardee and Polk on Wednesday would have been realized.

There were incidents in that battle that made wonderful impressions on me. For eight long hours McCown, Cleburne, and Withers and Cheatham's Divisions were mowing down line after line of McCook and Thomas, and even parts of Crittenden's, until they were driven from the Triune road across the Wilkerson to the Nashville pike, two and one-half miles back, until the enemy was formed into a north and south instead of the former east and west line.

The backward run of the enemy's right and center became a whirlpool of disorder until the railroad embankment was their only salvation. Men, although mortally wounded, continued the pursuit until they fell fainting from loss of blood. Col. Locke, of a Texas regiment, they say, slapped his hands over the wound in his breast to stop the blood, and halloed, "Charge 'em, boys;" and followed on until he fell. Maj. Douglas, of artillery fame, captured a battery from the enemy. In the twinkling of an eye, and with grape and shrapnel, at the crit-

ical moment he cut swaths in the lines of blue, appalling and stampeding them. They also say that Sergt. A. Sims, flag bearer of the Tenth Texas, seeing in one of the charges a Federal flag bearer with his flag waving his regiment forward, sprang at him and seized it, and while struggling both fell dead while waving their banners. It is said that Lieut. Fred James, volunteer on Cheatham's staff, a lawyer from Murfreesboro, was killed near his mother's farm in the battle. The Allen boys, Orville Ewing, Nat Gooch, J. B. Johns, Col. Don McGregor (First Arkansas, who formerly lived here) were wounded or killed, and the death knell throughout the army was awful.

Capt. Semple, of Semple's Battery, located on the left, saw a fine-looking officer dashing up the pike in the direction of the center. He thought him a general, and asked one of his gunners to pick him off. The gunner loaded a solid shot, took careful aim with his cannon, and at her belch the officer fell down dead from his horse. It turned out to be the adjutant general of the Federal army, Col. Garesche, reported "killed by a solid shot."

In the meantime the "Seed Corn Contingent" were picking up stragglers, in a hard rain, and delivered them to our pickets at Black's shop. As the blue lines rose and fell the Federal general Sill (we heard) was killed, and our Gen. Rains was pierced through the heart. The fearful destruction of color bearers, some regiments losing six to eight, will give an idea of the fierceness of the struggle. Two Federal brigadiers were captured; Gens. Wood and Vandevle were wounded. The seven days' fight around Murfreesboro recalls that of the name around Richmond. It has been forty years ago, but the memory is as vivid as if it were yesterday.

But after Wednesday the aggressive work stopped. Cleburne said that the enemy was intrenched, and while he could defend, yet it was unsafe to pursue again with worn-out troops. So Thursday came, and every moment's delay was death to the ultimate success of Southern arms. The suspense made us restless about the result. Wagons and bodies of troops were moving back toward Nashville, and stragglers from the Federal lines did not diminish. But the charge of Breckinridge came on the 2d, causing that awful slaughter. It fell upon us like a thunderbolt. Our neighbors and relatives and friends were there. The gallant Hanson, of Kentucky, was killed. Col. Palmer, afterwards Gen. Palmer, of our town, was wound-

ed, and our dead and dying lay before fifty pieces of the enemy's guns, massed by Mendelhall, Crittenden's chief of artillery, at McFadden's Ford.

It was a sudden shock to the flushed spirits of the Army of Tennessee. Friday night in the lull my father, who had been watching the battle, returned to us and said that our army would retire. And thus ended the great



GEN. ROGER HANSON.

battle. Polk withdrew on the Shelbyville pike and Hardee on the Manchester pike.

We boys went through the form of paroling our prisoners. After the war we received a letter from one of those Yanks, wanting a certificate of parole, having mislaid the one we gave him. They were accusing him up North of desertion in a race for the Legislature. But we could not help him, as we were not empowered to issue paroles.

And now, when summing up the battle of Murfreesboro (Stone River), we assert that for fierceness and the display of military skill it was not surpassed.

In the official reports, Union and Confederate armies (Volume XIV., Series I., page 1,097), the list of ordnance and other articles captured and of men wounded and taken prisoners by Gen. Bragg's army at Murfreesboro are as follows: Artillery, 40 pieces; muskets, 6,000; wagons, 800; mules, 4,000; killed, 5,000; wounded, 16,000; prisoners, 6,103. This report, though, does not agree with the returns of casualties in the Union forces, which places the aggregate of losses in killed, wounded, and missing at 13,249. The returns of casualties in Confederate forces killed, wounded, and missing, 9,865. Of these, 7,706 were killed and wounded, and only 888 missing, showing a game fight on the part of our army from start to finish. (See Series I, Vol. 20, page 681, Rebellion Records.)

The battle was never a victory to Rosecrans. His overwhelming numbers in pursuit were defenders in the conflict.



GEN. JAMES E. RAINS.

It was a victory to Southern arms, for the lion dared not pursue us. We retired at will, and retained the larger part of Tennessee for ten months, that we had been forced before to give up, affording supplies to our people. Our outpost retired back only twelve to fifteen miles.

On the night of January 3, 1863, after burying valuables for loved ones and saying good-by, those of Jeff Davis's "Seed Corn" that had been so active at Old Jefferson during the bat-

tle, retired with the grand old Army of Tennessee to pick their flints and come again."

The result of the battle with some tended to impair Gen. Bragg's usefulness, for all felt sure that the battle was won. Bragg's conception of it was grand, his execution praiseworthy, and he had ordered the right to advance on Wednesday and complete the rout, and but for the unfortunate information to Breckenridge that enemy was flanking, the order would have been carried out. That was the turning point in the battle, and no commander could foresee it. Information as to increased reinforcements to his army induced Bragg's generals to advise retreat.

Bragg's conception of every battle displayed generalship. The more the passions subside, and reason sits enthroned upon the heart, the more history will take the part of the private soldier and do Gen. Bragg's memory justice, and the world will commend the Confederate government for retaining him among her faithful generals.

It was not Northern generalship that brought mishaps in some of our battles, nor a want of Southern skill that caused the overthrow of the Confederacy—it was God.

ADVANTAGE OF A BOWED GUN—HUMOROUS.

Comrade W. A. Campbell writes from Columbus, Miss.:

"During Sherman's campaign, in the march to Meridian, Miss., my command of cavalry was in almost daily contact with the federal forces, and during this time the following incident happened:

"My company was going on picket at night not far from Meridian. The captain and Maj. Erwin, of the general's staff, were at the head of the company, and two of the men were riding thirty or forty yards in advance and going up a slight elevation, at the crest of which there was a farmhouse with a picket fence around it. Suddenly a volley of musketry fire rolled out, and one of the two men in advance was shot from his horse; the other came tearing back. The captain immediately gave the command to "about face," but just then a panic ensued, and every man wheeled his horse and went tearing down the road. Trees had been felled across the road to delay the Federal artillery, so in the dark men and horses tumbled over them and pandemonium ensued, and men were scattered throughout the woods like a flock of birds. Among those in the stampede was a man who had a Maynard rifle across his lap. In the darkness his horse ran between two small trees, close together, and his gun, catching breech and end of barrel, was bent to a considerable curve. The soldier was much distressed by this accident to his fine gun, and spoke of having it straightened; but some of the boys advised him against it, saying it was the very gun to keep, as he could get behind a tree and shoot without any risk to himself, the enemy not being able to see anything but the muzzle of his gun."

GEN. LYTTLE'S SWORD.

P. A. Blakey, Commander Ben McCulloch Camp, Mt. Vernon, Tex., writes:

"In the June (1901) VETERAN J. H. Dent, of Montgomery, Ala., writes about an effort once made after the war by Gen. Henry D. Clayton, near Clayton, Ala., to secure this sword from the mother of Lieut. James McCreary, of the Thirty-Ninth Alabama Regiment, who captured the sword on the battlefield of Chickamauga September 20, 1863, and was subsequently killed himself in the battle of Missionary Ridge. The sword was sent home with his body to

his mother, etc. Ever since seeing that notice I have endeavored to secure this sword. I am glad to say that it has been located, and soon the sword will be sent to this Camp, to be forwarded to Mrs. Lytle, her children, or nearest relatives, if to be found.

"Will the families of J. H. Dent, Montgomery, Ala., Gen. Patton Anderson, Florida (classmate of Gen. Lytle), and Gen. Henry D. Clayton, of Clayton, Ala., assist me in securing the address of Gen. Lytle's family that they may receive this long-lost relic?"

MONUMENTS AND CEMETERIES IN VIRGINIA.

The Virginia Division U. D. C., through its Committee on Monuments and Cemeteries, makes a fine showing:

"It has been said 'Virginia, once a great battlefield, is now a vast graveyard.' It is true that such was the case at the close of the war, but scarcely had the war clouds rolled by when here and there little bands of Confederate women, with that same untiring energy that was theirs for four long, anxious years, gathered up the remains of those who were killed in battle, who died in private homes, in hospitals, and in prison, so far as possible classifying, arranging, and reinterring them in 'Confederate soldiers' cemeteries.' In many instances they were only able to inclose such with a simple plank fence; occasionally a monument to our heroic dead arose. We have endeavored to get each Chapter to give us a sketch of its work on this line.

"The beautiful monument in Alexandria (erected before the U. D. C. was organized) is cared for by R. E. Lee Camp and its auxiliary. Its site has been recently improved, both Chapters responding liberally in aid of this work, as well as in its decoration on Memorial Day. There is no Confederate soldiers' cemetery. The graves of dead comrades in the Camp lot and in private lots of the various cemeteries are marked by the Camp.

"Warrenton's beautiful monument was also erected before the existence of the U. D. C., at a cost of \$2,650. There is no Confederate cemetery there, but in a vault beneath this magnificent shaft lie 581 Southern soldiers who died of wounds and disease in hospitals and elsewhere and were gathered from where they fell in battle, on the skirmish line, and on picket duty. The Black Horse Chapter points with pride to this beautiful spot, keeps it in perfect order, and on Memorial Day banks of flowers are placed there in memory of 'our dead.'

"Lynchburg, from its peculiar position during the war, was a city of hospitals, as many here remember, so that a large number of men from every State in the Confederacy were carried there to be cared for. There is a soldiers' cemetery in which about 2,500 are buried. A monument was erected there long before U. D. C.'s were known, consisting of thirteen blocks of marble, with the names of the States inscribed. The Daughters of the Confederacy take much interest in this 'city of the dead,' and on Memorial Day coöperate in its decoration. Steps are now being taken to mark the grave of every soldier who lies buried there. The special work of the Daughters, the monument 'To the Confederate Soldiers of Lynchburg, by the Daughters of the Confederacy to commemorate their heroism,' is of stone and bronze. It is a magnificent tribute to her heroic sons. It stands on Courthouse Hill, in the midst of the city; and every year memorial exercises are held there under the auspices of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

"One-half mile from old Appomattox C. H., on a slight eminence, is seen a well-kept spot where lie eighteen Confederate soldiers. These men were killed in the last struggle, when hope was well-nigh spent. They were buried under the auspices of

the Southern women of the vicinity. The Daughters collected money and inclosed this unique graveyard with an iron fence. Steps are now being taken to erect a monument on the courthouse green, to the Confederate soldiers of Appomattox County, both living and dead. This work is in the hands of the Chapter's untiring President, Mrs. John R. Atwood, who is steadily collecting money individually, and this monument will soon speak for itself. Memorial Day services are strictly observed, and the graves strewn with flowers.

"In the city of Portsmouth is found a particularly striking monument, standing at the intersection of two of its principal streets, erected by the citizens to 'Our Confederate Dead' at a cost of \$9,236.34. In the U. S. Naval Cemetery lie buried sixty Southern men who died in hospital there from many States. Two lots set apart and owned by the same association of ladies contain the remains of a great many Confederates, some of whom have died since the war. Six who died of disease, one of whom is said to have been 'the first soldier who died during the war,' are buried in one lot. To five known neat marble headstones have been erected. The Daughters of the Confederacy there assist annually in Memorial Day services, contributing to decorations and improvements.

"In Woodstock there are buried seventy Southern soldiers; 57 known, 13 unknown. They were from North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Virginia. Some of them died in private homes or in hospitals, as well as those killed in the battles which took place in that section. An exquisite marble monument with rich markers designates the graves. The Shenandoah Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy owns the ground upon which is located the monument, which cost \$1,000. It reflects great credit to these indefatigable women.

"Pearisburg, away over in Giles, has her city of dead also. The remains of those who fell in battle, belonging there, were brought home and interred in private lots, save one, whose body lies in Manassas soil where he fell. About fifty Confederate soldiers who died in the hospital during the war are buried in the town cemetery. They were from many Southern States. The names of only two are now known. McComas Chapter takes care of these graves, keeps them in order, and decorates them with garlands every Memorial Day. It is expected that a monument will soon be erected on the courthouse green to those honored dead. It will not cost less than \$1,000, and will be the property of McComas Chapter. The committee bespeaks encouragement and financial aid to this worthy object 'in the heart of the mountains, for all the world honors the Confederate soldiers, and all Confederate soldiers honored the boys from Giles.'

"Chatham has no Confederate soldiers' cemetery, though there are many buried in private lots who have died since the war. The Chapter therefore has no graves in its charge. The monument 'to the Confederate soldiers of Pittsylvania County, erected by the Rawley Martin Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, is a handsome one, situated on the courthouse green. The Chapter is constantly doing something to add to its appearance and to commemorate the heroic deeds of these honored dead.

"Culpeper has no Confederate soldiers' cemetery, but in the Citizens' Cemetery, in a mound, lie buried many who were killed at Cedar Mountain, Fleetwood, and other places near by. Many of them were wounded and died in hospitals. In 1881, on the 21st of July, a very neat shaft was erected there by the association then existing, at a cost of \$1,000. The Culpeper Chapter now has entire charge of this mound and monument, as well as some scattering graves, which they carefully pre-

serve. On Memorial Day they have suitable exercises and decorate with flowers.

"In the courthouse square of Martinsville stands a graceful shaft of Virginia granite, surmounted by a Confederate soldier, exquisitely carved from Italian marble. This monument is twenty-six feet high and cost \$1,600. It was erected by Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., to the memory of the Confederate soldiers of Henry County. It reflects much credit on the small Chapter. There are eleven soldiers buried in the cemetery here—one from Georgia, the others from Henry County. A grave of an unknown soldier is buried in Martinsville, killed at the close of the war. The Chapter will move these remains to the cemetery and erect a stone.

"Gloucester C. H. has quite a nice monument. It too stands on the courthouse green, inclosed with an iron railing. The Sally Tompkins Chapter has much interest in it.

"The Pulaski Chapter at Dublin looks after and keeps in order the graves of the Confederate soldiers buried there, observing Memorial Day with suitable exercises, strewing flowers on these graves, and otherwise keeping their memories alive. The Daughters of the Confederacy here are assisting the James Breathed Camp to raise a monument in memory of the Confederate soldiers of Pulaski County. They will succeed.

"On a hill between Groveton and Bull Run lie the remains of 500 of those Confederate soldiers who fell in the battles of the First and Second Manassas. They were from North and South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee; Texas, and Virginia. This acre of ground has been deeded to the Daughters of the Confederacy, Bull Run Chapter, and they have inclosed it with a well-made, substantial iron fence. The Chapter will plant trees and shrubbery, sow grass, and otherwise beautify this sacred spot. In this 'home of peace' the dead lie buried in rows by States. An effort will now be made to place a tablet with name of the State at the head of each aisle. A monument to those who fell on the field where Bee and Bartow perished, and where 'Stonewall' Jackson was christened with his world-renowned name, is the ambition of these persevering women.

"Between four and five hundred Confederate soldiers are buried in the soldiers' cemetery at Mount Jackson, about three hundred and sixty of whom are known. They were from the Carolinas, Alabama, Georgia, Maryland, Texas, Tennessee, and Virginia. One hundred and twelve are unknown. The Mount Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., has sole charge of this cemetery. They keep it in nice order, observing Memorial Day, and decorate the graves. The Chapter has raised \$1,500 and will erect a monument in the soldiers' cemetery.

"The Wythe Grey Chapter, at Wytheville, reports beautiful memorial work. This noble band of women has gathered up the remains of all who died in hospitals, reinterred them in a mound, in the center of a square, in the beautiful cemetery on the hill, and at a cost of about \$500 placed over them a shaft 'To the Unknown Dead,' simple, quiet, unostentatious, but touchingly pathetic. It is kept in perfect order, and wreathed in garlands on Memorial Day. In this cemetery are buried two of the commanders of the Stonewall Brigade, Gens. James A. Walker and William Terry. Many who fell in battle or died of wounds and disease in hospitals lie buried there. On Memorial Day the old veterans place a chaplet of evergreens on each grave, marked with a Confederate flag, while the Daughters lay flowers also, and this will be kept up while strength lasts in memory of 'our deathless dead.' This Memorial Day's work is not considered finished until a lunch has been served to all the old veterans, and a roll of the Wythe Greys been called. Truly, the women forget nothing. 'God bless them!'

"In the city of Norfolk there stands a handsome monument to the Confederate dead, not yet finished. The Daughters of the Confederacy assisted materially in raising the money to erect this shaft, and will bend every effort to have it completed by surmounting it with a bronze figure of a Confederate soldier. Pickett-Buchanan Chapter has charge of the decoration of this monument on Memorial Day. There is no Confederate soldiers' cemetery, but interments are made in beautiful Elmwood. There are two lots set aside for this purpose. One, owned by the Camp, is used to bury all Confederate veterans who desire to be there interred. In the other are buried about fifty unknown dead. In this lot the Daughters have erected a memorial cross to Father Ryan, and placed two granite steps with 'Confederate Dead' carved thereon, at the entrance. These two lots are well kept, and the graves are decorated, the Daughters always assisting in this labor of love.

"The R. E. Lee Chapter is assisting in raising a monument to John Q. Marr at Fairfax C. H.

"The monument at Orange is situated on the courthouse square. It cost \$1,500, and was erected before the organization of a Chapter of U. D. C. there. It is inclosed by a neat iron railing, which the Chapter helped purchase. The Daughters have charge of this beautiful spot, and keep it well. On Memorial Day it is decorated handsomely.

"The Princess Anne Chapter attends Memorial Day services in Norfolk, sends flowers, and helps in other ways. It is now endeavoring to raise money for a monument to her martyr Confederates.

"The 'Jubal Early Chapter' sets out with the determination to erect a monument to this well-known, courageous, and heroic general.

"The Luray Chapter has recently secured a deed, as trustee, to the magnificent monument erected there in memory of 'The Heroes,' both private and chief, of the Southern Confederacy by that well-known sculptor, Mr. Herbert Barbee. This Chapter, having already this beautiful monument, will not attend to gathering up the remains of the many soldiers buried in scattered graves and reintering them and taking care of them.

"In Bedford City there are buried on 'Piedmont Hill,' in a Confederate cemetery, about five hundred soldiers who died in the three large hospitals there during the war. There is a monument there already. Now that the William R. Terry Chapter, U. D. C., has commenced work in Bedford, great results may be looked for. All former associations are merged in this one great Chapter. It will at once commence to mark the dead of Bedford that are buried in the town cemetery, erect a monument to their memory, and take proper steps to care for those unknown who came from all over the Southland to battle for right and find a grave in Virginia soil.

"It is seen that the memorial work in Virginia is great. Wherever a monument or cemetery is found there the hand of the Daughters of the Confederacy is seen.

But to tell that the dust of a hero,
Although in a nameless grave,
Deserves to be loved by the land that he loved,
And the country he died to save.

And to tell our children's children
That braver none ever can be,
Than the soldiers who fought neath the stars and bars
In the sweeping lines of Lee.

The committee is comprised as follows: Mrs. Edwin H. O'Brien, Alexandria, Chairman; Mrs. Monroe Funkhouser, Mt. Jackson; Mrs. G. W. Easley, Pearisburg; Mrs. Norvell Otey Scott, Lynchburg; Mrs. John T. Woodhouse, Princess Anne.

BUILDING USED BY THE C. S. A. TREASURY.

Mrs. Carrie McC. Patrick writes that at the meeting of the South Carolina U. D. C. in Anderson one of our members read the following interesting sketch:

"This historic building is the fit banqueting place for the South Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy. Its historic association with the city of Anderson dates back for more than fifty years, when it was the educational center not only of this city but of all the Piedmont region, and as the Johnson Female University it stood without a peer for the education of the daughters of the State this side of the far-famed Barkenville. But war's rude alarm rang through the land, and its doors were closed while the sons of the State flocked to the field and the daughters stood by with their tear-dimmed eyes, with aching hearts, but hands active in ministering to the wants of the dear ones in the field.

"The exigencies of the service in 1864 demanded the establishment of a branch of the Confederate Treasury in Columbia, S. C.—the branch for the printing and signing of Confederate notes.

"When Sherman started on his raid of pillage, rapine, and burning through the State, it was removed from Columbia to this building, then the property of Frazier, Trenholm & Co., one of the members of which being Mr. George A. Trenholm, the Secretary of the Confederate Treasury. To the building was brought the outfit with the lithographic stones on which the bills were printed, and placed in charge of W. Y. Leich, of Charleston, S. C. The bills were signed by young ladies, most of whom were from Virginia. Four of these boarded with our honored and venerable citizen, Col. B. F. Crayton. Miss Resha Haynes, of Portsmouth, Va., signed the five-hundred-dollar notes; Miss Savage, Miss Crumps (a niece of Judge Crumps), and Miss Elliott, of Winnsboro, S. C., signed other denominations. On the approach of the raiders, the first day of May, 1865, these stones were thrown in a deep well at the southwest corner of the building. The raiders spent two days and nights in the city, the robbing being done just before leaving. Mr. Leich, having some gold on hand, gave each of the young ladies twenty dollars and the gentlemen connected with the department one hundred dollars apiece. After the close of the war the doors of the building were again thrown open to the youths of the State, and different educators "wielded the scepter." But the well and its contents were long since forgotten until the Patrick Military Institute was opened in the building, under the efficient management of Col. John B. Patrick. It was then that the well was cleaned out and its hidden treasures revealed. Pieces of the lithographic stones were recovered, and are now in possession of a number of our citizens. The purpose of our organization and meetings together is to recall and perpetuate the memories of those heroic days in which our fathers were the actors and during which they made four years of the greatest history the world has ever known, and which will be read with delight and wonder so long as men and women honor brave deeds, heroic action, and love of country. So we gather here in this building, the scene of one of the dramas in the tragedy of the life and death of the newborn nation, than which none ever 'rose so fair and fell so pure.'"

Mrs. Mattie Bruce Reynolds, of Louisville, regrets having been misconstrued in her paper concerning organizations of Children of the Confederacy by Mrs. Walker, of Norfolk. In a report at the Wilmington convention, November, 1901, published on pages 539, 540, December VETERAN of that year,

Mrs. Reynolds said: "When I first determined to organize a children's division in Kentucky I wrote the president of this body asking for information, also the recording secretary. They told me of the work done in this line by Miss Lloyd, of Virginia. I wrote her on this subject, and she answered at once, and was most kind in answering many questions so dear to my heart. She invited me to join the Mary Custis Lee Chapter of Virginia, getting my charter from them, as they are incorporated and have a Virginia Chapter. I would have been glad to do so, but after a called meeting of some of our noblest and most patriotic Southern women, it was decided to get a Kentucky charter."

The achievements of Mrs. Walker which had been published in the VETERAN were evidently overlooked by Mrs. Reynolds.

THE OLD CONFEDERATE.

This picture is an exact likeness of an old Confederate as one sees him at home surrounded by wife and children, relating the hardships and other experiences in the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia. We will not mention his



name, but merely say that he was a member of the Forty-Third North Carolina Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia, and a better soldier never fired a rifle. Our informant, whom we met at the Louisville reunion, a very youthful-looking gentleman, tells us he has known this comrade from boyhood, and speaks of him as the friend of his youth, manhood, and ——. He was known at school as a "good boy." He was very fond of games, especially marbles, and could knock out the middle man oftener than the rest. "Taking correct aim" seemed to grow on

him, for in the war he was constantly picking off the enemy. On the morning of April 19, 1864, his company was ordered to take possession of the enemy's works, which were thought to be vacated. When in about fifty yards of them the Federals opened fire, and this old soldier and his company took refuge behind some stumps which happened to be near, and remained there, lying flat on their faces for six or more hours, almost frozen and starved. In the afternoon of May 24, 1864, his company and another from the Forty-Third were sent to aid the sharpshooters in retaking some works, but, on account of being misdirected, suddenly encountered a regiment of the enemy occupying the works who demanded their surrender. A hand-to-hand fight followed, resulting in the complete discomfiture of the enemy, who left more dead on the field than the aggregate number of the two companies engaged. Gen. Bryan Grimes, who then commanded the brigade, on receiving a detailed report, said it was one of the great fights of the war, considering numbers and results. Again, on April 2, 1865, this old soldier was placed in command of a detail of about twenty men from the Forty-Third, who, in company with a similar detail from the Forty-Fifth North Carolina, retook Fort Mahone, which was on an elevation about fifty yards in front of the main line at Petersburg, Va., with a hundred or more prisoners. He has now passed the meridian of life, has a large and interesting family of children and grandchildren, and we trust may be spared many more years. He should place his experiences from 1861 to 1865 on perpetual record.

JOHN DIMITRY.

John Dimitry, soldier, historian, and distinguished man of letters, died September 7, 1901. In the death of Mr. Dimitry there passed away one of the men who sought and succeeded in accomplishing his part of creating for the South a distinctive literature. He had all the qualities which go to make perfect manhood. As a man of letters he shone with conspicuous brilliance, as a soldier he was brave and courageous, and in his home life he was gentle, loving, and devoted.

Mr. Dimitry was born at Washington, D. C., December 27, 1835. He was the son of Alexander Dimitry and Mary Powell Mills. At the age of five his family moved to New Orleans, and from that time Mr. Dimitry regarded that city as his home. He was educated by his father, a man of wide learning, and by Robert Lusher, another famous educator of his time. In 1867 Georgetown College conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts, *pro honoris causa*.

Mr. Dimitry's first position was in the office of Caleb Cushing, at that time United States Attorney-General. He remained in his office for several years, until the appointment of his father as Minister Plenipotentiary to Costa Rica and Nicaragua, where he accompanied him as Secretary to the Legation.

Before the expiration of the elder Dimitry's term of office, war was declared between the States. Both father and son gave their allegiance to the Confederacy, and the United States Minister wrote his resignation, and the two were passengers on the same steamship which brought the document to this country.

The father went to Washington, and afterwards to Richmond. The son came to New Orleans, and enlisted as a private in Capt. George Graham's company, which afterwards became Company C and color company of the famous Crescent Regiment, commanded by Col. Marshall J. Smith. The regiment took an active part in the two days' battle of Shiloh. John Dimitry, in the meantime, had been detailed as one of the color guard. During the second day's battle the Crescent Regiment supported the Fifth Company, Washington Artillery, and was attacked by vastly superior numbers. The Federal over-lapped the Confederate column, which made it necessary to fall back on the reserve line. The horses of two guns had been killed, and it was with much difficulty that the guns were saved from capture, the men of the battery gallantly pulling them off by hand. Capt. Graham and others, including Mr. Dimitry, did not hear the order to fall back, and therefore faced the advancing line of the enemy. Capt. Graham was shot through the chest with a Minie ball. He had fallen, when Mr. Dimitry rushed to his assistance in the face of fierce firing from the enemy. He was helping the wounded officer to a place of safety, when Capt. Graham was struck by a second ball and instantly killed, dying in Dimitry's arms. A moment later John Dimitry was shot through the hip, inflicting a wound from which he never fully recovered. He lay in the hospital at Corinth for two weeks, and when the place was abandoned was carried on a mattress to New Orleans, where he remained for two months in bed under the treatment of Dr. Natili, who succeeded in saving his life. Finally, when he was able to use his crutches, he found himself in the enemy's lines, New Orleans having fallen during his stay. He made the acquaintance of Gen. Shepley, the Military Governor, whom he was pleased ever afterwards to speak of as a courteous and scholarly gentleman. Gen. Shepley gave him permission to leave the city without parole. He finally reached Richmond, and, after examination by the Board of Surgeons, received his discharge from Adjutant General Cooper.

Mr. Davis, thoroughly acquainted with his great talents, had

him appointed chief clerk to Judge Reagan in the Post Office Department, where he served with fidelity and distinction to the end, and formed one of the presidential party which, after the collapse, left Charlotte, N. C., for Georgia. This was under instructions from his official chief, Judge Reagan.

After the war ended, Mr. Dimitry returned to New Orleans.



JOHN DIMITRY.

About this time he formed connections with the New Orleans press, and his style as a writer immediately attracted attention. In the early seventies he was sent to Europe by the New Orleans *Times* to write of the manners and customs and conditions which prevailed in England and on the Continent. He gave special study to Spain, and his letters from that country were widely read and copied by every important paper in the United States. Nothing like them had appeared in America since Washington Irving laid down his pen.

In 1871 he married Miss Adelaide Stuart, of Mississippi, a cousin of the knightly J. E. B. Stuart.

Having a great desire to return to the tropics, when the chair of languages and *belles-lettres* in Colegio Caldas, South America, was offered him, he accepted. While in Bogotá, aside from his professional work, he was employed as translator in the, at that time, famous *Montijo* case—not only by the United States Legation, but his services were solicited by the English and Columbian arbitrators.

Returning to New Orleans in 1876, he wrote his school history of Louisiana. This text-book was used in the public schools of the State for many years, and by numerous private institutions is still held in favor.

In 1880 Mr. Dimitry went North, and was associated with newspapers in Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. While on the *Mail and Express* he wrote "Le Tornbeau Blanc," which won the prize of \$500 offered by Messrs. Barnes & Swinton, publishers of the *Storyteller*. Of this story the New

York *Critic and Good Literature* said: "This tale deserves the highest compliment that could be paid to it: that of being at the same time a model of literary art and at once a tribute and an encouragement to human nature."

His "Three Good Giants," a translation, with an expurgating pen from Rabelias, ran the gamut of criticism, and ended by reaching a dignity not known in its history. For the first time it found a welcome in American homes.

In 1890 Mr. Dimitry came South to aid his friend, James Redpath, in the preparation of data for the memoir of Jefferson Davis, which the two wrote in collaboration with Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

Mr. Dimitry's last work was the "Confederate Military History of Louisiana," a work of great literary and historical importance, although its author modestly styled it "only a rapid summary" of the scenes of the Civil War in which Louisianians bore part. He also wrote epitaphs on Henry Watkins Allen, Edgar Allan Poe, Charlotte Temple, the Confederate Flag, Stonewall Jackson, Jefferson Davis, Albert Sidney Johnston.

John Dimitry was borne to rest by his devoted comrades of the Association Army of Tennessee, of which he was an honored member. The tomb of that Association is surmounted by an exquisite equestrian statue of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and also contains a marble tablet at the farther end of the arch on which is engraven in golden letters John Dimitry's matchless tribute to that great soldier, to which Mr. James Randall referred as "an immortal composition—a prose poem incomparable," and Lord Palmerston pronounced "a modern classic, Ciceronian in its language." It was highly appropriate, therefore, that he should rest in that sacred place, and in the presence of that immortality which he made for the tomb, for himself, and for his comrades.

At the regular monthly meeting, October, 8, 1901, of Camp No. 2 of the Army of Tennessee, the following resolutions were introduced by Capt. James Dinkins, and seconded by A. C. McLellan, Col. Phil H. Thompson, and Col. Lewis Guion:

"Resolved: 1. That the remains of our late comrade, John Dimitry, which repose in the Association's tomb, shall be undisturbed for all time, and that his name be engraven on the door of the vault.

"2. That we pay this honor to his memory in grateful appreciation no less for his conduct as a soldier and the loyalty he bore his comrades than for his brilliant achievements as a litterateur, which made the fame of the Confederate soldier a household word in all civilized lands, and whose matchless tribute to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston makes the name of John Dimitry immortal."

The tomb of the Association Army of Tennessee contains a few vaults with copper doors, designated as the final resting place of distinguished members. Up to this time only two have been occupied: one by Gen. Beauregard, and the other by Charles Dreux. In accordance with the above resolutions, all that is mortal of John Dimitry will rest, forever undisturbed, in one of these "honor vaults."

It was fit that he should have been so honored, for, in the words of the eloquent tribute to his memory by his friend, James R. Randall, he was: "Soldier, scholar, and gentleman, loyal to every trust and every duty to God and his neighbor."

MEMORIALS.

BY JOHN DIMITRY, OF NEW ORLEANS.

Behind this stone is laid
for a season

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON,

A general in the army of the Confederate States,

Who fell at Shiloh, Tenn.,
On the sixth day of April, A.D.
Eighteen hundred and sixty-two.
A man tried in many high offices
And critical enterprises,
And found faithful in all;

His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience;
And even that life, on a woeful Sabbath,
Did he yield as a holocaust to his country's need.
Not wholly understood was he where he lived;
But in his death his greatness stands confessed
In a people's tears.

Resolute, moderate, clear of envy, yet not wanting
In that finer ambition which makes men great and pure;
In his honor, impregnable;
In his simplicity, sublime;
No country e'er had a truer son, no cause a nobler champion;
No people a bolder defender, no principle a purer victim,
Than the dead soldier
Who sleeps here.

The cause for which he perished is lost,
The people for whom he fought are crushed,
The hopes in which he trusted are shattered,
The flag he loved guides no more the charging lines;
But his fame, consigned to the keeping of that time which,
Happily, is not so much the tomb of virtue as its shrine,
Shall, in the years to come, fire modest worth to noble ends.
In honor now our great captain rests;
A bereaved people mourn him;
Three commonwealths proudly claim him;
And history shall cherish him

Among those choicer spirits who, holding their conscience
unmixed with blame,
Have been, in all conjunctures, true to themselves, their people,
and their God.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Born in Kentucky June 3, 1808;
Died in New Orleans December 6, 1889.

A citizen of Mississippi,
He was the first and only President of the Southern
Confederacy,
Established at Richmond, in the State of Virginia.
For her highest office, the South, seeking a leader
In the war,
The thunder of whose guns would shake the land,
Chose him from among her fittest men.
A majestic orator; in character firm; in judgment sound;
In purpose resolute;
A profound student of the Constitution of the Union,
From his seat in the National Senate
He hurled, in its august name, unheeded warnings
To that great body.
In Richmond,
From 1861 to 1865,
Surrounded by armies, assailing and defending,
He was at once a statesman, faithful to every trust,
Guiding with wisdom the affairs of his people;
And a soldier, following with trained eye the movements
Of his armies.
Himself a captain on the fields of Mexico,
He had learned how to select from among their brave ranks
Great lieutenants,
Who led them on a luminous career,
Which has gained for them a shining space

In history;
 And, when battle's drum had ceased to beat,
 He withdrew from his exalted charge
 With a dignity
 Made strong by his faith,
 Which, in commanding the admiration of the world,
 Has gained for himself
 The love and reverence of his people who trusted him.

—
 This monument,
 The gift of friends in England,
 Was brought across sea and raised
 In the city of Richmond,
 In the State of Virginia,
 His mother,

To the memory
 of

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON,
 who,

Living in an age of principle,
 Chose what was a losing cause;
 But to that cause
 He gave a faith so true, a spirit so pure,
 A genius so grand in a mold so heroic,
 That his countrymen revered him—
 Even his enemies honored him—
 And a distant people, reading a lofty nature in lofty works,
 Called him great!

His life was one of many and sharp contrastings,
 Yet the meek simplicity that marked his character
 Welded these into harmony.

A devout Christian, he was none the less a bold soldier;
 In peace, tender of the humblest; in battle, his was a sword that
 Conjured victory!

Strong in the qualities that shine most fitly in civil life,
 A mild teacher gathering the peaceful harvests of youthful
 minds,

In a war, approved of conscience, he towered a prayerful giant,
 And on historic fields rivaled the choicest deeds of his
 Most famous predecessors!

In every phase of his stainless career;
 In his home, among men, with his pupils;
 In his State's brightest hour, in her darkest,
 He stood, ever, in himself
 The type of a noble race's noblest teachings;

And his fame,

Rounded in all, guarded from wrong by the verdict of his co-
 temporaries,
 Shall, when men's places come to be fixed by the recurrent
 generations,

Stand before its judges firm, like a
 STONE WALL.

—
 EDGAR ALLAN POE,

Poet and prose writer.

He struck with magic hand the frailty that is man,
 While he left unprofaned
 The truth that is God.

He wooed Science to be an ally of Fiction,
 And in the wooing made her shine with a light
 Simpler than her own.

In his poetry he touched but few notes,
 Yet these, now the tenderest, now the saddest
 That translate human passions
 Into melodious words,
 And so fix them forever:

In his prose master of all the feelings,
 He wielded, with equal skill,
 The wand of Humor and the brand of Terror.
 At his will thrilling men to horror, or moving them
 To laughter.
 In his tales,
 Whether they be somber or wild unto grotesqueness,
 Religion can find no offense, Virtue no wrong,
 Nor Innocence take alarm.
 He passed a life tragic enough to serve for warning,
 Stinging his generation into wrath, and by it stung into frenzy;
 Yet through his genius, lifted victorious above detraction,
 He has happily made sure of
 POSTERITY.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

BY JOHN DIMITRY, NEW ORLEANS.

[See autograph copy on first page.]

Not long unfurled was I known,
 For fate was against me;
 But I flashed over a pure cause,
 And on land and sea
 So fired the hearts of men unto heroism
 That the world honors me.
 Within my folds the dead who died under them
 Lie nobly shrouded;
 And my tattered colors,
 Crowded with a thousand shining victories,
 Have become
 For the people who loved me
 A glorified memory.

THE LAND OF LEE.

Where the jasmine and myrtle
 And the honeysuckle grow;
 Where the ripple of the waters
 Soothes to slumber as they flow;
 Where the roses in their sweetness
 Woo the humming bird and bee—
 Breathes there Southron who's forgotten,
 For a day, the Land of Lee?

Where the violet, so modest,
 Lifts its head above the leaves;
 Where the ivy and the creeper
 Grope their way along the eaves;
 Where the daisy, golden-hearted,
 Whispers love's soft words to thee—
 This the land we love and long for;
 This the dear old Land of Lee.

Where the dogwood dots the forest,
 And the sourwoods honey yield;
 Where the sea of whiteness dazzles
 In the snowy cotton field;
 Where the birds are ever warbling,
 And the heart from care is free—
 Proud are we to call her mother,
 Proud of this sweet Land of Lee.

In my dreams I see the home land
 'Neath the sunny Southern sky,
 And the vision brings a longing
 That the dreams might last for aye.
 Ah, that land of spring eternal,
 How thy children long for thee!
 Rest and peace for weary mortal
 In that dear old Land of Lee. —Will Aiken.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP OF NEW YORK.

Col. Edward Owen, Commander of New York Camp of Confederate Veterans, wrote in October, 1902:

"At the close of the thirteenth Camp year, I congratulate the members upon a year of unparalleled success in the history of the Camp.

"The Confederate Veteran Camp of New York continues to occupy a most enviable position in this community, and its popularity is emphasized by the large accession to its membership during the past year, eighty-one new members having joined. There were four resignations because of removal from the city.

"Active interest in the Camp is shown by the fact that the monthly meetings are always largely attended, even in the midst of summer. Also the 'Camp Fires' are very popular.

"In its works of charity it has done well, relieving some in trouble and distress, obtaining employment for others, and sending several, stranded here, to their homes in the South.

"The Camp has always promptly met its obligations, and there are never any outstanding liabilities.

"The Mortuary Fund, for the burial of deceased members in need, in its plot in Mount Hope Cemetery, has a balance in the Union Trust Company of \$903.68.

This successful organization has an interesting history, a part of which is indicated by a series of resolutions, etc., engraved as herewith reproduced. The grateful tribute made by this Camp to its first Commander, Col. Andrew G. Dickinson, evidences their sincere appreciation of the valuable

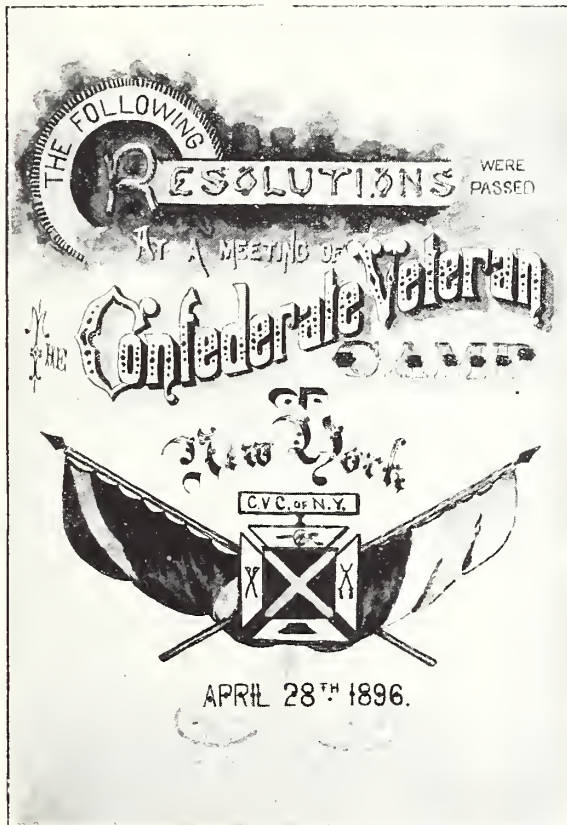
formed by Col. Dickinson in building the Confederate monument at Mt. Hope Cemetery, in obtaining a gift from the Cemetery Association of a beautiful site for the monument, and a fund of money with which to bury the deceased members of the Camp and their families—"a labor of love" which occupied a great deal of time, as well as the expenditure of a great deal of money, and all without one dollar of expense to the Camp. No other Camp is so well equipped, and it is a fitting acknowledgment made by the Camp of Col. Dickinson's personal exertions and unceasing zeal, until his great object was accomplished.

Col. Dickinson, upon the organization of the Confederate Veteran Camp, was unanimously chosen its Commander on the 11th of April, 1890. He was elected its first permanent Commander on the fourth Tuesday in October, 1890, and served for a year. In October, 1891, he was urged to continue in command of the Camp, but he positively declined, expressing his desire to serve with the rank and file in continuing the good work of building up the society. The Past Commander's badge, a beautiful gold decoration, studded with brilliants, was presented upon his retirement, and a committee was appointed who expressed to him the deep obligations under which he had placed the Camp in performing the difficult and delicate duties of first Commander.

DULCE DOMUM, NYACK-ON-HUDSON, October 12, 1891.

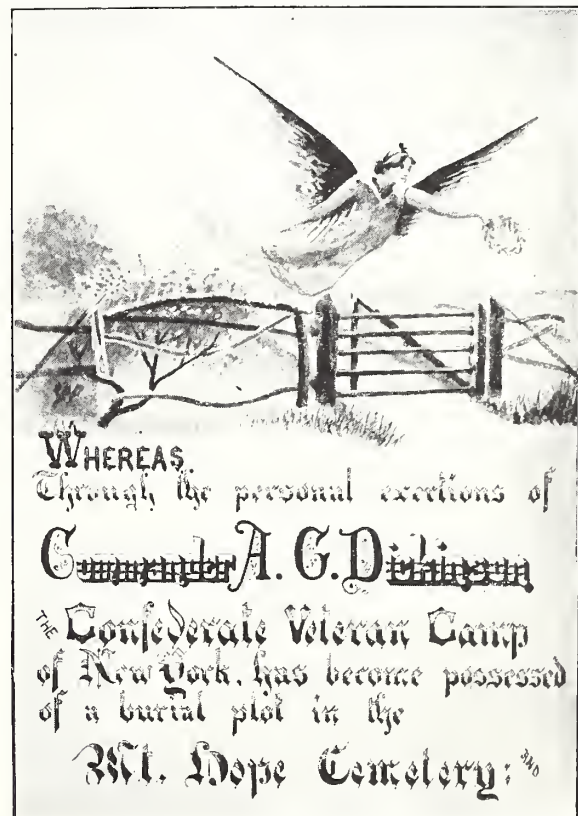
Col. A. G. Dickinson, Commander Confederate Veteran Camp of New York.

Dear Sir: At the last meeting of the Camp your letter peremptorily declining reelection to the office which you have held with such ability, dignity, and efficiency was read. In acknowledgement of your communication and in accordance with your request, a committee was appointed, which we

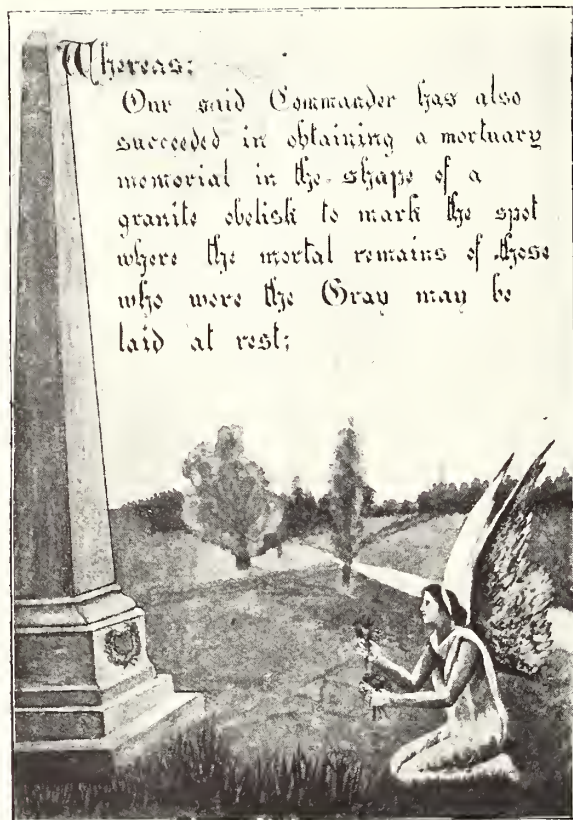


services he has rendered the Camp, and places their action among those things which should become historic.

These resolutions indicate forcibly the prominent part per-



(The apparent erasures in Col. Dickinson's name are caused by the effects of decorative colors in the process of engraving.)



Whereas:

Our said Commander has also succeeded in obtaining a mortuary memorial in the shape of a granite obelisk to mark the spot where the mortal remains of those who were the Gray may be laid at rest;

have the honor to compose, to express the deep obligation under which you have placed the Camp, in the discharge of the delicate and difficult duties which devolved upon you as our first commander. The society was yet in its infancy when you were unanimously called to its leadership.

In your conduct of the expedition to Richmond, at the unveiling of the statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee, as well as the general influence you have exerted upon its organization and growth, and by your uniform liberality and courtesy, it has demonstrated that we were most fortunate in having made you our choice.

Gallant and brave in war, in peace you have won victories over the hearts of your comrades, who will ever hold you in sentiments of highest regard. We have the honor, on behalf of the Camp, dear Commander, to be yours faithfully,

W. H. Williams, Chairman; W. W. Page, Samuel B. Paul.

In 1892 Colonel Dickinson was again unanimously elected the Commander, although against his expressed wish. He felt obliged, however, to again decline to serve, as he was in ill health and needed rest, yet he promised the Camp if excused at that time he would serve them again in the future. In 1893, about the same thing occurred, the Camp unanimously urging that he be their Commander, but he was compelled to decline again.

In 1894 the Camp again elected Colonel Dickinson to the command, and he was "compelled to accept." He then had in mind a great work which he wished to perform for the Camp, and set about it at once with his usual energy and activity. Some provision had to be made for the assistance of members of the Camp who were unfortunate, a burial place was necessary, and it was the earnest desire of Colonel Dickinson to see erected a splendid monument to the memory of the old heroes

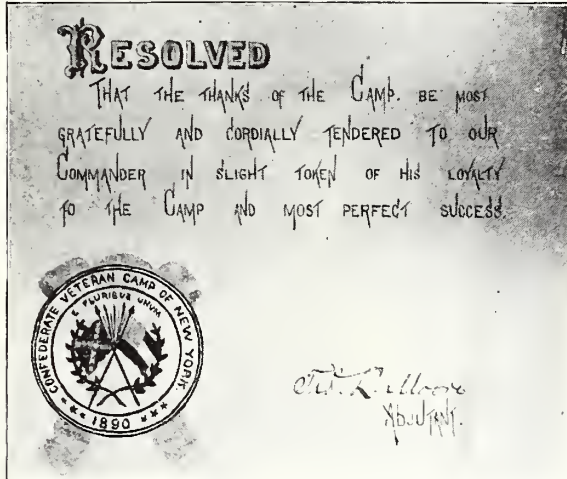
who were passing away. He also desired to create a fund with which to bury, not only the members of the Camp but their wives and children as well, when that sad duty had to be performed.

Great as was this undertaking in labor and devotion, in business tact and management, in less than two years he had accomplished it by his own indomitable energy and the assistance of his warm personal friend, Mr. Charles B. Rouss, who stood by him with money as well as moral support from first to last. The beautiful monument which has been described in the *VETERAN* and elsewhere, a large burial ground, and a handsome fund for burying the dead, was the result. But for Colonel Dickinson this Confederate monument at Mt. Hope would never have existed. Mr. Rouss often made this declaration. Not only the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, but the Southern people, are due a debt of lasting gratitude to this father of their organization.

In the August number, 1892, of the *National Magazine* Maj. Edward Owen, who at the time was paymaster of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, in a long article upon this subject says: "At the meeting of April 11, 1890, twenty-one persons were present, etc. The Camp was organized by the election of provisional officers. The officers who were elected were as follows: Commander, A. G. Dickinson, etc. The Camp steadily increased in numbers, and at one of the meetings it was decided that the Camp should be present, in a body, at Richmond, Va., in 1890, to participate in the ceremonies of the unveiling of the statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Accordingly the Camp left New York on the evening of May 27, arriving in Richmond the following morning. As the men disembarked they formed in line, and with national colors flying, and led by Beck's Philadelphia band, one hundred and twenty battle-scarred veterans from New York marched to the residence of



Colonel Dickinson's daughter, Mrs. R. L. Norris, where the Commander had established his headquarters. Here, in the presence of many spectators, a handsome stand of Camp colors—the bonnie blue flag—was presented by the Commander to the Camp." The presentation was made in an inspiring speech by his beautiful young daughter, Miss Fannie R. Dickinson, in the following words: "To you, Confederate Veterans of New York, I have been deputized by my father, Col. A. G. Dickinson, your Commander, to present this beautiful flag. It is apparent at once that this gift represents a sentiment dear to



the heart of every Confederate soldier. It is not national in character, for it is neither 'red, white, and red' nor 'red, white, and blue.' It is merely typical of 'the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star.' Yes, already the sentiment is explained, and no doubt has touched every old Southern soldier's heart, and as the emblem of your Camp in your Northern homes when assembled beneath its folds, it will remind you of your unparalleled heroism on a hundred battlefields, in close proximity to the spot where you now stand, central in which has been erected by loving hearts the bronze equestrian statue of your great leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee, whose honor and glory you have assembled to commemorate." The flag was accepted in an appropriate address by Lieut. Commander J. J. Garnett.

Col. Dickinson's wife, Mrs. Sue Coleman Dickinson, writes in compliance with a request for an account of a memorable trip across Louisiana and into Texas to reach her husband, who had been severely wounded in the battle of Galveston. The times were very unsettled, and transportation difficult, as the movement of troops taxed heavily all public facilities.

"I heard, through a chance visitor to the neighborhood of my father's plantation, of the battle at Galveston and of my husband's being seriously wounded. I determined, in spite of my father's opposition on account of the terrible obstacles to be overcome, to go to him. The Mississippi River being blockaded, my journey was through the country by roads almost impassable. My father, who was then an old man, bought an ambulance, and, with two strong horses, declared his intention of going with me. I protested, thinking that the journey would be too severe for him, as it was in mid-winter; but on no other conditions would he permit me to go, so with one trunk, a small colored boy, myself and baby boy eleven months old, we started.

"Each day brought its own troubles, as we did not know what route was open for us. We made, perhaps, twenty miles a day, and found lodgment at any farmhouse we could

at the end of our day's trip. We always found a most generous hospitality, nobody refused to take us in, and all gave us the best they had, which, however, was often only bacon and corn bread. Frequently on the journey my father, in despair at the accounts of the condition of the roads, would advise me to turn back. Often the whole country was overflowed and no vestige of the road was to be seen, and we were guided by the branches of fallen trees. To miss the road meant death by drowning, but we struggled on; and at the end of fifteen or sixteen days we arrived in the city of Houston, Tex., where my dear husband had been taken and was being carefully nursed by kind, patriotic friends. I almost feared to ask about him.

Upon arrival in Houston we drove to Gen. Magruder's headquarters. Such a looking party as emerged from that old ambulance! An old man with white hair and beard of two weeks' growth, a woman worn and tired, holding in her



COL. A. G. DICKINSON AND WIFE.

arms a bouncing boy who had not suffered one bit, and a little ducky, whose white teeth glistened as he merrily declared, 'I certainly is glad to git here,' and so we all were.

"Imagine my joy when I heard, after all that long time, that my husband was alive and doing well. Of course our reunion was most happy. I believe I had suffered through the dangers, anxiety, and suspense more than he had. I have given you briefly the outlines of that ever-memorable trip; but, after all, what was it compared with what other women of the same period underwent in their service for our beloved Southland? I will add that I was married in 1861, and accompanied my husband through the war, beginning in Pensacola, Fla., two years in Virginia, then followed him to Texas, and we were the last to surrender in Texas."

Soon after the war Col. Dickinson became successful in one of the great life insurance companies, and he retired from business some years ago. He has a delightful summer home, with spacious lands adjacent in suburban New York, they occupy it very little. The twain are growing old most gracefully. They spend the winters in a New York hotel or travel in milder climes. Indeed, they are extensive travelers. Seeing children and grandchildren well provided for, they journey around the world as if on a bridal tour.

In this connection it is desirable to state that among the thousands of steadfast friends to the VETERAN, during its decade of vicissitudes, it would hardly be fair to place any name before that of Col. Dickinson. It is generally known that he represented the late benevolent Charles Broadway Rouss in his plans for the erection of a great Confederate Memorial, and that he is still a member of the Board of Trustees, continued at the earnest solicitation of Peter Rouss, successor to the father, and his uncle, W. W. Rouss, cooperating in the affairs of that large estate.

During a long residence in South America and the West Indies Islands Col. Dickinson had the order of knighthood conferred upon him by the Queen Regent of Spain, and the decoration of Bolivar from the United States of Venezuela.

RECONSTRUCTION HISTORY.

Dr. R. H. Dabney, of the University of Virginia, has in contemplation the preparation of a history of the reconstruction period, and the VETERAN knows of few sources from which may emanate a better work of this character, as Dr. Dabney's pen is peculiarly adapted to recording the facts connected with the war between the States.

An attempt at the compilation or preparation of such a work might seem a presumption in many; but Dr. Dabney has the large knowledge of affairs, the historical insight, and the traditional right from a long and honorable line of ancestry to warrant his ambition. He makes an appeal to the loyalty and sympathy of all those who have in their possession the data that will aid in the making of so great a historical record, and for the guidance of those who may wish to further so valuable a contribution to future literature the VETERAN quotes a suggestion from Dr. Dabney's appeal. He says: "It is impossible to enumerate all kinds of facts desired; but it may be stated that any information will be appreciated that will throw light, for example, upon the economic condition of the South in 1865; upon the attitude of different social classes toward each other; upon the extent to which *ante-bellum* partisan political feelings revived; upon the feelings of Southerners toward the North and the Union, and toward Northern settlers in the South; also upon the conduct of negroes and the attitude of the whites toward them in 1865 and afterwards; upon Lincoln's reconstruction policy in certain States; upon the Freed-

man's Bureau; upon Northern teachers of negro schools and their treatment by the whites; upon the influence of Andrew Johnson's policy upon Southern political action; upon the Kuklux Klan, the Knights of the White Camelia, and similar organizations, either general or local; upon election methods at different dates on both sides," etc.

Mr. Dabney assures the sender of any valuable data that it will be carefully protected in the absolutely fire-proof library of the University of Virginia.



MRS. H. W. BRUCE, LOUISVILLE, KY.,
Wife of the late Judge Bruce. (See next page.)

She was treasurer of the Confederate Memorial Association, that built the handsome monument in Louisville. She is ex-President of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and has ever been an ardent Confederate, attending all meetings to honor the dead and to help the afflicted survivors.



CAPT. JAMES MERNAUGH, PARIS, KY.
See sketch in VETERAN for June, 1901, page 278.

J. E. Whitney, of Alton, Ill. (1224 Henry Street), wishes to correspond with the Confederates who took part in the charge which carried the redoubt and headquarters of Gen. Casey on the right (south) side of Williamsburg Road at Seven Pines, Va., on the afternoon of May 31, 1862, with a view to locating sword and commission or other baggage of Lieut. R. J. Whitney, Ninety-Second New York Volunteers. At the capitulation there it was on the second floor of an unfinished building just east of the redoubt, used for hospital for the sick prior to the battle. Any one who knows the name and address of any Confederate soldier who climbed the stairs to the second floor of the building will please write Mr. Whitney. These were probably from Gen. Rodes's Brigade, which at that time consisted of the Twelfth Mississippi, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Alabama, and Carter's Battery. Any surviving members of these regiments will confer a favor by communicating with Mr. Whitney.

Mrs. M. A. Kean, 1104 South Cherry Street, Nashville, Tenn., would like to correspond with any comrade who took part in the battle of Piedmont, June, 1864. A special favor will be conferred by replying to this.



O wondrous land!

Fairer than all our spirit's fairest dreaming,
 "Eye hath not seen"—no heart can understand
 The things prepared, the cloudless radiance streaming
 Where we shall drop the wearying and the woe
 In resting so!

O dear ones there!

Whose voices, hushed, have left our pathway lonely,
 We come, ere long, your blessed home to share,
 We take God's guiding hand, we trust it only—
 Seeing, by faith, beyond this clouded air
 That land so fair!

JUDGE HORATIO WASHINGTON BRUCE.

Judge W. H. Bruce died at Louisville, Ky., his home, January 22, 1903. Judge Bruce served in the Confederate Congress as the Representative from the Louisville District. Soon after the war he began the practice of his profession, the law. He was elected Chancellor, and his service on the bench gave renewed character and distinction to the judiciary. Leaving the public service, he became the attorney of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company. At the death of Judge Houston Judge Bruce became the chief attorney of the company.

As a lawyer Judge Bruce was of a singularly judicial temperament. A lover of justice, he was always more of the just judge than the ardent advocate. He lived without reproach, and he died at peace with all men, having so performed all the duties of a long and busy life as to leave an untarnished name as the heritage of his family and of his fellow-citizens.

Judge Bruce had been in ill health for more than a year, but took to his bed only a short time before his death. The funeral services were held from the residence, 1500 Third Street, and the interment was in Cave Hill Cemetery. The weather was very inclement, yet the funeral was largely attended by a most representative class of people, and the floral tributes were amazing in quality and in magnitude.

Judge Bruce was married June 12, 1856, to Miss Elizabeth Barbour Helm, daughter of Hon. John Helm, who was a Governor of Kentucky. Mrs. Bruce and five children survive. They are: Helm Bruce, Miss Elizabeth Barbour Bruce, Miss Maria Preston Bruce, Mrs. Thomas Floyd Smith, and Alexander Bruce. There are also a number of grandchildren.

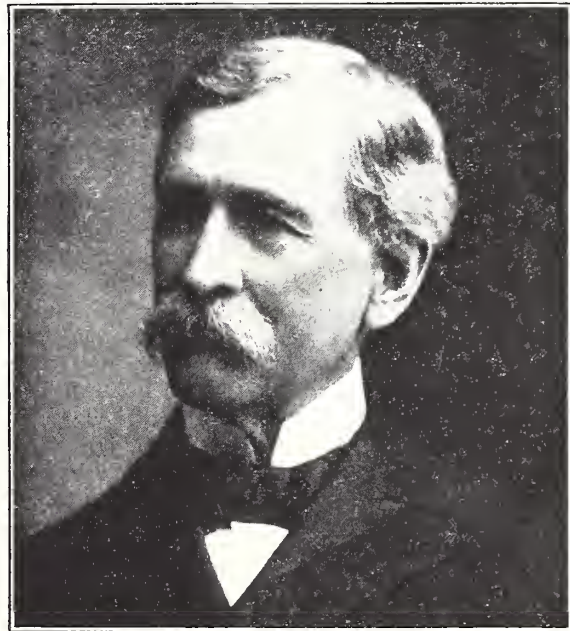
Horatio Washington Bruce, of Louisville, was born February 22, 1830, on the Ohio River, in Lewis County, Ky. His parents, Alexander and Amanda (Bragg) Bruce, were born in Kentucky, of Virginia parents, and representatives of families of that State. The Bruce family was founded in America by the great-grandfather of Judge Bruce, who left his native Scotland for Virginia, where he spent the remainder of his days in Pittsylvania County, Va. He was a merchant. John Bruce, the grandfather, of Pittsylvania County, Va., was born in 1748, and died in 1827 at the age of seventy-nine. He married Elizabeth Clay, daughter of Henry Clay, Jr., of Mecklenburg County, Va., and they had a large family of children, one of whom, Alexander Bruce, married Amanda Bragg, who was

born in Lewis County, Ky., in 1803, a daughter of Thomas and Lucy (Blakemore) Bragg. Alexander Bruce, father of Judge Bruce, was a prominent business man. He was a lawyer, farmer, merchant, and mill owner, and he represented Lewis County in the Kentucky Legislature in the session of 1825-26. Just thirty years afterwards the son, H. W. Bruce, was a Representative in the General Assembly. Alexander Bruce and wife died in 1851 and 1852, respectively.

Horatio W. Bruce acquired his education in private and subscription schools. He studied the usual branches comprised in an academic course, including higher mathematics, surveying, and Latin, and all his life he continued research in the fields of knowledge. With the aid of a private teacher, he studied French, and could read it fluently. He became a ripe scholar.

When fifteen years old he entered a general store in Vanceburg, Ky., where for several years he was employed in the capacity of general salesman and bookkeeper. As the post office of the town was in the same building, he also performed the duties of postmaster. In 1849 he taught a five months' term of school in Vanceburg. In 1850 he went to Flemingsburg, Ky., making his home there for eight years, during which period he studied and practiced law. He was admitted to the bar in 1851, but never ceased to be a law student. He was never at a loss for authority, and he won some notable victories in the courts, yet never by debauching public morality or degrading the dignity of his profession. In December, 1858, he removed to Louisville, where he afterwards made his home, with the exception of a "temporary absence from September, 1861, to June, 1865."

Mr. Bruce was reared in the political faith of the Whig party,



JUDGE H. W. BRUCE.

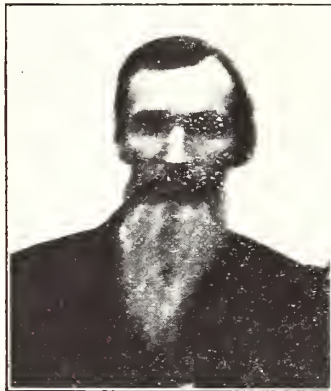
and his first political speeches were in support of Winfield Scott for President. On the dissolution of the Whig party he joined the American, known as the Know-Nothing party. He supported Bell and Everett in 1860. Acting with the State's Rights party, he was its candidate for Congress in the Louisville District in June, 1861. In many offices Judge Bruce demonstrated his fidelity to the best interests of the country and his State. In 1859 he formed a law partnership with Ben

Hardin Helm, under the firm name of Helm & Bruce, and successfully practiced his chosen profession until the commencement of the war. It is well known that his partner was the gallant Confederate Brigadier General who gave his life for the cause on the sanguinary battlefield of Chickamauga.

He was a member of the Southern Conference held in Russellville, Ky., October 29-31, 1861, and of the Sovereignty Convention, which met pursuant to a call issued by the former conference and held in the same town November 18-20, 1861. Among other measures, on the last day of the session the convention passed the following ordinance: "Therefore be it ordained that we do hereby forever sever our connection with the government of the United States, and in the name of the people we do hereby declare Kentucky to be a free and independent State, clothed with all power to fix her own destiny and to secure her own rights and liberties." The convention also adopted a constitution, and established a provisional government of the State. Its executive was a Governor, and its Legislature was a council of ten members. Its first Governor was Hon. George W. Johnson, of Scott County, who held the office until he was killed at the battle of Shiloh, when heroically fighting in the ranks. Mr. Bruce was a member of the legislative council until elected a member of the Confederate Congress in January, 1862, Kentucky having been admitted a member of the Confederate States of America on an equal footing with the other States in the Confederacy on December 10, 1861, and authorized to have twelve members in the House of Representatives of the Confederate Congress, as well as two Senators.

W. CARROL CATES.

W. C. Cates was born August 13, 1840, and died November 14, 1902. He volunteered August 2, 1861, and became a member of the Forty-First Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A. The



W. C. CATES.

regiment was surrendered at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and the privates were carried to Camp Morton, Indiana, where they were kept till the September following, and were then sent to Vicksburg, Miss., for exchange. This command was reorganized and participated in many battles. Among the severer were Raymond, Miss., Jackson, Port Hudson, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Resaca, Ga., New Hope Church, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin, and Nashville. "Cal" Cates always discharged his duty fully. At Missionary Ridge he was severely wounded in the shoulder. On another occasion an exploding shell covered his body with earth, and on July 22, 1864, near Atlanta, he received an ounce Minie ball in his hip. It lodged near the spine and could not be extracted; hence he carried it in his body to the grave. Recovering sufficiently, with the ball in his hip, he again joined his command at Corinth, Miss., and kept up as best he could until he reached North Carolina, and at Greensboro was paroled on April 30, 1865.

No man ever lived who was more loyal to the cause he espoused and for which he fought so long and bled so freely; no man ever lived who was prouder of his record. It is said they could neither take his life nor shake his integrity. After the surrender he of course made a quiet, worthy citizen. "He

was honest to the penny." Comrade Cates belonged to Friereson Bivouac, of Shelbyville, Tenn., which passed memorial resolutions in his honor.

The editor of the VETERAN was his comrade, knew him intimately, and had his patronage and his blessing from its beginning. He made and held friends without effort. There was a subtle wit in his ordinary conversation which made his company most agreeable. He was faithful to his friends; would continue to buy from the same merchant, never looking for better bargains from others. On one occasion he was going by a store to purchase an article, when a solicitor for trade said to him: "We keep that." "Yes," he replied, "and Carney sells it."

He was amusingly economical. For instance, he carried in his knapsack a pair of blue trousers issued to him in prison, 1862, through the severe eventful campaigns that followed quite on to the end of the war.

The picture here given will interest those who knew him.

Since the above was ready for the press, a report of proceedings of William Frierson Bivouac (Camp) has been received, in which a committee comprised of Robert Singleton, Joe H. Hastings, and J. F. Johnston presented a highly eulogistic tribute to Comrade Cates as a man true to all the responsibilities of life.

JOSEPH MADISON WILSON.

At his home in Union, Boone County, Ky., on October 18, 1901, the gentle spirit of Joseph M. Wilson heard "the soldier's last tattoo," and departed to join "the bivouac of the dead." He was born January 16, 1838, and enlisted in the Confederate service in the fall of '62, in Company I, Second Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's Command, under Col. J. W. Bowles and Capt. Thomas Franks. After the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge he lay for several months very ill in Sparta, Tenn., where he was tenderly cared for by two noble Southern women. As soon as he was able to ride he joined his company, reentered Kentucky, and, just after the capture of Cythiana, was captured and taken to Rock Island. After months of prison hardships, he was released, much broken in health. Though he never regained his health, yet by his singular uprightness and modest intelligence he won the respect and love of all who met him. Much to his regret, ill health prevented his attending the reunion of the Confederate Veterans in Louisville in 1900. A letter from Mr. Andrew Broadus revived memories of his old comrades, and he longed to meet them. He became a member of the Baptist Church soon after the close of the war, and was unwavering in his simple faith. A life of beautiful, quiet devotion to duty—full of love to God and humanity—was crowned with a peaceful entrance into a repose to be broken only by "the roll call of God's judgment day."

Mr. Wilson never married, but leaves sisters and brothers and a score of nieces and nephews to whom "Uncle Joe" was very dear, and who feel that their lives were enriched by his companionship.

Commander George M. Penn, of Camp No. 1074, Poncha-toula, La., reports the death of four members during the past year: Matt E. Viniard, John W. Sutton, George Leattie, all of Company K, Seventh Regiment, Louisiana Volunteers; and John W. Duggen, of Company E, First Missouri Regiment, Shelby's Brigade.

W. A. Campbell writes from Columbus, Miss., on December 24: "Yesterday we buried another old veteran, W. S. Smith, a member of Company B, Forty-Third Regiment, Mississippi Infantry, and an architect of this city."

DR. J. H. CURREY.

Among the honored names of the natives of Nashville and Davidson County few, if any, will leave a more lasting impress than that of Dr. John H. Currey. In November, 1902, Dr. Currey passed quietly away, having attained the age of seventy-one years.

To some men it is given to remain in the annals of public affairs, while others die with the consciousness that their influence has not extended beyond the boundary of a simple life, in which the hearts of family and friends have been warmed and inspired to loftier resolves. But the life of Dr. J. H. Currey is an exemplification of the possibility that a man can live usefully and honorably in public and private life and pass away mourned by all who came within his influence.

On May 7, 1861, he was united in marriage to Miss Mary T. Eastman, daughter of Mr. E. G. Eastman, who was editor of the *Union and American* at Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. Currey entered the service of the Confederate army as surgeon of the Ninth Georgia Battalion of Artillery, and was stationed at Lee and Walker hospitals, in Columbus, Ga., when the war ended. He was a member of Cheatham Bivouac, of Nashville, and always took a great interest in the organization. He was ever an interested friend of the VETERAN.

In June, 1877, he was appointed assistant postmaster, and filled this office until 1884. One year later he again became assistant postmaster under Gen. B. F. Cheatham, and in 1888 was made postmaster, which place he filled until September, 1899.

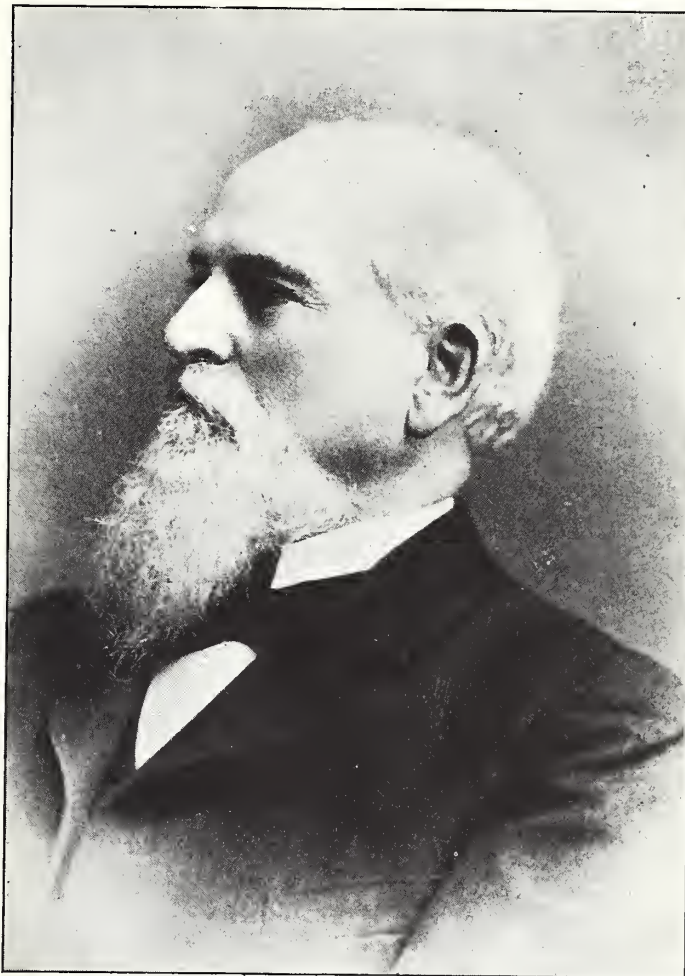
The deceased leaves a wife and eight children: Messrs. Eastman G., L. R., M. Duncan, and John H. Currey, Jr., Mrs. Lytton Taylor, Mrs. J. A. Hitchcock, and Miss Lucy Currey. Dr. Currey's business ability was of a high order, and in all relations of life he maintained a high standard. He was a devoted husband, an affectionate father, a true friend, a good neighbor, and an exemplary citizen.

R. W. EVANS.

W. A. Campbell, of Columbus, Miss., writes of the death of another gallant Confederate, Richard W. Evans, of Baird's Mills. He was a member of Company K, Fourteenth Mississippi Infantry, but was detailed as a "Whitworth Rifle Sharpshooter," and was among the most expert of that famous body. It is said that many a Federal soldier went down under his rifle. He brought his famous gun home with him, and it may yet be seen. The mother of this comrade, Mrs. H. W. Evans, is yet living, and is over ninety years of age.

Thomas O. Wilkerson was born February 15, 1845, and died September 22, 1902. In 1863 he enlisted in Company E, of Forrest's old regiment, and remained with it to the end, never missing a roll call or a duty. In 1865 only some seven or eight were left to return to their devastated homes. Comrade Wilkerson was faithful to duty in all relations of life. He was buried

by the Masons, of which he was a prominent member in his community. A wife and daughter survive him. His home was at Whiteville, Tenn.



DR. J. H. CURREY.

J. T. Hardaway, of Mount Vernon, Tex., desires information as well as the post office address of any one who knows anything concerning Capt. B. F. White, commander of White's Battery, which served in Gen. Wheeler's Cavalry and surrendered at Augusta, Ga. At the time of surrender Capt. White was in bed from the effects of rheumatism.

William Hargus died at Victoria, Miss., April 25, 1902. Comrade Hargus was a member of Company E, Second Regiment Missouri Cavalry (Col. Robert McCulloch), and was a gallant soldier. At the close of the war, with a number of others of that regiment, he settled in North Mississippi, and was a most useful and highly respected citizen.

A. M. Dunman died at Coleman, Tex., on the 1st of December, 1902, aged sixty-five years. During the war he was a member of Company K, Terry's Texas Rangers, having enlisted at Houston in March, 1862, and was a brave and gallant soldier. He was married in 1879 to Miss Anna Augusta Buck, who died in 1884. Four children survive.

BETHESDA.*

WHITEFIELD'S HOUSE OF MERCY.

BY BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD.

Here we find a history that gives a record of charity, courtesy, and chivalry that is unique. This booklet that lies before me as I write suggests this alliteration, for it is Christian charity, Christian courtesy, and Christian chivalry that I mean. This collocation makes a proper climax. There is such a quality as Christian chivalry, and it is seen in persons of heroic heredity still farther ennobled by the touch divine. Christian charity and Christian courtesy are flowers that bloom everywhere in the garden of God, without regard to sect or race. These are heroic and sacred scenes and figures that pass before us in these pages.

One of these figures is George Whitefield, the mighty field preacher and flaming evangelist whose voice reached and

us in history who had a voice that carried so far and stirred so deeply the hearts of men. Whitefield lived and preached before the days of steam and electricity, yet he went everywhere. He found the people expectant when he came among them,



COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

moved greater multitudes of souls than any other man of his generation, whose zeal was quenchless because it was a live coal from off the celestial altar. The Irish orator and popular leader, Daniel O'Connell, is perhaps the only man known to

*BETHESDA: A Historical Sketch of Whitefield's House of Mercy in Georgia; and of the Union Society, his Associate and Successor in Philanthropy. By Thomas Gamble. Savannah, Ga.: *Morning News* Print. 1820.



COL. J. H. ESTILL, PRESIDENT.

while he was with them he stirred their souls as with the breath of the Spirit, and left moral revolutions when he departed. His name was the synonym for tireless energy, unquenchable fervor, and an eloquence that was truly apostolic in its resistless power and wonderful effects. This continent shook under his tread. The echoes of his matchless voice were still in the air at a time within the recollection of this writer. This language will not be regarded as extravagant by any one who has had access to the contemporaneous records of Whitefield's journeyings and preachings in America.

The serene and saintly face of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, is recognized in these pages. By the bequest and earnest desire of Whitefield she became the benefactress of Bethesda, and to the institution she freely gave her prayers, her labors, and her money for many years. Her story will not be recited here, though it would present a rarely beautiful picture of a woman endowed with extraordinary gifts—rank, intellect, beauty, and feminine accomplishments—all of which she consecrated to the service of God and humanity.

The apostolic figure of John Wesley, and also that of Charles Wesley, the Christian poet, came into view in these pages. In fact, Charles Wesley originated the idea of founding this institution. "It was first proposed to me," said Whitefield, "by my dear friend Charles Wesley, who, with Gen. Oglethorpe, had concerted a scheme for carrying on such a design before I had any thought of going abroad myself." This is not the place to speak more at length with regard to the work of the Wesleys in America. They were coworkers with Whitefield; and, though differing in some points of theology, these differences did not repress their mutual affection nor excite any rivalry in their labors. The spirit in which they worked for the one cause that was equally dear to them all was charac-

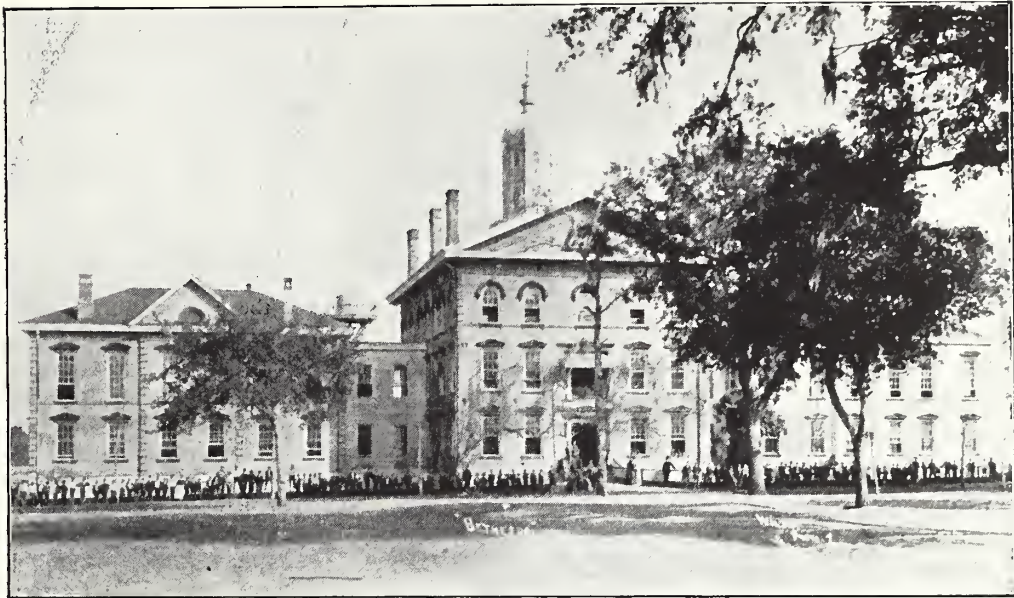
teristically illustrated by Whitefield in later years from the balcony of the courthouse in Philadelphia, when he cried out: "Father Abraham, whom have you in heaven? Any Episcopalians? 'No.' Any Presbyterians? 'No.' Any Baptists? 'No.' Have you any Methodists there? 'No.' Have you any Independents or Seceders? 'No; no.' Why, whom have you, then? 'We don't know those names here. All that are here are Christians, believers in Christ, men who have overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of his tes-

timony.' O, is this the case? Then God help me, God help us all, to forget party names and to become Christians in truth."

The date of the founding of the Bethesda orphanage—"Whitefield's House of Mercy"—was March 25, 1740, and it was the first institution of its kind in America. "The first brick was laid," says Whitefield in his journal, "in full assurance of faith, with the hope that it would be a house of mercy to many souls. The workmen attended, and with me kneeled down and prayed. After we had sung a hymn suitable to the occasion, I gave a word of exhortation to the laborers and commended them to work faithfully for God."

Henceforth the history of Bethesda reads like a romance. It had its ups and downs of fortune, good and ill, sharing the prosperity and adversity of the seasons as they came and went. It was planted in a friendly soil. Whitefield turned his speech into gold for its use; saintly souls blessed it with their prayers; kindly hearts watered it with the dews of heavenly charity from year to year. What a procession of noble spirits files before our minds as we glance over the names of those who have given their service or their substance to it—Bulloch, Bryan, Evans, Elliott, Telfair, Gwinnett, Estill, Milledge, Tatnall, Walton, Clay, Berrien, Cooper, Cunningham, Houstoun, Chaplin, Howell, Le Conte, Cohen, McAllister, Hebersham, Walker, and many others just as worthy of mention. "With such material among its membership," says the writer of this booklet, "it is not surprising that the society was able to accomplish much for the amelioration of those in whose behalf it had been instituted, or that it has handed down a record of which Savannah can well be proud." The "Society" referred to in this quotation is the Union Society that holds the Bethesda property in trust and administers its affairs.

One name stands out conspicuously among these, one face holds our gaze—that of Col. J. H. Estill, who has been president of its governing board for nearly a quarter of a century. It is a kindly face that looks out at us—kindly, yet marked with lines that to a mind reader reveal him as a man who thinks and loves to have his own way in matters that concern him. And somehow you feel that his way is apt to be the right way; you feel that you can trust both his head and his heart. We may take Col. Estill as a typical man in this connection, a man incapable of fear, with a heart whose kindness is as a river fed from the Fountain that never fails. I



BUILDINGS AS AT PRESENT USED FOR BETHESDA.

am tempted to linger over other names, but the length of this paper admonishes me that it is full time that I dismiss Bethesda with a benediction.

"ON THE FIELD OF HONOR."

To dignity of expression, reverence for the heroes whom she eulogizes, and careful handling of historic incident, Mrs. Annah Robinson Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., has more thoroughly established herself in the period of American literature which deals with the war between the States.

"On the Field of Honor," the dainty volume recently issued by Mrs. Watson, will become a rich source of reminiscent pleasure to the more mature, while for the young of both North and South it furnishes stories of heroes that bristle with incident, throb with pathos, and overflow with thrilling historical action. The writer's motive is clearly manifest in the title-page's epigram: "The food on which should be nourished heroes for the future is compounded of the heroic deeds of the past."

Mrs. Watson is not biased in selecting heroes for her book from a favorite section. There is a universality of appreciation about her work, and the sons and daughters of nearly every State in the Union will discover that the author has not forgotten: "There's glory enough for all."

Of the book Gen. James Grant Wilson, who served through the war in the Federal army, writes: "These delightful stories of some six and twenty young heroes of the Civil War are all founded on fact, and are a common heritage of a reunited country, for Mrs. Watson has written of Northern and Southern gallantry with perfect impartiality. No better book of Civil War stories, of courage and patriotism displayed by boys, has appeared than 'On the Field of Honor.'"

The Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* says of the book: "Mrs. Watson has not confined herself to the heroes in gray, but has given us some splendid examples of bravery by the boys in blue. Her purpose is to set before the youth of the land, for their emulation and respect, the brave deeds of American boys, no matter from what part of the country they came."

Mrs. Watson has also written a number of other works with which the readers of American literature are doubtless familiar. Among these are: "Some Notable Families of America," "A Royal Lineage," and a volume of poems entitled "Passion Flowers."

CONCERNING SOUTHERN IMMIGRATION.

THE CLASS OF IMMIGRANTS AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION.

The Tri-State League of Commercial Clubs was formed in New Orleans January 14, with delegates from commercial clubs and other commercial bodies from many large towns of Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas, and Alabama. In connection with this convention came a meeting of the Southeastern Passenger Agents' Association. The officers are: President, A. F. Thomasson, of Hattiesburg, Miss.; Vice Presidents, H. M. Mayo, of Texas, Charles Schuler, of Louisiana, and W. J. Milner, of Alabama; Secretary, Tom Richardson, of New Orleans.

Addresses were made by the general passenger agents of the big trunk lines which form a network over the South. Prominent among these General Passenger Agents were: A. H. Hanson, of the Illinois Central; S. H. Hardwick, of the Southern; E. P. Turner, of the Texas and Pacific; A. Hilton, of the 'Frisco; C. L. Stone, of the Louisville and Nashville; George H. Smith, of the New Orleans and Northeastern; and S. F. B. Mores, General Traffic Manager of the Southern Pacific. These addresses were all replete with the community of interest between the railroads and the communities of the South in the matter of immigration.

Mr. George H. Smith, of the Queen and Crescent, called the meeting to order, and explained its objects as follows:

"Never in the history of this country has the section of the South which we represent been so attractive to so many people as at present. Never before have so many people in the North been in position to make a change of base. The flush times have brought on a spirit of unrest, and great numbers of people are moving from the older States, where opportunities for further improvement have been practically exhausted, to newer and less thickly settled sections.

"The railroad people, recognizing in these conditions a favorable opportunity, have already begun the work and cleared the way. Very low round-trip rates are in effect from the North to this section for homeseekers' tickets, and on certain days each month colonist tickets are sold at a rate of only two dollars higher than one-half of the ordinary one-way rate, with the object of inducing as many settlers to come and bring their families as possible.

"There is lack of definite and accurate information which can be used in advertising, information regarding cost of lands, cost of preparing these for cultivation, what they will surely produce, that will pay a return which will warrant the Northern farmer in forsaking his old home and boyhood associates for a life among strangers; and it is hoped that this convention will result in bringing about the formation of local organizations in every county or parish of these three great States that will have for their object the compilation and dissemination of reliable information regarding all the advantages which may be possessed. If such organizations are formed, and will then, through a central or interstate organization, disseminate such information as may be of a character to be generally advantageous, there can be no doubt that a great work will be accomplished."

Mr. S. F. B. Morse, of the Southern Pacific, had under his escort Julius Bein, of New York, and Dr. Milton Whitney, Chief of the Bureau of Lands and Soils at Washington. Mr. Morse said that this visit of Dr. Whitney and Mr. Bein was of vast importance to the Southwest, and that they were only two of a thousand he had had the pleasure of escorting through the Southwest since July 1. The most wonderful development the world has ever known will take place in this God-blessed Southwestern country in the next four years. He spoke of what could be accomplished by harmony and coöperation.

With all the organizations and cities throughout this belt working together, wonderful things can be accomplished.

Dr. Whitney spoke of the present agricultural development in the Southwest. His work consists of having charge of the Bureau of Soils, classification of lands and reports on the character of crops adapted to them. He told of the introduction of Sumatra tobacco into Connecticut, under the direction of the Bureau. That tobacco is imported with a duty of \$1.25 a pound, and in Connecticut the Bureau produced a crop that sold for seventy-one cents a pound, and then got the coöperation of the farmers and put out forty acres under shade, and it sold for from \$1.20 to \$1.60 a pound, and the best bale sold for \$2.80 a pound. Then attention was devoted to producing the best filler. Americans spend \$8,000,000 a year for fillers from Cuba, and our domestic filler goes into the cheaper cigars. In Pennsylvania and Ohio the Bureau began to test the improvement of this tobacco. The Bureau was also attracted to the Southern tobacco, and soil surveys were being made in Texas, and he thought they had found the soil and the leaf that has the Cuban flavor, and, if it can be produced in sufficient quantities, it will revolutionize the domestic tobacco culture. The surveys have been extended along the whole Southern coast, but no definite results are so far ready for statement from the remainder of the territory. He believed the problem would be solved in the South.

The Bureau last year made a survey of 22,000,000 acres, and maps are now ready. A ten-acre field is the unit of measurement. Even the houses are represented by dots, and any man may pick out his home and determine the character of crop he can successfully produce.

Plans are developing for carrying on production in an extensive way throughout the world. The world is looking with wonder at the government giving \$5,000,000 for the development of agriculture. England is looking to our methods to improve conditions in Ireland and South Africa, so that she can be relieved from the American market.

Dr. Whitney said he had an application from England for an expert to go to South Africa at \$6,000 a year, but none of his men would go. England is making strenuous efforts to develop that region. Speaking of the value of the work, he said that in Connecticut the farmers were spending \$100 an acre, and making 100 per cent, and the government showed them that they could spend \$650 an acre and get a return of 100 per cent. This is causing great development, and the success of the enterprise is assured.

Mr. C. L. Stone, of the Louisville and Nashville, spoke in part as follows:

"The Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company has found it advisable to appoint an industrial and immigration agent. Such a man should be well able to handle the work intelligently, visit the different towns within his territory, and set forth the necessity of a local organization, to be formed on a practical basis. He should interest the people in the towns and cities so they can furnish the necessary funds to push the work. Our plan has been to encourage people to locate on the line of our road by setting forth the advantages of some particular locality, and we find that the welcome tendered by the old residents has more than anything else assisted in locating new settlers. . . . The Louisville and Nashville Railroad has advertising arrangements with 2,500 newspapers in the North and Northwest, and we carry in each of those papers an advertisement relating solely to the upbuilding of the South.

"It is advisable to get some expression from the people now living in the South, and who have been successful. An indorsement of that kind is worth a great deal, as it is an object

lesson to the people of the place where the man originally came from, and it makes some objective point to work upon.

"I have endeavored to point out the advantages of the South and the best methods, according to my idea, of working immigration. A great deal more could be said upon this subject. In fact, any one who had gone into the question at all could lecture for hours on it.

"There are great opportunities in the South for all classes of people, from the laborer to the capitalist. The railroad companies have for years been devising means of attracting people South. The South, with all its wonderful resources, awaits only the coming of capital and labor to make it the richest section of the world, and I feel that by our united action in this direction we shall accomplish results far beyond our expectations."

Mr. S. H. Hardwick, of the Southern Railroad, spoke extemporaneously, and in a fine, eloquent vein, saying:

"Standing guard on the most elevated bank of the southern side of the Potomac River, in stately grandeur, is Arlington, the former home of the immortal Robert E. Lee, keeping silent watch over the gateway between the North and the South, and I, for one, never cross over the 'Long Bridge' of the Potomac, either going or coming, that I do not turn toward Arlington and uncover my head, as my heart swells with reverence for this the greatest of all men, and I ever remember that in the sublimity of his great love for the South he said to his young men upon the occasion of the last grand review that it was now the plain duty of every one to go to work and aid in the upbuilding of our glorious country, and, in loyal allegiance to this heritage from our great chieftain, I have always endeavored to be true. So whatever concerns this highway, or in any way affects the South, or any part of it, is very dear to my heart, and immediately commands my spontaneous support.

"It is my own opinion that this transposition of any considerable portion of the inhabitants of the South from one State to another is not the best way nor the wisest method of promoting colonization, as this creates a spirit of unrest which causes our people to go out into even more remote sections; but I think all of the States in the South should stand together and bring into all of these States additional population, and that our efforts should be made a common one and a general one, rather than to go about among each other seeking a disturbance of the settled conditions as they actually exist in one State of the South for the purpose of leading these people out into some other State of the South.

"The Southern Railway Company has organized a 'Land and Industrial Department,' which has charge of this particular feature of the service. How wisely this was planned by our management, and how well this work is being done by the Southern Railway Company, is witnessed by the great increase in farming efforts and the immense industrial improvements and enormous development of the mining, milling, and manufacturing, which have sprung up almost like magic over the entire Southern Railway system. Wherever the Southern Railway has gone these evidences of prosperity are promptly created, and simultaneous with the appearance of the Southern Railway colonization has already begun and industrial development has received its impetus.

"Directly after the consolidation of the dozen or so independent but poverty-stricken railroads which are now owned and controlled by the Southern Railway Company, Mr. Samuel Spencer, President of that great corporation, has come to the rescue by providing the money and machinery for doing for the Southern people what for twenty years they had been making earnest but ineffectual efforts to do for themselves.

And these same people are beginning to realize what the Land and Industrial Agency of the Southern Railway means as a lever of prosperity. Besides being more comprehensive in scope and more complete in organization than that of any railroad in the United States (at least that is my opinion), the man who conducts it not only understands his business thoroughly, but attends to it with a zeal and enthusiasm that is beneficially contagious wherever he goes, and he goes all over the South every year, besides seeing in person and feeling the pulse of the home-changing class of the North, Northwest, and far West, so as to know just where to concentrate his forces."

A. H. Hanson, of the Illinois Central, read a most interesting paper, in which he said:

"The State of Louisiana, with 31,180,000 acres, strange as it may seem, had in cultivation during the year 1900 only 4,666,532 acres. Deducting 1,000,000 acres for inland water surface and 3,000,000 acres for seacoast marshes and lake lands, we have 22,513,470 acres of uncultivated tillable lands in a State having the advantage of a great market like the city of New Orleans within its borders—a city long since recognized as the metropolis and trade and industrial center of the South, and now the commercial gateway to the markets of the world.

"There are abundant indications that within a very few years every one of the millions of undeveloped acres in the South capable of producing any of the food products of this country will be in demand at double and quadruple the prices at which they are now held.

"The Southern lines have been too spasmodic in their advertising. Some have argued that no one could be expected to visit the South during the hot summer months, and hence the advertising has been suspended until the approach of winter. This is a mistake. The settling up of the South is too important to confine our advertising to anything less than three hundred and sixty-five days in the year for the next twenty years at least.

"While some general rules may be laid down as to how immigration may be worked successfully, yet there can be no stereotyped methods. One thing must be kept in mind in connection with this subject. Conventions, organizations, discussions, resolutions, and pretty invitations, unaided by hard and persistent work, will never settle up a country. The immigrant must be seen, convinced, and persuaded to buy his ticket. He must be shown lands adapted to the branch of farming in which he wishes to engage. If he be a manufacturer, mechanic, or artisan, he must have personally presented to him in an honest and intelligent manner the business, social, educational, and religious advantages of the city or town in which he is to locate. In fact, there is no royal road to success in securing immigration. It means continuous work and persistent advertising.

"In conclusion, permit me to say that while the railroad companies are expected to advertise the agricultural resources of the South, and to send agents into the Northern States who will personally solicit immigration to the Southern States in which they are particularly interested, yet there is an important work to be done by the Commercial Clubs of the South. Immigration and industries go hand in hand. There is not a city or town represented in this convention that has not, at its very door, something in the way of raw material that could and should be manufactured at home. The city of New Orleans, by reason of its close proximity to timber, oil, and coal, with fuel at a nominal cost, should become the industrial center of this continent for every article manufactured from wood, cotton, and their by-products. These industrial advantages should be published to the world simultaneously with the advertising of the South's agricultural advantages by the railroads members of the Southeastern Passenger Association."

Mr. E. P. Turner, General Passenger Agent of the Texas and Pacific, was introduced, and said he felt happy. It was human nature for a man to be happy over a success. He had taken some speakers there to cover the ground, and he was glad to see they had more than equaled his expectations. He said that when the Progressive Union was formed he knew it meant a new era of aggressiveness for New Orleans, and her prosperity was no surprise. He was a bit selfish. When the Gould system got up a pamphlet advertising the Gould systems he felt a bit jealous. He wanted immigration, and he wanted it along the line of the Texas and Pacific. So he got up a pamphlet about Texas, on the Texas and Pacific, and advertised it all over the country. He did not ask for applicants to send postage, because he did not think a railroad ought to do that. He was much happier if his postage bill was \$1,000 than if it was \$100. The result was that the Rio Grande Division of the Texas and Pacific Passenger Department was now paying handsomely. He was now getting up a pamphlet about Louisiana, on the Texas and Pacific, and hoped to accomplish something with it. He was deeply interested in getting home-seekers' rates; and now that he had gotten them, he hoped to see much immigration brought this way. Several roads were in this, and they would all spend in the neighborhood of \$50,000 in advertising this rate.

Mr. Alex Hinton, of the 'Frisco system, said he believed that the possibilities of Louisiana and Mississippi were increased by the fact that the 'Frisco was building through them, and that the road was ready to help push along the good work that had been started before they came in. He considered that the Association was very fortunate in having on the platform so many distinguished passenger agents capable of solving the problem, if they would only get together. What was needed was coöperation. Let the passenger men and the business men get together, and they will accomplish the desired end. He reiterated that the St. Louis and San Francisco was with the people heart and soul, and that it was already preparing to bring thousands of people to these States.

Mr. S. F. B. Morse, of the Southern Pacific, was greeted with the usual cordiality, for New Orleans audiences always like to hear him. He said in part:

"It is only during late years that any set attempt has been made to attract settlers from one portion of this country to another. For years the influx of Germans, English, Swedes, Italians, and others of the countries of Europe has been considered sufficient to satisfy the demands from the standpoint mentioned of the various sections of the South.

"Being in close touch as I have for the past four or five years with that class of immigration which has come into Southwest Louisiana and into Texas, I have given attention directly and continuously to the various propositions set forth in this subject. The lines I represent have, in the time mentioned, spent not less than \$200,000 in manifesting the agricultural advantages of the two States. As a result of this condition, 2,000,000 acres of land have been sold along the lines of the Southern Pacific in Louisiana and Texas during the past twelve months, and fully \$10,000,000 has been actually invested in their development.

"Immigration, in order to produce the best results, should be of the best character. To-day we are spreading the propaganda of Louisiana and Texas among the most intelligent and thrifty class of farmers in the United States. Many of the old men are coming, three times as many of the young ones; and they come prepared to purchase, and thus become a part of the body politic, interested at once in the institution of their new locations and eager and anxious to participate in all the various problems which have to be solved in developing new areas.

"The railroads have always been in the front rank in the matter of advertising sections or locations. I would suggest that a much greater benefit would follow the efforts of the railroads if the communities themselves would rally to the standard of development and supplement the efforts of the roads by advertising the peculiarities, attractions, facilities, etc., of their own individual towns or counties. A few hundred dollars judiciously expended in proper literature, calling attention to local attractions, will frequently result in almost unmeasured good. The publicity which has been given to the fact that New Orleans will exempt from taxation for a period of years manufacturing enterprises established within a settled time has possibly advertised New Orleans more than any other one thing that could have obtained.

"Communities are in themselves the very best immigration agents, provided their energies are directed into the proper channels. With a few dollars contributed by the business interests, attractive literature could be compiled, printed, and distributed in the same manner as it is handled by the railroads, but differing from it by giving a mass of detailed information concerning projects, land values, conveniences, etc., common to that particular section.

"It is impossible to give too much attention to proper advertising. There are millions of people who are anxiously looking for information, and it is with a view of supplying this want that literature is printed for distribution. It is not wise to begin a campaign and exhaust one's fertility of ideas and capital at the onset. Rather is it better to devote advertising expenditure and efforts in homeopathic doses, as it were, and by suggestion convince your readers that you have the best country and climate under God's blue sky; and this about Louisiana and Texas would be as near correct as advertising literature ever becomes.

"Manufacturing is a second force which closely follows immigration. As communities become more populous and the centers of civilization expand, the necessity increases with the days, and it becomes urgent, in order to determine in full the economy of human effort, that establishments for the manufacture of articles in daily use, either for the homestead or for the agriculturist, be made a feature of the community. Without the location of these industries, the full intent of community life is in a measure destroyed, and it is not possible to produce in the raw constantly and purchase the finished manufactured articles form interests which have no direct connection save in a pecuniary way, and enjoy the prosperity which natural conditions and resources seem to indicate. The elaboration of railroad facilities tends toward the institution of factories.

"Louisiana and Texas, aside from several exceptions, are not enjoying the full fruits of what they possess. New Orleans contains over two thousand manufacturing or industrial plants, which employ large numbers of people, and which are to-day the greatest contributing features to the prosperity which the cities of the East and Middle West enjoy.

"The new millennium is not far off. The next decade will witness thousands of agriculturists and artisans scattered throughout the most productive sections of Louisiana and Texas. They have come to stay, and they have become part and parcel of the two great States. In them we view our new citizens, and feel that the destinies of our favored land will be made even brighter by this accretion of immigration. We welcome them; we want them.

A vote of thanks was tendered the general passenger agents on motion of Mr. Cunningham, and the meeting adjourned.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

BACK NUMBERS OF VETERAN can be furnished at fifty cents per dozen. They are especially valuable for historic data. The engravings and sketches are well worth the price.

HANCOCK'S DIARY

includes a history of Forrest's Cavalry for the last fifteen months of the war. R. R. Hancock was a member of Bell's Brigade, Buford's Division of Forrest's Cavalry. The book is bound in cloth and contains 644 octavo pages. Price, single copy, \$2. This book and the VETERAN one year, \$2.

Address CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

THE VETERAN INDEX.

The VETERAN purposes preparing an index for each number of the ten volumes already issued, and parties desiring the complete index are requested to send orders for the same. The price of the complete set (ten pamphlets) will not exceed one dollar—the exact amount to be determined by the number of orders received. Sufficient orders may insure the delivery of complete set at fifty cents.

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Along the Cotton Belt Route—land that can be bought for \$2 to \$5 an acre and up—cut-over timber ground that makes good grazing land, furnishing range ten or eleven months of the year, farming land for corn, wheat, oats, cotton—some of it peculiarly adapted to quick growth and early maturity of fruits and vegetables, such as peaches, pears, plums, strawberries, tomatoes, potatoes, onions, cabbage, melons—finding good markets in the north at fancy prices, on account of excellence of quality and earlier maturity than in other sections. An ideal place for the man of small means—cheap fuel, cheap building material, long growing seasons, short, mild winters—a land of sunshine and plenty. Let us send you literature descriptive of this country.

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of Southeast Missouri, Arkansas, and N. W. Louisiana," "Through Texas with a Camera," "Fortunes in Growing Fruits and Vegetables," "The Diversifier," a fruit and growers' journal.

On first and third Tuesdays of each month the Cotton Belt Route will sell one-way tickets from St. Louis, Thebes, Cairo, and Memphis, to points in Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas, at half the one-way rate plus \$2, or round trip tickets at one fare for the round trip plus \$2, allowing stop-over going, and twenty-one days return limit.

For full information, address W. G. Adams, Traveling Passenger Agent, Nashville, Tenn.

"SOUTHLAND STORIES."

Under this title, Dr. James B. Hodgkin, of Virginia, has in contemplation the publication of a number of beautiful stories picturing the home life scenes of the most eventful period of our history. It is well to preserve such literature as best depicts that delightful life, for no hand of the later generation may or can tell its story. If it had the shadow of slavery over it, its women were gentle and pure and its men noble and strong, untouched by the commercialism of this day. Those who knew the old South feel an interest in any literature which preserves its memory.

Dr. Hodgkin has been a voluminous writer for the journals of the profession to which has life has been devoted—dentistry. In the last few years, and during convalescence from long periods of illness, he turned his attention to lighter literature, writing at intervals the stories comprised in this collection. Those who have had an opportunity of reading them know with what grace and humor he has told these stories. The life of master and slave, with the many tender ties between, has its place in our history as nowhere else, and Dr. Hodgkin has preserved for us, with a peculiar faithfulness as well as grace, much of this old master and slave devotion.

The volume will be published by the *Journal*, of Manassas, Va., or orders can be addressed to Dr. Hodgkin at the same place.

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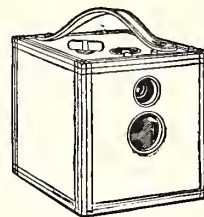
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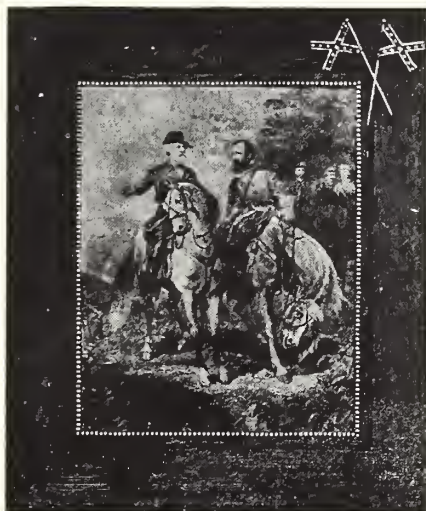
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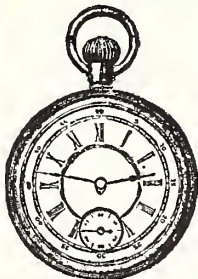
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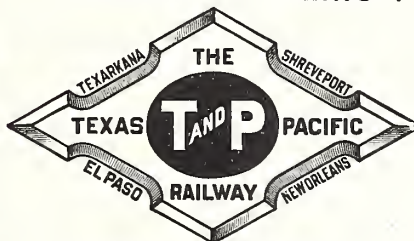


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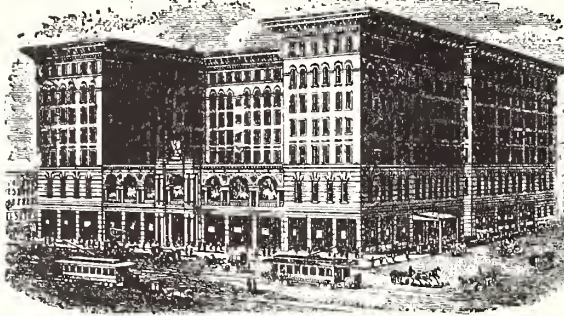
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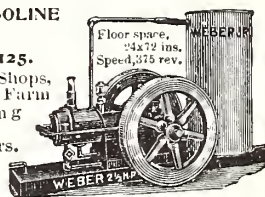
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Report on the Candalarid Group of Claims, Maricopa County, Brown Mining District, Ariz., Acquired by the Confederate Mining Co.

ASSAYING, ANALYSES. WORKING TESTS.		GEO. S. ANDRUS. MINING ENGINEER.		P. O. BOX 123. GLOBE, ARIZ., Oct 31 1902	
Assayed for Mr. <i>Theo. Crandall - Mgr. C. M. Co</i>					
Office No.	OWNER'S MARKS.	PER TON OF 2,000 LBS.		PER CENT.	PER CENT.
		Ounce Gold,	Ounces Silver	COPPER.	LEAD.
1	No 1	120			
2	" 2	Dr	1 1/2	23.7	
3	" 3	Dr	2 1/2	15.7	
4	" 4	Dr	1 1/2	19.8	
5	" 5	Dr	0 1/2	20.8	
CHARGES					
10.00					
less 15% 1.50					
8.50					

Geo. S. Andrus

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No. 1. Gold ore, from 64-foot shaft, taken from top to bottom and across, and is below the fair average run of mine. This sample shows 12-100 oz. of gold, or \$2.40 per ton. From Chicopee.

No. 2. Copper ore, from 64-foot shaft, silver 1 6-10 oz., and copper 23.7 per cent, not counting silver value, worth \$52.10 per ton. From Chicopee.

No. 3. Open cut Chicopee lead, silver 2 4-10 oz., copper 15.7 per cent, worth \$34.54 per ton.

No. 4. Sample of ore dump, from 10-foot shaft on bearing wall of Chicopee lead, silver 1 4-10 oz., copper 19.8 per cent, worth \$43.56 per ton.

No. 5. Average sample ore dump, Monitor shaft and open cut, silver 8-10 oz., copper 20.8 per cent, worth \$45.76 per ton.

The copper value is figured at 11 cents per lb., and the gold at \$20 per ounce. Work is progressing nicely on this and the Reno Group.

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Personal to Subscribers and Readers of the Confederate Veteran.

WE WILL SEND to every subscriber, or reader, or worthy person recommended by a subscriber, of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitæ-Ore, by mail, postpaid, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicine he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. Vitæ-Ore is a natural, hard, adamant, rocklike substance—mineral—Ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidation. It is a geological discovery, to which nothing is added and from which nothing is taken. It is the marvel of the century for curing disease, as thousands testify and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using.

Vitæ-Ore will do the same for you as it has done for hundreds of readers of this paper, if you will give it a trial. Send for a \$1 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose if the medicine does not benefit you. We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit. Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try Vitæ-Ore on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say in this announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so that we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterwards the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. You must not write on a postal card. Address,

THEO. NOEL CO., VETERAN DEPT., Vitæ-Ore Bldg., **Chicago, Ill.**

Send Addresses for Sample Copies. Commend the Veteran to Friends.

Vol. II

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1903

No. 3

Confederate Veteran



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE—GLORIA VICTIS. (See Page 133.)

PRIZES OF \$50 AND \$10 IN GOLD FOR YOU!

An award of \$10 in gold will be given to any person who uses a bottle of GREGORY'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL, without healing results, when bitten by a serpent or mad dog. ✂ If directions are followed and medicine is applied within fifteen minutes after wound is inflicted, without favorable results, I will give \$50 in gold as soon as facts are established.

IT RELIEVES AND CURES MORE AILMENTS IN SHORTER TIME THAN ANYTHING KNOWN.

The hunter and the fisherman may defy the mosquito, the gnat, the moccasin, and cotton-mouth snake, which live about the lakes and swamps. The preacher, if he uses this Oil, may repose himself where the aged bedbug has not had a taste of good blood in a decade. The lawyer or the drummer, who has fought many bloody battles in antiquated hotels, has only to spray his face, hands, and feet with a few drops of GREGORY'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL, on going to bed, to get sweet, dreamless slumber through the night.

It neutralizes the poison from the bites and stings of insects and serpents, so that no harm comes to the would-be sufferer. It cures all pains about the body, such as Toothache, Earache, Headache, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Backache, etc., in a few minutes. Cures Colic in man or horse in one to three minutes. All Burns, Cuts, Wounds, and Bruises cease to give pain in a few minutes after it is used, and wounds of the flesh heal without inflaming or forming a sore on either man or beast. It is an almost infallible cure for Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, Flux, etc.

In horses it cures Blind Staggers, Fistula, Poll Evil, Foot Evil, Collar, Saddle, and Harness Bumps and Wounds. It cures Splint, Wind Galls, Bighead, Bigjaw, Sweeny, Warts, Wens, etc. Nothing better in the poultry yard or pigpen. It cures Cholera in hogs and chickens; destroys lice and mites. Cures Roup in chickens and Loin Worms in hogs. Cures Cough from Distemper, or Epizootics in horses.

Cures Coughs in man in a few minutes. Keeps down pain and Cough in Pneumonia and Consumptives. Relieves Hoarseness in a few minutes. Cures Tonsillitis and Sore Throats readily. Several persons given up to die of Consumption claim to have been cured by this Oil.

We have thousands of letters from all over the country, wherever this medicine has been used, voluntarily claiming cures for all these ailments and more, many of whom write to thank us for placing the Antiseptic Healing Oil within their reach. It would require volumes to print all the letters we have on file, every one speaking in terms of praise of the Oil.

Our Guarantee: Buy a bottle, use half its contents for several of the ailments named in the list, and, if not satisfied, return to party from whom you bought and get your money back. All persons who handle this Oil are authorized to pay back when above conditions are complied with, and charge to us.

This is to certify that we have been acquainted with C. H. Gregory several years, and we have ever found him reliable and of unblemished character.

T. J. BULLION, County Clerk, } Conway, Ark.,
J. H. HARTJE, Deputy Clerk, } Faulkner Co.
J. M. C. VAUGHTER, Circuit Clerk, }

Any letter addressed to us, inclosing stamp, will be promptly answered.

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF GREGORY'S HEALING OIL.

J. A. Husbands, dealer in staple and fancy groceries, Arkadelphia, Ark., who has bought and sold several gross of Gregory's Antiseptic Healing Oil, sends an order November 2, 1901, and says:

Dear Brother: Ship at once one gross Healing Oil. With me it is just as staple as sugar and coffee. Have yet to hear any one who has used it speak other than in its praise. It is a great seller, and will be still better as its true merits are found out by the people generally. It has wrought wonders in many places here. Some of my customers use it for every ill flesh is heir to.

Yours,

J. A. HUSBANDS.

Best medicine I ever saw for all pains, aches, cramps, neuralgia, and for diseases in horses. One bottle cured our horse of a bad case of fistula. We use and sell it. The Healing Oil sells well. It gives universal satisfaction.

M. J. GORE, Holland, Ark.

Have been a druggist and practicing physician for sixteen years. Have sold all the best liniments on the market. Your Antiseptic Healing Oil sells better than all, and gives universal satisfaction.

C. J. HAMILTON,

Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Conway, Ark.

I have put your Antiseptic Oil to every test possible. It does all you claim for it.

DR. J. T. SIMMONS,
Sherman, Tex.; now of Denton, Tex.

CLINE, ARK., November 6, 1902.
Your Healing Oil is the most wonderful medicine we have ever had in this country.

MRS. M. J. STONE.

Best thing I ever saw. I use it in my family and among my stock in preference to anything I have ever used.

C. A. GRIFFITH, Mayflower, Ark.

A BIG TOE THAT WAS CUT OFF, BONE AND ALL.—In the spring of 1902, while chopping, I cut my big toe off, except the skin and a small piece of flesh on the bottom. Wife and I bound it up and poured Gregory's Antiseptic Healing Oil on it. I suffered no pain from the wound, and in two weeks commenced to follow the plow, and worked through the crop without suffering. We think it the greatest thing for suffering humanity in the world. Write me, inclosing stamp, if you wish this statement reaffirmed.

J. R. HOLMES, Conway, Ark.

To any druggist, merchant, or citizen who will send \$3 cash with order I will ship three dozen bottles of ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL on trial. If it does not give satisfaction, I will refund your money. This proposition closes in 60 days from March 1, 1903.

Address REV. C. H. GREGORY, Conway, Ark.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month before it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR, } VOL. XI.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1903.

No. 3. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

The universal recognition of the general loss and sorrow that the U. C. V. and the South have sustained in the death of Gen. George Moorman has been made manifest in the number and quality of resolutions of Camps and Chapters received by the VETERAN. Did space allow, these resolutions from every section would be printed in full, and their failure to appear is entirely due to the reason given.

HOUSTON, TEX., TO ENTERTAIN VETERANS.—With her usual patriotic spirit, Houston, Tex., is making extensive arrangements to furnish refreshments to Western veterans on their way to the New Orleans reunion in May. On February 24 there was a large and interested meeting of various citizens' organizations in Houston, including business men and fraternal and patriotic orders. It was decided to make thorough preparation to entertain the passing veterans without delay or confusion. A barbecue is to be served to those who can remain over for a day. The meeting was called to order by Col. Phil Fall, while Capt. William Christian and F. N. Gray were elected temporary chairman and secretary.

VIRGINIA SCHOOL HISTORIES.—An animated book war is soon to be waged in Virginia, and zest will be added to the contest by the introduction of at least one new history, prepared by the scholarly Prof. Henry White, formerly of Washington and Lee University. The History Committee of the Grand Camp of Virginia will oppose any attempt to put Fiske's history on the list, and the removal of a book already on the list may be effected on the same grounds of objection raised against the Fiske history. The new board will consist of the Governor, the Attorney-General, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction; also President Lyon G. Tyler, of William and Mary; Prof. Charles W. Kent, of the University of Virginia; Superintendent W. A. Bowles, of the Deaf and Dumb Hospital, Staunton; and a county and city superintendent. After preparation of the foregoing, a copy of the Grand Division U. C. V. of Virginia has been received from James Magill, Commander of one of the Virginia brigades.

REUNION SUGGESTIONS.

A member of the Harvey Scouts sends the following from the headquarters, New Orleans, La.:

"Preparations for the Confederate reunion appear to be progressing very slowly, and a little information as to what a company of cavalry is doing may interest the readers of the VETERAN. Harvey Scouts, attached to Jackson's Cavalry, have rented the third floor of 116 Exchange Alley, in which they

have placed wire cots, mattresses, pillows, sheets, mosquito bars, and other conveniences. Here the veterans can sleep and refresh themselves. The privileges of the place will be extended to the members of the company, free of charge. An invitation has been sent to the negroes who went out as servants to the boys. Should all Camps accept the course inaugurated by the Harvey Scouts, a fuller attendance would be insured."

LECTURE FOR SOUTH'S CHIEF MONUMENT.

Through the enthusiasm and wide-awake interest of Mrs. Margaret Davis Hayes, Mr. Gilbert McClurg, of Colorado Springs, has generously consented to lecture without remuneration in many of the Southern cities for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund.

Mr. McClurg possesses broad knowledge and has marked ability as a public speaker. Those who have heard his lecture, "Peak, Pass and Plain," descriptive of Colorado's history, romance, legend, and scenery, which he illustrates with two hundred brilliantly and artistically colored stereopticon views, speak of it with unstinted praise. The San Francisco *Chronicle* said of it: "Mr. McClurg lectured for two hours, with but one short intermission, and not one minute lagged."

With an abundance of sympathy in the great work undertaken by the U. D. C.'s, Mr. McClurg is desirous of corresponding with the various Chapters of the South, and hopes to arrange his engagements so that he may be ready by June to lecture in Memphis, Little Rock, Birmingham, Mobile, Nashville, Atlanta, Savannah, Charleston, and one or two Texas cities.

Communications should be sent to Mr. Gilbert McClurg at Colorado Springs, his home address; or, Toledo, Ohio, March 17, and University of Virginia, April 2.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT EVANSVILLE, IND.—The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of which Mrs. J. R. Ferguson is President, has recently purchased a beautiful lot in Oak Hill Cemetery, at Evansville, Ind., where, at the earliest day possible, a monument will be erected to the Confederate soldiers who died in the Evansville hospitals and whose graves are unmarked and unknown. The ladies of this Chapter have worked in the face of great discouragements, owing to the lack of local coöperation and sympathy, and they earnestly request contributions from Chapters enjoying greater prosperity. The VETERAN suggests that this Chapter exercise diligence in procuring from old records the names that they may secure their proportion of government appropriation for making graves.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP, NEW YORK.

The thirteenth annual banquet of the Confederate Camp of New York brought together at Waldorf-Astoria, on January 26, many of the most distinguished Southerners residing in the great metropolis. Maj. Edward Owen, Commander of the Camp, presided. Mayor Low was seated on his right, with Mr. Charles Francis Adams next, and Mr. Henry Watterson on his left. In addition to four hundred guests seated at the tables, perhaps as many more occupied the balconies to hear the speaking. Though the speeches of Mr. Watterson and Mr. William Hepburn Russell on Lincoln and Jefferson Davis elicited much enthusiasm, the more lengthy address of Mr. Charles Francis Adams on Robert E. Lee proved the memorable feature of the occasion.

Referring to the banquet, and giving his impressions of the evening, Mr. Adams wrote the following to Maj. Owen:

"BOSTON, MASS., January 27, 1903.

"My Dear Maj. Owen: It only remains for me to say that I had a very pleasant evening, and brought away with me most gratifying recollections of it. For what can fairly be called elegance, the entertainment exceeded anything of the sort I have ever been present at before. The effect of the whole assembly, with the balconies filled with ladies in full evening dress, was something not to be forgotten. The cordiality also of my own reception will remain with me as one of the agreeable recollections of life, and as proof positive, if such were necessary, of the utter disappearance, in the generation which took part in it, of the feelings which preceded the Civil War and were necessarily engendered by it."

EXTRACTS FROM MR. ADAMS'S ADDRESS.

At this banquet, given in honor of the memory of Robert E. Lee, I am asked to respond to a sentiment in his honor, and, without reservation, I do so; for, as a Massachusetts man, I see in him exemplified those lofty elements of personal character which, typifying Virginia, made Washington possible. The possession of such qualities by an opponent cannot but cause a thrill of satisfaction from the sense that we also, as foes no less than as countrymen, were worthy of him and of those whom he typified. It was a great company, that old original thirteen; and in the front rank of that company Virginia, Massachusetts, and South Carolina stood conspicuous. So I recognize a peculiar fellowship between them—the fellowship of those who have both contended shoulder to shoulder and fought face to face.

This, however, is of the past. Its issues are settled, never to be raised again. But no matter how much we may discuss the rights and wrongs of a day that is dead—its victories and defeats—one thing is clear beyond dispute: victor and vanquished, Confederate and Unionist, the descendants of those who between 1861 and 1865 wore the gray and of those who wore the blue, enter as essential and as equal factors into the national life which now is and in the future is to be. Not more so Puritan and Cavalier in England, the offsprings of Cromwell and Stafford's descendants. With us, as with them, the individual exponents of either beside came in time common property and equally the glory of all.

So I am here this evening, as I have said, a Massachusetts man as well as a member of the Loyal Legion, to do honor to the memory of him who was chief among those once set in array against us. Of him what shall I say? Essentially a soldier, as a soldier Robert E. Lee was a many-sided man. I might speak of him as a strategist, but of this aspect of the man enough has, perhaps, been said; I might refer to the respect, the confidence, and love with which he inspired those

under his command; I might dilate on his restraint in victory, his resource and patient endurance in the face of adverse fortune, the serene dignity with which he in the end triumphed over defeat. But, passing over all these well-worn themes, I shall confine myself to that one attribute of his which, recognized in a soldier by an opponent, I cannot but regard as his surest and loftiest title to enduring fame. I refer to his humanity in arms, and his scrupulous regard for the most advanced rules of civilized warfare.

As an American, as an ex-soldier of the Union, as one who did his best in honest, even fight to destroy that fragment of the army of the Confederacy to which he found himself opposed, I rejoice that no such hatred attaches to the name of Lee. Reckless of life to attain the legitimate ends of war, he sought to mitigate its horrors. Opposed to him at Gettysburg, I, here, forty years later, do him justice. No more creditable order ever issued from a commanding general than that formulated and signed by Robert E. Lee as, at the close of June, 1863, he advanced on a war of invasion.

"No greater disgrace," he then declared, "can befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenseless, and the wanton destruction of private property. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army, and destructive of the ends of our movement. It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men."

[Dr. J. William Jones, Chaplain General U. C. V., wisely calls attention to the paragraph quoted above, which Mr. Adams might have quoted more fully, to the further credit of Lee: "The original order has, after 'the perpetration of barbarous outrages on the innocent and defenseless,' this very significant addition: 'And the wanton destruction of private property



MAJ. EDWARD OWEN.

that has marked the course of the enemy in our country.' And after the sentence 'It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men' Gen. Lee adds: 'And that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth and without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain.'—Ed.]

And here, as a soldier of the Army of the Potomac, let me bear my testimony to such of the Army of Northern Virginia as may now be present. While war at best is bad, yet its necessary and unavoidable badness was not in that campaign enhanced. In scope and spirit Lee's order was observed; and I doubt if a hostile force ever advanced in an enemy's country, or fell back from it in retreat, leaving behind it less cause for hate and bitterness than did the Army of Northern Virginia in that memorable campaign which culminated at Gettysburg. Because he was a soldier Lee did not feel it incumbent upon him to proclaim himself a brute, or to exhort his followers to brutality.

I have paid my tribute. One more word and I have done. Some six months ago, in a certain academic address at Chicago, I called to mind the fact that a statue of Oliver Cromwell now stood in the yard of the Parliament House in London, close to the historic hall of Westminster, from the roof of which his severed head had once looked down. Calling to mind the strange changes of feeling evinced by the memory of that grinning skull and the presence of that image of bronze—remembering that Cromwell, once traitor and regicide, stood now conspicuous among England's worthiest and most honored—I asked: "Why should it not also in time be so with Lee? Why should not his effigy, erect on his charger and wearing the insignia of his Confederate rank, gaze from his pedestal across the Potomac at the Virginia shore and his once dearly beloved home of Arlington? He too is one of the precious possessions of what is an essential factor in the nation that now is and is to be."

My suggestion was met by an answer to which I would not make reply. It was objected that such a memorial was to be provided for from the national treasury and that Lee, educated at West Point, holding for years the commission of the United States, had borne arms against the nation. The rest I will not here repeat. The thing was pronounced impossible.

Now let me here explain myself. I never supposed that Robert E. Lee's statue in Washington would be provided for by an appropriation from the national treasury. I did not wish it. I do not think it fitting. Indeed, I do not rate high statues erected by act of Congress and paid for by public money. They have small significance. Least of all would I suggest such a one in the case of Lee. Nor was it so with Cromwell. His effigy is a private gift, placed where it is by act of Parliament. So, when the time is ripe, should it be with Lee—and the time will come. When it does come, the effigy, assigned to its place merely by act of Congress, should bear some such inscription as this:

ROBERT EDWARD LEE,

Erected by Contribution

Of Those Who,

WEARING THE BLUE OR WEARING THE GRAY,
Recognize Brilliant Military Achievements and
Lofty Character, Honor, Greatness, and Hu-
manity in War, and Devotion and Dignity in
DEFEAT.

A MONUMENT TO LEE.

What need hath he for monument of stone,
High marble shaft or stately mausoleum,
Or any sculptor's touch or poet's dream?
He is a monument unto himself alone.

He stood, among his fellow-men, a king,
Crowned by the halo of his noble deeds;
Admired of all, save men of lesser breeds,
Who had not souls to grasp so grand a thing.

Adown the echoing eons that have been,
And ever on, till ages cease to be,
Carved on the Shaft of Time, the name of Lee,
With many other glorious names, is seen.

When mothers' tongues no more shall make his name
A synonym of manhood's highest mold,
And throbbing hearts his memory cease to hold,
We'll need an obelisk to laud his fame.

—Mary Kent Ridley, in *Times-Dispatch*.

RECENT G. A. R. RESOLUTIONS.

The Lincoln Post, G. A. R., of Topeka, Kan., passed strong resolutions in condemnation of the Lee memorial services by the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York. It demurred to many things, and noted as the "crowning infamy" the association of the names of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, and states: "This is the first instance where the arch-traitor, Jefferson Davis, has been eulogized on Northern soil." The resolutions are in part as follows:

"*Commander*: Your committee appointed to prepare and present a suitable expression of the convictions of the members of this post, relative to the eulogies on the life and characters of Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis, the traitors, in comparison with the glorious patriotism and statesmanship of humanity's champion, Abraham Lincoln, and to the disloyal proposition to erect monuments to Robert E. Lee on the battlefield at Gettysburg, and in statutory hall in the national capitol at Washington, D. C., beg leave to submit a memorial to our comrades and the patriots of this nation.

"Not a whit shall be taken from the many private virtues of Lee, for these are always praiseworthy, but are the common inheritance and possession of the vast majority of American citizens. With his public career we find fault—educated at the expense of the American people, he fought well as a subordinate officer; but with all his scholarly attainments, worldly experience, and observation, he learned nothing of the genius and spirit of American institutions. At the first overture he proved a traitor and took command of armed traitors to destroy the best government on earth and extinguish the last effort at self-government. His act was no sudden ebullition of feeling, but was done after mature deliberation.

"No veteran of the war of the rebellion has any fear of the verdict of posterity on the merits of that mightiest of the world's conflicts. The time will come when the descendants of the late rebels in arms will be silent as to their ancestry, or deny lineage from such. When all participants are in their graves and cold, historical facts are studied without prejudice or passion, pæons of praise will exalt the boys in blue and condemn the leaders of the boys in gray.

"*Resolved*: 1. That Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis and most of the commanders of the traitors' rebellion, educated and trained by the government they had sworn to support

and defend at the peril of their lives, by their rebellion were both traitors and perjurers.

"2. That we protest in unmeasured terms against the placing of any monuments, tablets, or other memorials upon United States grounds or buildings to commemorate the deeds of those who tried to destroy this Union, and we urge our Senators and Representatives to vote against any such desecration.

"3. Commander in Chief Stewart is hereby urged to issue a memorial to each department of the G. A. R. and, through each of them, to each post throughout the national jurisdiction, urging them to take action upon the proposed desecration of properties belonging to the United States."

GEN. GARNET WOLSELEY'S TRIBUTE.

Recurring to the G. A. R. resolutions, men who seek to minimize greatness should not be influenced by party or sectional choler. After the dust of controversy has cleared away, the grandchildren of Lee's few maligners will read and approve the language of Gen. Garnet Joseph Wolseley's memorable tribute to Lee.

During the war between the States Lord Wolseley, who was Commander in Chief of the armies of Great Britain, which position he held until succeeded by Lord Roberts, was a guest for some time at the headquarters of Gen. Lee, and he afterwards said of him:

"The fierce light which beats upon the throne is as a rush-light in comparison with the electric glare which our newspapers now focus upon the public man in Lee's position. His character has been subjected to that ordeal, and who can point to a spot upon it? His clear, sound judgment, personal courage, untiring activity, genius for war, absolute devotion to his State, mark him out as a public man, as a patriot to be forever remembered by all Americans. His amiability of disposition, deep sympathy with those in pain or sorrow, his love for children, nice sense of personal honor and general courtesy, endeared him to all his friends. I shall never forget his sweet, winning smile, nor his clean, honest eyes that seemed to look into your heart while they searched your brain. I have met with many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mold and made of metal different from and finer than that of all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as being apart from and superior to all others in every way, a man with whom none I ever knew and few of whom I have read are worthy to be classed. When all the angry feelings aroused by the secession are buried with those that existed when the American Declaration of Independence was written; when Americans can review the history of their last great war with calm impartiality—I believe that all will admit that Gen. Lee towered far above all men on either side in that struggle. I believe he will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy, but as the greatest American of the nineteenth century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen."

A comrade "on the road," February 18, 1903, makes complaint at the failure of an article to appear, and states that if it has been mislaid he "will write again" on the appearance of a note in the VETERAN. In utter ignorance of the import of the article referred to, this is the only way to express the fact and to assure him of no intentional neglect.

THE SOUTH: ITS RUINS.

Father Ryan, the author of "The Conquered Banner," delivered a lecture in Nashville, Tenn., during the winter of 1878, in which occurs the following beautiful passages:

"A land without ruins is a land without memories; a land without memories is a land without liberty. A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see; but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and, be that land barren, beautiful, and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart and of history. Crowns of roses fade; crowns of thorns endure. Cavalries and crucifixions take deepest hold of humanity; the triumphs of might are transient, they pass and are forgotten; the sufferings of the right are graven deepest on the chronicle of nations.

Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me a land that is blessed by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just;
Yes, give me the land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed on the future the form of the past;
Yes, give me a land that hath legends and lays
That tell of the memories of long-vanished days;
Yes, give me a land that hath legends and lays
To tell of the strife of the right with the wrong;
Yes, give me the land with a grave in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot;
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb—
There's grandeur in graves, there's glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night looms the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the warpath of might
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right."

CONQUERED BANNERS—DESCRIPTION REPRODUCED.—Many who were not subscribers to the VETERAN as early as 1893 have written for information concerning the "four flags" which appeared on the cover of the March number of that year. For the benefit of these a sketch which appeared ten years ago is now reprinted. The "Stars and Bars" was the first flag of the Confederate States, and was adopted by the Confederate Congress in session at Montgomery, Ala. The "Battle Flag" was designed by Gen. Beauregard, and adopted by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, after the first battle of Bull Run, and afterwards adopted by the Confederate Congress. In the first battle of Manassas the "Stars and Bars" was several times mistaken for the "Stars and Stripes," and *vice versa*; hence the adoption of the "Battle Flag," which was used until the close of the war. On May 1, 1863, the Confederate Congress adopted as the "National Flag" a white one with a miniature "Battle Flag" in the upper left hand corner; but on May 4, 1865, the Confederate Congress added to this "National Flag" a red bar, for the reason that when the flag adopted May 1, 1863, fell limp around the staff it showed only the white, and was mistaken for a flag of truce.

Roland Gooch, Royse City, Tex., writes of a boy's bravery at the battle of Franklin, and is anxious to learn whether he is yet living. He says: "The boy had mounted the breastworks in front of the ginhouse, and, with the butt of his gun, struck among the Yankees. They pulled him over to their side of the works, and he still tried to club them. Another of our soldiers shot at the Yankees, but they pulled him over, and that is the last I ever saw of him."

WOMEN WHO MEET WITH VETERANS.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its fourth annual convention in New Orleans at the time of the United Confederate Veterans' reunion.

As usual, the opening feature of the convention will be a memorial service in honor of Jefferson Davis, Tuesday, May 19, 1903, at 10 A.M., Christ Church Cathedral, Rt. Rev. Davis Sessums officiating. A large attendance of veterans in uniform will make the occasion doubly interesting. Sons of Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy are also cordially invited to be present.

The L. C. M. Association of New Orleans, as hostess, are making preparations to give visiting delegates a royal welcome. The committee on arrangements have secured the Continental Guard Armory for the convention hall, in the central part of the city, on Camp Street, opposite Lafayette Square, and the entertainment committee will see that nothing is left undone to promote the comfort and pleasure of their guests. Business of great importance will demand attention at this convention: the adoption of an official badge design, election of officers for the ensuing three years, and other matters of special interest.

It is hoped that the "Histories of the Confederated Southern Memorial Associations," now being compiled, will be ready for circulation. This volume will be of priceless value to the children and grandchildren of those noble Southern women who, with breaking hearts amid the gloom of defeat, proved themselves the "Hearts Courageous" of those times by gathering the sacred dust of the South's heroic dead into cemeteries of their own, and building monuments to their memory. We owe it to those tireless workers to perpetuate the memories of those early days of Southern fidelity. Their work should not go unrecorded, or the name under which it was done be allowed to pass into oblivion. To preserve this name and this record, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association was formed; and upon the day of its organization, a motion was made to preserve this record in book form. A copy will be placed in all the Confederate museums and principal libraries, even the Congressional Library in Washington, D. C. The proceeds from the sale of this book will be devoted to the Jefferson Davis Memorial Arch. The U. D. C., into whose hands the completion of this monument was given, asked the assistance of the C. S. M. Association in the work, which was readily promised. How well the promise has been fulfilled can be seen from the reports of the treasurer of the J. D. M. Association, at Richmond, Va. Three members from the C. S. M. Association were added to the Board of Directors, Jefferson Davis Monument Association—viz.: Mrs. W. J. Behan, Louisiana; Mrs. Garland Jones, North Carolina; and Mrs. J. D. Walker, Arkansas. They will continue to use their best efforts in behalf of this work.

The Confederate Bazaar to be held in Richmond in April for the benefit of the Davis Memorial Arch and the Confederate Museum will receive generous aid from the Memorial Associations. Circulars have been sent to each and every one, and many letters have been received saying they would contribute to the success of the bazaar.

The Confederation of Memorial Associations has been greatly interested in the passage of the bill introduced in Congress by Senator Foraker "to provide for the appropriate marking of all the graves of the soldiers of the Confederate army and navy in the late Civil War, 1861-65, who died in Federal prisons and military hospitals in the North, and were buried near their place of confinement." The bill passed the Senate January 24, and from reliable information we learn there is no doubt of its passage in the House. Mrs. W. J. Behan, Presi-

dent C. S. M. A., voiced the sentiments of the Confederation in her letter of thanks to Senator Foraker for his action in this matter, from which the following is quoted: "At the close of the war, the women of the South organized memorial associations, having for their object the removal of the Confederate dead to the Southern States, wherever practicable. . . . The remains of 20,000 or more have been removed to their native States from distant battlefields; but the prison dead, numbering as many more, still lie beyond our reach in unmarked graves, though not forgotten by those for whom they gave up their lives. For many years we have endeavored to secure some appropriate legislative action, but this effort on your part is nearer the desired end than anything that has yet been proposed." The Vice Presidents from each State represented in the Confederation have written their Senators and Representatives in Congress urging them to use their influence for the passage of the bill at this session. Renewed interest in local memorial work is evident since the general organization of United Daughters, and the number now confederated is most encouraging. This steady growth and interest is mainly due to the ability, untiring energy, and devotion to Southern memories by the President of this Confederation, Mrs. W. J. Behan, of Louisiana. But thirteen associations were represented at the organization in Louisville, Ky., at the time of the U. C. V. reunion there in 1900, and now there are nearly fifty enrolled, with an average membership of seventy-five each. The officers of the Confederation whose three-year term of service expires in May, 1903, are as follows: Mrs. W. J. Behan, President, Whitecastle, La.; Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary, New Orleans, La.; Miss Sue H. Walker, Corresponding Secretary, Fayetteville, Ark.; Mrs. Julia Garside Welsh, Treasurer, Fayetteville, Ark. State Vice Presidents: Alabama, Mrs. D. H. Williams; Arkansas, Mrs. J. D. Walker; Florida, Mrs. W. D. Chipley; Georgia, Mrs. F. A. Timberlake; Louisiana, Mrs. Lewis Graham; Mississippi, Mrs. M. A. Stevens; Missouri, Mrs. Jennie Edwards; North Carolina, Mrs. Garland Jones; South Carolina, Mrs. J. B. Mack; Tennessee, Miss M. A. Ault; Texas, Mrs. Sterling Robertson; Virginia, Mrs. David C. Richardson; Mrs. Joseph R. Davis, Historian, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet, Memphis, Tenn.

MISS DUNOVANT'S RESIGNATION.

Mrs. M. A. Zumwalt writes:

"As many of Miss Adelia A. Dunovant's friends at the National Convention at New Orleans inquired so kindly about her, I feel that a few words concerning her and the Oran M. Roberts Chapter, which she organized in Houston, and of which she was President as long as she remained in active work, would find a welcome in the VETERAN.

"We have a large and enthusiastic Chapter, although just entering its third year. They are well-trained and dutiful daughters. With this year's work, aside from the regular routine of contributing to the different monumental funds to which we are pledged, and helping to care for our old veterans, we are looking forward with great pleasure to the meeting of our State Division, which our two Houston Chapters have invited to convene with us this fall. And as this is a railroad center for all Texas, we are expecting a very large attendance, and are bending all our energies toward making it an eventful time. We want to entertain them so royally that they will feel that it is good to be here. Our Chapter has elected Miss Adelia A. Dunovant Honorary President for life, and has indorsed the following report of a special committee:

"At the last meeting of Oran M. Roberts Chapter, U. D. C., a

wave of sadness crept over the assembly, caused by the resignation of Miss Adelia A. Dunovant, our organizer and president. Her recent bereavement has so saddened her life that she feels she can no longer pursue the work to which she has devoted so much time, talent, and personal means. We recognize the fact that our Chapter has enjoyed the distinction of having for its president the State president; she has also been for several years chairman of the National Historical Committee; one of the most gifted, patriotic, and generous women of the South; one whose name is known wherever the spirit of the Confederate cause is felt, and who is able to defend its principles with that high standard of thought, culture, and oratorical power which belongs to few men.

"Our Chapter has been the recipient of her generosity in many ways. We are the possessors of the most beautiful silk flag in the State, a gift from her; the doors of her beautiful home have always been thrown open for our use, where we have spent many pleasant and instructive hours, always closing with lovely refreshments, served with an unstinted hand.

"It is with the deepest regret that we feel we shall never have her counsel and guidance in the work that lies before us. This Chapter supplements both the State and general conventions in expressions of profound regret at the retirement of Miss Dunovant from active work.

"Mrs. M. A. Zumwalt, Miss Criswell, Mrs. M. J. Boyd."

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The following letter was received from Mrs. James Young Leigh, Vice President *pro tem*, Virginia Division, U. D. C., from Norfolk, Va.:

"At the request of some of the members of the Mary Custis Lee Chapter I wish to correct an error in a communication through your columns as to the formation of the first Chapter of Children of the Confederacy in Virginia.

"The first Chapter of Children of the Confederacy was formed by the Mary Custis Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Mrs. Phillip T. Yeatman, President, Alexandria, April 6, 1895, and was incorporated by the Legislature of Virginia at the first session held after this date. A constitution was formulated and a regular charter printed, from which Chapters have been formed in many States. The first of these was in Camden, Ala., numbering fifty children on its roll call.

"At the Richmond reunion the movement was heartily indorsed and commended by the veterans. Therefore to the Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Virginia, belongs the honorable distinction of having originated the idea and formed the first Chapter, not only in Virginia, but in the South.

"I inclose a copy of the constitution, by-laws, and charter formulated by this organization, which is called the Jefferson Davis Chapter of Children of the Confederacy, which I ask you to publish."

FIRST CHAPTER CHARTERED.

Mary Custis Lee the first Chapter. Headquarters, Alexandria, Va. Founded 1895. Incorporated 1898.

The above-named organization has been incorporated by the Legislature of Virginia to carry out (in a work of love and charity to honor and aid ex-Confederates) the oft-expressed wish of Mrs. Lee, wife of Gen. Robert E. Lee, that her name should be linked with his in the hearts of our Southern people.

We most cordially invite Southern Chapters to aid us by the purchase of a charter for one dollar.

Miss Mary Lee Lloyd, President; Mrs. Thomas T. Turner, Vice President; Mrs. Philip T. Yeatman, Secretary.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

This organization shall be known as the Mary Custis Lee Children of the Confederacy. The domicile shall be Alexandria, Va., the home town of Gen. and Mrs. Lee.

Object.—The object of this organization is to unite the children and youth of the South in some work to aid and honor ex-Confederates and their descendants, and, in so doing, link the name of Mrs. Mary Custis Lee with her husband's, Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Officers.—The officers of this society for each chartered Chapter shall be a President, two or more Vice Presidents, Treasurer, and Secretary, to be elected by the children.

Fee.—One cent a month. To be used with all money raised by their efforts for any Confederate work they may prefer.

Laws.—The laws governing the chartered Chapters to be in accordance with those of their respective Chapters and State Divisions.

Name.—Each Chapter can have its local name and work under the control of the Directress.

Seal.—Confederate battle flag and the last official flag crossed and surmounted by a wreath of laurel. On the outer rim "Mary Custis Lee Children of the Confederacy" engraved.

Badge.—A handsome white button with crossed flags, in colors, attached to which is a piece of white ribbon with the words "Mary Custis Lee Children of the Confederacy" printed in red. If desired, each Chapter can select its own flower. By application to the President, badges will be sent at ten cents each.

These by-laws shall be subject to additions and amendment from time to time as the interest and growth of the organization seem to require.

Executive Committee.—Mrs. Thomas T. Turner, Miss Mary Anclia Smith, Mrs. John R. Zimmerman, Mrs. Robert W. Hunter, Miss Mary Lee Lloyd, Mrs. Philip T. Yeatman, Miss Sallic C. Jones.

Advisory Board.—Senator George A. Mushbach, Mr. Samuel G. Brent, Judge J. K. M. Norton, Mr. John R. Zimmerman, Col. K. Kemper, Mr. William H. May.

Incorporators.—James (Cardinal) Gibbons, S. A. Wallis, D.D., Randolph H. McKim, D.D. (Confederate veteran), Prof. L. M. Blackford (Confederate veteran), Dr. Hunter McGuire (Confederate veteran), Gen. Delaware Kemper (Confederate veteran), Rt. Rev. R. A. Gibson (Confederate veteran), and others.

WAR STORIES FOR AN OHIO CHAPTER.

Miss Nannie Elizabeth Wilson, Historian R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., 46 S. Ninth Street, Columbus, Ohio, writes:

"Our red cross banner is furled. You no longer march to the life and drum, but are silently flitting to 'the beyond,' to the other side of silence. Veterans, we are true daughters of the South, who cherish the memory of our dead. With loving hands we strew flowers on the graves of your 2,260 comrades who are resting so calmly at Camp Chase, and we hope the same tribute is being paid to the silent sleepers at Johnson's Island. We have another sacred duty to perform, however. As children beg their parents for stories of the times when they were young, and years after are heard repeating the self-same tales to their own little ones, so, as historian of the R. E. Lee Chapter, and one of the younger children of the U. D. C., I would ask you, dear veterans who were confined at either of these prisons, to pause amid the busy cares of to-day, recall the days of the early sixties, and as you dream write and tell us of your capture and your prison life, which will be a precious legacy to the younger generations of the South. Will you not interest yourselves in this effort to supply personal history?"

SAN ANTONIO'S BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN.

The heroic confidence with which the women of the South dare and do is an evidence that they have the courage of their convictions. It was always so with them, and their many achievements, under the dignified appellation of United Daughters of the Confederacy, are a marvel to the many who, with difficulty and discouragement, create and engineer great enterprises.

One of the more recent evidences of the philanthropic usefulness of the U. D. C. is the dedication of a memorial drinking fountain, on Alamo Plaza, at San Antonio, Tex., January 24. The formal presentation exercises under the management of the Barnard E. Bee Chapter, U. D. C., were most impressive, and hundreds witnessed the interesting dedication ceremonies.

Mrs. A. W. Houston, as President of Barnard E. Bee Chapter, to whose inspiration and fervor the building of the fountain was largely due, tendered the beautiful gift to the city. Mr. Earl Scott was selected to represent Mrs. Houston, he being the son of W. Scott, a Confederate veteran, and of the late Mrs. Hattie Scott, who was a devoted member of Barnard E. Bee Chapter, and rendered Mrs. Houston and her associates invaluable service in their patriotic purposes.

The memorial is a handsome bronze structure, the basin being octagonal in shape and surmounted by a beautiful statue of Hebe. The basin is about ten feet in diameter, and the spray falls from an urn clasped under the arm of the statue. The figure possesses dignity and pleasing grace.

WINNIE DAVIS MEMORIAL.

Another achievement worthy of mention is the laying of the corner stone of the Winnie Davis Memorial, during the month of January, and this too is the work of the U. D. C. The memorial, which will be a dormitory for girls at the Normal School of Athens, Ga., is a tribute to the energy of the Georgia Chapter, of which Miss Mildred Rutherford is able president. It was at the Georgia State meeting four years ago, following the death of the Daughter of the Confederacy, that the project was first launched, and nearly \$10,000 of the \$22,000 subscribed came from the women of Georgia. The same Chapter also contributed to the Winnie Davis monument at Richmond, but they were led to do this greater work at the State Normal because the last visit made by the lamented daughter of the South was to review the Confederates at Atlanta.

MRS. DAVIS AT BEAUVOIR—SOLDIERS' HOME.—Although the formal transfer of Beauvoir was made two weeks previous at Jackson, Miss., the ceremony of February 20 was a more sacred consummation according to the spirit, for the presence of Mrs. Davis, in the opinion of the Sons of Veterans and the U. D. C., was, in a sense, the final seal upon the splendid work of converting the home of Jefferson Davis into an abiding place for his veteran survivors. There were present at the ceremony, beside many ladies and members of the Grand Lodge, but recently adjourned at Biloxi, Messrs. McKay, Henry, and Myer, members of the Board of Directors, and Mrs. Joe Davis, Mrs. Davis's niece, who accompanied the honored guest in a closed carriage from Biloxi to Beauvoir. Mrs. Davis is reported in excellent health, but her participation in the ordeal, for which she had evidently nerved herself, was most pathetic.

H. L. Jewett, of Bethlehem, Pa., wants the address of A. G. Hanks, Company B, Fourteenth Texas, who was wounded at Antietam and taken prisoner; was exchanged in December, '62.

FIFTH TEXAS REGIMENT FLAG.

Mrs. M. J. Young was a daughter of Col. N. Fuller, of Houston, Tex., and was a loyal daughter of the South. Hers was a life of service, and she sacrificed it in the sacred office of ministering to the sick during a yellow fever epidemic. The following letter is the outcome of the return of the Fifth Regiment flag to Mrs. Young, its donor, in 1864:

THE FIFTH REGIMENT OF TEXAS VOLUNTEERS.

(From the *Richmond Whig*, January 16.)

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH TEXAS REGIMENT,
NEAR RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 14, 1865.

To the Editor of the *Whig*:

Inclosed I send you for publication a letter written by Mrs. M. J. Young, of Houston, Tex., to the officers and men of the Fifth Texas Regiment upon the receipt of a battle flag sent to her by the command. Mrs. Young made and presented the flag to this regiment in June, 1862, and after it had withstood the clash of arms on many and memorable battle fields, and had become but a worn and tattered remnant of an ensign, it was returned to her by the regiment. By giving the letter publicity in your valuable journal, you will confer a great favor upon the soldiers of this regiment.

W. P. MCGOWEN, Adjt. Fifth Regt., Texas Volunteer Inf.

"HOUSTON, TEX., November, 1864.

"Soldiers and Officers of the Fifth Regiment of Hood's Old Brigade.

"My Dear Brothers: I received from Capt. Farmer the letter and the worn and battle-torn flag you did me the honor to send. Words are totally inadequate to express my feelings.

The 8th of October will ever be remembered by me as the proudest of my life, yet mingled with the deepest sadness; for more eloquent than speech, more powerful than Caesar's gaping wounds, was the story told by its blood-stained, weather-beaten, and bullet-scarred folds.

"The weary march, the aching feet and throbbing brow, the cold bivouac, the lonely picket, the perilous scout, the gloomy hospital, the pride and pomp of battle array, the shock of arms, the victory, and, O, those silent, nameless grassgrown



MRS. YOUNG.

mounds, strewn from Richmond to Gettysburg, from Chickamauga and Knoxville to the Wilderness and Petersburg—mounds whose shadows rest cold and dark upon a thousand hearts and homes in our once bright and happy Texas. All these came rushing thick and trooping over heart and brain; and, clasping the blood-banner to my heart, with a burst of tearful anguish, I could not but exclaim: 'O that my eyes were a fountain of tears, that I might weep over the slain of my people!'

"Maximilian's august dame felt not half the pride and delight when upon her brow was placed the glittering crown of the empire of Mexico that I do in being made the custodian of your flag. It shall be preserved as long as one of my name or blood exists. And when my son and younger brother gird them for the strife, I shall place the Bible and that flag before them, and on those swear them to fidelity to God and our Confederacy, to Liberty and Truth; and, invoking the benediction and guardianship of Heaven, and the noble army of

martyrs—swelled to countless number by the slain of our Southland—deem them fully panoplied and armed for the

"Battlefield of armies,
Or the battlefield of life."

"You bid me 'hang the flag upon the outer walls,' to strike terror to the hearts of the cowards skulking at home. Ah! my noble brothers of the Fifth, if the sable-clad forms of the mourning women and children, if the numberless maimed soldiers who greet us at every turn, if the cold contempt of proud beauty's eye, the averted faces of our gray-haired sires, if the form of the Confederacy, beleaguered with foes and bleeding at every vein, strike no remorse and inspire no patriotic deeds, think you this flag will? They are joined to their idols—money-making and selfish ease—so we will let them alone, hoping for the day soon to come when you shall return and scourge them from the land. If honor or peace or safety were depending upon them, we would long ago have worn the Yankee yoke and eaten the bread of slaves.

"But, thank God, our liberties have not been in their keeping, but in theirs who sprung to arms as the first gun from Sumter awoke the echoes of the South, and well have you proved yourselves worthy of the task. You have saved us (under God) from destruction, and made our name the most glorious on earth. Already we see the dawning of the day star of peace, and no men have so contributed to its rising as 'the soldiers under Lee.' With a worshipful love and enthusiasm our State contemplates the deeds of Hood's Brigade. From the first hour that you drew your battle blades, Glory adopted you as her own; and Fame, plucking the brightest star from her crown, placed it on your banner, and the world has watched it since, growing in magnificence and brilliancy even in the forefront of conflict, gleaming like a Pharos of hope and success over the black and surging billows of a hundred battles.

"Methinks in ages to come, should our beloved land be called to pass through another long and bloody struggle like this, that the old, worn, and tattered banner of the Fifth will be taken like the 'heart of Bruce' along to the field, and when numbers overwhelm and all seems lost, they will fling it to the breeze, knowing that power, almost to waken the dead, lives in its heart-stirring folds, and that its faded cross and blood-stained stars will call to them like a clarion to rise and strike, to be worthy of being the countrymen and descendants of 'The Old Texas Brigade.'

"You ask that I shall, with it, wave you a welcome when you return. Ah! the very thought of that return thrills me with emotion. I weep for joy. The day so long looked for, so long delayed, so sought for at God's throne, day and night, by a thousand grief-worn, anxious hearts. In that day how doubly sacred shall this flag seem, when, with tearful eyes, we shall speak of the noble dead who fell bearing it onward! We will remember that—

"Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye;
It hath lain on many bosoms
Where no other shroud shall lie."

"And thus revering them, doubly dear shall be the blessed fruits that their toils and yours have won for us. God in his mercy grant that no more of your numbers shall fall, and that ere many months have rolled away you may crown your muskets with roses, and with your bands playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' turn your feet away from the bloody ground of the old mother State to the quiet hearths and loving hearts in your proud prairie homes. Then will our State rise up to meet you, streets and thoroughfares will be crowded, old men leaning

upon their staves, with trembling hands, will shade their eyes to better behold the warriors who have won such imperishable renown, such good things for the country, as to enable them, when the summons comes, to lay their gray heads calmly down in the grave, feeling that all is well in the land that you defended. In the name of the God of Israel, they will bless you. Matrons, feeling nobler than the grandest old Roman mothers, will hail you as sons. Young men will say, 'They are my countrymen,' and will grow braver and purer and nobler with the thought. Young maidens, blushing at the very excess of their enthusiasm and admiration, will wave you a loving welcome of smiles and tears. Your mothers, wives, sisters—ah! I cannot proceed, my feelings overwhelm me. God hasten the day—hasten the day!

"With deep gratitude and affection, honored Fifth Regiment, I remain ever your friend and proud countrywoman."

To Miss Elizabeth E. Wright, of Baltimore, the VETERAN is indebted for the letter from Mrs. Young's gifted pen and for the beautiful picture of its writer.

THE SLEEPING DEAD.

BY MRS. W. V. TOMPKINS, PRESCOTT, ARK.

The stirring bugle call to arms
Will wake them ne'er again;
No more they'll hear the tramp of war
In forest, glade, or glen.

Through summer's torrid heat they fought,
And did their duty well;
They fought 'mid winter's cradled snows,
Fought bravely—but they fell.

With folded hands they sweetly rest
Where summer flowers bloom,
And sorrowing ones, with trembling hands,
Weave garlands for their tomb.

The springtide sun, that ever calls
The blushes to the rose,
Cannot awake the silent dead
Who sleep 'neath winter snows.

So let them rest—those dauntless ones
Who won a deathless name;
There waits for them a laurel crown
In future halls of fame.

CONFEDERATE PICTURES—SALE FOR THE DAVIS MONUMENT.—The Central Committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association are selling for the benefit of the fund a set of Confederate pictures, representing the three branches of the service. Mr. Sheppard, the artist, was in the Confederate service, and has sought, with his memory as an eyewitness, to faithfully reproduce the Confederate soldier type and the color employed in the garb of the cavalry, infantry, and artillery participants. The figures are treated with very little background and only a few accessories. The Committee hope that every Camp will buy at least one set, the price being \$1.50, or 75 cents for single copies. The size is ten by seventeen inches, mounted on attractive mats ready for framing. Orders must be sent to Mrs. W. R. Wawter, Richmond, Va. She is also anxious to complete all business of Confederate calendars for 1902, and requests that Chapters promptly send in money collected on these.

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Thomas P. Stone, Commander in Chief United Sons of Confederate Veterans, issues General Order No. 7 in regard to the reunion from Waco, Tex., February 16, in which he states:

"In accordance with Section 54, Article 9, of our general constitution, directing that the annual reunion of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans shall be held at the same time and place, I therefore announce that the United Sons of Confederate Veterans will hold their eighth annual reunion in New Orleans, La., on May 19-22. This will be the greatest reunion ever held by us, and each Camp is specially urged to have representations there. Our constitution provides that each Camp shall be entitled to one delegate for every ten active members in good standing in the Camp, and one additional for a fraction thereof of five or more; provided that every Camp in good standing shall be entitled to at least two delegates.

"All delegates must have credentials signed by their Commandant and Adjutant. Blanks as provided for in this section will be sent you at least sixty days before the reunion, and you are urged to revive an interest among those eligible to membership, so as to have a large increase in your membership. Let us stir the boys up to an enthusiastic interest in our cause and show to the world that we are not ashamed to be known as the descendants of that brave, chivalrous, and heroic body of men who once composed the Confederate army and navy. Impress on the boys that they should join our ranks, that they may be useful in perpetuating the records made by our ancestors in that war. Get them to come to New Orleans and feel the inspiration that can be felt only when mingling with the Confederate veterans and the beautiful women of our beloved Southland. It will do you good, make you better men and worthier of such noble ancestry.

"The Commander in Chief requests the observance of the following rule as to sponsors and maids of honor: For the general Confederation a sponsor in chief and three maids of honor and chaperon; for Departments, two maids and chaperon; for Divisions and Brigades, a sponsor, one maid and chaperon each; for Camps, a sponsor with chaperon, the Camp in every case to send one escort; the New Orleans Camp, a sponsor, chaperon, and as many maids as desired. It is recommended that all be chosen from United Daughters of the Confederacy.

"The opening feature will be the usual Jefferson Davis Memorial service, which will be held at Christ Church Cathedral, Tuesday, May 19, at 10 A.M. All United Confederate Veterans, the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy are cordially invited to assist in the ceremony."

In a concluding appeal, Commander Stone says: "Comrades, arouse yourselves as you have never done before. Let the chivalry of the young men of the South show its influence on that grand occasion in the beautiful city of New Orleans."

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN INCIDENT.

During Dr. Henry M. Field's visit to Franklin and its places of historic interest, he met Col. J. B. McEwen, of revered memory, whose death is chronicled in this month's *VETERAN*, by whom he was told the following, which appears in "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows:"

"Gen. Kimball occupied my house as his headquarters, at which occurred this strange incident. About four o'clock, after the General had left for the field, there lingered a colonel from Indianapolis in my parlor. He was a lawyer and a nice man. He asked my daughters to play and sing him a piece of music.

They hesitated, but I answered for them, 'Yes.' My daughter asked what they should play. He replied that he had not been in a parlor since the battle of Oak Hill was fought, and that he did not know one piece of music from another, except field music. Then I spoke and asked the young ladies to play and sing a piece which had recently come out, 'Just before the Battle, Mother,' telling the Colonel it was a new piece. At my request they played and sung the piece about half through, when I stepped to the door, and a shell exploded within fifty yards. I immediately returned and said: 'Colonel, if I am any judge, it is just about that time now!' He immediately sprang to his feet and ran in the direction of his regiment, but before he reached it, or by that time, he was shot through the lungs, the bullet passing quite through him. He was taken back to the rear, and on to Nashville. Eighteen days after I received a message from him through an officer, stating the fact of his being shot, and that the piece of music the young ladies were executing was still ringing in his ears, and had been every moment that his eyes were open since he left my parlor the evening of the battle. In April, four months later, after the war was over, he had sufficiently recovered to travel, when he came to Franklin, as he stated, expressly to get the young ladies to finish the piece of music and relieve his ears. His wife and more than a dozen officers accompanied him. He found the ladies and they played and sang the piece through for him in the presence of all the officers, and they wept like children."

OLD COMRADES SOUGHT.—Dr. A. B. Gardner, of Denison, Tex., seeks comrades who were captured with him and carried to Camp Douglas in July, 1864. Some of these belonged to Company I, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry. Among them were "Stan" Boulware, Harry Gilbert, and W. C. Lively. These men had been sent out by Gen. Joseph E. Wheeler to "press" horses, and were captured. They had almost reached the Federal camp at Resaca, Ga., when Harvey's Scouts met them and their captors, changed guards and started them back to Gen. Wheeler. They were recaptured, and carried back to Resaca, in July, 1864, where, among those captured, were Dr. Gardner and members of his company, together with men from Armstrong's Cavalry Brigade, and — Strickland and Johnson Isaacs, of Ross's Texas Brigade. Dr. Gardner wishes also to ascertain the whereabouts of John Hogan, of the Harvey Scouts, and he hopes to meet and renew old acquaintances at the headquarters of the Harvey Scouts during the reunion at New Orleans.

GEORGIA'S CARE FOR ALABAMA DEAD.—The Kennesaw Chapter, of Marietta, Ga., is making strenuous efforts to erect headstones over the Alabama dead in the Confederate cemetery at Marietta. This cemetery, with 2,000 graves, was saved from the plowman's inroads by the energetic perseverance of these women. In the Alabama plot, 269 of her sons, known and unknown, are buried, and decaying boards mark their graves. In a letter to Mrs. A. L. McDowell, President Alabama Division, U. D. C., Mrs. R. L. Nesbitt states that the Kennesaw Chapter has a contract for erecting simple headstones at the small sum of twenty-five cents for each grave. The amount required to place stones over the 269 graves in the Alabama plot is \$67.25, and this, if divided equally among the Alabama Chapters, would amount to the trifling sum of \$1.86. Mrs. Nesbitt, in speaking for the Kennesaw Chapter, says, "Alabama is the only State which has never given us any help," and the women of Alabama are now bravely bestirring themselves to do their part.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
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This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE REUNION.

Men have written often of "a silver line, so fine, so fine," that stretches out to incalculable distances between hearts united through sacred associations. In the imagination this subtle agent, a thing "not made with hands," seems peculiarly lustrous just now, when it becomes the medium for conveying messages from New York to San Francisco, from far-off Dakota to Florida and back again. There is no State into which its magic influence has not penetrated. It passes along the line and becomes the recognized motto of every Camp and isolated Confederate.

Where is the veteran who has not thrilled to the music of those genial words of appeal: "Meet me at the reunion?" Hearts grow warm and memories of old scenes become animate in anticipation of the May days in New Orleans, when comrades who fought together, slept side by side under cover of the stars, and shared scanty prison quarters, may again grasp hands and dwell in retrospect on the days that made them heroes.

Every man has his story to tell, and reunion ears listen willingly and reunion hearts are responsive.

The term "veteran" need not in the spirit sense suggest age. One of our American writers has dignified an adage until it reads, "'Whom the gods love die young,' but they die young because they never grow old."

It must not be supposed that these battle-scarred reunion soldiers live entirely in the past. Retrospect is sadly sweet, but the present is full of vital issues, and the men who were willing forty years ago to protect the South with their blood are alive to her interests now, and they and their "United Sons" have recently given evidence, through the press and other public expression, that the South must be protected against an evil which war laid upon her.

According to the written word, the North was victorious, and to her belong the spoils with which some of her sons incline to further afflict the South. The South cherishes no hatred toward the North—far from it!—nor does she entertain a perverted sentiment toward color. Articles following this, under heading "Pensioning the Old Slaves," will indicate the character of her true feeling.

It must not be forgotten that in the veins of America's sons and daughters flows Anglo-Saxon blood, and this animates the individual to a "dignified and determined disposition to assert the rights of the white man and to plead reasonably for justice."

At the New Orleans reunion will be assembled United Confederate Veterans, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and other loyal Daughters of the Confederacy. These, while venerating with pathetic devotion the stars and bars, live in peaceful patriotism under the stars and stripes, and they universally manifest their recognition of the dignity of the flag under which they dwell, by their anxiety concerning crucial questions where the good of the great commonwealth is threatened.

PENSIONING THE OLD SLAVES.

Mrs. T. M. Green, in *Washington (Ga.) Chronicle*:

The columns of a country newspaper are but a small forum in which to speak of so large a subject; nevertheless we must use the opportunities at hand until better offer.

Senator Hanna has introduced a bill in the United States Senate looking to the pensioning of the old slaves of the South. He did it apologetically, and no doubt hypocritically. He had no idea and no desire that it would ever become a law. Yet one of these days he may be taken by surprise. He has opened a vent through which Southern voices may be heard.

We all want to see the old slaves pensioned—not for policy's sake, but for humanity's sake; not for the negro vote, but for the suffering around us; not for spite against the North, but for pity toward poor, helpless creatures, whose patience and sufferings are ever before us.

If I remember aright, the Confederate Veteran, published by a Confederate soldier, and the official organ of all Southern patriotic societies, was the first and only paper in the United States to come out boldly and advocate honestly the pensioning of our old slaves.

When I think of the vast sums that are given by Northern philanthropists for educating the negroes beyond their need and beyond their good, and then turn about and see the hundreds of poor old slaves around me suffering with cold and hunger, my heart grows faint. When I see them silent and patient, waiting for God to release them from a bondage worse than a master's hand, and then think of those who are living on government bounty, I am disgusted.

Every year the *Christian Herald* and other religious papers at the North collect vast sums of money for famine sufferers in India and Norway and Mexico; but not one dollar for a poor, old, starving Southern negro. Rockefeller, the Pious, last year gave more than five millions to Sunday schools, Christian associations, and negro colleges; but not one farthing to help feed, clothe, and shelter the poor old slaves of the South!

Let's see. How many cases can I recall on the instant right here before me? There is blind Nelson, an old paralyzed Squire, begging from door to door. There is old Zeke in his hut down on the river, kept alive by the charity of a few people. There is old blind Ann Plummer, kept from starving by the kindness of two white women, on neither of whom she has the slightest claim. About a year ago old Eliza West was found dead and alone in a cabin in the country. The coroner held an inquest, and the verdict was: "Died from natural causes." If slow starvation and cold and neglect can be called "natural causes," then the verdict was correct. And several years ago an old negro man, Watson Knox, was found dead, lying across the path where he had started to town to beg for the little pittance that had kept him alive thus far. I know all about this case, for Watson was a slave of my father. I had taken care of him for years. A more faithful, grateful, honest negro never lived. He had those of his own blood and bone around him, yet he died of cold and hunger, and the only tears that were shed over his dead body were those I shed, and they were tears of remorse because I might have done more and did not.

But it is useless to multiply instances—they flock to my mind like ghosts, and everybody in Wilkes County who reads this can recall as many more. I have tried to tell the story through Northern newspapers and magazines, but they will have none of it. No! they want to hear of "education" and "progress" and "uplifting" of the race. They listen with insatiable eagerness to tales like Booker Washington has to tell,

but stop their ears to tales of crime and suffering. How a people who were so hysterical over slavery can be so callous now, I can't conceive. How a people whose hearts were wrought up to the pitch of war and bloodshed by "Uncle Tom's Cabin" can now scoff at the idea of want and crime among these same old slaves gone masterless, I can't conceive. How a people who erect, at a cost of thousands of dollars, marble fountains for dumb beasts to drink at can refuse to give a cup of cold water to Southern negroes, I can't conceive.

But they do it. And they do it because they are Southern negroes. If they lived at the North, and this pension money flowed into Northern avenues of trade, they would pension them. Or if it was to "uplift" and place them on an equality with the whites of the South, they would pension them.

But no! They live hidden away in hovels on Southern soil. They have no vote; they have no voice. The world will never know how they died. But Senator Hanna has opened a breach in the wall, he has lighted a torch that he little dreamed of, and by its light the world will begin to see and know. And the negroes themselves will begin to see and know. They will soon find out, Senator Hanna, whether it was pity or policy that induced you to offer a bill "by request" for pensioning the old slaves of the South.

The revival of a ten-year-old editorial—March, 1893—seems peculiarly appropriate just now. Mrs. Green's article is so forceful that it is reproduced with pride and gratitude.

GIVE THE OLD SLAVE A HOME.

It is consistent with the spirit of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to introduce and advocate a measure which will surprise, but I trust please, our best people. It is to give homes to the old negroes who were slaves for twenty years. This project has had earnest consideration. It has been submitted to friends who have frowned and smiled alternately, the frown coming first. Its scope widens upon reflection, and the good that would come of it, while being much more beneficial to the South than to the North, would hardly bring a tithe of benefits, in a sectional sense, to what has been enjoyed on the other side. The pensions are now annually about \$190,000,000, and distributed in large proportion at the North. This act of benevolence toward a people whose bondage existed for twenty years or more would be a tax upon the government of say \$60,000,000, but it would be once for all. The plan contemplates an appropriation of \$200 to be expended for land and \$100 with which to build a residence for every male and female who served as a slave for twenty years previous to Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, February 22, 1865, provided he or she has never been pensioned and has never held any position under the pay of the government.

The suggested conditions of this benefaction are that the \$200 be expended for land so cheap that it would buy not less than ten acres. It may be as low as they can find it. The right to sell said land should be denied them for ten years. These sums should be invested through white commissioners not interested in the lands, and should be selected by the county courts, or similar authorities, to serve without compensation, the presumption being that good men would cheerfully and faithfully render these services gratuitously. The beneficiary should, of course, in all cases, have the option as to details of investment. Where these ex-slaves own homes, if they reside upon the land they should be allowed to invest the residence appropriation of \$100 in additional land.

The foregoing is in brief the plan commended. Meditation will show, in an amazing degree, the benefits of such benevolence on the part of the government. True, the benefits would

inure specifically to the Southern people, white as well as black. On many a country place interests are largely identical. The white folks have long maintained these old black people, and would do so anyhow. It would enable many whites to provide more liberally for them than they have ever done. It would induce many darkies to remove from dingy suburbs of cities and towns to the open and healthier atmosphere of the country. It would tend to increased respect of the younger negroes for their ancestry, thereby strengthening their reverence for one of the commandments.

A plea for our old black people is deservedly pathetic. Who among us does not feel genuinely kind to the old darky on whose lips "Massa" and "Mistis" are still heard with musical euphony? Who among us, passing that period of their lives when many of them had hard taskmasters, does not recall with an everlasting gratitude that, during the four years of the war, thousands of them were loyal, to the last degree, to the dependent members of the family whose protectors were in the war? If the great government to which we all bear allegiance should refuse them the benevolence herein suggested, it would be fitting for the Southern people themselves, robbed by the government of billions of money, in holding them as lawful property, to undertake a provision of this kind.

Republicans, on the other side, could not afford to oppose this measure. Their partisan representatives, years ago, before the Southern people had recovered from the great disaster to their estates, promised "forty acres and a mule" to these identical persons.

The principles of Democracy are not observed in this plea, but the peculiar exigencies of the case should excuse the digression. It is a broad charity to a class whose simple, unflinching faithfulness, though not strict as to chicken roosts, merit the unstinted liberality of the American people. A distinguished Tennessean and Democratic official, who limps from the effect of a Federal bullet, said: "If not Democratic, it is Confederate."

A FAITHFUL NEGRO, FREDERICK POUNCEY.

The following sketch is by J. R. McLendon, Naftel, Ala.:

"Frederick Pouncey, colored, was the property of Mrs. Martha Cone, Strata, Montgomery County, Ala., before and during the war between the States. Capt. Ben Hart made up his company of the best material in Montgomery County. 'Uncle Fed' went with his young masters of that company whom he had nursed and watched over from boyhood to young manhood. The company became a part of the Twenty-Second Alabama Volunteers. Will Henry, now, I believe, a resident of Kentucky, was first lieutenant.

"'Uncle Fed' was born March 25, 1825, and died August 15, 1902, aged seventy-seven years. On account of his loyalty to the Confederate cause, he was highly respected by more white people than any negro who ever lived in Montgomery County. Following his young masters on every battlefield where they fought, he at the end returned to 'Ole Missus' with but one of those committed to his care in the beginning of the war. He was for a long while a physical wreck, until death claimed him.

"During the fight at Shiloh this negro began to collect relics taken from the Yankees, and January 8, 1903, he made a will in which he bequeathed to the Sophia Bibb Chapter, No. 26, U. D. C., of Montgomery, Ala., an artilleryman's sword, a yankee canteen, and other articles of minor value. In closing his will he said: 'I do this because of the love I have for the boys who wore the gray.'

"When the old man saw that his days were numbered, he

sent for the writer of this sketch and gave him the will and relics, and made an earnest request that he see its provisions carried out to the letter. So implicit was the confidence of the veterans in the old man that they asked the County Board to place his name on the pension roll many years ago, after which time he drew the pittance appropriated on equal terms with disabled white veterans. He was a thorough Democrat, and voted the ticket despite the taunts of his race. When the time came to register in 1902 'Uncle Fed' was the only negro given a life certificate in Beat 15, Montgomery County, Ala.

"He died in the faith of the Primitive Baptist Church. He never went off after any new religion, but remained steadfast to the end among his white brethren in full fellowship, where he was accorded every privilege belonging to the Church. He neither sought nor desired social equality. Many of his white friends stood about his grave when his body was laid to rest. Pencil'd on a rude headboard were these words: 'A Christian and a soldier.'

"A marble slab should mark the old man's last resting place, and I am willing to help buy one. I knew him for more than fifty years, and I never heard his moral character attacked by any one. After he was made a 'freedman' he clung closer to his white friends than while he was a slave, because, said he, 'The white folks here where I was born is all the friends I have.'"

GALLANT PHIL POINTER.

The VETERAN has long sought to pay tribute to Phil Pointer, of the First Kentucky Cavalry. Col. Breckinridge, in reporting the fight at Jug Tavern, quotes from a letter of Hon. W. T. Ellis, of Owensboro, whose public addresses have delighted and gratified our thousands of readers, in which he states, after mentioning that Phil Pointer was "one of the bravest and best" of the young men in the command:

"At Jug Tavern he and I were in Breckinridge's advance guard, and when we came upon the enemy, just after the first gray dawn of morning, Pointer led the first charge on his pickets, and was in the very forefront of that remarkable and brilliant episode until the last enemy was captured or sent flying before us. When some three hundred or more of them and four hundred or more of their horses had been captured and we were pressing them furiously, something like a hundred of their cavalry, which was more than double as many men as we then had in action, and who was farthest away from our first point of attack, had succeeded in saddling their horses, and had formed in line of battle to resist us. It was a well-formed line. There was no evidence of a panic or disposition for retreat as far as appearances indicated. We had but about eighty men in that engagement to start with. Some of these were killed, and others were wounded, while others had been detailed to guard or try to guard a large number of prisoners we had already captured. When we came upon this line of the enemy's cavalry, which stood ready to oppose us, the situation was critical in the extreme. Breckinridge could not muster exceeding forty men at that moment, and the indications were that we would not only lose the triumph we had achieved, but would ourselves be made prisoners. At that moment Phil Pointer again dashed to the front. He was a beardless boy and as handsome as a woman. Standing up in



PHIL POINTER.

his saddle stirrups, he shouted to Gen. Breckinridge to charge them again—that victory would be ours. Breckinridge acted on the soldier boy's advice, and a fierce charge was on in a second, with Phil Pointer in the very forefront of it. The little sergeant was right. The enemy's line broke and fled ingloriously. All that remained for us after that was to pick up as many more prisoners as possible, and try to hold them after we had them."

The father of this brave man was Thomas Howerton Pointer, a tobacconist of Owensboro, Ky., whose wife was Miss Margaret Adams. While at college at Russellville, Ky., after the war young Pointer met and later married Miss Sallie Roberts. The children of this union were four daughters—Chryssie, Mary Howerton, Margaret, and Phil.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.—A story that can be vouched for by members of the Palmetto Sharpshooters, Jenkins's Brigade, will bring a smile to the faces of many old soldiers who do not forget the panic that seizes a man when called into sudden and unexpected action. During the last days of the war the regiment referred to was in the works in front of Petersburg, and the Federals suddenly opened fire one bright, moonlit night, to which the Confederates immediately made answer. Joe Daricott, a Palmetto Sharpshooter, was lying on his back sleeping sweetly when the sudden fire aroused him. Half dazed from sleep, he supposed the Federals were charging the works, and he arose, gathered his gun, took deliberate aim, and shot at the moon, which was almost directly overhead and unusually luminous. Wood Faut, a resident at present of Anderson, S. C., witnessed the long-range comedy, and in his droll way exclaimed: "Well, Joe, did you git him!" Daricott is to-day a citizen of Augusta, Ga., and doubtless belongs to that large class of Southerners who cherish the belief that the "moon is not as bright since the war."

PATRIOTIC ADVICE TO SOUTHERNERS.

In his speech before the Tennessee Senate, on February 10, Senator Ledgerwood, an ex-Union soldier, of Knoxville, made a vigorous and patriotic appeal to the politicians of the South, reminding them of their duty to recognize the dignity, loyalty, efficiency, and rights of Southern manhood, and urging upon those who have power to control public sentiment to insist on the eligibility of Southern Democrats for the Presidency of the United States.

After roundly scoring the South for the secondary place she seems content to hold, Senator Ledgerwood said of her sons: "Men have been born in the South since the termination of that great Civil War which swept over this land and covered it with desolation and mourning who to-day are old enough to fill the office of President or Vice President of the United States. I ask the question: What have they done that they shall not aspire to the highest offices in the gift of the people? Why should they be handicapped in the race of life because they live where nature in her bounty pours forth the great blessings of life in profusion and plenty? For that matter, what have their fathers done that they too should not stand up in the open light of day and demand equal rights and privileges for themselves and their children with any one in this nation?"

"TRIBUTE TO CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

"Mr. Speaker, I served in the Federal army from 1861 to 1865, and was mustered out of service here in this city on the 23d day of May, 1865. I was not in the armies of the United States because I did not love my native State or the people of the South, among whom I was born and reared. I loved their kindness, generosity, and justice then. I still love them, and

when the last gun was fired, and when Gens. Grant and Lee met under the apple tree at Appomattox, and gentle peace came to the people, when I had returned to my home in East Tennessee, I stood the friend of every man who wore the gray, and when the storms of persecution arose I promptly stepped into the breach to quell it, and no man on this earth can say I ever did him an injury in word or deed because of the late Civil War.

"I have seen the Confederate soldier on the field of battle when the storm of shot and shell was shrieking through the air and scattering death and destruction on every hand. I have heard the yell of their charging battalions, and he who has once heard it can never forget. It was the concentration and expression of that fierce and determined courage characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon and cognate races when bred beneath a warm sun in a semitropical climate where all things in nature are at their best. I have seen them when captured, scantily clad and with but little to eat, yet standing up grand and heroic fronting the enemy without the quivering of an eye or the shrinking of a muscle, and whilst I do not detract anything from the men who wore the blue, my own companions in arms, their bravery and devotion to duty, I want to say for and to the Confederate soldier, though he lost the fight, and though the bonnie blue flag went down amid fire, smoke, and carnage such as the world has rarely, if ever, witnessed, it was followed by the bravest band of men that ever stepped on this earth to the strains of martial music.

"For near forty years the men of the South who were in the Confederate army and the men who were in the Federal army and Democrats have occupied, with their descendants, a secondary place in the councils of the party; but to my mind the time has come and now is at hand when we no longer should listen to those gentlemen or to the public press who write and talk policy as against principle and who, when any man has the courage to stand up for his people, say to him: 'Hush, hush; we must take a man from New York or some other State. If we don't, they will go back on us, and we can't win.' They say it will never do to take a candidate from the South. For the sake of getting to be an attorney-general, pension agent, marshal, or deputy marshal, he is willing to take a back seat and allow others to control this government.

"It was not so in our grandfathers' days. It was not so when the manhood of the South was unbroken and when Tennessee, with Jackson, Polk, Grundy, Cave Johnson, and the Browns led the people of this State and stood forth upon the walls of American statesmanship, bidding defiance to any and all comers. Now we crawl upon the ground where our fathers walked in majesty like men. How long is this thing to last? How long will we sit down and allow others to govern us as they say, 'for our own good and the public welfare' as they put it. It is to our eternal shame and disgrace, as I see it from my plane of view as a native of this State. We have acquiesced in the past. Therefore, let the past go and let the dead past bury its dead, but in the future I want this State and the States of the South to assert their manhood."

A WAR ROMANCE.

BY W. B. ROMINE, PULASKI, TENN.

The proverb that truth is stranger than fiction was verified in Pulaski last November.

In telling the story we begin at the home of a Lawrence County farmer, a Union man named White, in the dark days of the Civil War. One of a squad of Confederate soldiers, W. F. Herron, a youth of seventeen, in obedience to his officer's command, fired a fatal bullet at Mr. White.

Later Herron was captured in battle and sent to Alton, Ill., where he remained in prison until this portion of Tennessee passed under military government. Then he was returned to Pulaski and tried for the murder of a "loyal" citizen. The trial was like many others in those dark days. Conviction and sentence followed.

The day before that set for the execution, Mrs. John A. Jackson called to see the prisoner at the jail. She spoke kindly to him and wrote a letter for him to his loved ones. Then as she bade him good-by he appealed to her with intense earnestness: "Save me, Mrs. Jackson, save me! If I die to-morrow, I go to destruction." Such an appeal could not fail to touch her heart. She wrote a letter to Gen. Thomas asking for a respite that the young man might prepare for death, and the General granted it for fifteen days. Then at the solicitation of a committee of prominent citizens Mrs. Jackson went to Washington to plead with President Johnson for Herron's life.

After much trouble and delay Mrs. Jackson succeeded in persuading the President to commute the sentence to life imprisonment. Indeed, the President told her confidentially that he would pardon the young man before the expiration of his term, but at that time he would simply commute the sentence to life imprisonment. But the young convict, not knowing of this secret agreement, saw an opportunity to escape from prison, seized it, and, in the disguise of a woman, fled. He went into Mexico, and later located in one of the western counties of Texas.

In time Herron married and now has two grown-up daughters, one of whom is named, in fond memory, Fanny Jackson, but the daughters have never known how the thought of being torn from the bosom of his happy little family and consigned to the felon's cell in a penitentiary has haunted him.

Not long ago Herron summoned up enough courage to break the long silence which has entombed him for nearly forty years, and again appealed to Mrs. Jackson to intercede for a pardon. Realizing what a terrible blow it would be to his family if his secret should become known, she undertook the task, and, formulating such an appeal as very few men could resist, sent it to President Roosevelt. In November the pardon came. The rest of the sentence was remitted, and he is now a free man.

It was our fortune to see this document as Mrs. Jackson started it from Pulaski to its destination in Western Texas, where the nearest express office is twenty miles from the home of Frank Herron. He knew nothing of the pardon beforehand. Many will join him in a prayer for blessings upon the good woman who worked so faithfully and without faltering for the boy prisoner, whose neck she saved from the hangman's rope forty years ago, and now secures a pardon for him from a life sentence in the penitentiary at hard labor from the United States government.

INQUIRY FROM A PHI DELTA THETA.—Walter B. Palmer, 509 South Spruce Street, Nashville, Tenn., will be greatly obliged to any one who will furnish him information about the following Confederate soldiers:

Oscar F. Rogers, chaplain — Mississippi Infantry. What was the number of his regiment, and years of service?

John G. Hall, lieutenant colonel Fifty-First Tennessee Infantry, 1862-64. What other commission did he hold?

Charles A. Hardin, under Maj. Gen. Sterling Price, 1861-63. What was his position?

Andrew T. McKinney, served probably in some Texas command. What was his position, company, regiment, and years of service?

PRISON CEMETERY, ELMIRA, N. Y.

D. Eldredge, Historian Third N. H. V., writes the following description of the cemetery at Elmira, N. Y.:

"The portion of Woodlawn Cemetery set apart for Confederates who died at the Elmira Prison is in the northeast corner, oblong in shape, and running east and west. On the right of the plot is Davis Street, running north and south, north to the reformatory, the southern course running nearly into the heart of the city.

"A large majority of the graves of the dead Confederates are now level, and the wooden headboards originally placed have long ago disappeared. Nothing marks the graves save as hereinafter described—excepting the case of four at irregular places, on each of which latter loving hands of relatives or friends have erected marble mementos. One is in the shape of a shaft marked 'E. K. Lindsay, C. S. N., Rockingham County, N. C.; died May 8th, 1865, aged 21 years.' Another marked



TWO VIEWS OF WOODLAWN CEMETERY.

'W. B. LeQuenx, Company I, Twenty-First Regiment, S. C. V.; died September 7, 1864, aged 20 years, nine months.' Another marked 'William Ed. Crawford, Private Company G, Twenty-Fifth S. C. V.; died March 7, 1865, aged 34 years.

"In the left upper corner are two rows east and west, graves of the Union soldiers who died at the prison while doing guard duty. There are likewise two rows, east and west, of Confederates in the opposite corner. Apparently these last named were able to bear the expense of slabs, or may have left funds for surviving comrades to perform the service for them. Beautiful trees wave over these graves and across the westerly boundary; but the large majority are buried in rows, seventeen double, running north and south, the graves being east and west. These rows extend almost over the entire plot. One grave in the northeast corner row reads: 'Anthony Rankin, born County Tyrone, Ireland, died in Elmira, aged about 23 years, No. 1403.' Another, 'John Cavert Plowden, Clariden, S. C., died May 3, 1865, aged 39 years.'

"In the two views the left one shows the headstone of Crawford, and the right shows the two rows in the northeast corner. As to the actual reason why these two rows have headstones and a larger number have none, the writer would be pleased to learn. The whole plot comprises about three acres, and the graves described, including those not visible, occupy the northern portion."

GEN. FITZHUGH LEE'S HOME.—The people of Charlottesville, Va., are rejoiced that Gen. Fitzhugh Lee has decided to return to the Virginia University after his temporary residence at Richmond. In the early spring Gen. Lee will begin the erection of a handsome home. It will front to the west, toward Rugby Hall, Gen. Rosser's residence. The land bought by Gen. Lee includes a very handsome grove of trees, and when the proposed improvements are made the place will be one of the most beautiful in the country.

STAFF TO COMMANDER ALABAMA DIVISION.

The following names are announced as the staff of Maj. Gen. George P. Harrison, commanding the Alabama Division, U. C. V.:

Col. Harvey E. Jones, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Mobile; Lieut. Cols. Nicholas Stallworth, Assistant Adjutant General, Evergreen; T. R. Rouliac, Inspector General, Sheffield; Daniel Coleman, Judge Advocate General, Huntsville; J. B. Francis, Paymaster General, Birmingham; Rinaldo M. Greene, Quartermaster General, Opelika; James Lauderdale, Commissary General, Selma; James M. Mason, Chaplain General, Evergreen; James G. Thomas, Surgeon General, Mobile; S. H. Dent, Chief of Artillery, Eufaula; John C. Webb, Chief of Engineers, Demopolis; William W. Wadsworth, Chief of Ordnance, Wadsworth; E. Troup Randle, Chief of Cavalry, Union Springs; William Berney, Assistant Paymaster General and Division Treasurer, Montgomery; William H. Hurt, Assistant Quartermaster General, Tuskegee; Benjamin M. Washburn, Assistant Commissary General, Montgomery; Joseph F. Johnston, Judge Advocate General, Birmingham; Thomas T. Roche, Assistant Inspector General, Mobile; David M. Scott, Assistant Chief of Engineers, Selma; Maj. A. H. Read, Assistant Surgeon General, Opelika.

Aids-de-camp: Majs. James R. Crow, Sheffield; Robert G. Hewitt, Birmingham; Jason G. Giuce, Eufaula; R. H. Bellamy, Fort Mitchell; Richard H. Adams, Decatur; J. B. Beaumont, Union Springs; William A. Handley, Roanoke; William E. Wailes, Selma; James H. Bickerstaff, Seale; William L. Nesbitt, Brickyard; Benjamin F. Roden, Birmingham; W. B. Leedy, Birmingham; Benjamin M. Huey, Marion; James Prendergast, Mobile; Thomas T. Dorman, Mobile; Benjamin F. Weathers, Roanoke; William E. Hudman, Opelika. In addition, he appoints the following aids from Montgomery: William B. Jones, W. W. Screws, George W. Ely, J. M. Riley, John Purifoy.

Sons of Veterans: Cpts. Thomas S. Fraser, Union Springs; Virgil Bouldin, Scottsboro; Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery; John H. Bankhead, Jr., Jasper; William B. Craig, Selma; Boswell deG. Waddell, Seale.

Daughters of the Confederacy: Miss Claude Verdott Coleman, Sponsor, Huntsville; Miss Maribelle Williams, First Maid of Honor, Mobile; Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Chaperon, Opelika; Mrs. Harvey E. Jones, Matron, Mobile.

Honorary Staff: Lieut. Gen. Joseph Wheeler, Wheeler; Brig. Gens. E. W. Pettus, Selma; John T. Morgan, Selma; George D. Johnston, Tuscaloosa; Charles M. Shelley, Birmingham; R. D. Johnston, Birmingham; E. W. Rucker, Birmingham; P. D. Bowles, Evergreen; and Fred S. Ferguson, former Major General Alabama Division, Birmingham.

OFFICERS OF CAMP JOSEPH ADAMS.—At a meeting of Camp Joseph Adams, No. 1036, U. C. V., Austin, Ark., held February 7, 1903, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commander, Monroe Ragland; Adjutant, T. J. Young; First and Second Lieutenants, J. C. Haggard and J. B. Burkhead; Quartermaster, M. J. Apple; Surgeon, Dr. G. W. Granberry; Chaplain, Rev. W. A. Pendergrass; Officer of the Day, David Scroggs; Treasurer, Grandison Apple; Sergeant Major, W. B. Howell; Color Bearer, G. W. Harkins; Color Sergeants, J. A. Whitty and J. R. Reed.

J. D. Powell, of Eldorado Springs, Mo., desires to hear from or of Jacob Hammony, who lived in Yadkin County, N. C. He went to Missouri in 1869, but returned to the Old North State about 1873. Comrade Powell mentions that after the surrender at Appomattox Mr. Hammony and one of his messmates each "appropriated" a mule to get home on.

CELEBRATION AT PITTSBURG.

The Southern Society of Pittsburg held its first annual banquet January 19, at Hotel Henry, about one hundred members and guests being present. Col. W. La Rue Thomas of Kentucky, the President of the society, acted as toastmaster, and the speakers for the occasion were: Maj. Thomas G. Hayes, of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Samuel Graham, of Virginia; Rev. Dr. Thomas N. Boyle, of Pennsylvania; Rev. E. H. Ward, of Kentucky; and Mr. Henry J. Ford, of Maryland. Miss Virginia Lee, of Virginia, recited "The Sword of Lee."

The same spirit that stimulated the organizers of Southern societies in all of the large cities is strongly manifest in Pittsburg, and the members evidence an eagerness to promote the prosperity and advancement of those young Southerners who enter the city to carve out fortunes in the various walks of life.

The officers of the Southern Society are: President, Col. W. La Rue Thomas, Kentucky; First Vice President, Mr. J. M. Drill, Maryland; Second Vice President, Mr. S. J. Graham, Virginia; Secretary, Mr. Frederick Wilson, Virginia; Treasurer, Mr. Stuart B. Marshall, Kentucky.

CELEBRATION AT SANTA ANA, CAL.—The Emma Sanson Chapter, U. D. C., conferred crosses of honor upon members of Hi Bledsoe Camp on January 19, 1903, at Santa Ana, Cal. Mrs. Victor Montgomery, President of the Chapter, delivered the address of the evening, which combined in its elegance of diction and refinement of sentiment elements that place it among the most graceful addresses of the Lee celebration of 1903. At the conclusion of the address thirty-eight veterans were presented with crosses by the committee.

CELEBRATION AT WINCHESTER, KY.—The Virginia Hanson Chapter, U. D. C., conducted impressive anniversary exercises on January 19, 1903. After the invocation by Rev. W. Cumming and introductory remarks by President Weber, of Kentucky Wesleyan College, the Rev. J. R. Deering, of Lexington, delivered the oration. The exercises closed with presentation of Crosses of Honor by Mrs. Jennie Catherwood Bean. A pleasing feature of the evening was the introduction into the musical programme of a song written by Mrs. Sallie Cunningham, of Pinegrove, widow of the gallant soldier, Robert Cunningham, of Clark County, Ky.

CROSSES OF HONOR AT THE TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE HOME.—On January 20 members of the Tennessee Legislature visited the Confederate Soldiers' Home, near Nashville, to ascertain the condition and needs of that splendid institution. Mrs. John P. Hickman, Secretary of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, presented the inmates of the Home with Crosses of Honor. In making the presentation Mrs. Hickman gave patriotic expression to those sentiments which have made her for many years so valued a member of the State and general organizations.

T. A. Morris, Coal Hill, Ark., desires to hear from any comrades of Company B, Eighteenth Virginia Battalion, or from any that were in prison at Newport News, Va.

3**

EVENTS OF CAMP LIFE IN THE ARMY.

E. L. McKee, Selma, Ala., writes:

I read last spring in the *VETERAN* "Scenes around Dalton," in which mention was made of snowballing, gander-pulling, and shooting deserters. All this took place the winter of 1864 while Johnston's army was in winter's quarters at Dalton. It recalls to me other memorable events. There were eight men shot for desertion from our (Deas's) brigade, four at one time and four at another. Of the first four that were shot, one was from my regiment, the Thirty-Ninth Alabama. The brigade was marched out to the place to witness it. Each man sat on his coffin blindfolded, and at the crack of the guns each one fell behind his coffin, dead. When the other four were shot I was on guard by the grave where the first ones were buried, a grave wide enough for four coffins. Men were digging a grave by the side of this one to receive the other four. Where I stood I could plainly see the command in line and the men sitting on their coffins. At the first fire, three of the condemned fell behind their coffins, but the other one fell not. He was placed again on his coffin, and at the second round of shots he fell backward, still not dead. For the third time he was placed on his coffin and then was shot dead. These eight deserters lie now evidently side by side near Dalton, Ga. The man shot from our regiment (Thirty-Ninth Alabama) was a married man, and had been sent home after the Kentucky campaign to get a box of clothing for his company, C. One from each company of our regiment had been sent home for the same purpose. All returned with boxes except this man, who was brought back under guard. A year or so afterwards, one of the others, only eighteen years of age, had deserted three times.

With heavy snow on the ground, one of the regiments belonging to Deas's Brigade began snowballing another. Then they would reënforce and go to another brigade and snowball them, till the whole division was engaged. One man was wounded from my company, A, and a gash cut in his head, rendering him *hors de combat*.

Our division, Hindman's, concluded they would go to Stephenson's Division and whip them. So we formed line of battle, our colors flying, commanded by a colonel. Stephenson's Division saw us coming, so they formed line and forwarded to meet us, Gen. Stephenson taking command in person. The consequence was they sent us flying back to our camp without our colors.

The gander-pulling that I witnessed was not at Dalton, but just before Bragg started into Kentucky. The gander was tied to the limb of a tree, head down, neck greased, and some distance from the ground. The boys would stand off some distance, then run, and as they reached the bird, would make a jump to catch him by the neck. Some would miss, others would catch hold, but their hands would slip. The old gander would squall when this was done. This fun, or cruelty, went on for some time before the neck was pulled off. I believe the one doing this fell heir to the goose.

"Rand, McNally's Pocket Atlas of the World," 462 pages. Price, 50 cents. With the *VETERAN*, \$1.25.

THE LAST ORDER TO STACK ARMS.

While in prison at Fort Delaware Capt. Joseph Blyth Allston, upon hearing of Lee's surrender at Appomattox, penned these lines:

STACK ARMS.

"Stack Arms!" I've gladly heard the cry
 When, weary with the dusty tread
 Of marching troops, as night drew nigh,
 I sank upon my soldier bed
 And calmly slept, the starry dome
 Of heaven's blue arch my canopy,
 And mingled with my dreams of home
 The thought of Peace and Liberty.

"Stack Arms!" I've heard it when the shout
 Exulting rang along our line,
 Of foes hurled back in bloody route,
 Captured, dispersed; its tones divine
 Then came to my enraptured ear,
 Guerdon of duty nobly done,
 And glistened on my cheek a tear
 Of grateful joy for victory won.

"Stack Arms!" in faltering accents slow
 And sad it creeps from tongue to tongue,
 A broken, murmuring wail of woe,
 From manly hearts by anguish wrung,
 Like victims of a midnight dream,
 We move, we know not how or why,
 For life and hope but phantoms seem
 And it would be relief—to die.

THE OLD NORTH STATE.

SONG AND CHORUS. WORDS BY HON. WM. GASTON.

Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her,
 While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her;
 Though the scorner may sneer at, and witling defame her,
 Yet our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! The old North State forever!
 Hurrah! Hurrah! The good old North State.

Though she envies not others their merited glory,
 Whose name stands the foremost in Liberty's story?
 Though too true to herself e'er to crouch to oppression,
 Who can yield to just rule a more loyal submission?

Plain and artless her sons, but whose doors open faster
 To the knock of the stranger or tale of disaster?
 How like to the rudeness of their dear native mountains,
 With rich ore in their bosoms and life in their fountains!

And her daughters, the queen of the forest resembling,
 So graceful, so constant, to gentlest breath trembling;
 True lightwood at heart, let the match be applied them,
 How they kindle in flame none know but who've tried them!

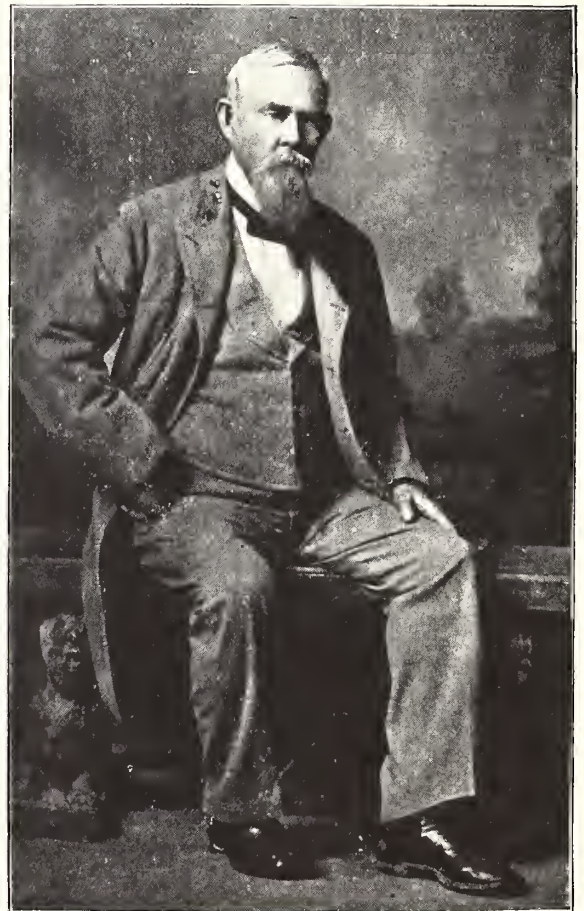
Then let all who love us love the land that we live in,
 As happy a region as on this side of heaven,
 Where plenty and freedom, love and peace smile before us,
 Raise aloud, raise together the heart-thrilling chorus.

WAS HE NEVER RECONSTRUCTED?—I was in a barbershop when one old chap was in the chair and another was close by talking to him on the subject of religion, and this is what I overheard: "You say you expect to go to heaven when you die? What do you

suppose the Lord will find for you to do there?" "Well, you know I have always been taught that the Lord finds some pleasant occupation for his saints, and naturally selects work that he knows will be pleasant, and I think it is highly probable that he will put me to killing Yankees—provided there are any there!"

COMRADE M'CONNELL, A SCOUT FOR FORREST.

W. M. McConnell, whose excellent picture is herewith presented, is a native of Hartsville, Tenn., was born January 7, 1833. He was raised in Fulton County, Ky., and joined Henderson's Scouts, under Gen. Forrest, where he served during the war, surrendering at Gainesville, Ala. Maj. Charles W. Anderson, a confidential staff officer to Gen. Forrest, in a letter to Capt. J. W. Morton, chief of Forrest's Artillery, pays fine tribute to Capt. McConnell's efficiency as an officer of Henderson's Scouts. He says: "When



COL. W. M. M'CONNELL.

sent on missions of great importance, the execution of which required energy, intelligence, and nerve, they were ever faithfully executed, and I know he was highly appreciated by Gen. Forrest as a reliable, efficient, and brave officer of that department in the service."

The VETERAN hopes ere long to have from Comrade McConnell some valuable reminiscences, of which he is possessed.

WADE'S SUPERNUMARY SCOUTS.

S. B. Barron, Third Texas Cavalry, Rusk, Tex.:

In the autumn of 1864, after the fall of Atlanta, while Gen. Sherman occupied that city, and Gen. Hood's army was in the vicinity of Jonesboro, I joined the "Supernumerary Scouts," commanded by Capt. H. W. Wade, of the Sixth Texas Cavalry. This party was composed of commissioned officers from the four regiments of Ross's Brigade, and operated, for the time, in the territory lying north of the West Point railroad and south of the Chattahoochee River—west of Gen. Sherman's outpost—about twelve miles out from Atlanta, in the direction of Campbellton, on the south bank of the Chattahoochee River, twenty-two miles from Atlanta, entering which there were two roads, the Ridge road and the River road. The latter led out at the northeastern part of the town, and along the south bank of the river for quite a distance; the former extended to the southeastern part of the town, and diverged considerably from the River road. For a distance of two or three miles, owing to intervening ravines, fences, and brier thickets, it was impossible for a horseman to pass from one to the other.

One morning we met Lieut. Bob Lee with his scouts, and all agreed to go on an expedition to the immediate front of Gen. Sherman's army. Bob Lee, for gallantry and efficiency as a scout, had been promoted from the ranks of the Ninth Texas Cavalry to first lieutenant, and placed in command of a regular scouting party. Capt. Wade's party numbered twenty-one, and Lieut. Lee's nineteen, all well mounted and armed exclusively with Colt's revolvers, of which we carried from two to four each. On the way we were joined by a convalescent from the Third Texas Cavalry, making a total of forty-one men.

We moved due north, sometimes by road or trail, and sometimes through the forest without a road. Finally, coming to the back of a large farm, we passed through it and struck the Ridge road one or two miles west of Gen. Sherman's outpost. Near the road we came to a farmhouse where we captured two Federal infantry soldiers in the act of cleaning one of the farmer's hogs which they had just killed. These men informed us that a party of about sixty cavalry, with a couple of wagons, had passed on in the direction of Campbellton. Two of our men were sent back from this place with the captured prisoners. When we reentered the road the fresh tracks of our friends, the enemy, were plainly visible. At the first house on the road we were told substantially what the two prisoners had told us. Evidently they had gone to Campbellton on a plundering expedition.

Two of our men were sent on to ascertain this fact, and we moved slowly to within about two miles of the town. Selecting a position at the top of a hill commanding a view of the road, for one or two hundred yards we formed a line parallel with and south of the road, a few paces in the brush, and patiently waited for them.

In due time our two scouts came galloping back, pursued by two Federal cavalymen, one of whom passed along our front, stopping opposite our right

flank. To us, standing as we were, reined up just a little out of the road with drawn pistols, intending to charge them in the flank when they came opposite to us, this fellow presented a tempting target, too much to be resisted by one of our men, who, with a well-aimed shot, dropped him from his horse. We could already see the head of their column coming slowly up the hill toward us. Among other plunder taken from the citizens were some cows and calves which they were driving.

When the one shot was fired from our ambush, with one impulse we rushed into the road, wheeling our horses to the left; with a loud yell, we charged at a gallop. They were armed with seven-shooting Spencer rifles, a few of them also carrying Colt's revolvers, and the majority rather poorly mounted. As soon as they realized the situation they reversed their column and started at full speed for Campbellton and the River road. Uphill and downhill, over bad road as well as good road, they rushed, constantly firing back at us as they went. We easily overtook them and pressed their rear every inch of the way, keeping up a constant fire with revolvers. The command to "Halt! surrender!" often given, was in the main unheeded. In some instances our men would run into their ranks, passing some of their men in the extreme rear, when the effort to shoot one of our men in the back was anticipated, and the unlucky fellow who made the attempt would catch a pistol ball in the back of his head. About one-third of their best mounted men, with one wagon and team, succeeded in passing through the town and into the other road. Passing through to the outer edge of the town, we gave up the race. I, with others, rode back to gather up arms and loose horses and to count the number *de hors*. We found 14 dead, 15 wounded, and 12 who had surrendered unhurt. To sum up, we were in possession of one wagon and four mules, with the plunder, "flat tobacco," chickens, turkeys, etc., between 30 and 40 rifles, a few revolvers, and some fifteen horses. We placed three or four slightly wounded men in the wagon, paired off with the twelve prisoners, and leisurely marched off toward our army, leaving the dead and severely wounded to be cared for by their more fortunate comrades.

Except that two or three of our men, who had ridden too close to the muzzles of their guns, were powder-burned in their faces, not one of us had received the slightest injury.

A JOURNEY WITH JEFFERSON DAVIS.

By W. T. Moore, McKinney, Tex.:

During October, 1860, when a lad of fifteen years of age, I left my home in Hinds County, Miss., and journeyed to Washington City, there to enter Georgetown College as a student. When Mississippi had seceded from the Union I returned home, leaving Washington in February, 1861, on a steamer for Warrenton, Va. Boarding the train at this point, I bought a newspaper, in which I saw for the first time an article mentioning Jefferson Davis as the probable President of the seceded and seceding States. While reading the article a gentleman and lady and little girl took the

seat in front of me, and I at once recognized Mr. Davis. The car was well filled with passengers, many of whom were Congressmen from the seceding States. Turning to me and speaking kindly, Mr. Davis asked me my destination. When I replied, "I am going to my home in Mississippi," Mrs. Davis said, "We are going there, too, and if you have no objection, won't you permit our little daughter to sit beside you?" I most willingly acceded, and later I handed Mr. Davis the paper and pointed to the article I had been reading. Our journey from Alexandria to Chattanooga, Tenn., was pleasant, and I relieved Mrs. Davis of the care of the little one (who is now Mrs. Hayes), carrying her in my arms from one train to another, and always going ahead to select a good seat for Mr. and Mrs. Davis. Between Bristol and Knoxville a freight wreck had occurred, and baggage, passengers, and other things had to be transferred for some distance around the wreck. The weather was very cold, so I wrapped the little girl up well and hurried to the train awaiting us, selecting two good seats near the stove. Soon Mr. Davis and wife entered and thanked me for my kindness. Very soon the car was crowded with many distinguished statesmen, and while waiting for the transfer of the baggage most of them gathered near the stove. For an hour or more a spirited conversation ensued in regard to the present and future of both North and South. During this conversation an elderly-looking gentleman entered and neared the stove, Mr. Davis calling him "Mr. Bell." I looked at him and then at the picture I was wearing on the lapel of my coat, and knew it must be the Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, who was the lately defeated Whig candidate for the presidency. So I took the little girl on my knee and proffered him the seat beside me. During the conversation Mr. Davis asked Mr. Bell what he now proposed to do. As quick as he could make answer he replied: "Mr. Davis, I am too old for active service in the field; but be assured, sir, if it becomes necessary I shall take the stump in Tennessee and use all of my power to have my State represented by sixty or eighty thousand soldiers for the South." At Knoxville Mr. Davis made a speech from the rear platform of the train. At Chattanooga he and Mrs. Davis left the train, and I never met him again. He was a grand man.

CRITICISM OF GEN. BRAGG AT SHILOH.

M. R. Tunno writes from Savannah, Ga.: "The communication of Chief Justice Bunn, of Arkansas, in the October VETERAN carries my thoughts back to Shiloh. Comrade Bunn says: 'The Confederates should, and could, have attacked the Federal army on the 5th instead of the 6th of April, and thus had two days instead of one to defeat and virtually disorganize Grant's army present, for Buell could not have arrived,' etc. Gen. Johnston did plan the attack for April 5; and had it been made on that day, who can doubt that the result would have been different? Who and what circumstances prevented the opening of that battle on the 5th, as intended? Gen. Bragg's tardiness in getting into position on the 4th of April thus deferred the battle one day, and gave Buell time to arrive and reinforce Grant. We know now that after the failure of Gen.

Bragg to get into position Gen. Beauregard wished to retrace his steps; but Gen. Johnston determined otherwise, and he was warmly supported by Gen. Polk. Whether Gen. Beauregard committed a great mistake or not in the afternoon of April 6—and in my opinion he did make a blunder—Gen. Bragg lost us that battle. He had no greater difficulties on the line of march from Corinth to retard him than had Gens. Polk, Hardee, and Breckenridge. The same vacillation and incompetency marked him in his Kentucky campaign and at Chickamauga. He loved our glorious Confederacy and would have given up his life for it; but, nevertheless, he handicapped our cause by his inability to fill the high positions of lieutenant general commanding a corps and commander in chief of an army in the field. As a disciplinarian and an organizer of a camp of instruction he was *facile princeps*, but otherwise he was a failure."

The VETERAN varies from its rule in giving the above, which was received in November. While these columns, of course, should be open to just criticism, the writer knows that it is impossible to tell whether "tardiness" of a general to get his command in position is a correct statement. There were hindrances in some areas over others that cannot be explained. The writer was not an admirer of Gen. Bragg during the war, but the developments in these later years entitle him to full measure of what Comrade Tunno says of his loyalty and his readiness to sacrifice his life for the Confederacy.

"LEE TO THE REAR."

From J. G. Wheeler, Manor, Tex.:

My attention has been called to the following sentence which occurs in the December (1902) VETERAN, page 557:

"It was Col. Funkhouser who suggested that Gen. Lee go to the rear on May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, when the General insisted on leading the charge to re-establish his lines after Gen. Hancock, with 40,000 men, had broken them and captured most of Johnston's Division, and it was one of his old company (W. A. Compton) who led Gen. Lee's horse to the rear."

I cannot say what occurred at Spottsylvania on May 12, 1864, but the historic episode that suggested Miss Mollie E. Moore's poem, "Lee at the Wilderness," and McArdle's great picture, "Lee at the Wilderness," which was lost when the old capitol at Austin was burned, belongs to the Texas Brigade of Hood's old Division, Longstreet's Corps.

On the morning of May 6, 1864, when Hood's Division arrived at a point near the battlefield of the Wilderness, we were halted a few minutes to form in line of battle. I was within twenty feet of Gen. Lee when he said: "Texans, I want to lead your brigade and turn the tide of this battle." I think I was first to perceive the magnitude of the mistake it would be for Gen. Lee to be exposed to what we were about to enter, and I cried out, "Gen. Lee, we will go wherever you wish without you;" and then a good many called out, "Lee to the rear! Lee to the rear!"

I cannot recollect who caught his bridle and turned his horse, but I have an indistinct memory of seeing

Shumate, Bill Burgess, Duffan, and one of the Barrys very near him.

That it was accepted as a historical fact that the incident belonged to the Texas Brigade was proved by the McArdle picture referred to. The living Texans who were there will confirm these statements.

NUMBERS WHO FOUGHT IN THE SIXTIES.

Hosea D. Loftis:

Looking back through the lapse of years, when all bitterness and passion engendered by the terrible strife of 1861 to 1865 has passed away, we can approach the subject calmly and dispassionately. We are a nation cemented by our brothers' blood. The war was a war fought by American soldiers against American soldiers, where brother was oftentimes arrayed against brother, and father against son. There is no need for us to try to sectionalize bravery; we know that the man from Maine was as brave as the man from South Carolina, and *vice-versa*. We have arrived at the conclusion that the South, from first to last, put over one million men in the field, and we base this conclusion on the census of 1860, showing the male population of military age—eighteen to forty-five—in the eleven seceding States, as follows: Alabama, 65,231; Arkansas, 99,967; Florida, 15,739; Georgia, 111,000; Louisiana, 83,456; Mississippi, 70,295; North Carolina, 115,309; South Carolina, 55,646; Tennessee, 159,353; Texas, 92,145; Virginia, 196,587.

We know that every man of military age served in the army in some capacity, except those disqualified by bodily infirmities. The conscript from sixteen to sixty put thousands more into the Confederate armies; and thousands from the border States of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri still swelled the number. To further refute the 600,000 statement, since the war some of the States have tried to correct their rolls and give statements of the number they furnished the Confederate armies.

I believe my own State of North Carolina was the first to report. She has upon her roll the names of 125,000 men, and Maj. Moore says there were thousands furnished whose names do not appear. These names, to his own personal knowledge, are recalled by various comrades.

At the dedication of Chickamauga the Governor of Alabama claimed 100,000 for that State, and Tennessee claims 100,000. This leaves eight States to furnish 300,000. We know the South had a population of 5,000,000 when the war began, and one in five is the military estimate. We have reports from the States of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Indiana, with an equal population, and these sent over 600,000 volunteers to put down the "rebellion." Shall we believe they were more patriotic than the South?

We know very little attention was paid to rolls in the latter part of the war. Just so an orderly sergeant had the name, nothing further was required. No; the South did better than the figures indicate. I believe she placed over one million men to her defense.

CLOSE CALL NEAR MURFREESBORO.

Frank T. Ryan writes in entertaining story of his escape from a falling tree in the sixties, in which he states: "In reviewing the tablets of my memory I find that the very closest call I had as a soldier was when I thought I was most secure and free from harm. It was Christmas week, and we were having a glorious time for soldiers, plenty to eat and money in abundance, as we had recently been paid off. We were encamped in a beautiful region of Middle Tennessee, some fifteen miles east of the town of Murfreesboro. We had pitched our tents on the edge of a beautiful timbered piece of land. As we had been encamped here for several weeks, we had made sad havoc with the timber, and with a few exceptions had about cleared it all up. A few messes had preserved some of the finest old trees. Taking my blanket and book, I concluded to go out and spread my blanket down in the balmy sunshine among the tall sedge grass and read awhile. I had not been thus engaged long until I read myself to sleep. One of those fine old trees that had been preserved stood at the mouth of a tent just opposite to where I was lying. Some soldiers had just about struck their last lick toward cutting it down—it was toppling preparatory to falling—when they first spied me lying off in the grass asleep. From where they stood it looked as if I were in the direct line of the falling tree, and began to cry out in their loudest tones to me to get up and flee for safety. As I awoke from my deep sleep, the first thing that met my dazed, half-awake vision was this falling tree, and it looked as big as Stone Mountain, and as if it were falling directly toward me. I arose and began to run with all my might. The faster I ran the louder my comrades called, and just as I was about to run immediately under its huge trunk I stumbled and fell, the limbs completely encircling me. Fortunately I was not hurt beyond a few scratches, but scared—don't mention it. Then I realized what a narrow escape from a miserable death I had made, for a few steps farther would have put me under the body of the tree, and I would have made them had I not stumbled and fell. Upon after investigation it was found that had my comrades not disturbed me I should have been entirely out of the track of the falling tree, and thereby safe. Being aroused so suddenly, and in my half-awake state, I was running to, instead of from, the tree, but from their standpoint it looked as if I were in great danger. How true it is that 'there is a divinity that shapes our ends,' for, had I not providentially fallen, I would certainly have been crushed into the earth on that beautiful December day."

At a meeting of Camp John Morgan, No. 448, U. C. V., De Queen, Ark., September 6, 1902, the following resolution was introduced and adopted:

Resolved, That this Camp most heartily indorses the action of Miss Laura Galtt, of Louisville, Ky., in refusing to sing "Marching through Georgia" when ordered to do so by a teacher of the public schools of that city.

W. S. RAY, *Commander*;

JOHN G. MCKEAN, *Adjutant*.

INCIDENTS OF GEN. M'PHERSON'S DEATH.

Concerning the killing of McPherson, Hon. A. W. Hutton, of Los Angeles, Cal., writes: "Mr. Wm. B. Cullen, of Glendora, Los Angeles County, called to see me, and in the conversation said that he wished to furnish the VETERAN a statement in regard to Gen. McPherson's death before Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864. Mr. Cullen is a native of Culpeper County, Va. His father owned a plantation near Oxford, Miss., in 1861, and young Cullen was attending the preparatory department of the University of Mississippi. He volunteered at once as a member of the Lamar Rifles (L. Q. C. Lamar's original company), which became Company G in the Eleventh Mississippi Regiment. He served in it until he lost his right arm in the battle of Seven Pines, when he was discharged, but continued to the close of the war to do staff duty, serving in various detached positions. He married after the war, and came to California. With his one arm he went to work on a ranch, and by his indomitable pluck and industry owns one of the best fruit ranches in the county. He has also held the office of county tax collector, and is one of our most popular and worthy citizens. His statement was written by me and read to him. Robert F. Coleman, a private of Gen. Pat Cleburne's old regiment, who was shot through the lungs at the battle of Franklin, came to California for his health after the war, and in 1881 or 1882 died at my [Cullen's] house. On his deathbed he said he wished to make a statement as to Gen. McPherson's death, and told me [Cullen] that his regiment was advancing through some thick, heavy undergrowth in front of Atlanta on July 22. Capts. Beard, Wilson, i. e. and others emerged from the underbrush into a road, and immediately in their front were two officers with other members of the staff. Capt. Wilson threw up his sword and said: "Surrender!" One of the officers threw up his hands in token of surrender; but the other spurred his horse and made a dash for the pine thicket on the opposite side of the road, at the same time taking off his hat and throwing himself forward on the saddle and diving under the limbs of a small pine tree. Capt. Wilson exclaimed: "Shoot him! shoot him!" I raised my gun and fired. The officer fell from his horse on his face. I stopped to reload my gun, but Capt. Wilson walked over to the fallen man, turned him over on his back, and asked the prisoner who the dead officer was. His reply was: "You have killed the best man in the Union army. That is Maj. Gen. J. B. McPherson." Capt. Wilson said, "I will take his sword," and, addressing the prisoner (an officer), asked: "Who are you?" The answer was: "I am his adjutant general." Capt. Wilson then took off the dead man's watch and gave it to the adjutant general, telling him to deliver it to Gen. McPherson's wife. In the meantime his command had formed in the road and marched away. The sword was after the war restored to Mrs. McPherson by Capt. Wilson, who acknowledged its receipt." Cullen also told me of once meeting Gen. McPherson in Oxford, Miss., when he (Cullen) was a prisoner, and of the kind, gentlemanly treatment which he and another wounded Confederate prisoner received

from him, which would show him to have been a chivalrous enemy."

ACCOUNT GIVEN BY CAPT. BEARD.

A copy of the foregoing was sent to Capt. Richard Beard, of Murfreesboro, who replied:

I have read the communication of Hon. A. W. Hutton, of Los Angeles, Cal., and it is remarkable to me how confused ideas can become in the midst of excitement such as surrounded Gen. McPherson when he fell, and how deceptive and treacherous memory is after a lapse of over thirty-eight years.

The Robert F. Coleman mentioned was a corporal of my company, as gallant a young soldier as I ever saw on the battlefield, but very excitable.

His statement as to what occurred just before the killing is correct. We were placed in line of battle about twelve or one o'clock in the day, and the last order given by Gen. Cleburne to us was to move forward, turning neither to the right nor to the left, till we were in the enemy's breastworks. Shortly afterwards a heavy and rapid cannonading commenced, from what we supposed to be Bate's Division, which announced clearly that the ball was about to open in good earnest. Under the excitement aroused by it, we commenced a double-quick through a forest covered with dense underbrush. This forest was, I think, near the old Atlanta Exposition Grounds. After advancing some distance, we came to the edge of a little wagon road, running parallel with our line of march, and down which Gen. McPherson came thundering at the head of what I supposed to be his staff. He had evidently just left his last conference with Gen. Sherman, near the Howard House, and was on his way to see what the rapid and sudden firing on his left meant. He was certainly surprised to find himself suddenly face to face with our line. My own company and possibly others had reached the road when he discovered that he was within a few feet of where we stood. I was on the very verge of the road, and McPherson checked his horse for a second just opposite where I stood. I could have touched him with the point of my sword. Not a word was spoken. I threw up my sword to him as a signal to surrender. He checked his horse slightly, raised his hat as if he were saluting a lady, wheeled his horse's head to the right, and dashed off to the rear in a full gallop. Corporal Coleman, who was standing near me, fired on him; whether some one ordered fire I do not remember. It was his bullet that brought Gen. McPherson down. He was shot as he was passing under the thick branches of a tree, and as he was bending over his horse's neck, either to avoid coming in contact with the limbs or, more probably, to escape the death-dealing bullets that he knew were sure to follow him. A number of shots were also fired at his retreating staff.

I ran up immediately to where the dead General lay, just as he had fallen, upon his knees and face. There was not a quiver of his body to be seen, not a sign of life perceptible. The fatal bullet had done its work well. As I rushed up to the body Capt. W. A. Brown, of Grenada, Miss., who commanded a company in the same regiment, came just behind me and picked up

Gen. McPherson's hat, that had fallen from his head as he passed under the tree, and yelled out: "I have got his hat." Brown threw his own away, and, taking off the gilt band, put it on his head and wore it through all of our prison experience at Johnson's Island, and after our release at the close of the war. He had it on at the "parting of the ways," in Hamilton, Ohio, and when he started to his home in Mississippi, and I to mine in Lebanon, Tenn.

When I got up to the body of the dead General I found a man lying on his back near him, who, if at all hurt, was but slightly wounded. I noticed only a slight spot of blood on his cheek. Pointing to the dead man, I asked him: "Who is this lying here?" He answered, with tears in his eyes: "Sir, it is Gen. McPherson. You have killed the best man in our army."

A short time after I passed from the body Maj. Richard Person, who commanded the regiment, and all that part of it, with a portion of Granberry's Texas Brigade, that advanced too far in the enemy's line, were captured, and a few minutes thereafter I had an interview with a major of Gen. McPherson's staff, who asked me about the circumstances of his death. He told me what he had on his person when killed—money, watch, etc.—and that his body had been recovered by the Federals. I assured him that, so far as I knew, nothing on his person was touched while I was near it. He said that all was gone, but that he cared nothing about the money or the watch and other valuables; he only wanted to get his private papers that were taken. This is the last tragedy that I took part in during the war, and it is as vividly and as distinctly photographed on my memory as if it all had occurred yesterday.

There are certain mistakes in the statement of Robert Coleman as given by Comrade Hutton that are fatal to it. Robert F. Coleman was not a member of Pat Cleburne's old regiment. That regiment was from Arkansas. Coleman was a Tennessean and a member of either Col. Walker's Second or Col. Pickett's Twenty-First Tennessee Regiment. These two regiments were consolidated after the battle of Shiloh, and afterwards formed the Fifth Confederate. I was made a lieutenant of his (Coleman's) company just on the eve of Bragg's march into Kentucky, and my commission as captain dated from September 20, 1863, the day of the battle of Chickamauga.

In the next place, there was no Capt. Wilson in the regiment, and none of that name in the brigade, so far as I knew. There had been a first lieutenant of my company, W. P. Wilson, who was for a short time after the war a partner of my brother, Judge W. D. Beard, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Tennessee; but Lieut. Wilson had been relieved from duty as such the March before, at Dalton, and was given a leave of absence for ninety days, in order that he might find some other place in the army. He volunteered on the staff of some one of the generals, and lost an arm in one of the battles between Dalton and Atlanta. I know he was not in Cleburne's Division during the battle of July 22. And, lastly, Coleman's statement that Capt. Wilson asked the officer who was lying by the side of McPherson, "Who are you?" and

the answer was, "I am his adjutant general." I saw that officer get up, and am certain that he made no such reply, and could not truthfully have made it. He was not McPherson's adjutant general, but was simply a signal officer, on duty with the General that day, and I think he was Capt. Strong; I am not, however, certain about his name or rank. I have, however, seen a statement from him since the war that he was in the signal service at the time of Gen. McPherson's death.

JOHN REAGAN'S COURAGE.

An interesting reminiscence of the Hon. John H. Reagan, sole survivor of the Confederate States Cabinet, from the pen of W. T. Gas, illustrates the courage of the venerable man in his earlier life:

The writer was in Austin shortly after the old Roman resigned his position as United States Senator to accept the position of railroad commissioner of Texas under Gov. Hogg's administration, and accepted an invitation to dine with him and his good wife. In the afternoon Gen. Reagan ordered out his surrey, and with him we drove the greater part of the afternoon. Few persons excel him as a conversationalist; and, coupled with the fact that he is a walking encyclopedia of Texas history, to me the pleasure of the afternoon was doubly enhanced. Being then a citizen of Fannin County, our host made inquiry about a number of old friends up there, and among others the family of Alf Pace, and two or three of his brothers and their families. The name of Pace seemed to put the old veteran in a happy, reminiscent mood, and he related the following incident:

"I was deputy district surveyor of the Nacogdoches land district, and my first acquaintance with Alf, Seck, Albert, and Joe Pace dated in the early forties, and begun on the banks of the Trinity River, at Hughes's Bluff, below where the city of Dallas now stands. My home then was in what is now Kaufman County, and the Paces lived at or near Bonham, in Fannin County (then old Fort English). A friendship was formed then between the four Pace brothers, all four of whom are now dead, and myself that was unbroken during their lives."

Gen. Reagan then related some of the early pioneer history of Texas, the scarcity of money, etc., and the fact that land scrip was the principal currency of those pioneer days, and that he received that as principal pay for his work as land surveyor. At that date the idea was prevalent among well-posted early settlers of North Texas that Hughes's Bluff was destined to be the head of steamboat navigation on the Trinity River; so he had gone there and located a 640-acre strip lying above and below the bluff, covering the site he thought would be the most available for the prospective city. Shortly after he had made the location and survey, and had filed the field notes as required by law, the Peters Colony Company, of Kentucky, had sent surveyors into the State to locate lands granted them by the State Legislature, and a surveying party left Bonham to locate lands covering the one he had already surveyed on the head of navigation of the Trinity River. Gen. Reagan was notified by a friend that they intended to "jump"

his claim, or to cover his survey with a later claim, and also the date the party was to leave Bonham for that purpose. Mounting his mustang, and armed with his double-barreled shotgun and holsters, he left home unaccompanied and reached his land on the same day the party went into camp on the Trinity River. He dismounted, lariatied out his horse, and on invitation stayed all night with the party, which consisted of fifteen or twenty men. Talking with the leaders of the party, and learning that they would begin surveying the next day, he said nothing until at breakfast the next morning, when he informed the company's surveyor that he had come too late—that he had already surveyed the land they were camped on, and the field notes had been filed in the proper district land office. The official declared his intention to go ahead any way, when the hardy pioneer saddled his mustang, mounted him, and, laying his gun across his saddle, both barrels cocked, he rode out in front of the party, and told them that the land they were on was his; that the first man who set a compass or stretched a chain to measure his land would do so at his peril or over his dead body. There was no mistaking the situation—John H. Reagan meant what he said, and they saw it. The Pace brothers consulted among themselves and other Texas pioneers with them; and Alf Pace, acting as spokesman said: "Boys, we did not come here to help Peters Colony steal any citizen's land, and for one I will have nothing to do with resurveying this tract." Deputy Surveyor Reagan had won, and the surveying party went elsewhere to make their locations. This incident was the beginning of a friendship between those hardy pioneers that lasted through their lives. When John H. Reagan was a candidate for Congress, several years afterwards, he received almost the solid vote of Fannin and Collin Counties, his courage, his sterling honesty, and ability being a household word over North and East Texas, as it is now known to the whole country. Dallas was not built on the Reagan survey, as subsequent events proved; but the brave old Roman, single and alone, with law, right, and justice on his side, won the friendship of his Texas pioneer neighbors and prevented a corporation from grabbing his land.

INTEREST IN VETERAN INCREASES.—The VETERAN has penetrated into many homes, and its readers say it has found its way into many hearts, but word comes from Kathleen, Fla., February 14, 1903, from O. P. Foster: "Please send me sample copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I wish to subscribe and have others do so. I did not know until last week that such a publication existed, and it is the very thing we need." Another evidence of the desire to extend the VETERAN's circulation comes from J. T. Beall, of Fairmont, W. Va. He says that he is interesting himself introducing the VETERAN into homes that have not previously known it, and that the men to whom he has recently spoken "have subscribed without a word." He further adds: "The boys here are well-doing and have homes of their own, even if they do not receive pensions."

TENNESSEE MEMORIAL DAY.—According to a recent act of the Tennessee Legislature, June 3 has been made Memorial Day. This decision is largely due to the efforts of two earnest workers—Mrs. J. H. Humphreys, of the Southern Mothers, and Capt. Cullun, Commander U. S. C. V., in Memphis.

WAR TIMES AT IUKA, MISS.

Mrs. L. E. Sinsabaugh, of Adams, Tenn., was a refugee in 1862 at Iuka, Miss., and when the wounded of the Iuka and Corinth battles were carried to Iuka paroled prisoners, she and Miss Fannie Dias, of Florence, Ala., were given charge of the sufferers in Ward Three.

Following the directions of the surgeons in charge, Drs. Britts, Clarke, Roberts, Franklin, and others, it was the duty of Mrs. Sinsabaugh (then Miss Annie Parks) to prepare the eggnog for the invalids. One morning Capt. McSpadden was told he must do without his eggnog, as it was impossible to procure eggs. He turned his head with animation, and exclaimed: "Just give me the 'nog' without the eggs!"

The following letter was found in Miss Annie Parks's yard on the eve of the battle of Iuka, and Mrs. Sinsabaugh has never learned the fate of the writer:

"HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE, September 16, '62,
4 o'clock P.M.

"Miss Anna: The enemy are advancing in heavy force on both sides of our flanks. An engagement is almost inevitable. Before mixing in the 'horrid din and strife of the battlefield,' I must return you my sincere thanks for your kindness to one who was a stranger in a strange land. If I do not live to thank you in person, I know that there is One above who never permits a kind action to go unrewarded. If I fall, please forward to St. Louis, to the following address, 'Mrs. Kate A. Bacon, St. Louis, Mo.,' what you can learn or hear concerning my end.

"If I do not fall, you will see me again. It may be foolish for me to talk of presentiments, but I feel different from what I ever have before on going into an engagement. But I have given myself to my country.

"God bless you! I have no time to write more. You may think this bold, but this is no time for ceremony. That God may protect you is the prayer of your admirer,
CHARLES E. BACON."

THE CONFEDERATE BAZAAR.

(To be held in Richmond April, 1903.)

The United Daughters of the Confederacy, assisted by the Confederated Southern Memorial Associations, will hold a bazaar for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Arch, and for the Confederate Museum, which is now established in the mansion in which President Davis resided during the war. They ask the help of every man, woman, and child, in order that the entire South may share in the honor. The Association of the Jefferson Davis Monument, U. D. C., has a director in each State, and the Confederate Museum a regent, who represents the room owned by each State in the Southern Confederacy, and will be represented by a table bearing its name, shield and colors, and articles received will be given to the table which may be designated by the donor. Articles, small or large, for table or restaurant, for use or beauty, should be addressed to "Confederate Bazaar, Richmond, Va." We hope all packages will be forwarded free by the Southern and Adams Express Companies. Name and residence of the consignee should be in the corner, but not given as part of the address. All sums of money should be sent by money order or check to the Treasurer, Mrs. Kate S. Winn, 800 East Marshall Street, Richmond, Va.

END OF THE WAR—EXILES IN MEXICO.

Sam Box, Siloam Springs, Ark., who was a private in Company C, Third Regiment, Missouri Cavalry, Shelby's Old Brigade, writes of the trip of part of Shelby's men:

"The first days of April, 1865, found Shelby's Division, consisting of his old and Jackman's Brigades, in camp at Marshall, Tex., making preparations, we thought, to again 'invade' Missouri, via the Indian Territory and Kansas. Every man was delighted with the thought that our faces would soon be turned northward and our feet pressing Missouri soil, where some had relatives and friends whom they had not seen in weary years.

"About the 10th of April we broke camp and moved in the direction of Jefferson, but we were soon checked. Square across our road ran the deep and treacherous Cypress, already swollen to overflow by heavy rains. We went into camp, and for several days watched the rise and then the fall of the troubled waters. When we again broke camp, we headed for Western Texas, via Pittsburg, Gilmore, and Black Jack. We made easy marches, and camped occasionally for several days at a time. At Pittsburg we first learned of the assassination of President Lincoln. . . . Our confidence was so great that we expected soon to raise the Confederate flag in the heart of Missouri, redeem the State from Federal rule, and add fifty thousand recruits to our arms. This report was soon followed by the news of the surrender of Lee and Johnston, and a few days later that all the armies east of the river had laid down their arms and quit the contest. This was hardly believed at first by the privates and subordinate officers, but the stories were soon confirmed. It was here that Gen. Shelby issued his noted address, exhorting his men and officers to remain steadfast to duty and fight to the bitter end, and resolutions were unanimously adopted to continue the contest, with the hope that some friendly power would intercede in our behalf at the last hour.

"We again broke camp, and moved to Chambers Creek, six miles northeast of Corsicana. In the meantime scouts were sent to important towns accessible, to disperse mobs and protect private citizens and private property.

"About the last of May we learned with sorrow that Kirby Smith had formally surrendered the Trans-Mississippi Department. Our division had all along remained faithful to the discharge of duty, but all knew now that the only thing left for us to do was to accept the inevitable and act on our best judgment for our future welfare. Our scouts, who had been sent out to the various towns and neighborhoods, were all recalled, and they brought with them vast amounts of government property—such as wagons, teams, etc. They were sent to Tyler, and were in good time, as they found Capt. Douglass, a freighter from near Monterey, Mex., in that vicinity after cotton, with a large train of from six to twelve mule wagons; and as the war was over, he was afraid to load with the fleecy article, and they hired him to load with Confederate supplies, and promised him protection besides. On consultation it was evident that the bulk of the command desired to go to Shreve-



UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, TEXAS DIVISION.

port and surrender; others want to fall out and remain in Texas, while some made up their minds to 'run the gantlet,' and reach Mexico on the peril of being killed or captured on the way. Myself and three brothers had reached this conclusion.

"On the 1st day of June the command marched out on review for the last time. Shelby's address and farewell to his officers and soldiers on this occasion was as a father. Besides advice, he thanked them over and over again for the honor that they had bestowed upon him by their devotion to duty and courage at all times. There were three lines designated for us to express our choice, and we then marched back to camp to make preparations for the separation. The

next day, June 2, all were ready and we marched to Shelby's headquarters in a body, and, after formal leave of each other and sending messages to absent friends and relatives, we separated, many of us never to meet again this side of the judgment bar.

"Our party consisted of one hundred and thirty-two men interested in the property and the organization. Besides, there were a number of families and comrades from other commands—all told, several hundred men, women, and children—who asked permission to travel with us for protection, which was granted, and we guarded them safely through. We marched through Corsicana, and went into camp a few miles west, to await the arrival of a scout and a train load of provisions and army supplies from Dallas and Waxahachie. The next morning after they reached us our organization was made complete by dividing our little party into three companies (A, B, and C) and electing a full quota of officers for each company and Gen. Shelby major of the battalion. The same general, plume, and flag that had led a splendid army of horsemen to victory in the past was now leading this little remnant toward a foreign land. We marched through Waco, Austin, and out to San Antonio, where we halted for rest and recuperation. The doors of the old 'Menger Hotel' were opened wide to us, and we were well entertained for three days and nights. Here we were joined by Gens. Price and Magruder, Govs. Allen, of Louisiana, Maury, of Texas, and many other official characters. The people of Austin treated us nicely. For the time being they were offered ample protection against marauding parties infesting the country and appropriating the property of others at will.

"After collecting all the information possible as to the whereabouts and movements of the Federal armies then spreading over the State, we again pushed on toward Eagle Pass, and reached that border city about the 26th of June, and went into camp on the banks of the Rio Grande River. On the other side the whole country was enveloped in war, and the tramp, tramp of armies, thieves, and robbers could be seen and heard on every hand. But the Liberal army held the little town of Pedrosney (now C. P. Diaz), on the opposite bank, and with them we opened up negotiations for the sale of our entire outfit, consisting of arms, ammunition, two pieces of artillery, and provisions. The sale was finally effected, and they agreed to give us \$3,200, part in scrip and the rest in cash, upon delivery of the goods on the Mexican side of the river. The scrip was put up and sold to the highest bidder; and it went at very low figures, as no one had any faith in its ever being redeemed. The money was divided equally, and amounted to \$82 to each man. This was our cash capital to begin life anew, transplanted in a foreign land, ignorant of the language or the customs of the people.

"From this time on the long, tedious train that we had guard! so zealously from Corsicana no longer impeded our progress nor claimed our attention; and here the men, women, and children who came to us for protection went their own ways. Our last sad duty before crossing the river was the burial of the Confederate flag that floated

in the Confederacy and the plume from Shelby's hat in the Rio Grande River. The event was immortalized in poetry by Capt. A. W. Slayback at the time. His tragic death occurred in St. Louis many years ago, and the story has passed into history to be read by thousands after the eyewitnesses have all 'crossed over' the last river. This took place on the 1st day of July. It has been written as the fourth.

"Here it became necessary to reorganize, as some were going to one part of the country and some to another. Col. Elliott, than whom no better soldier ever fought for the South, was selected to lead sixty-five men to the Pacific Coast, of which organization my three brothers and I were a part. Rumor reached camp that the Federal cavalry, in pursuit, had camped



SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN TEXAS.

but a few miles back the night before, and would probably attack us that morning. This caused a little flutter in camp. Hurried orders were given for boats to transport us to the other shore, which we reached in safety. We never knew whether there were any grounds for the rumor or not. It was here that we lost our first man. Crockett, from North Missouri, was killed by a Mexican, and his body thrown into the river.

"Our entire party, with a few exceptions, traveled together to Monterey, which city was fortified and held by the Imperial army. On our trip we lost another man, an Irishman, who was killed by a treacherous Mexican. I cannot now recall his name. He belonged to Collins's Battery. My poor brother, Thomas Box, eighteen years old, was taken sick with brain fever on the way, and died July 13 in Monterey. He was laid to rest in the city cemetery.

"At Monterey another separation took place, and Col. Elliott, with his command, alone moved west via Saltillo, the old battlefield of Buena Vista, Parras, and on to Durango, at the foot of the Sierra Madre on the eastern slope. Here it was necessary to dispose of our vehicles and surplus stock and prepare to move over those mountains, a distance of over three hundred miles, with pack animals—burros, jennets, and ponies, all small—to carry our 'grub' and baggage. With one or two exceptions, we were all green at the business; but as 'necessity is the mother of invention,' we were soon geniuses. We tied knots, tucks, and loops—peculiarly new inventions—to hold our packs on the backs of the little animals. After some delay, we moved out with the new freight train, and, after ten days of struggling up and down the rugged mountains found on the Pacific Coast, we landed in Mazatlan, on the Gulf of California, fifteen hundred miles south of San Francisco. We saw there the first newspaper from the United States after crossing the Rio Grande, July 1. Our journey by this mode of travel extended from that date (July 1) to August 19.

The momentous question was forced upon us, What shall we do? or rather what can we do?—a thought for each one to consider for himself. Of the sixty-five men who went into the organization at Eagle Pass, Tex., June 30, one had been killed, eleven had fallen out (most of them at Monterey), and the other fifty-two answered to roll call at this seaport town. Every mile of the route was waylaid by robbers and murderers, so that extreme vigilance was necessary for the preservation of life and property. Our success had been marvelous, and we were thankful for it. Some of our party made up their minds to go to farming, raising cotton in the burning heat of an August sun in a torrid clime; some decided to go to South America; and still others, including myself and brothers, made up our minds to go to San Francisco on the first steamer, which would leave there in a few days—the old John L. Stephens, which had plowed the ocean for many years, and was now making monthly trips between San Francisco, Mazatlan, and Guaymas. On the 21st of August the old steamer raised anchor at about 4 P.M., and steamed out of the harbor headed for the Golden Gate with six of the old brigade on board. We passed in at the same on the morning of the 28th, the seventh day out, and landed safely in the metropolis of the great West, having traveled over three thousand miles since April 1, mostly on horseback. The object of our trip was accomplished, and we were partially satisfied.

"I have learned the fate of but few left behind at Mazatlan or Monterey. My information is that most of them got tired. All are getting old now, and most of them, no doubt, have 'crossed over' the last river. I should be glad to hear from any of the survivors."

MARYLAND MONUMENT AT CHICKAMAUGA.

The design for the Maryland monument in honor of her sons who fought in the war between the States has been accepted by the commission appointed by the last act of the Legislature. This Legislature authorized an appropriation of \$8,000, \$1,000 for expenses of the commission and \$7,000 for the actual cost of the monument. The commissioners are: Col. B. F. Taylor, President; Capt. William L. Ritter, Vice President; J. Leonard Hoffman, Secretary; William Stahl, John R. King, Thomas J. Cannon, and Charles W. Hull.

The location selected for the statue is said to be very commanding. It will be in almost the center of a triangle of monuments erected by New York, Illinois, and New Jersey. The shaft is to be of granite. It will be forty-four feet high, and fourteen feet by eleven feet at the base. The base consists of three octagonal steps leading up to the plinth, and bears on the sides two figures. On the right is the figure of a Confederate artilleryman, standing with the sponging rod resting at his left and in the act of watching the effect of the recent discharge of his gun. Considerable animation is depicted in his gaze and posture. The figure on the left is that of a Union infantryman. He is following the order, "Prepare to load; handle cartridge," his right hand in the act of drawing forth a cartridge. Both figures are, of course, taken from types of the respective services at the time of the great strife. It is expected that the monument will be completed by next July.

W. A. Kite, of Johnson City, Tenn., desires the names of two soldiers who were buried near that place. They belonged to Maney's First Tennessee Infantry, which was camped at one time there. One of them died of fever and the other from injuries sustained by a falling tree. Mr. Kite has for fifteen years kept the two graves in order, and would like to put the names on headstones if they can be ascertained. By the side of these two heroes is buried also a soldier from near Burnsville, N. C., whose name is unknown. He died at Cumberland Gap, and his remains were brought to this place by his devoted wife, who was unable to take them home with her. Who was he, and what regiment did he belong to? Mr. Kite also wants the address of a soldier of the Fifty-Ninth Tennessee by the name of Webster, who was captured by a Federal scout east of Tazewell, Tenn., in 1863 and was rescued by Mr. Kite while in the Federal lines on secret service and brought out to a safe place and sent to his regiment. The scout said Webster said he was from West Tennessee.

NAME OF FISH TORPEDO INVENTOR DESIRED.

J. M. Lay, Cresson, Tex., writes:

"I notice in the November, 1902, VETERAN the account of the 'Fish torpedo.' The inventor was a close friend of mine, and is now dead. From him I had a full account of the boat; where the model was made and tested, and his going afterwards to Mobile, where Lieut. Dixon became interested in his work, and they together built the first boat, which was lost in Mobile Bay in the attempt to join the blockading fleet.

"The inventor and Dixon were in the boat at the time, but neither they nor any of the crew were lost. After the destruction of this boat, wealthy men of Mobile gave the inventor and Lieut. Dixon funds to build another craft of the same character, and the Confederate government took charge of this when completed and sent it to Charleston, Lieut. Dixon going with it.

"I write this in the hope that some one may know the name of the inventor. I withhold his name, hoping that my memory of it is the same as that in the knowledge of other men."



"Fading away, like the star of the morning,
Losing its light in the glorious sun—
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done."

Capt. James G. Adams died of heart failure on January 2, at his home in Cabot, Ark. He commanded Company I, Twenty-Fifth Regiment, Arkansas Infantry, and was a gallant soldier, much beloved by his men. He also served in the Mexican war; was about seventy-six years old. Camp James Adams, No. 1036, of Austin, Ark., was named in his honor, and has sustained a great loss in his death.

S. B. RAGLAND.

Mr. Samuel Beaufort Ragland, Sr., a former well-known resident of Richmond, died February 1, 1903, at the residence of his son, Mr. William Lauman Ragland, Barton Heights. He was born at the ancestral seat of the family, "Ripping Hall," in the historic "Slashes" section of Hanover County, Va., January 14, 1827. He was of worthy lineage. His great-grandparents, John and Anne Beaufort Ragland, from Glemorganshire, Wales, settled in what was then New Kent County, Va., about 1720. John Ragland patented more than 10,000 acres of land, which descended to his ten surviving children. Their descendants have intermarried with many of the most prominent families of Virginia and the Southern and Western States. Mr. Ragland was a brave Confederate soldier. The last year of the war he was a clerical assistant in the office of the provost marshal of the Army of Northern Virginia, and was paroled with Maj. D. B. Bridgeford at Appomattox C. H.

DAVID HOWELL.

At his home in Charlestown, W. Va., January 31, 1902, Mr. David Howell fell asleep at the age of sixty-four years and five months. He was a member of the Episcopal Church, faithful in his service as vestryman, lay reader, Sunday school superintendent, and teacher. Somewhat reserved in manner, Mr. Howell was accessible, affable, agreeable, and practical. As a soldier he was a member of the "Botts Grays"—Company G, Second Virginia Infantry, "Stonewall Brigade"—was up to the high standard of excellence that characterized "Jackson's Valley Men," and for service on the skirmish line possessed the essential qualifications: alertness, intelligence, keen perception, courage, fidelity, and endurance. He was the surviving commissioned officer of his company, a body of soldiers worthy of the name of its first captain, and was wounded in battle.

Comrade Howell is survived by his wife, who was a daughter of the late Gen. Botts, of Fredericksburg, Va., and sister of that superb soldier, Col. Lawson Botts, who died of wounds sustained at Second Manassas whilst in command of the Second Regiment. Two daughters (Misses Hannah J. and Mary Thomas), two brothers (Messrs. Samuel and John M. Howell, of Charlestown), and a sister (Mrs. Cocke, of Virginia) also survive.

The large congregation at the funeral attested the love and esteem in which the deceased was held. John W. Rowan Camp, Confederate Veterans, was present in a body.

Comrade T. W. Crenshaw, of Woodland Mills, Tenn., died suddenly on January 15, aged seventy-one years. He served in Company D, of the Thirty-Third Tennessee Regiment of Infantry. A widow, son, and daughter survive him. His regiment may have been Thirty-Second Tennessee.—Ed.

Camp Evans, No. 355, of Booneville, Ark., lost three members during 1902, as reported by C. B. Florence, Adjutant: J. F. Eads, Fortieth Georgia; J. W. Houston, Company C, Fourth Alabama Cavalry; M. J. Sanderson, Company C, Twenty-Second Arkansas.

HON. ABRAM FULKERSON.

Col. Abram Fulkerson, a lawyer, statesman, warrior, and distinguished citizen of Bristol, died in December from the effects of a stroke of paralysis, from which he only partially rallied.

Col. Fulkerson was in his sixty-eighth year. Barring wounds sustained while rendering distinguished service to the Confederacy, he was a strong, vigorous man, bodily and mentally. The passing of Col. Fulkerson removes one of the most noted figures in his section. By birth he was a patriot, and possessed a degree of chivalry and courage which gave him prominence in the great war. After the war he soon gained prominence in the legal profession, after which he was rewarded with positions of trust and honor in the State and nation.

There was much of romance in the life of Col. Fulkerson. His accomplishments were actuated by a courage and manly spirit that deserve the consideration of the generation coming on. He met every problem in life calmly and courageously, and was never known to falter in the discharge of a duty. Even after he had been stricken down with paralysis he retained the same calm and manly spirit, and faced death in the same manner that had characterized him on the field of battle.

In 1862 he was granted a furlough that he might go to Clarksville and claim the estimable young woman who had promised to become his bride. He was married just in time to escape the Federals, who were pouring in on Clarksville. Bringing his bride home, he returned immediately to his post of duty, where he remained until taken prisoner, in spite of the serious wounds which he sustained while facing the enemy in the white heat of battle. This same spirit of determination manifested itself throughout the splendid career of this man of big heart and brain, whom Bristol was always proud to claim as a citizen.

Col. Fulkerson was born May 13, 1834, of Scotch-Irish parents, near Bristol, Va., and named for his father, who was a captain in the war of 1812, and his mother was Margaret Vance, a relative of the late Senator Z. B. Vance, of North Carolina. His brother, Samuel B. Fulkerson, was colonel of the Thirty-Seventh Virginia Regiment of Infantry, and his brother Isaac served through the war as a captain in the Eighth Texas Cavalry. When Col. Fulkerson was yet a babe, his father moved to Grainger County, Tenn. When he was thirteen years of age his three older brothers, Samuel, Isaac, and Frank, volunteered for service in the Mexican war, and left him in charge of his father's farm, a mere lad.

He graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1857, and while there was a student under Prof. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson. He then taught school at Palmyra, Va., and at Rogersville, Tenn. He was at the latter place when the civil war began. Before hostilities commenced he raised a company in Hawkins County, and took it to Knoxville and joined the Nineteenth Tennessee, C. S. A., of which he was elected major. His was the first volunteer company organized in East Tennessee. With the Nineteenth he engaged in the bat-

ties of Wild Cat and Shiloh. In the last-named battle his horse was shot under him, and he was severely wounded in the thigh. After recovering from his wound, he assisted in organizing the Sixty-Third Tennessee Regiment, and was made its first lieutenant colonel.

On February 12, 1864, President Jefferson Davis appointed him colonel of this regiment. He led it in the terrific fight at Chickamauga, where he was again severely wounded in the left arm. After this his regiment was attached to Longstreet's Corps, which made the campaign of East Tennessee, and was then transferred to Virginia. There he took part in the battles of Drewry's Bluff, the affairs at Walthall's Junction, Swift Creek, Bermuda Hundred, and Petersburg. During the fight at Petersburg he was wounded and captured, June 17, 1864. He was imprisoned at Fort Delaware; was one of the famous "six hundred" officers sent to Morris Island and kept under the fire of the Confederate guns at Charleston for six weeks. He was then sent to Fort Pulaski and put on "starvation rations" in retaliation for alleged mistreatment of the Federal prisoners at Andersonville. He was returned to Fort Delaware in March, 1865, and discharged from prison July 25, 1865, more than three months after the surrender.

In 1866 he began the practice of law as a member of the firm of York & Fulkerson, and, by his ability, courage, and strict integrity, he rose to the front rank. He practiced his profession continuously and most successfully until he was

paralyzed, while sitting in his office, March 6, 1900. He was the senior member of the firm of Fulkerson, Page & Hurt at the time of his death.

Col. Fulkerson served ten years in the Virginia Legislature, three terms in the House and one in the Senate, and he was a member of the forty-seventh Congress of the United States, having been elected in November, 1880, to represent the Ninth District of Virginia. He was one of the five members of the Legislature who organized the Readjuster party, which swept over the State like a tidal wave in 1878 and created a political revolution.

His wife was Selina Johnson, of Clarksville, Tenn. S. V. Fulkerson, son and law partner, served as a Captain in the Fourth Tennessee Regiment during the Spanish-American war, was in Cuba four months as a part of the Army of occupation. He is now a member of the staff of Gov. Montague, of Virginia, with the rank of Colonel, and a member of the U. S. C. V. Col. Fulkerson was the youngest of nine children, of whom only two are now living, Mrs. B. F. Hurt, of Abingdon, Va., and Mrs. Harriet Armstrong, of Rogersville, Tenn.

Col. Fulkerson assisted in organizing the S. V. Fulkerson Camp of Confederate Veterans in Bristol, named for his brother. Col. Fulkerson was the first Commander of the Camp.

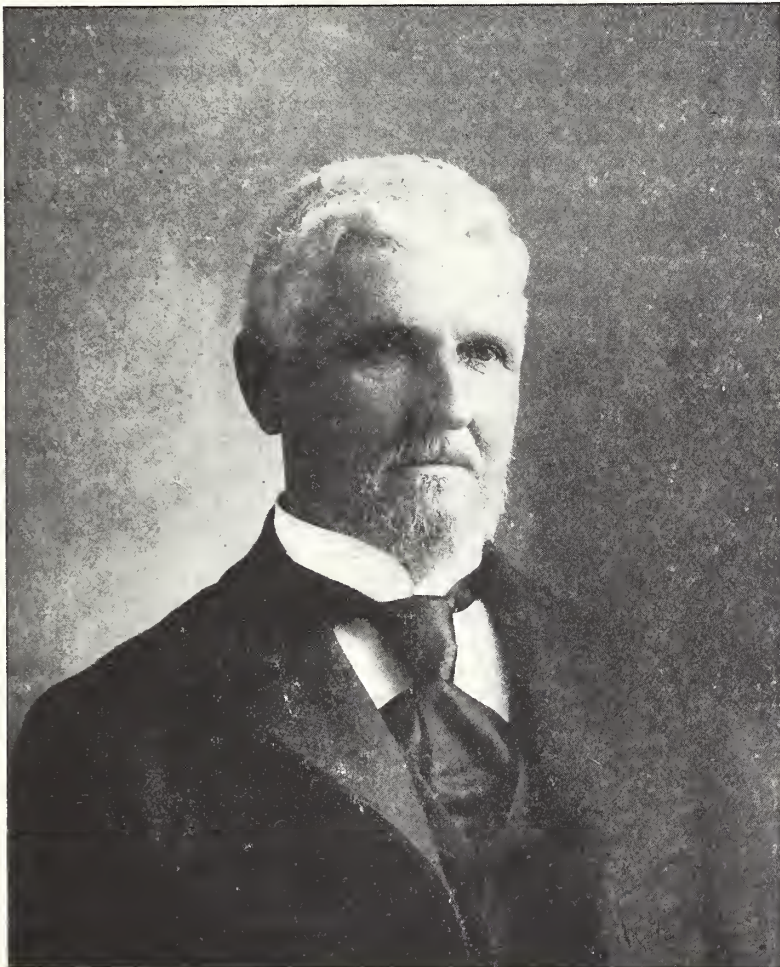
At the funeral the honorary pallbearers, chosen from the Camp of Confederate Veterans, were Maj. H. C. Wood, Mayor W. L. Rice, Col. Charles R. Vance, Messrs. N. D. Bachman, John W. Emmert, and John B. Keller.

J. P. ALEXANDER.

In official action upon his death, reported by Maj. H. G. Gwyn, Commander of Camp J. R. Morgan, a committee comprised of W. T. McNeely, Thomas Tige, and James D. Hays submitted resolutions, which were adopted, in which they say:

"J. P. Alexander, who died at Coronado, Cal., October, 1902, enlisted in the Confederate service as a private in the Third Texas Cavalry June 10, 1861, and served until the end of the war. Upon the reorganization of his company he was elected lieutenant. The Third Regiment soon thereafter, being assigned to Ross's Brigade, became a portion of Gen. Forrest's command, at which period Lieut. Alexander was promoted to the rank of major and appointed inspector general of the command. He was reared in the famous blue grass region of Kentucky, graduated with honor at the Danville University, and at the time of his death was sixty years of age. Upon the termination of the war he became extensively engaged in cotton-planting in Carroll Parish, La., subsequently also in Chico County, Ark., in which latter place he resided at the time of his death. He was thoroughly honorable in his dealings, genial in his associations, ever making staunch friends. His wife died some twenty years prior to his death, and he left no immediate family, his nearest relatives being a sister residing in Texas and three nieces residents of Louisiana and Mississippi. He generously remembered Camp J. H. Morgan in the distribution of his property."

The report is signed by Maj. Hugh G. Gwyn, Commander of the camp.



HON. ABRAM FULKERSON.

CAPT. T. D. GRIFFIS.

J. T. Rowell, of Terrell, Tex., writes of him: "Thomas D. Griffis, who was captain of Company D, Forty-First Tennessee Regiment, has answered to roll call up yonder. No truer or braver soldier or better man wore the gray. For devotion to duty and nobleness of nature, he was the peer of the purest and bravest.



CAPT. T. D. GRIFFIS.

His heart was sensitive to every cry of need, and his hand was wide open to help. It is but natural, therefore, that he had the confidence, esteem, and love of his people. He was conspicuous in battle for gallantry, and his blood crimsoned the soil of his beloved Southland. In business he was faithful and energetic; as a man he was thoroughly honorable in every sense. He was a true friend, a good neighbor, a faithful husband, a devoted father, and a Christian."

The VETERAN pays special tribute to the memory of Comrade Griffis, its editor having served with him in the war and having enjoyed the favor of his unrelenting zeal in its behalf until ill health prevented. He had lived at Elkmont, Ala., for several years before his death. His wife and a daughter are there still.

DR. R. K. MEADE.

Dr. R. K. Meade died in Clarke County, W. Va., January, 1903. When Virginia seceded he joined a company of the Second Virginia Infantry as a private, and served with distinction at the first battle of Manassas, where he lost his right arm. Later he was commissioned a lieutenant and assigned to the staff of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, in which capacity he served throughout the Valley campaign. His actions in the battle of McDowell were specially mentioned by Gen. Jackson in his official report. He served in the battles around Richmond as aid to Gen. Jackson, and was later transferred to the staff of Gen. William E. Talia-

ferro, and was with him at Cedar Mountain and second Manassas, in the latter of which his horse was killed and he was badly injured. Gen. Taliaferro was then ordered to Charleston, S. C., and Lieut. Meade accompanied him and was in much of the heavy fighting in and around Charleston. He was twice promoted, rising to the rank of captain. The last year of the war Capt. Meade was sent to inspect the command of Col. John S. Mosby, of which he gave a most satisfactory report. Through all the hardships of war and the trials of peace he showed himself a noble man and a gallant and chivalrous gentleman.

JONES CONNALLY.

A native of Madison County, Ga., Mr. Jones Connally died at his country home near Eddy, Tex., January 11, 1903, in his seventy-eighth year. Having cast his fortunes on the Texas frontier in 1842, he joined Parsons's Brigade, Twenty-First Texas Cavalry, in 1861, being one of seven brothers who enlisted, two of whom were killed and four wounded in battle.

In 1867 he married Miss Mary Connally. His long and useful life was spent in making his family and community happier with the fruits of his success, and his liberality to the poor was one of his shining virtues.

As a citizen, he took an active part in public affairs, and he never failed to attend the reunions of Confederate comrades. He was a subscriber to the VETERAN from the first year of its publication.

The memory of his faithfulness to every obligation is a precious gift that cannot be taken away from those who so deeply mourn his loss.

J. D. HUTCHINSON.

Among the valued men who have recently joined the silent army of brave men who sleep in the city of the dead at Columbus, Miss., is Dr. J. D. Hutchinson, who passed away February 9, 1903, after a life of active service. The deceased was a native of South Carolina, but the greater part of his life was spent in Mississippi. He was a staunch veteran, and was brave and loyal in the infantry service during the war. Shortly before his death, Dr. Hutchinson received the Cross of Honor from the U. D. C.

MEMBERS OF ORANGE COUNTY (FLA.) CAMP, No. 54.

A solemn evidence of the steady march of veterans toward the shores of eternity comes with the announcement of the death roll for 1902, from Orange County Camp, No. 54, Orlando, Fla.

On February 6 Capt. J. B. Parramore passed away—a man who was conspicuous and gallant as a soldier, and always modest and unassuming. He was mayor of Orlando at the time of his death.

January chronicled the passing away of Comrade E. C. Stevens; April, C. D. Shepherd; June, T. M. Sloan; December, J. A. White and John J. Hardeman. Comrade Hardeman was Commander of Camp No. 54 at the time of his death.

JOHN B. McEWEN.

After more than four score years of unceasing usefulness, Col. John B. McEwen, a lifelong resident of Williamson County, died at his home in Franklin, Tenn., January 4, 1903.

John Brown McEwen was born October 12, 1820, being the second son of C. E. and Rebecca Brown McEwen. His early life was devoted to rural employments on his father's farm, and for years he was actively engaged in the old mill where he learned the many practical lessons of industry which influenced his future years—shining lessons that have served as lights for the paths of many of Williamson County's citizens, and that have radiated to greater distances through those of Franklin's sons who have journeyed far from her boundaries.

In October, 1842, Col. McEwen married Miss Cynthia Graham, and he is survived by two of the children of this union, Mrs. A. M. German and Mrs. Newton Cannon. In 1841 he entered as a student the law office of Hon. John Marshall, in Franklin, and in 1842 he began the practice of law, the firm being Campbell & McEwen, which later assumed a third partner, with the title, Campbell, McEwen & Bullock.

The deceased was for four years mayor of Franklin, and for a number of years attorney for the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. He was a man who cheerfully devoted his best energies to the advancement of the interest of his townspeople, and had no ambition to hold public office.

He was extremely fond of agriculture and farm pursuits, and was one of the organizers and chief directors of the several county fairs that made Williamson County stock and products famous.

He was essentially a home-maker, and possessed the rare faculty of putting into his personal life and the lives of those about him an impetus productive of good to the atmosphere of home and of material and lasting benefit to the community in which he lived.

Col. McEwen worked for educational advancement, and at one time was a director in the Franklin public school. In his deep and reverent regard for the formative influences of life, he gave unstintedly of his bounty in the rearing and education of young men. He lost his only son in 1859, and at different periods after this sad event he took into his household no less than twelve boys, who shared under his affectionate influence the sweet gifts of his genial board. Three of these boys he equipped for the Confederate service, and they fell bravely for the cause which he taught them to defend. While Col. McEwen did not engage in any battle of the war, his service was active in that he furnished food, raiment, and shelter for the soldiers;



and with the gentle ministry of his wife and daughters he cared for the wounded and dying, hence his home was often invaded and his life endangered.

His was a religion devoid of ostentation, and his liberality and hospitality extended to the ministers of all denominations. The story of his life might be told in a few words: He gave the best part of eighty-two years in teaching by practice the deep and holy meaning of the golden rule.

ELIJAH MILTON WATKINS.

At Versailles, Ky., February 23, 1903, Mr. E. J. Watkins died at his home on the Lexington road, aged eighty-two. He and his brother, Ebenezer Watkins, both bachelors and successful farmers, have lived for a great many years at the old Milton homestead, on land settled by their maternal grandfather, Elijah Milton. The deceased was a man of high intelligence and strong character, who lived an exemplary life as both man and citizen. He was a Confederate soldier in Gen. Morgan's command.

POLK P. ERWIN.

This exemplary young man, son of J. J. Erwin, Omega, La., who was a member of the Fortieth Mississippi Volunteers, and one of the Sharpshooters' Army of Northern Virginia until the surrender, died in September, 1902. He contracted fever while with a surveying party on the Memphis, Helena, and Louisiana railroad, and soon succumbed. He was born in



POLK P. ERWIN.

June, 1882, and after living an exemplary life passed away in the vigor of his young manhood. He leaves, besides his parents, three brothers and seven sisters.

GEORGE MELTON WEEDEN.

A record of useful and valiant service appears with the death notice of George Melton Weeden, who passed away October 3, 1902. The deceased was born in

Prince William County, Va., 1840. In the beginning of the war he enlisted under Capt. Thornton and Col. Beverly Robinson, Company A, Fourth Virginia Cavalry, in Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade. He served in the Peninsula campaign, as well as those that culminated in second Manassas, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg; and in all he never flinched in his strict adherence to duty.

COL. C. C. MCKINNEY.

At the advanced age of seventy-seven years, Col. C. C. McKinney, an esteemed and well-known citizen of Lewisburg, Tenn., died October 29, 1902. The burial took place under the auspices of the Odd Fellows Lodge, of which Col. McKinney was long an honored member. The deceased was a native of Lincoln County, Tenn., and in 1861 he enlisted in Company B, Eighth Tennessee Infantry. He was in Bragg's command, and participated in the battles of Perryville and Murfreesboro, being promoted at the latter place to the rank of lieutenant colonel. Col. McKinney was engaged with his regiment at the two days' struggle at Chickamauga and at Missionary Ridge; also in various other engagements of the North Georgia campaign. He was with his army during Hood's raid into Tennessee, and fought in the battle of Franklin, going later to Corinth, Miss., and thence across the States to Bentonville, N. C., where the last infantry battle of his command was fought. At the end of four years' faithful service he engaged in mercantile pursuits in Richmond, Tenn. Col. McKinney was an active member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, of which he had been an elder for forty years. He is survived by his wife and many children and grandchildren who have the sympathy of many friends.



COL. M'KINNEY.

WILLIAM MARSHALL.

Commander William Marshall, Camp McHenry, No. 765, U. C. V., Johnston, S. C., breathed his last May 11, 1902. He was a native of South Carolina, and, with three brothers, enlisted and went through many battles in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. The report does not name his company and regiment.

He was wounded at Chancellorsville and the Wilderness, and for ten years before his death he was a great sufferer, always bearing his ills with the fortitude of a veteran of many hard-fought campaigns.

CAPT. EUGENE BAKER.

Capt. Eugene Baker died at his home near Leetown, W. Va., January, 1903. He was a native of Winchester, son of Rev. Joseph Baker, a prominent Baptist preacher. He served in the Confederate army as captain of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, and acquitted himself gallantly.

JOHN BELL STEELE.

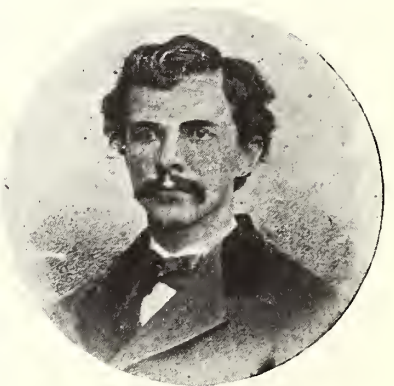
On February 16 Lieut. John Bell Steele, of Rogers, Ark., closed his eyes on the community where he had long been a revered citizen. A native Tennessean, the deceased removed to Benton County, Ark., in 1859, at the age of twenty-one years, and immediately upon his enlistment in a cavalry company, in 1861, he became first lieutenant, in which capacity he served with distinguished gallantry throughout the war.

He was with his command in its valiant and successful charge on Totten's Federal battery at Wilson's Creek, Mo., in 1861. This gallant cavalry charge on a battery is almost unsurpassed in the annals of American arms. Lieut. Steele was exchanged after being a prisoner at Johnson's Island, and served with his command in Mississippi. He was severely wounded at Baker's Creek.

He served in perilous cavalry scouting service west of the Mississippi until the final surrender of the army under Gen. Kirby Smith. Lieut. Steele was soldierly in bearing, and during his long and active service he scorned to take unfair advantage of a foe. A wife, three sons, and a daughter survive him.

JOSEPH W. ALEXANDER.

Dying as he had lived, calmly and peacefully, Joseph W. Alexander passed away on January 30, 1902. He was born in Henry County, Tenn., March, 1844, and at the breaking out of the war was a student at Spring Hill Academy. He was the youngest member of Capt. Henry Pointer's company, and, having been captured with his regiment, Third Tennessee, at Fort Donelson, he was sent to Camp Douglas. In September, 1862, he was exchanged at Vicksburg, and was in the Port Hudson engagement, in March, 1863.



J. W. ALEXANDER.

After the fall of Vicksburg he, with his regiment, was placed in the trenches at Jackson, where, through his dauntless courage in exposing himself to the dangers of war, he was shot through the right lung.

To the day of his death Mr. Alexander felt a hero's pride in the parole which he carried home in May, 1865, in the pocket of his battle-stained jacket of gray.

In 1872 he married Miss Mattie Crump, of Spring Hill, and of this happy union four splendid sons survive their father, while three daughters went before him to the home of the blest.

His was a nature as modest and gentle as a woman's, and yet he possessed those sterling qualities which endeared him to his regiment, his brother Masons, his fellow-citizens, and the members of the Methodist Church, to whose tenets he was ever faithful.

HARRIET LEONORA WHITESIDE.

One of the most noted women the South has ever known has laid her burden down, and those who knew Mrs. Harriet Whiteside best can testify that she bore it bravely during a long and unusual life of thrilling incident and trying circumstance.

The editor of the VETERAN sustains a personal loss in the going out of this strong woman, for her animated interest in the South's sacred traditions and her faithful advocacy of the VETERAN since its earliest inception have proven at all times a valued incentive and encouragement. The memory of her genial hospitality and personal sympathy will long endure.

A phenomenal evidence of the quality of Mrs. Whiteside's personality is brought out to a marked degree in the splendid sketch of her life by Col. Tomlinson Fort, who for thirty years was employed against her in nearly all of many lawsuits. The soul of a just man rises superior to the influences of litigation, and extracts from Col. Fort's sketch will testify to his keen recognition of true worth. He says in part:

"Mrs. Harriet Leonora Whiteside was born in Wytheville, Va., May 3, 1824; died in Chattanooga February 19, 1903.

78 years, 8 months, and 25 days, leaving surviving her the following children: James L., Miss Florence, William M., Charles, and Glenn Whiteside, and Mrs. Helen Watkins, who reside in Chattanooga, and Vernon Whiteside, who resides in Columbus, O. Judge Hugh Whiteside, one of eight children, died before his mother.

"She was educated to be a teacher at Salem, N. C., that



MRS. WHITESIDE'S LATEST PICTURE—A KODAK.

grand old Moravian school, which has sent into the world a large number of cultured, refined, and intelligent women.

* It is the only home known by the founder of the VETERAN in which two of its copies were taken from the beginning, one of which has been carefully preserved and handsomely bound year after year, her wise insight into its historic value thus being proven before the editor realized it.

She was a magnificent performer upon the piano, flute, and guitar, and had a royal soprano voice. Many of the older citi-



FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE WHITESIDE FAMILY.
James L. (a Confederate Veteran); his mother, Harriet L.; his son Claude; and his granddaughter, Esther, born Nov. 20, 1890, died Oct. 20, 1899.

zens of Chattanooga recall the advent of Miss Harriet Straw. She was one of the best bred, most graceful, and finest of musicians, with a voice of great natural strength, sweetness, and compass, thoroughly trained. She was highly educated, a splendid conversationalist, queenly in her style, capable of filling any station in life to which she might be called, and with it all she was a beautiful woman.

"Mrs. Ann Newell, who was instrumental in bringing Mrs. Whiteside to Chattanooga, was one of the early educators in Chattanooga, and was the mother of two daughters, one of whom, Lucy, became the wife of Col. John C. Burch.

"Col. James A. Whiteside, when Miss Straw came to Chattanooga, was about forty years old, a widower, with five young children. As a music teacher Miss Straw was called on to teach Miss Penelope Whiteside, at her father's home, and there formed the acquaintance of Col. Whiteside. They were married February 1, 1844. Col. Whiteside was very proud of his beautiful young wife. A happy married life was interrupted by the Civil War. Col. Whiteside was an old Whig, but voted for secession. He died early in the war. His eldest son by the second marriage served in the Confederate army. The responsibility of rearing and educating their eight children in a time of revolution devolved upon her. Up to that time she perhaps did not realize her ability as a financier. Col. Whiteside left his estate embarrassed by a large indebtedness, so that many thought it insolvent. His widow forced the sale of everything which she could sell, paid off his debts with Confederate money, and left a large amount of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway stock and lands in and around Chattanooga. There was no authority for some of these transactions, and litigation arose out of them; but the courts sustained her, and said that what had been done had been to the interest of the estate, and ratified it. When it is realized that this was after the death of her husband, in November, 1861, before the Federal troops reached Chattanooga in September, 1863, and by a woman, who, at that time, had had no experience in business, where so many men failed, it shows that she was born a financier. Her large wealth was founded on what she saved out of her husband's estate.

"Her experience during the war was perhaps as remarkable as that of any other one person. After the battle of Mission-

ary Ridge she realized that, as a result of the war and the success of the Federal army, confiscation of what property had been preserved of the wreck of the husband's estate was probable, and that her children would be compelled to begin the battle of life without property. She sent her two daughters, Miss Florence and Mrs. Watkins, to Boston to begin such an education as would enable them to support themselves by teaching. [Another incentive for the removal of her daughters to Boston was the frequent presence of officers in her home after the Federal occupancy of Chattanooga.—ED.] *

"She had not had time since the advent of the Federal army to accumulate greenback currency. The instinct of a financier came to her assistance. She decided to strip her magnificent home of its furniture, and sell almost all of it to those who were not going to leave the city, and in this way realized nearly three thousand dollars. Much of it was bought by army officers stationed in the city.

[Her neighbors coöperated to help her in the emergency, and as they made sales dropped the money into a bureau drawer. About one-third of this was for her wardrobe, costly dresses that she had worn bringing the original price.—ED.]

"With this \$3,000 and a small amount of furniture she could find no other place for herself and children except in a box car. When she reached Nashville she met James Cameron, after whom Cameron Hill took its name, an artist, who resided in Nashville and who had painted the portraits of herself and children, to whom she telegraphed and who met her there. He succeeded in getting her into a passenger car with some soldiers, and she rode there until she reached Louisville. When she reached Louisville she was taken from the passenger car and she and her children were put into a stockade prison, which was a part of the county jail, where her children were mixed with soldiers and citizens being confined with ball and chain. She remained in that prison with her children for two weeks, concealing the money she had. A banker in Louisville, whose name is forgotten, exerted himself, and with the aid of Mr. Chandler at the end of two weeks she was allowed to go to Springfield, Ohio, and rented a house adjoining an Episcopal Church.

"On the morning of the day after Lincoln was assassinated the town of Springfield, Ohio, was draped in mourning, except the house occupied by Mrs. Whiteside. A mob gathered and threatened to burn the house down, as it was known that they were from the South. The Mayor of the city sent her warning, and a Mr. Stephens, church organist, afraid to enter the house, raised a window, called to Mrs. Whiteside and told her what was the matter and advised her to get some crepe and put it on the front of the house. She removed from her person the only thing that she had which would serve the purpose, a black alpaca underskirt, which she handed to the organist through the window. He took the skirt and used it to dress the front of the house in mourning, and this satisfied the mob. In the fall of 1865 she returned to Chattanooga with her children.

"As soon as business was resumed and the courts were opened, after the close of the war, Mrs. Whiteside realized that on account of the loss of Book I in the register's office, Hamilton County, covering a period when deeds involving the greater part of her husband's estate had been recorded, court papers and probate of wills up to and including 1864 could not be referred to. Almost any other woman, or indeed any man, under the circumstances, would have abandoned and given up claims to property in that condition. Her loyalty to her husband's reputation, her mother's instinct in fighting for her children, and the instinct of a financier again came to her

assistance. She seemed intuitively to have selected able lawyers. Judge D. M. Key, later Postmaster General and United States District Judge, Judge J. B. Cooke, later of the Supreme Court bench, and Judge D. C. Trehwitt, before he was on the bench, were employed by her. Her fight in a combination of lawsuits, for twenty years, made it necessary to make new rules to fit the cases brought by her. It was one of the most remarkable cases in the history of the jurisprudence of any country. The fight in every instance was forced on her by the situation; and she made it, not only for the property involved, but to protect the reputation of her husband, insisting that, but for the loss of papers and burning of public records, no lawsuit ever could have arisen. She was much misunderstood because none except lawyers can appreciate exactly why, aside from the mere property at stake, she would so prolong litigation.

"In her death one of the ablest minds which has aided and assisted in the development of Chattanooga has gone to rest. But all which can be said of her cannot possibly exceed that to which she is entitled—to wit, 'A mother in Israel' has gone.

"No human being was more sorely tried than she. Left a widow with a helpless family in the midst of civil war, she has fought the good fight. Those not well acquainted with her thought she was exacting and litigious; but those who knew her best know that there was no motive which actuated her so strong as the mother instinct. She fought as a tigress would fight for her young. She brought to her assistance the highest degree of culture, education, polish, refinement, and never forgot that she was a lady. She fought for the reputation of that grand man, her husband. Papers had been lost and destroyed because, with her inexperience, and having been forcibly removed during the time of war, she couldn't carry them with her; and when papers failed to explain she demanded and insisted that the courts should hold that her husband couldn't lie, couldn't misrepresent, couldn't claim aught that did not belong to him, and that he had honestly and faithfully accounted for every transaction involving the millions with which he had been connected. She whipped the bar, and the courts which knew James A. Whiteside gave her all she asked.

"If there are monuments in heaven raised to mothers, this grand woman will have one there erected to the faithful wife and devoted mother."

S. C. FRANKLIN.

As a member of D. H. Reynolds Camp, Lake Village, Ark., Capt. George Cracraft sends the following:

"At the outbreak of the Civil War L. C. Franklin resided in Noxubee County, Miss. He helped to raise Company D, of the Eleventh Mississippi Infantry, under Col. Liddell, and was elected second lieutenant. He served in this gallant regiment through the Peninsular campaign and from Yorktown on to the close of the war. At the reorganization of the regiment he left the service for the sheriff's office in his county, but after the term expired went to the front again in Harrison's Sixth Mississippi Cavalry (a part of Forrest's command) and remained in this corps till the end. Comrade Franklin was a native of Georgia, born in November, 1828. After the war he came to Chicot County, Ark., and lived a valued citizen until his death, in October, 1902. He was a generous man, and none appealed to him in vain. He was our Commander at the Memphis reunion."

JOHN W. RAMSEY.

A committee composed of H. J. Ferguson and T. J. Happel reported to the Strahl Bivouac, Trenton, Tenn., the following tribute to John W. Ramsey:

"Comrade J. W. Ramsey was born in Gibson County, Tenn., near Trenton, October 7, 1840. He died November 4, 1901. He was reared on a farm—an honest, sturdy, farmer boy. He received a good common school education, and applied himself to his vocation as a farmer until June 20, 1861, when he joined Company D, under Capt. G. B. Black, which company became part of the First West Tennessee Battalion. It was afterwards merged into the Fifty-Fifth Tennessee Regiment. He served with his company at Columbus, Ky., until March 1, 1862, and was then sent to Island No. 10, where he, with the command, was captured on April 8, 1862. Private Ramsey was sent as a prisoner first to Madison, Wis., and then to Camp Douglas, and later exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., September 17, 1862. At the reorganization at Jackson, Miss., his command was placed in Maxey's Brigade and was sent to Port Hudson, where they served till May 1, 1863. When Vicksburg fell he was at Jackson, Miss., where they participated in the eight days' siege of Jackson, Miss. He was later at Mobile, Ala., and thence in the Army of Tennessee, engaging in the Missionary Ridge fight and the retreat at Dalton, Ga. In the Georgia campaign he was with Hood on his disastrous march into Tennessee, engaging in the bloody battles of Franklin and Nashville. From the last place he was sent to Mississippi, and then to Gen. J. E. Johnston in North Carolina, where his service ended. It is said by a comrade that he never shirked a duty nor complained at any detail. He never missed a roll call or battle.

"Comrade Ramsey married Miss Victoria M. Heard January 3, 1866, and the seven children of this marriage survive their father. J. W. Ramsey served three terms as trustee of Gibson County. He was a consistent member of the Methodist Church, and his religion was exhibited in his daily life."

MAJ. J. S. JONES.

James Sterling Jones was a native and citizen of Columbus, Ga., until about fifteen years ago, when he removed to Greensboro, N. C. He enlisted in the Confederate army when in his teens, and made a gallant, faithful soldier. Testimonials from his commanding officers prove his efficiency. His brigadier general, Thomas Benton Smith, in 1864, wrote of him in an application for his promotion to Adjt. Gen. Samuel Cooper: "Sir: Under the provisions of the new 'staff bill,' I have the honor to recommend for the position of assistant inspector general of the brigade First Lieut. James S. Jones, Company K, Thirty-Seventh Georgia Regiment, born in Monroe County, Ga., now a resident of Columbus, Ga. He enlisted in the Confederate States service February 17, 1862, had served faithfully as an 'officer of the line in the field' with this army until July 8, 1864, when he was assigned to duty by my order as assistant inspector general of this brigade. He has been conspicuous for gallantry on every occasion since serving on the staff, especially at Jonesboro on the 31st ult., when he led the left of the brigade; was foremost in the charge and last to retire. While serving on the staff as assistant inspector general he has given entire satisfaction, displaying a zeal and efficiency equal to the position. Adjt. John M. Farris, of the Thirty-Seventh Tennessee, previously recommended, having been killed on July 22, I earnestly ask that Lieut. Jones, of the Thirty-Seventh Georgia, be promoted to the position, confident that he will fill it with honor to himself and benefit to the service." Maj. Gen. J. C. Brown wrote of him September, 1864: "This young officer

is most gallant, meritorious, and efficient. He has won the position sought for him and deserves it as fully as any man in our service, and is in every way fully qualified." Lieut. Gen. W. J. Hardee also wrote: "I know Lieut. Jones, and recommend that he receive the appointment, for which he is believed to be fully qualified." Gen. John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War, directed the adjutant general to "make the appointment if it can be done under existing laws." After the war Maj. Jones continued to manifest his loyalty to the Southern cause, in behalf of which he had so bravely fought, being a valuable member of Guilford Camp, No. 795, of U. C. V., of which he was adjutant until his death. During August, 1902, J. W. Scott, Commander of Guilford Camp, received from Comrade J. [Sterling] Jones, who was sick at a sanatorium in Dansville, N. Y., the following letter: "God in his overruling providence has seen fit to visit upon your adjutant an affliction of such a character and at such a time that will render it impracticable for him to be present and take part with his comrades on the occasion of the reunion next week. May you be able to hold up to the present generation a light only dimmed by the glory surrounding God's throne. If not permitted to meet with you again in the flesh, I have no higher ambition than that glory's hyperbole shall be emblazoned on my epitaph: 'I was a Confederate soldier.'" Maj. Jones was twice married. Of the first union was born a son, Mr. H. Stewart Jones, of Richmond, and of the second, a daughter, Marian, who, with the mother, survive the husband and father. After the close of the war he engaged in the mercantile business for a number of years in Columbus, Ga., where he met with success, and fortune continued to favor him during his residence at Greensboro. In his early life he was converted and joined the Methodist Church. His frank, honest dealings, kindly spirit, and courage won for him the confidence, friendship, and admiration of those who knew him. He combined in his personality those prime virtues that make superb character. At the various posts of duty he sought to be true. As husband, father, and friend he was faithful and kind; as citizen he was patriotic and brave; as a Christian, meek and trustful. The memorial address was by Rev. S. B. Turrentine, D.D.

ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON.

On Lee's birthday Miss Anna Cameron sent a message to the assembled veterans of Hillsboro, N. C., in the name of Gen. George Burgwin Anderson Chapter, U. D. C., and those who heard her beautiful words on the day of her burial met, on January 23, at Hillsboro, to pay tribute to her beloved memory.

How prophetic were her words on the great hero's anniversary! "Taps must sound, and we must soon part." Her appeal to the veterans while standing so unconsciously in the presence of the angel of death is a sermon to the living that should find its way into many camps.

"With splendid courage and endurance you followed your beloved leaders, Robert Lee and Stonewall Jackson, in the battles made historic by your valor. Now that you have pitched your tents so much nearer their last great camp, will you not follow their heroic examples, and enlist under Christ's banner and win for yourselves the blessing that Gen. Lee invoked for you so long ago? Let his beloved North Carolinians keep step with him on the way that leadeth unto the life immortal! And be you *sure* that you will rejoin him where he lovingly awaits his steadfast followers."

WARRENSBURG, MO.

It is refreshing and very pleasant to visit remote sections of the South and mingle with representative Southerners. An occasion presented itself sometime since for the editor of the *VETERAN* to visit Warrensburg, Mo., as the guest of Hon. Edmond A. Nickerson, whose gifted daughter, Miss Edmonda Augusta Nickerson, President of the Warrensburg Chapter, U. D. C., made an address at the last State reunion of the Missouri Division, U. C. V. (See October *VETERAN*, 1902.)

Inquiry regarding Warrensburg and its vicinity brings to light much interesting data concerning its people. Warrensburg is situated south of the Missouri River, on the main line of the Missouri-Pacific Railway, 210 miles from St. Louis and 65 miles from Kansas City. The population approximates 6,000. It has three banking houses, three large flouring and grist mills, a Catholic and various Protestant churches, and many secret societies. A splendid courthouse has just been erected at a cost of \$65,000, and the city contains many fine residences built by an enterprising and prosperous community.

North of the city are located famous sandstone quarries. The stone is taken at from 10 feet to over 75 feet below the surface. The deposit is solid. Slabs of immense size are taken out, limited only by the lifting capacity of the works. This stone has been used to build up cities. It is used in the great Exchange Building of St. Louis, from the foundation to the capstone. The immense columns, cornice, and carvings were all cut and fashioned here and sent ready for setting in the building. Many blocks of buildings, stone houses, and palatial mansions have been erected of this stone in Kansas City, Omaha, and other cities, and it is shipped in large quantities to all parts of the country.

In the central part of Warrensburg, and overlooking the city, stand the buildings of the State Normal School, on a plateau of fifteen acres of beautiful ground studded with forest trees and ornamented with shrubbery and flowers. The buildings are large and spacious, erected at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars. They contain a gymnasium, philosophic apparatus, and all the modern appliances of a great university. There is an average attendance of 700 students from all parts of the State.

South of the town is situated the renowned Pertle Springs, the waters of which are celebrated for their curative qualities, and this place is a popular resort.

Conventions are held here by grocers, druggists, dentists, lawyers, the U. C. V., G. A. R., and religious bodies. Warrensburg, unlike other agricultural cities, is more animated in the summer than winter. It boasts a splendid hotel, with a large lake for boating and fishing. Other sports over the extensive and beautiful grounds attract large numbers of people. An abundant supply of water for the city is furnished from lakes by a splendid plant.

Warrensburg was in the track of the respective armies during the war between the States as they moved in different directions and at various times. Of these people neighbor fought against neighbor, and many men on both sides fell in the fratricidal strife. The Federal dead were promptly cared for, and now the local Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy is making arrangements to erect a monument to the Southern dead on a lot donated by the city. They expect by exhibitions, lectures, and entertainments to raise \$5,000 for this purpose.

Some of the bloodiest skirmishes of the war were fought almost within sight of Warrensburg. One of the worst of these, Lone Jack, was indeed a battle. The Federal forces were led by the gallant soldier, Capt. Emery Foster, who fell severely wounded, and the Confederates were led by Col. Vard Cock-

rell, now of Texas. He too, it is understood, was wounded. A monument now stands on that battlefield. It was through Warrensburg that Gen. Sterling Price marched on his way to Lexington, where the battle was fought and won, and where he captured Col. Mulligan, with nearly 4,000 soldiers, arms, and equipments.

Among the distinguished and cultured families from the Old Dominion who settled around Lexington before the war were John F. Ryland, who for thirty years was judge of the Supreme Court of the State; French, Hicks, Hayden, Field, all distinguished lawyers who practiced in the judicial circuit—a generation of lawyers and statesmen who have now passed away.

Since the war a younger class of distinguished men is claimed as the production of Warrensburg. Francis M. Cockrell, a Confederate general and present United States Senator, Thomas T. Crittenden, former Governor of the State, George G. Vest, now United States Senator, and John F. Phillips, now United States Judge for the Western District, were of an adjoining county and practiced here. Samuel Sawyer, William F. Crissman, Edmond A. Nickerson, Col. G. N. Elliott, Col. Wells H. Blodgett, and others all practiced at the Warrensburg bar, and were distinguished for their learning and ability.

Blind Boon, a colored musical prodigy, was born and reared in this county. He outrivals Blind Tom, and has captivated and astonished audiences all over this country. Warrensburg also claims Mr. Reuben Field, a genius who solves with lightninglike rapidity the most difficult problems of the higher order of mathematics. He is one of those wonders who come on earth years and years apart to bewilder and astonish the professional educators of the world. He has puzzled and disconcerted the ablest mathematicians by his marvelous answers to the most abstruse questions, by the advanced questions he has put to them.

Warrensburg also claims Alice Nielson, who as a child developed here those great vocal powers as a songstress that have delighted the lovers of operatic music, and who is now in Europe achieving fresh laurels.

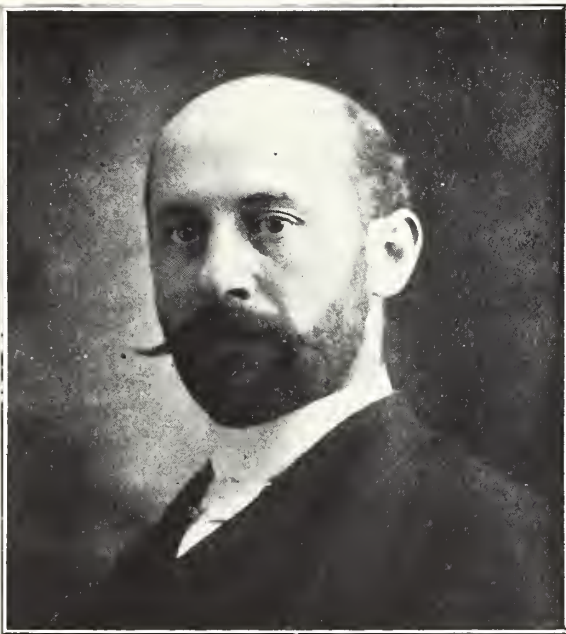
Johnson, the second county from the Kansas line, joins the district that was depopulated by Order No. 11, issued by Brig. Gen. Ewing, of Ohio, August 25, 1863, by which all the grain and hay in the district was ordered to be taken or destroyed, and the inhabitants to leave their places of residence within fifteen days from the date of order; and the proscribed people, the most of whom had been reared in refinement and affluence, left their homes without being able to take their property for want of transportation, and straggled in groups across the prairie toward the Missouri River, wending their hapless way they knew not whither. Armed bands of Jayhawkers, with trains of empty wagons, took possession of their deserted homesteads, robbed them of their movable property, and carried it into Kansas. They signalized their departure by burning all the buildings in the district, and the nightly pathway of both the robber and the robbed was lit up by the fire of burning homes. The order was an act of unnecessary cruelty issued against old men, women, and children residing within the lines of the Federal army. They were unarmed, unprotected, and powerless, and in mercy claiming its protection. Such conduct finds no justification in the laws of civilized warfare. Gen. G. C. Bingham (Federal) has pictured these scenes of war's desolation, and in transferring to canvas the intensity of its savage cruelty he has consigned the name of the man who issued the order to the shades of enduring infamy.

Since the war closed no word has ever been said, no act has ever been done, and no trouble has ever arisen among these people in regard to any deed done in it, that has brought

trouble on the community. The veterans of both armies are men of highest standing—farmers, mechanics, and merchants. The largest mercantile firms in the city are composed of Confederate and Federal soldiers. In business, in the Church, in society, they mingle and afford mutual helpfulness in the good offices of life. The children of these men have married and intermarried, and absence of discord is the happy result. A stranger would never know, from what he sees and hears, that this county was torn by internal strife and made uninhabitable by the fierce passions of neighbors, kindred, and friends during the bloodiest war ever waged.

BALTIMORE MONUMENT—RUCKSTUHL.

Mr. F. Wellington Ruckstuhl, one of the organizers of the National Sculptors' Society, is a prominent factor in uplifting the standard of American artists. He belongs to the class who must remain conspicuous because of their eminent worth, rather than from any personal desire for notoriety. For this reason his name has appeared at different times as Second Vice



F. WELLINGTON RUCKSTUHL.

President of the Architectural League, member of the Executive Council of the Municipal Art Society, Chief of Sculpture for the St. Louis Exposition (recently resigned). His latest distinction is in being made a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Mr. Ruckstuhl comes of Huguenot stock, and was born at Breitenbach, in Alsace, in 1854. While a mere child his family emigrated to America, and in St. Louis Mr. Ruckstuhl received a liberal education. He once made a remark concerning his ancestry, which has become notable: "My grandfather was a blacksmith. It is a fine and honest trade. My father was a coppersmith and a machinist. I am a sculptor. The evolution is as it should be, for what is the sculptor but a poet-blacksmith?"

Mr. Ruckstuhl's grand conception, "Gloria Victis," which appears on the title-page, has recently become Maryland's proud possession through her Daughters of the Confederacy.

Their last act in giving to Maryland a monument which idealizes the defeated South seems the crowning touch to a record of beautiful deeds.

"UPPER ROOM MEDITATIONS."

Rev. E. B. Chappell writes of Bishop Fitzgerald's new book:

"This is the title of a new work by Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, which has been recently issued from the Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The book is made up of short studies of various themes bearing directly upon the spiritual life. The style is pleasing, and the manner in which the subjects are handled shows that the author speaks out of the richness of his own experience. In the prologue he tells that 'the sublime truth that everything in the universe of God, both physical and spiritual, is under law' is the golden thread that binds all these meditations into one. This is a truth well worth emphasizing. And yet it is not so much this that gives value to these studies as the spiritual insight and understanding of the deeper needs of the soul. It is clear that the author has suffered, and yet there is no note of despondency in what he writes. He has sought and found the sources of strength and consolation, and knows how to commend them to others. 'The one thing needful,' he says, 'is that you shall be quiet enough to hear the still, small voice. Whenever and wherever you are thus ready, you will hear the voice.'

"Perhaps the most notable thing about the book is its spirit of triumphant cheerfulness and serene optimism. 'We sing our songs,' he writes, 'in the daytime; the songs we sing in the night are given us by God.' Such songs come at just the times when they are needed to every man who deals sincerely with himself and with the Lord. The good Bishop evidently believes in the power and worth of sacred music.

"He recurs to this theme again and again. Here is a passage from the chapter on 'Tuning for God's Touch,' 'It was not accidental that holy music is made a part of the worship of God in his Church. This is one of God's ways of opening a channel for the inflowing of the water of life to receptive worshippers. The immediate disciples sang a hymn in preparation for Gethsemane and Calvary, nigh at hand; and their successors through the ages have braced their souls to meet sorrow and pain and death by thus admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.'

"He does not agree with those who locate the golden age in the past. 'If we look back with joy,' he says, 'we look forward with hope. If there is a glorious record behind, there is a more glorious future ahead.' With this same triumphant note the book closes, the final meditation being on these memorable words in the last chapter of Revelation: 'Even so, come Lord Jesus.' This brief review does but scant justice to a work so rich in comfort and spiritual suggestiveness. We commend it first of all to such as are in need of consolation and encouragement, and then to those who are looking for help in ministering to the perplexed, the troubled, and the tempted. There is a noble catholicity and a broad tolerance in it which will make it acceptable to all earnest seekers after truth, whatever may be their denominational affiliations."

GAME OF CONFEDERATE HEROES.

A Baltimore lady, the wife of a Confederate naval officer, recently wrote to a friend: "A— has been sick for two weeks, and I have been chained to the house and have amused him with games, our favorite being 'Confederate Heroes,' which you gave him sometime ago. It is most interesting and instructive, and I always feel like weeping when I draw 'Robert Edward Lee,' 'The Stars and Bars,' and 'The Cruise of the Shenandoah.' I find this an easy way of familiarizing the children with precious memories, and they all love to play the game."

A STRONG STATEMENT.

Three years ago we began to offer the public our remedy, Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine, stating we had a preparation that would effect astonishing cures of stomach, bowels, liver, and kidney ailments: do it quickly, perfectly, and permanently. The thousands of unsolicited letters of recommendation we have received prove we have made good all our claims. These people, many of them, have been cured by Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine after other remedies had utterly failed.

This preparation cures because it reaches the root of the ailment, heals the mucous lining of the stomach and bowels, and puts these organs in perfect condition to do their work, so that your food gives you nourishment, is properly digested, and the waste portions carried out of the system.

We are ready to send any reader of the VETERAN a small trial bottle, Free and Prepaid, upon request. Only a postal card addressed Vernal Remedy Co., 93 Seneca Street., Buffalo, N. Y., will bring a trial bottle to you.

The most stubborn cases of indigestion, catarrh of the stomach, and constipation, yield to the influence of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine, and are cured in a short time, to stay cured.

Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine is for sale at all leading Drug Stores.

Comrade J. H. Lester, of Deming, N. Mex., has not yet been able to complete his file of the VETERAN, and offers three years' subscription each for copies of January and April, 1893, or will pay liberally for them otherwise.

J. C. Pickett, Tuckahoe, Ky., will be grateful to any member of Company B, Gen. Wharton's old company of Terry's Rangers, who will give the particulars of the death of his brother, John B. Pickett. He enlisted when the company was first organized, and died before reaching Bowling Green, Ky.

Mrs. George W. Sulser, Maysville, Ky., asks that some one write of Miles' Louisiana Legion, and especially concerning Lieut. Col. Fred H. Brand, who took an active part in the capture of the steamer Indianola on the Mississippi River near Vicksburg. Some one who served with him can doubtless furnish an interesting article on the subject.

B. M. Hord, Nashville, Tenn.: "In the summer or fall of 1864 two Confederate prisoners in Rock Island became engaged in a controversy, and one knocked the other in the head with a piece of plank. He was taken out of the main prison and put in a dungeon under the guardhouse. This Confederate soldier was from Mississippi. In the dungeon with him was a crazy negro soldier, two white Yankee soldiers condemned to be shot

for desertion, and another little Confederate prisoner with a ball and chain on him, who had attempted to escape and was recaptured. It is the latter who wishes to know if the Mississippi boy is living, and if so, to get his name and address."

WANTED! FOR CASH.

Confederate C. S. A. buttons, also Texas State buttons with large star on face of button. Only the authentic original specimens of above are wanted. Also want negro slave deeds, bills of sale, receipts, etc. Want all the above in good condition. Address C. E. Tribbett, Thorntown, Boone Co., Ind.

CALIFORNIA FOR THE WINTER.

The cold weather which characterizes the average winter in the North, East, and Middle West naturally causes considerable attention to be drawn to the sections of the United States in which different conditions obtain California, Arizona, and Mexico are the great winter resorts of the country. Southern California contains a myriad of attractions for the tourist, and the Southern Pacific Sunset Route operates double daily passenger trains between New Orleans and all California points, with all modern conveniences and comforts and excursion sleeping cars from Washington, Cincinnati, and Chicago to San Francisco on regular days.

The celebrated Sunset Limited, with magnificent dining car service, leaves New Orleans daily at 11:55 A.M.

For information or literature address any Southern Pacific agent, or J. H. Lothrop, G. A., St. Louis, Mo.

LET US HELP YOU FIND A HOME IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Along the Cotton Belt Route, where land can be bought for \$2, \$3, \$5 an acre up—cut-over timber land that affords good range for live stock; rich bottom lands for corn, wheat, oats, cotton; uplands for fruits and vegetables—peaches, pears, plums, strawberries, tomatoes, potatoes, onions, melons—finding good markets at fancy prices in the North on account of excellent qualities and marketing ahead of other sections. A land where living is cheap—lumber at \$7 to \$8 a thousand, fuel for the cutting, range for the stock nearly the year round, garden truck for the table from March to December. The farmer who pays high rent in the North, or tills worn-out soil in the East, is missing some of the best things of life

by not securing a home in the Southwest.

Write for copies of our "Homes in the Southwest," "Glimpses of Southeast Missouri, Arkansas and Northwest Louisiana," "Through Texas with a Camera," "Fortunes in Growing Fruits and Vegetables," "List of Real Estate Agents Along the Cotton Belt," "Developing the St. Francis Country," "The Diversifier," a fruit and truck growers' journal.

On first and third Tuesdays of March and April, the Cotton Belt Route will sell one-way tickets from St. Louis, Thebes, Cairo, and Memphis, to points in Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas, at half the one-way rate plus \$2, or round trip tickets at one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.

For full information, address,
E. W. LaBEAUME,
G. P. & T. A.,
St. Louis, Mo.

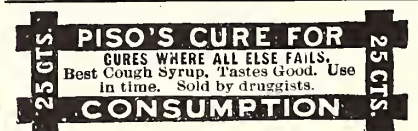
GROUND AS A MEDICINE.

The rich people of the cities go to the springs to be cured of various ailments. They take hot and cold baths in the mineral water and drink it, gallons of it, and go home relieved, if not cured. The mineral forming such a large part of the water comes from the mineral ore at the bottom of the spring. Prof. Theo. Noel, a geologist, now living in Chicago, discovered a mine of this Ore many years ago while prospecting in the Southwest, and is now grinding and selling it under the name of Vitæ-Ore.

The ground Ore, as sold for market, is mixed with water by the purchaser, and has then the same properties as the waters of the springs, only in a highly concentrated form, rendering it much more effective as a medicine. It contains free iron, free sulphur, and magnesium.

Prof. Noel, the discoverer of the mineral, has formed the Theo. Noel Company, of which he is the president and principal stockholder. The company wants to send every reader of the VETERAN a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitæ-Ore on thirty days' trial, the receiver to pay nothing unless satisfied, and he or she is to be the judge.

Comrade Noel is ex-Commander of the Confederate Veteran Camp of Chicago.



CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

INFORMATION AND INQUIRIES.

T. B. Collins, Arlington, Tex., inquires for a Federal soldier who was wounded at the battle of Valverde, N. Mex., on the 21st of February, 1862, and fell in the Rio Grande River as they were retreating. Comrade Collins waded in the river and helped him to the beach, and also stated that he was a Kentuckian by birth. As the memorandum was lost, Mr. Collins hopes this may reach the eye of that soldier and that he will respond.

John B. Hood Camp, of Augusta, Ky., would like to hear from any comrades who were in the fight at Augusta, September, 1862. Some twenty or twenty-five Confederates were killed in it, of whom eight or ten were buried there, and the Camp is anxious to mark the graves. A desirable lot has been secured and eight unknown remains reburied there, and arrangements are being made to erect a monument to their memory. General Duke was in command during this battle.

W. A. Vice, Commander E. A. Steen Camp, Rolla, Mo., asks that any member of Company A, Cockrill's Missouri Regiment, who was at the battle of Lone Jack, Mo., and remembers one James Criswell, of that company, will kindly help him to establish his record in order to gain entrance to the Confederate Home at Higginville. Write him at Elk Prairie, Mo. Comrade Criswell carried the colors during part of this battle. He is now sadly in need of aid.

At a recent meeting of Camp Magruder-Ewell, Williamsburg, Va., the following officers were elected: Commander, M. R. Harrell; Adjutant, W. L. Jones. This Camp has furnished head and foot stones for all Confederate dead in the city cemetery at Williamsburg, and is noted for other good works.

Ed Cullom served in Company E (known as the Harris Guards), of the Fourth Tennessee Infantry. He is now an inmate of the Soldiers' Home of Tennessee, and would be glad to hear from any member of that command.

A new Camp U. S. C. V. (Camp Timothy Oakley, No. 374, United Sons of Confederate Veterans) has been organized at Spring Hill, La., with fourteen members, all of whom are splendid specimens of Southern manhood and in whose custody its welfare is assured. Commander, Newton S. Young; Adjutant, Joe Shelton Burch.

Mrs. W. V. Tompkins, Prescott, Ark.: "My father, Maj. William Thomas Poe, of Alabama, was a member of Jeb Stuart's staff at one time, and I know but little of his war record. If this meets the eyes of any of his old comrades, I should be glad to hear from them. My father has been dead for nearly seventeen years."



MISS NELLIE DUNCAN,
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W. H. Kearney, Trezevant, Tenn., who belonged to Company L, Sixth Tennessee Regiment, wants some member of the regiment to write something of their experiences in Georgia, and let the world know what they did at Dead Angle and many other hot places.

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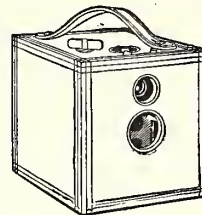
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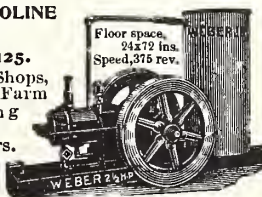
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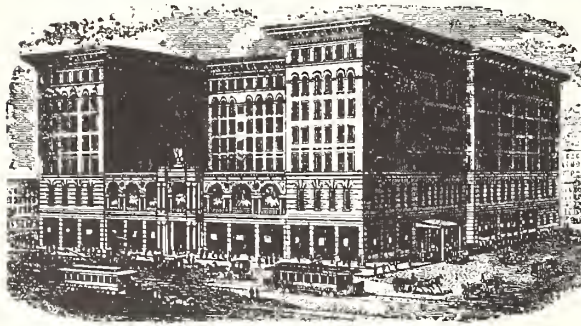
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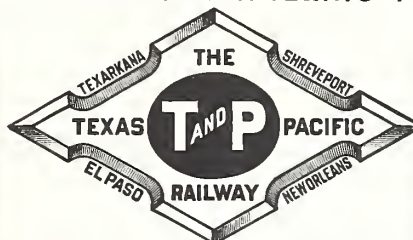
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THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dublin, Tex.

Atlantic Coast Line

MILEAGE TICKETS

(\$25 PER 1,000 MILES)

ARE GOOD OVER THE FOLLOWING LINES:

Atlanta Knoxville & Northern Ry.

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A CONVENIENT METHOD OF TRAVELING.

W. J. CRAIG,

General Passenger Agent,

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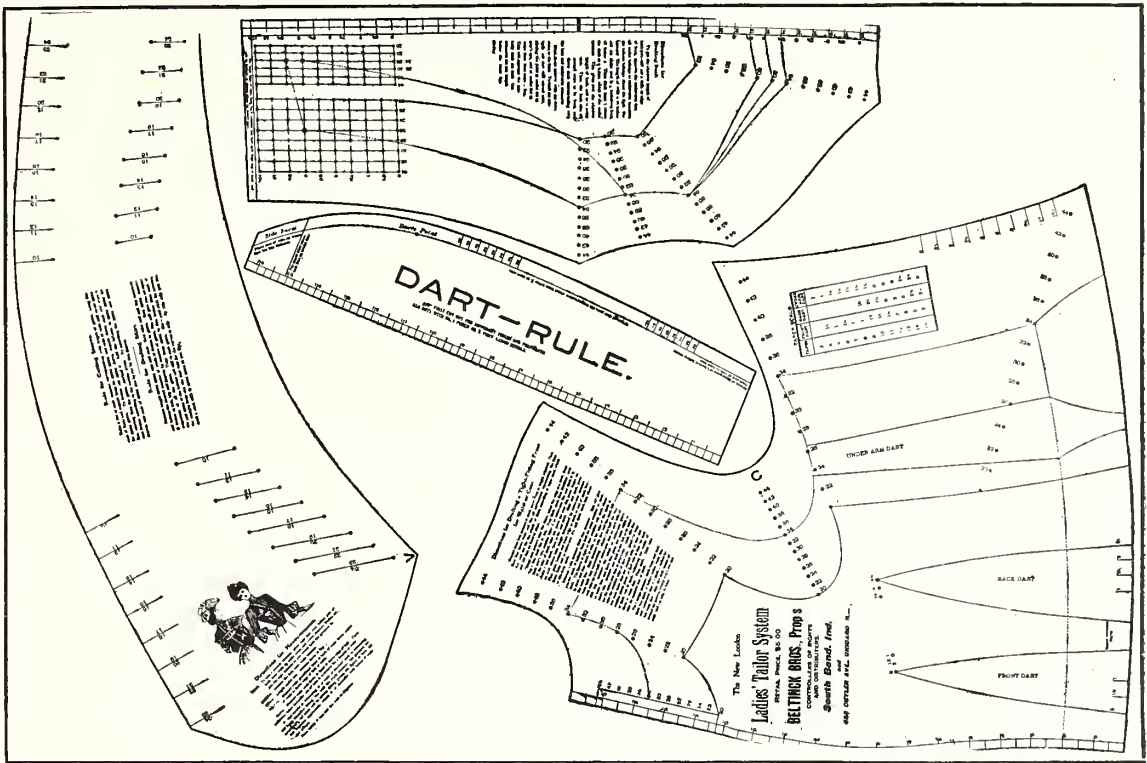
A NEW GARMENT-CUTTING SYSTEM!

Free with Two New Subscriptions to the Veteran.

The New London Ladies' Tailor System, usually sold at \$5, is considered by many the most convenient garment-cutting chart ever devised. It produces as accurate results as the complicated systems for which large sums are charged. It enables the mother who has little ones to provide clothing at a minimum expense, and save money for other departments of the household which now goes to dress-makers or for the purchase of patterns.

This system is unique because of its simplicity, and popular because of the rapidity and accuracy with which a pattern may be drafted by its use.

The VETERAN offers to send by mail at once a Chart free with two new subscriptions or one new subscription with a renewal. Full directions are printed on each Chart, and after a few patterns have been drafted the user will be able to do as good work as most women after a long apprenticeship under a competent dressmaker.



THE MULDOON MONUMENT CO.,

322, 324, 326, 328 GREEN STREET, LOUISVILLE, KY.

(OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE HOUSE IN AMERICA.)

Have erected nine-tenths of the Confederate Monuments in the United States. These monuments cost from five to thirty thousand dollars. The following is a partial list of monuments they have erected. To see these monuments is to appreciate them.

Cynthiana, Ky.
Lexington, Ky.
Louisville, Ky.
Raleigh, N. C.
J. C. Calhoun Sarcophagus,
Charleston, S. C.
Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne,
Helena, Ark.
Helena, Ark.
Macon, Ga.
Columbus, Ga.
Thomasville, Ga.
Sparta, Ga.

Dalton, Ga
Nashville, Tenn.
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lina Monuments, Chicka-
mauga Park, Ga.
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When needing first-class, plain, or artistic work made from the finest quality of material, write them for designs and prices.



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The Castner-Knott Dry Goods Co.

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IMPORTERS AND
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Dry Goods and Notions, Shoes,
Cloaks, Carpets, Upholstery, Mil-
linery, Men's Furnishings,
Dressmaking, China and
Glassware *A A A A*

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT
THE HIGHEST VALUES, and
THE LOWEST PRICES *A A*

Mailing Department a Specialty
Samples freely sent on application

ENGRAVING By All Processes

COPPER PLATE Reception and Wedding
Cards, Society Invitations, Calling Cards,
and Announcements.

STEEL DIE EMBOSSED Monograms and
Business Stationery in the latest styles.

HALF-TONE and ZINC PLATES for il-
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Commercial Work, Color Posters in special
designs for all purposes—Bivouac and Re-
union Occasions.

Braden Printing Company

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Manufacturing Stationers,
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The Union Central Life Insurance Co.,

CINCINNATI, O.

ASSETS JAN. 1, 1902 . . . \$30,048,592.48

SURPLUS 4,400,311.24

No Fluctuating Securities,
Largest Rate of Interest,
Lowest Death Rate,

Endowments at Life
Rates and Profit-Sharing
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Large and Increasing Dividends to Policy
Holders,

Desirable Contracts and Good Territory open
for Live Agents. Address

JAMES A. YOWELL, State Agent,

27 and 28 Chamber of Commerce, NASHVILLE, TENN.



The Confederate Mining Co.

Incorporated under the Laws of Arizona.

CAPITAL STOCK, \$1,000,000.

PAR VALUE, \$10 PER SHARE.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

COL. LEE CRANDALL, President, Globe, Ariz.
THEODORE CRANDALL, Manager, Globe, Ariz.
DR. Z. T. BUNDY, Director, Milford, Tex.

MAJ. R. W. CRABB, Sec. and Treas., Uniontown, Ky.
CAPT. J. I. WILKES, Director, Martin, Tenn.
R. W. WOLSEFER, Director, Frankfort, Ky.

THE CANDALARID GROUP OF MINING CLAIMS

are now added to the Confederate Mining Co.'s property. The Stockholders can congratulate themselves upon securing this group of claims. We have now a force of men at work in these mines. The following report is from our Manager, Mr. Theodore Crandall:

Report on the Candalarid Group of Claims, Maricopa County, Brown Mining District, Ariz., Acquired by the Confederate Mining Co.

ASSAYING.		GEO. S. ANDRUS.		P. O. BOX 128.	
ANALYSES.		MINING ENGINEER.		GLOBE, ARIZ.	
WORKING TESTS.				Oct 31, 1902	
Assayed for Mr. <i>Theo. Crandall - Mgr. C. M. Co</i>					
Office No.	OWNER'S MARKS.	PER TON OF 2,000 LBS.		PER CENT.	PER CENT.
		Ounce Gold.	Ounces Silver	COPPER.	LEAD.
1	No 1	12			
2	" 2	100			
3	" 3	10	1 6/10	23.7	
4	" 4	10	2 4/10	15.7	
5	" 5	10	1 4/10	19.8	
CHARGES		0 7/10 - 20.8			
10.00					
15.00					
1.50					
8.50					

Geo. S. Andrus

KEY TO ABOVE.

- No. 1. Gold ore, from 64-foot shaft, taken from top to bottom and across, and is below the fair average run of mine. This sample shows 12-100 oz. of gold, or \$2.40 per ton. From Chicopee.
No. 2. Copper ore, from 64-foot shaft, silver 1 6-10 oz., and copper 23.7 per cent, not counting silver value, worth \$52.10 per ton. From Chicopee.
No. 3. Open cut Chicopee lead, silver 2 4-10 oz., copper 15.7 per cent, worth \$34.54 per ton.
No. 4. Sample of ore dump, from 10-foot shaft on bearing wall of Chicopee lead, silver 1 4-10 oz., copper 19.8 per cent, worth \$43.53 per ton.
No. 5. Average sample ore dump, Monitor shaft and open cut, silver 8-10 oz., copper 20.8 per cent, worth \$45.76 per ton.
The copper value is figured at 11 cents per lb., and the gold at \$20 per ounce. Work is progressing nicely on this and the Reno Group.

THE Confederate Mining Company was organized at the Memphis Reunion, June, 1901, by the Confederate soldiers, who alone will own and control its properties. The officers were selected from among the old soldiers, who are capable, honest, and experienced business men. They are men who took some "life risks" in the war and who are not afraid to take some money risks in the Confederate Mining Company. The time to invest in mining stock is at the beginning, when the company is just starting and the stock is low, not when the mine is opened and you can measure its value with the naked eye, for then its value will assert itself and you will be left out.

The directors are prohibited from incurring any indebtedness in excess of money in the treasury. No debts, liens, or encumbrances will be placed on the property. The stock is fully paid and nonassessable.

The board of directors have set aside 50,000 shares of the capital stock as treasury stock.

The directors have decided that the stock will continue

to be sold at one dollar per share until their next meeting, which will take place at the Reunion at New Orleans next May.

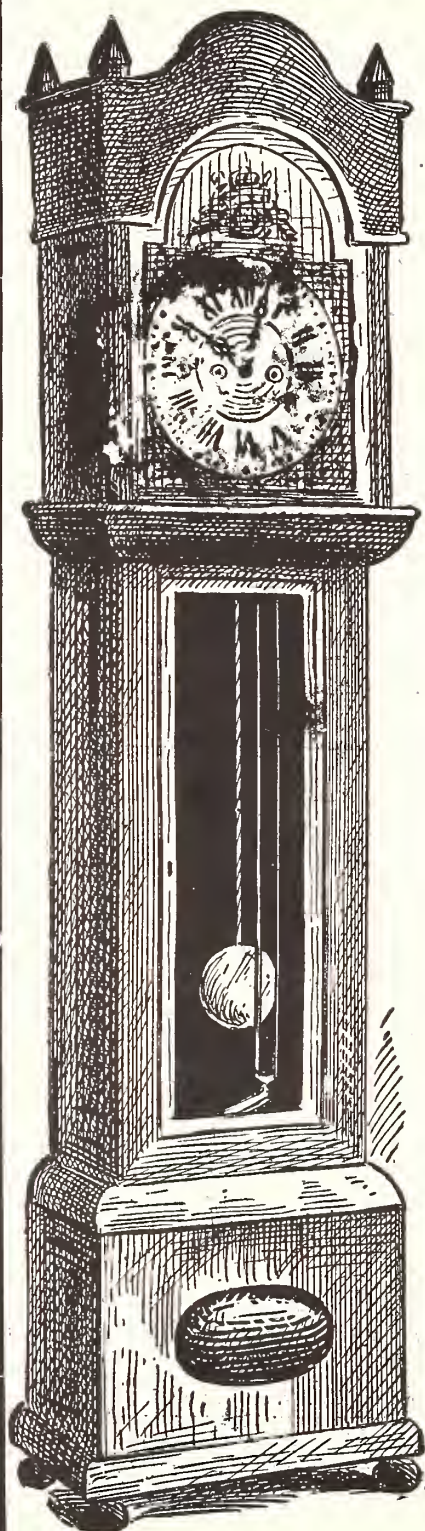
Not less than 10 nor more than 200 shares will be sold to any one person or Camp.

A FEW ADVANTAGES.

Property paid for in full. Title absolutely genuine and perfect. No debts or incumbrances of any kind. \$50,000 set aside as treasury stock. Stock fully paid and nonassessable. Plenty of wood and water, so necessary in mining. New railroad coming within two miles of our door. Not long to wait for dividends. Copper enough in sight now to pension every old soldier member of the company. The best mining experts say that our property is among the best in all the mineral belts of Arizona. Fortunes are being made in mining in the great Southwest. Will you join us?

Address and make all remittances payable to Maj. R. W. CRABB, Treasurer, Uniontown, Ky.

PERSONAL TO SUBSCRIBERS!



WHEN THE CLOCK RUNS DOWN

what do you do? When your system runs down, what should you do? You know the answer to the first question; the answer to the second is found in the wonderful success of that still more wonderful remedy—**VITE-ORE**.

When the nerves are unstrung, the muscles loosened, the energies run down, the vitality impaired, it serves as the **right key** to fit the delicate mechanism of the human system, the **right force** at the right time to set the machinery in motion, to rewind the energies, to tighten the nerve forces, to replenish the vitality. It is the ideal Blood Vitalizer, Germ Destroyer, Flesh Maker, Disease Curer, Brawn Builder, and Health Restorer.

No other remedy can equal its **record of cures**. No other remedy can be offered to the public on the terms it is offered. Read our special offer! **YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!**

Read Our Special Offer.

WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN or worthy person recommended by a subscriber or reader, a full-sized **One Dollar** package of **VITE-ORE**, by mail, postpaid, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. We take all the risk. You have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. **Vite-Ore** is a natural, hard, adamant, rocklike substance—mineral—Ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidation. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which nothing is added and from which nothing is taken. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney, and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility, as thousands testify, and as no one answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. **Vite-Ore** has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

Vite-Ore will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of this paper if you will give it a trial. Send for a \$1 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. We want no one's money whom **Vite-Ore** cannot benefit. You are to be the judge! Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, desiring a cure and willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try **Vite-Ore** on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say in this announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so that we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

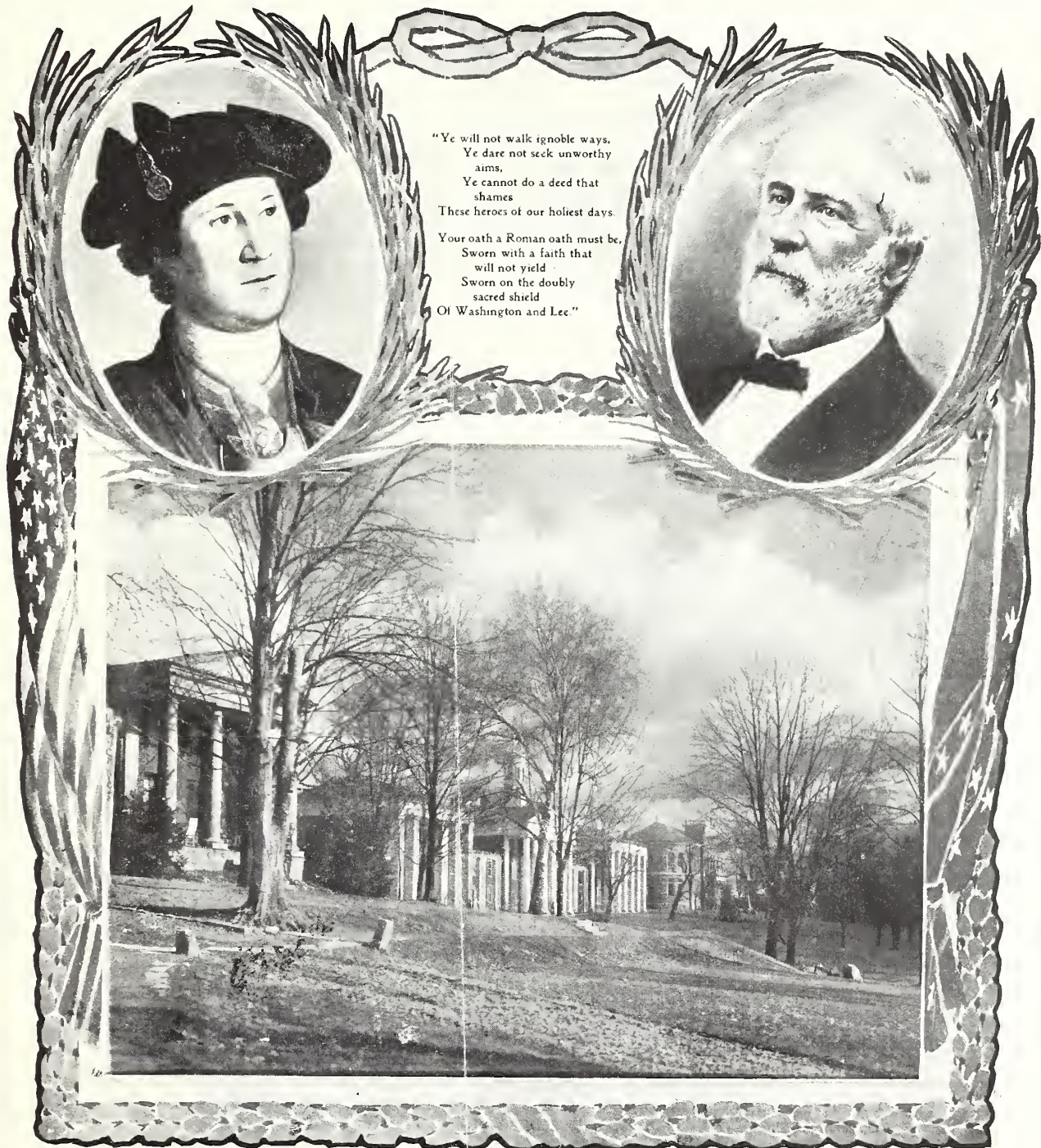
This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterwards the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. Address

THEO. NOEL CO.,

VETERAN DEPT.,
VITAE-ORE BLDG.,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Confederate Veteran



"Ye will not walk ignoble ways,
Ye dare not seek unworthy
aims,
Ye cannot do a deed that
shames
These heroes of our holiest days.

Your oath a Roman oath must be,
Sworn with a faith that
will not yield
Sworn on the doubly
sacred shield
Of Washington and Lee."

CAMPUS, WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, LEXINGTON, VA.

PRIZES OF \$10 AND \$50 IN GOLD FOR YOU!

An award of \$10 in gold will be given to any person who uses a bottle of GREGORY'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL, without healing results, when bitten by a serpent; or \$50 in gold when bitten by a mad dog, if directions are followed and medicine is applied within fifteen minutes after wound is inflicted, without favorable results, as soon as facts are established.

IT RELIEVES AND CURES MORE AILMENTS IN SHORTER TIME THAN ANYTHING KNOWN.

The hunter and the fisherman may defy the mosquito, the gnat, the moccasin, and cotton-mouth snake, which live about the lakes and swamps. The preacher, if he uses this Oil, may repose himself where the aged bedbug has not had a taste of good blood in a decade. The lawyer or the drummer, who has fought many bloody battles in antiquated hotels, has only to spray his face, hands, and feet with a few drops of GREGORY'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL, on going to bed, to get sweet, dreamless slumber through the night.

It neutralizes the poison from the bites and stings of insects and serpents, so that no harm comes to the would-be sufferer. It cures all pains about the body, such as Toothache, Earache, Headache, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Backache, etc., in a few minutes. Cures Colic in man or horse in one to three minutes. All Burns, Cuts, Wounds, and Bruises cease to give pain in a few minutes after it is used, and wounds of the flesh heal without inflaming or forming a sore on either man or beast. It is an almost infallible cure for Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, Flux, etc.

In horses it cures Blind Staggers, Fistula, Poll Evil, Foot Evil, Collar, Saddle, and Harness Bumps and Wounds. It cures Splint, Wind Galls, Bighead, Bigjaw, Sweeny, Warts, Wens, etc. Nothing better in the poultry yard or piggery. It cures Cholera in hogs and chickens; destroys lice and mites. Cures Roup in chickens and Loin Worms in hogs. Cures Cough from Distemper, or Epizootics in horses.

Cures Coughs in man in a few minutes. Keeps down pain and Cough in Pneumonia and Consumptives. Relieves Hoarseness in a few minutes. Cures Tonsillitis and Sore Throats readily. Several persons given up to die of Consumption claim to have been cured by this Oil.

We have thousands of letters from all over the country, wherever this medicine has been used, voluntarily claiming cures for all these ailments and more, many of whom write to thank us for placing the Antiseptic Healing Oil within their reach. It would require volumes to print all the letters we have on file, every one speaking in terms of praise of the Oil.

Our Guarantee: Buy a bottle, use half its contents for several of the ailments named in the list, and, if not satisfied, return to party from whom you bought and get your money back. All persons who handle this Oil are authorized to pay back when above conditions are complied with, and charge to us.

This is to certify that we have been acquainted with C. H. Gregory several years, and we have ever found him reliable and of unblemished character.

T. J. BULLION, County Clerk, } Conway, Ark.,
J. H. HARTJE, Deputy Clerk, }
J. M. C. VAUGHTER, Circuit Clerk, } Faulkner Co.

Any letter addressed to us, inclosing stamp, will be promptly answered.

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF GREGORY'S HEALING OIL.

J. A. Husbands, dealer in staple and fancy groceries, Arkadelphia, Ark., who has bought and sold several gross of Gregory's Antiseptic Healing Oil, sends an order November 2, 1901, and says:

Dear Brother: Ship at once one gross Healing Oil. With me it is just as staple as sugar and coffee. Have yet to hear any one who has used it speak other than in its praise. It is a great seller, and will be still better as its true merits are found out by the people generally. It has wrought wonders in many places here. Some of my customers use it for every ill flesh is heir to.

Yours,

J. A. HUSBANDS.

Best medicine I ever saw for all pains, aches, cramps, neuralgia, and for diseases in horses. One bottle cured our horse of a bad case of fistula. We use and sell it. The Healing Oil sells well. It gives universal satisfaction.

M. J. GORE, Holland, Ark.

Have been a druggist and practicing physician for sixteen years. Have sold all the best liniments on the market. Your Antiseptic Healing Oil sells better than all, and gives universal satisfaction.

C. J. HAMILTON,

Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Conway, Ark.

I have put your Antiseptic Oil to every test possible. It does all you claim for it.

DR. J. T. SIMMONS,
Sherman, Tex.; now of Denton, Tex.

CLINE, ARK., November 6, 1902.

Your Healing Oil is the most wonderful medicine we have ever had in this country.

MRS. M. J. STONE.

Best thing I ever saw. I use it in my family and among my stock in preference to anything I have ever used.

C. A. GRIFFITH, Mayflower, Ark.

A BIG TOE THAT WAS CUT OFF, BONE AND ALL.—In the spring of 1902, while chopping, I cut my big toe off, except the skin and a small piece of flesh on the bottom. Wife and I bound it up and put Gregory's Antiseptic Healing Oil on it. I suffered no pain from the wound, and in two weeks commenced to follow the plow, and worked through the crop without suffering. We think it the greatest thing for suffering humanity in the world. Write me, inclosing stamp, if you wish this statement reaffirmed.

J. R. HOLMES, Conway, Ark.

To any druggist, merchant, or citizen who will send \$3 cash with order I will ship three dozen bottles of ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL on trial. If it does not give satisfaction, I will refund your money. This proposition closes in 60 days from March 1, 1903.

Address REV. C. H. GREGORY, Conway, Ark.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR, } VOL. XI.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1903.

No. 4. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

VIRGINIA.

There are men, enterprises, and localities so little imbued with the proper conception of the elements of true greatness that they are content to deposit one deed or achievement in the keeping of history and idly revel in the glory of its traditions during the remainder of a natural existence. Natures under such influences will morally deteriorate and commonwealths go to decay.

The surest proof of the greatness of a people may be found in the manifestation of continuity. There is a "divine discontent" out of which triumphs are achieved, and this spirit has been dominant in Virginia, the glorious "Old Dominion State."

Recent fiction revives with faithful vividness the atmosphere of revolutionary days, and Virginia's sons and daughters to-day possess the same traits that taught their forefathers to do and to dare during the great formative period. It is one thing to take a high note, and quite another to sustain it, and this Virginia has had the power to do. Her reverence for traditions is ever manifest, and the daily press furnishes evidences of what she is doing in various ways.

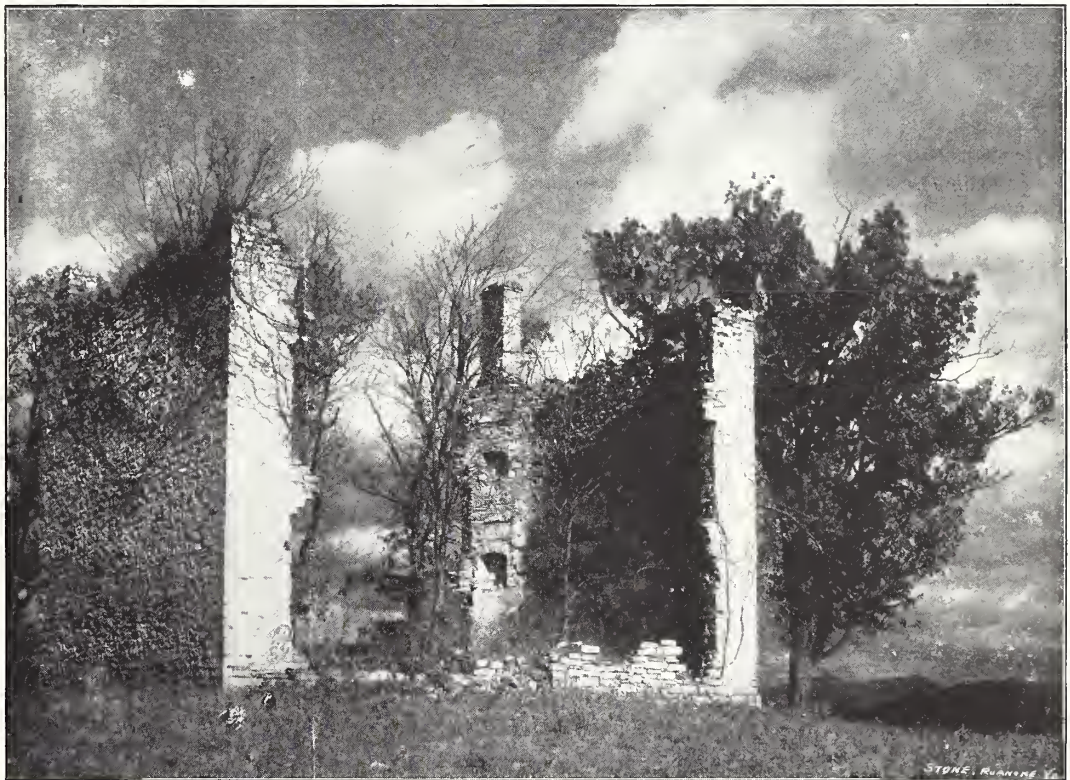
Word has gone forth that a "Confederate bazaar" is to be held in the capital city of sacred memories during the month of April, the purpose being to compose a fund for the Jefferson Davis arch.

The History Committee of the Grand Camp, Confederate Veterans, Department of Virginia, has just issued its exhaustive official report, and cir-

culars are being sent from the "State of Virginia and citizens of Richmond," inviting friends of educational progress to be present at the Conference for Education in the South, to be held at Richmond in April.

Virginia can boast a long line of heroes and patriots, but she has reason also to feel a lofty pride in her educational record. Her universities have nurtured the manly material, the brain and brawn, out of which statesmen, men of letters, heroes, patriots, are made, and it is one of her greatest triumphs that revolutionary times are linked with traditions of the later period, so dear to the hearts of the present generation, in the name and fame of Washington and Lee University.

England's Lord Wolsey said, in writing of Lee: "I believe he will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy, but as the greatest American of the nineteenth



RUINS OF LIBERTY HALL ACADEMY.

century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington, and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen."

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

The great names of Washington and Lee are intertwined in a very interesting manner in the history of this University. Washington married Mrs. Martha Custis. The son of her first marriage, Parke Custis, married Miss Mary Lee Fitzhugh; and their daughter, Miss Mary Custis, married Robert E. Lee. Could Washington have foreseen that his adopted son was to be the father-in-law of Virginia's other greatest son; that R. E. Lee was to preside for five years over Washington College; and that George Washington Custis Lee was to be for more than a quarter of a century President of Washington and Lee University, and afterwards its President Emeritus and its liberal benefactor—could he have foreseen all this, the prospect would have greatly quickened his interest in the modest school which was first placed on a firm basis by his own liberality.

Washington and Lee University owes its founding and development to three great influences: The Scotch-Irish settlers of the Valley of Virginia; Gen. George Washington; Gen. Robert E. Lee.

The Scotch-Irish who came to this section of the valley just before the middle of the eighteenth century brought with them devotion to the Church and devotion to education. Even as they made their new homes amid its fertile lands and in sight of its encircling mountains, a classical school "broke out" among them, founded by Robert Alexander, a Master of Arts of the University of Edinburgh.

This school, first called Augusta Academy, under successive principals, and with some shifting of site as population filled in, took the name of Liberty Hall Academy with the first news of the battle of Lexington, and found its final and permanent seat at the county town of the new county of Rockbridge, which, in like patriotic spirit, had been named Lexington. Many of its pupils bore a prominent part in the struggle for independence, foremost among them Gen. William Campbell, the hero of King's Mountain. Others helped to lay the foundations of the constitution of the country and of the constitution of their native commonwealth and of other States of the Union. In 1782 the first charter granted by Virginia after the Revolution made it a corporation, and by 1796 its building and equipment were valued at £2,000. It was then that it received the timely endowment that gave it the assurance of future life and of permanent growth.

The Legislature of Virginia had given to Washington fifty shares of stock in the Potomac Company and one hundred shares of stock in the James River Company, as testimonials of gratitude for his services in the field and for his services in promoting these great schemes of internal improvement. Washington, who had resolved from the beginning to accept no pay for his services, accepted these donations on the condition, concurred in by the Legislature, that he might devote them to public purposes.

He seems to have finally decided that he would donate them both to the endowment of educational institutions, one for the people of his own commonwealth, the other for the people of the whole country. He accordingly bequeathed his shares in the Potomac Company for the establishment of a national university at Washington, which he commended to the fostering care of Congress. This bequest failed, as the shares proved valueless.

As to the James River shares, he wrote to the Governor of

Virginia in September, 1796, "I have upon the fullest consideration destined those shares to the use of Liberty Hall Academy, in Rockbridge County," and this gift was confirmed by a bequest in his will. The letter he addressed to the Trustees is as follows:

"MOUNT VERNON, June 17, 1798.

"*Gentlemen:* Unaccountable as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that the address with which you were pleased to honor me, dated the 12th of April, never came into my hands until the 14th inst.

"To promote literature in this rising empire and to encourage the arts have ever been amongst the warmest wishes of my heart, and if the donation which the generosity of the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Virginia has enabled me to bestow on Liberty Hall—now by your politeness called Washington Academy—is likely to prove a means to accomplishing these ends, it will contribute to the gratification of my desires.

"Sentiments like those which have flowed from your pen excite my gratitude, whilst I offer my best vows for the prosperity of the academy and for the honor and happiness of those under whose auspices it is conducted.

GO. WASHINGTON.

"Trustees of Washington Academy."

The name of Liberty Hall Academy was changed to Washington Academy. These shares were afterwards retired by the commonwealth, which, in consideration of such retirement, covenanted to pay to the school six per cent interest on the sum of \$50,000 annually forever. Thus Washington's gift forms the basis of the endowment of the University, and he may be considered as its real founder. Following Washington's example, the "Cincinnati Society" of Virginia donated its funds, when it decided to dissolve, to Washington Academy, which funds added to its endowment more than \$25,000; and later one of Washington's soldiers, John Robinson, bequeathed his entire estate, amounting to \$46,500.

Thus Washington's donation actually brought to Washington Academy, which in 1812 was chartered as Washington College, an endowment of \$121,500.

In the summer of 1865 the men of the South found themselves confronted with perhaps as arduous a problem in State building as ever tasked the powers of the Prince of Orange in laying the foundations of his Dutch Republic; and just as that wise ruler, in the exercise of a patriotic foresight, founded the University of Leyden amidst the turmoil and stress of his terrific struggle, so one of the first duties that devolved upon the defeated patriots of the Southern States in 1865 was to restore their schools and colleges. With this end in view, the Trustees of Washington College met and pledged their private credit in order to secure the necessary funds. When the question of choosing a President came up, one of them had the bold and happy inspiration to suggest Gen. Robert E. Lee. He was elected, and a letter was addressed to him, to which he returned the following reply, one part of which we have emphasized as showing his frank and honest acceptance of the issues of the war and his heroic and loyal conception of duty. The letter notifying him of his election was dated August 5. His reply follows:

"POWHATAN COUNTY, August 24, 1865.

"*Gentlemen:* I have delayed for some days replying to your letter of the 5th inst., informing me of election by the Board of Trustees to the presidency of Washington College, from a desire to give the subject due consideration. Fully impressed with the responsibilities of the office, I have feared that I should be unable to discharge its duties to the satisfaction of the Trustees or to the benefit of the country. The proper educa-

tion of youth requires not only great ability, but I fear more strength than I now possess, for I do not feel able to undergo the labor of conducting classes in regular courses of instruction. I could not, therefore, undertake more than the general administration and supervision of the institution. There is another subject which has caused me serious reflection, and is, I think, worthy of the consideration of the Board. Being excluded from the terms of amnesty in the proclamation of the President of the United States of the 29th of May last, and an object of censure to a portion of the country, I have thought it probable that my occupation of the position of President might draw upon the college a feeling of hostility, and I should, therefore, cause injury to an institution which it would be my highest desire to advance. *I think it the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or general governments directed to that object. It is particularly incumbent upon those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority, and I could not consent to be the cause of animadversion upon the college.*

"Should you, however, take a different view, and think that my services in the position tendered me by the Board will be advantageous to the college and country, I will yield to your judgment and accept it. Otherwise, I most respectfully decline the office.

"Begging you to express to the Trustees of the college my heartfelt gratitude for the honor conferred upon me, and requesting you to accept my cordial thanks for the kind manner in which you have communicated its decision, I am, gentlemen, with great respect, your most obedient servant, R. E. LEE.

"Messrs. John W. Brockenbrough, Rector; S. McD. Reid, Alfred Leyburn, Horatio Thompson, D.D., Bolivar Christian, T. J. Kirkpatrick, Committee."

Gen. Lee was formally installed President of Washington College October 2, 1865, a position which he held until his death, October 12, 1870.

The General Assembly of Virginia in 1871 changed the name of the institution to its present corporate title, "The Washington and Lee University," blending the names of the great benefactor who had first placed the institution on a solid basis and the President who had resuscitated it after the ravages of war. In the same year Gen. G. W. Custis Lee succeeded his father as President of Washington and Lee University.

December 29, 1896, Gen. Lee resigned the presidency, and was made President Emeritus. Hon. William Lyne Wilson, elected President February 11, 1897, was inaugurated September 15, 1897. After the death of President Wilson, which occurred on the 17th of October, 1900, Prof. H. St. George Tucker, Dean of the School of Law, became Acting President, a position in which he displayed untiring activity, and which he resigned in June, 1901.

Upon his resignation, Dr. George H. Denny, who for two years had held the chair of Latin in the University, was elected President, and he was inaugurated during the commencement exercises in June, 1902.

"EXEGI MONUMENTUM AERE PERENNIOUS."

Why rear in bronze that noble frame
On Seminary Hill?
Can ye add laurels to the name
Of that great Heart and Will
Whose spirit rules the battlefield
Where once it bore the Spartan shield?

The thunders of that July morn
Reëcho down the years—
The lightning of a hope forlorn
That struck a thousand fears
In iron hearts that ruled a land
From which State's liberty was banned.

The tramping ghosts of countless dead
Rise at the reveille.
Can ye not hear their mighty tread
When bugles sound forth "Lee?"
Such dauntless, manly, martial love
Might bring the storied dead above.

He sits upon the old white horse,
His glass raised to his eye;
He bends to mark the charge's course,
He weeps to see them die;
Yet thrills to see the lines of blue
Fall back the vale and wheat field through.

He was of hearth and home the heart,
The spirit of all days,
The hope that men have made a part,
The soul oppressed to raise—
The starry genius of the free,
The Saxon brought across the sea;

The Bayard of the battle heat,
Napoleon of the charge;
A Ney when came the last retreat;
A Washington writ large
In council for his people's weal
When trodden 'neath the iron heel.

As Arthur and the Table Round,
He passed, and evil days
Came thronging o'er the hallowed ground,
The old familiar ways,
Where erst trod Southern chivalry
And honor had no rivalry.

Aye, bronze may perish, marble wane,
Beneath the wind and storm;
Each Southern heart is a fond fane
Where his beloved form,
Enshrined, shall teach the mystery
That hallows o'er the name of Lee.

Soul of my race! Majestic dead!
Sweet memory of the just!
Not where the paths of glory led
Thy hallowed urn or bust;
But with Virginia's spotless son
In the great halls at Washington.

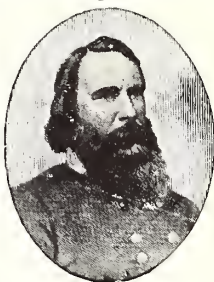
Mount Vernon, then, and Arlington,
Across Potomac's flood,
Shall shed a fairer luster on
The cause for which they stood—
Freedom of hearth and heart and soul
Under just laws' serene control. — J. McC. T.

R. O. Hannah, of ~~Moffit~~ Ark., would like to hear from any of his prison mates at Rock Island, Barrack No. 43. He also hopes to meet some of them in New Orleans on the 19th of May.

GEN. JAMES LONGSTREET.

Gen. Longstreet has been seriously ill at his home in Washington, D. C. Among those who will stand before posterity in the annals of war as truly heroic, the name of Longstreet will remain prominent. The fame of his corps at Cemetery Ridge, at Gettysburg, at Chickamauga, at Knoxville, and at many other places cannot be forgotten.

T. C. Harbaugh, of Casstown, Ohio, sends a poem that is well adapted to preserve in song the character of the men of the famous leader's corps:

**ONE OF LONGSTREET'S MEN.**

One day deep in the thicket's core,
Where nod the somber pines,
I found a grave with grass o'ergrown
Where stood the battle lines.
The headboard on the ground reclined;
I lifted it, and then
I read: "The soldier sleeping here
Was one of Longstreet's men."

For him no longer waved the plume
That led the men in gray;
The musket's crash, the cannon's boom
Fore'er had died away;
A little bird with golden crest—
A songster of the glen—
Was singing near her little nest
To one of Longstreet's men.

His cherished cause he bravely served,
And deemed it right and just;
Where is the foeman who would 'sturb
That valiant soldier's dust?
The Shenandoah, as it flowed
Through meadow, brake, and fen,
Recalled the times when life was strife
For one of Longstreet's men.

I set the broken headboard right
That dreamy summer day,
And left beneath the sighing pines
The chevalier in gray;
And as I sent a farewell look
Adown the little glen,
A ray of sunshine kissed the grave
Of one of Longstreet's men.

GEN. JOSEPH HOGG CHAPTER.—The Gen. J. L. Hogg Chapter, U. D. C., was organized on March 5, 1903, at Jacksonville, Tex., with seventeen charter members. Mrs. Maud McDougal was elected Corresponding Secretary. The women of this Chapter are most enthusiastic over the recent organization, and hope at an early date to increase their numbers. The Chapter is named for Gen. Hogg, who commanded a Texas brigade at Corinth, Miss., and who died at that place in April, 1862.

NEW QUARTERMASTER, U. S. C. V.—On account of the resignation of Richard Hayne King, Quartermaster U. S. C. V., Commander in Chief Thomas P. Stone has appointed Charles E. Moore, of Waco, Tex., as his successor. Comrade Moore is eminently qualified to fill this important position, and is an earnest worker.

The VETERAN notes with apologies that Victoria, Tenn., was accredited the ten dollars so generously donated to Bull Run Cemetery by William P. Rogers Chapter, No. 44, U. D. C., Victoria, Tex.

WADE HAMPTON STATUE.—The Georgia House of Representatives has passed by unanimous vote a bill to appropriate \$20,000 toward the erection of an equestrian statue to the memory of Wade Hampton. The appropriation becomes available when \$10,000 additional shall have been raised by subscription. A large part of this voluntary fund is on hand. The Senate will act favorably on the bill.

CONFERENCE FOR EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.—The annual conference for education in the South will convene at Richmond, Va., April 22. It is expected that much business of importance will be brought before the meeting, and as a result the conference will continue through three days, closing on the evening of the 24th. The anniversary exercises of Hampton Institute and the public presentation of the Huntington Library will take place during the conference, and, after the adjournment, excursions will be made to the University of Virginia and Fortress Monroe. The officers of the conference are very desirous that many friends of educational progress will accept the invitation, which has been generously extended from the State of Virginia and the citizens of Richmond. Communications may be sent to the office of the President, Robert C. Ogden, 784 Broadway, N. Y.

THE LAMAR RIFLES.—Thomas P. Buford, now of Roanoke, Va.: "I was interested in the March VETERAN article which gave an account of how Gen. McPherson was killed, because I was in the same company that Comrade Cullen mentioned. Our company was G, of the Eleventh Mississippi. It was popularly known as the Lamar Rifles, in compliment to Col. L. Q. C. Lamar, a distinguished citizen of our country. Col. Lamar was in no way connected with the company. He was lieutenant colonel of the Nineteenth Mississippi, and was disabled by a wound received in the battle of Williamsburg, Va. I wish to inform Comrade Cullen or other survivors of our old company that our Historical Committee have published a book containing the roll and a record of the movements of the company, together with much other interesting matter to the relatives or friends of the Lamar Rifles. The book is for sale by Charley Neilson and E. C. Davidson, at Oxford, Miss. The survivors meet in reunion on each Thanksgiving, and a cordial invitation is tendered to meet us in Oxford, Miss., on Thanksgiving day of this year."

PLAIN TALK (MONTHLY MAGAZINE).

They say "the child is father to the man;" and if the adage be applied to the initial number of *Plain Talk*, a magazine recently started in Nashville, Tenn., the success and longevity of the publication is confidently predicted.

Without vituperation (but, on the contrary, with an evident spirit of fairness), the publication treats a diversity of subjects on a plane sufficiently elevated to satisfy the most cultured, and with a comprehensiveness within the reach of the unlettered.

If public expression of approval be a sufficient factor for the launching of a literary enterprise, *Plain Talk* should sail into many homes and find a welcome in each. Its editor, Mr. A. L. Peterman, and business manager, Mr. P. B. Jones, are to be congratulated.

HONOR TO CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

The VETERAN is possibly in a better position than any other paper throughout the entire country to know of the constant demand that is being made for rosters of Confederate soldiers, much time and money having been expended in its editorial department to furnish lists at various times in the VETERAN's history. It is therefore a matter of general satisfaction to note the generous action of Secretary Root, of the War Department, who on March 16 gave direction for compiling and publishing a complete roster of the officers and enlisted men of the Union and Confederate armies.

Unstinted praise should be meted to Secretary Root, for this is his own project, and he has succeeded in convincing Congress that it is but fair to the South to prepare official lists of Confederate soldiers, in order that their descendants may trace their family history with accuracy.

The North, through separate publications, has covered pretty well this ground for its own soldiers. But the Southern records and archives, never very complete, were scattered and destroyed, owing to the outcome of the war, and it is known that many frauds are practiced on the benevolent, and many families lack important links in their histories because of the loss of these records. Secretary Root, in calling the matter to the attention of Congress, said that the department was constantly in receipt of appeals from State officials, historical societies, and patriotic or memorial associations for transcripts of the military records of State troops, to answer which would cost more than \$1,000,000, so that the most economical way would be to publish a complete roster.

The publication will be enormous in size, including no less than thirty volumes as large as the rebellion records. The Northern names will be published with the Southern, because it is desired to have all these data in one compilation, instead of being scattered through various State books. Moreover, it is felt to be a graceful thing to bracket the names of the men who wore the blue and the gray. In order to carry out this purpose, Secretary Root on March 16 sent the following letter to the Governors of all States which furnished troops for the Confederate armies:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, March 16, 1903.

"The Governor of the State of ———.

"Sir: There is a very general desire on the part of the surviving participants of the great struggle in which the country was engaged from 1861 to 1865, and on the part of the descendants of those who have passed away, for a publication that shall be accessible to the general public and shall show the names of those who, either as officers or enlisted men, bore arms for the Confederacy during the great war. In the opinion that this desire is one that should be gratified, and that can be gratified, in great measure at least, by compiling and publishing, as a continuation of the publication known as the 'Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies,' a complete list, or roster, of the officers and men who served in those armies during the Civil War, this department recommended at the last session of Congress the enactment of a law authorizing the compilation and preparation of such a roster for publication. That recommendation was followed by the enactment of a provision of law, which is embodied in the legislative, executive, and judicial appropriation act, approved February 25, 1903.

"The department is prepared to enter at once upon the work of making the compilation thus authorized, and to push it to completion as rapidly as possible. There will be little or no

difficulty in making the Union part of the roster complete, but there will be great difficulty with regard to the Confederate part, because of the incompleteness of the collection of Confederate records in the possession of this department. It is of the first importance, therefore, that no effort shall be spared to secure the temporary loan to the War Department, for the purpose of copying, of any and all authentic Confederate records that can be found anywhere. Many of these records are in the possession of the various States, and it is hoped will be made readily accessible, but there are others that are widely scattered among historical and memorial associations and private citizens. The problem of how to find and procure the loan of these scattered records is a difficult one, but it is one that must be solved in order that the Confederate soldier shall receive the full credit that is due him in the roster that is to be compiled.

"I earnestly invite your cooperation with the department in an effort to make this compilation as nearly complete as it is possible to make it, and shall be glad to have the benefit of any suggestion that you can make as to the manner in which that end can best be attained. The work will be in the immediate charge of Brig. Gen. F. C. Ainsworth, Chief of the Record and Pension Office of this department, and I beg leave to suggest that, if the plan herein outlined meets your approval, you designate some official of your State to communicate with him relative to the details of the work and the steps to be taken in furtherance of it.

"Very respectfully. ELIHU ROOT, *Secretary of War.*"

GEORGIA UNITED SONS OF VETERANS.

The Georgia Division, U. S. C. V., with William F. Parkhurst as Commander, is doing splendid work, as are many of the other Divisions in the Southern States, toward organizing for the New Orleans reunion. Various circulars are being sent out by order of Commander Parkhurst, among them being an indorsement of the noble appeal from Commander in Chief Thomas P. Stone, in the interest of the Woman's Memorial Fund. This sets forth the plan of perpetuating in an enduring monument the nobility of the women of the Confederacy.

Commander Parkhurst also issues the following by the Division Adjutant, J. R. Compton, as General Order No. 1:

"ATLANTA, GA., October 15, 1902.

"1. Your attention is hereby respectfully called to the appointment, at the last reunion, held at Dallas, Tex., April 22 to 25, 1902, of William F. Parkhurst, of Atlanta, as Division Commander for Georgia, and your loyal support is requested and confidently anticipated.

"2. Division headquarters for the State of Georgia are hereby established at Atlanta.

"3. J. Russell Compton, of Atlanta, is hereby affirmed Division Adjutant.

"4. You are hereby requested to forward to Division headquarters a complete list of the officers of your Camp, and the number of members, together with the post office address of your Commander and Adjutant.

"5. It shall be your pleasant duty to arouse more interest and renewed vigor among the members of your Camp in the organization of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the cause this body of young men stands for. Your cooperation is expected in arousing enthusiasm among all members for our next annual reunion at New Orleans, La., so that the State of Georgia shall be proud of her representation on that occasion."

DABNEY H. MAURY CHAPTER, PHILADELPHIA.

The Southern spirit and the Virginia accent prevailed at the tea given by Mrs. Turner Ashby Blythe, of Philadelphia, President of the Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, to the members of the Chapter and their friends, in commemoration of the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee. About three hundred Southern people, resident in that city, guests from Wilmington, Baltimore, and other Southern points, and prominent society folk of Philadelphia, thronged Mrs. Blythe's drawing-room, which was decorated in red, white, and red. Flags of the Confederacy sent from Richmond, intermingled with the national ensign, draped the windows, while a portrait of the great general, hung with a Confederate battleflag, looked down on the descendants and relatives of those who fought under it. One might almost imagine being transported to the Old Dominion, so marked was the Southern accent, and many were the joking remarks, such as, "I did not know you were a Rebel," that passed merrily between the guests. One charming Southern woman declared that, in spite of Philadelphia being such a rabid Northern city, she had never felt more at home anywhere, and was nowhere more charmingly treated. Many were the reunions of old friends that had not seen each other for years, and Southern families and relationships were discussed, and old times "before the war," during the war, and after the war, were talked over.

Mrs. Blythe received her guests, assisted by the officers of the Chapter: Mrs. James T. Halsey, Mrs. S. Naudain Duer, Mrs. James H. Hoffecher, of Wilmington; Miss Gertrude Byers, Mrs. J. D. Emach, Mrs. Douglas Mason, Mrs. Augusta H. Noble, Mrs. William West, of Baltimore; Miss Margaret Reintzil, Mrs. Henry M. Daniel, and Mrs. J. A. Vandergrift.

MONUMENT ERECTED IN RICHMOND.

It will be remembered that the generous women of this Chapter erected a monument in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., in October, 1902, in memory of the Confederate soldiers who lie buried in the Quaker City. Public sentiment was opposed to the erection of the monument in Philadelphia, and it is a most noteworthy fact that Mr. John Cadwalader, a scion of one of the oldest and most distinguished families of Pennsylvania, went to Richmond and delivered the unveiling address. His warm sympathy for the South and his frank and fearless manner of expressing it, despite his seven generations of Pennsylvania ancestry, entitle him to the deep gratitude of all Southerners. The beautiful granddaughter of Gen. Dabney H. Maury, Miss Dabney Maury Halsey, unveiled the Hollywood monument. The speakers on the occasion were Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, and Mr. John Cadwalader. The address of the latter is given in full:

TRIBUTE TO OUR DEAD IN PHILADELPHIA.

"Daughters of the Confederacy, and particularly Daughters of the Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter; Ladies and Gentlemen: I have accepted the invitation to appear before you to-day with some hesitation. I felt that the words to be spoken on this occasion should be uttered with an eloquence to which I can make no pretense. The Chairman of the Monument Committee invited me as a representative of Philadelphia, where lie the heroic dead whose memories are to be kept alive by this imperishable granite before us. It seemed to me to be a call that one should not refuse. Seven generations of my family have lived in that land which bears the name of "Penn the Apostle," on the spot where

"Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded,"
and where

"The streets still reecho the names of the trees of the forest,"

and therefore as such a representative the selection may be justified. My heart, moreover, responded most warmly to the request, and I am sure I truly represent the sentiments of a vast number of the people of Philadelphia, and of the Northern States generally, in uniting with you in thus honoring the memory of those who died for a cause as dearly loved and as valiantly fought for as any recorded in history. My friends, this occasion brings with it a flood of memories of events that most of you consider as passed into history, but to those who lived through them are as clear and distinct as if they had happened yesterday. Instinctively my reflections go back a few years before the struggle that began on April 12, 1861. I was a young lad deeply interested in the institutions and government of the country, when I went to the city of Washington with my father, who was in Congress. It was during the administration of Gen. Pierce. The President, as some of you may remember, lost his only son just after his election. Mrs. Pierce imagined that I bore a resemblance to that son, and liked to have me at the White House. In this way I met familiarly many of those then in official life. The Cabinet of the President was composed of great statesmen—Marcy was in the State Department, Guthrie in the Treasury, Caleb Cushing Attorney-General, and Jefferson Davis in the War Department. All of them were great men, but probably at



MRS. TURNER ASHBY BLYTHE.

that time because the military idea was strong in me the last named attracted me most.

"I can recall the kindly manner of Mr. Davis and his permission to me to visit the War Department whenever I cared to do so, and I was often in his private office. A few years later he it was on whom my young enthusiasm centered for the nomination for the Presidency at the ill-fated Charleston convention. At this same time it was my happy privilege to be quite often at that beautiful home on the banks of the Potomac where the adopted son of Washington still lived. George Washington Parke Custis seemed to enjoy the society of the young, and he would take me through the box-hedged gardens and tell me about his boyhood days. On leaving he would always repeat to me the caution that I must remember to tell my children and children's children that I had walked and talked with one to whom Washington was a father. But Arlington was then the home of another whose name is one indeed to conjure with. It is idle for the vainglorious boasters to shout of treason, rebellion, and traitors. A great war was waged. There was heroism of the noblest kind on both sides, and names to be revered for high virtues, as well from the North as from the South; but I believe that a great majority of those living to-day in these United States regard Robert E. Lee as the one man who came through that fearful struggle, either from the North or from the South, with a record beyond cavil or criticism. Heroic and magnificent in success, he was possibly even nobler in adversity. In his walks in those gardens of Arlington he must have imbibed the spirit of the great Washington, for his character bears so close a comparison with that of the 'Father of His Country' that it seems to have been formed under kindred influences.

"My friends, I come before you as a Northern man. In the great conflict between the Confederacy and the Northern States, my State was opposed to you, and all true citizens of Pennsylvania were loyal to the cause it supported. The great questions had failed of peaceful solution, and one of the severest wars of any era of the world had to be fought to a conclusion. When Robert E. Lee, before the Virginia Convention, said: 'I will devote myself to the defense and service of my native State, in whose behalf alone would I have ever drawn my sword,' he defined clearly the obligation of a citizen to throw his fortunes with his State. Here and there men saw their duties in a different light, and no one should criticize harshly an officer of the old army who held different views.

"Their position was complicated by their environment. Their training made them less independent in thought, as well as action, and undoubtedly the decision of George H. Thomas to adhere to the North was as truly the act of an honorable man as the course of Robert E. Lee. When, acting in its sovereign capacity a State withdrew from the Union, whether such action was a cause for war or not, and in my opinion it was certainly the right of the States remaining in the Union to so decide, the citizen of such a State was, by that withdrawal, carried with it. It is impossible to conceive of an exclusive allegiance to a government which guarantees none of the natural rights of its citizens. Of course, under the Federal Constitution, as long as a State is included in the Union, there are duties of citizenship to both the State and to the United States, but they are distinct. To his State alone can a citizen appeal to secure him in his home, his domestic relations, and his rights of property. Nor can he divest himself of his obligation to serve his State in the protection of its rights from invasion, from riot, or general obedience to its laws. The subject is too large to enter upon here; but it was an unreasonable view to assert that any one failed in his loyalty

who clung to his State, on either side, under the conditions which arose in 1861. It is probable that our form of government is too complicated for the uninstructed citizen to comprehend, and certainly few untrained in the law can define the radical difference between the powers of a State Legislature and those of Congress.

"The Constitution of the United States, as originally framed, was a marvelous creation, and to my mind if strictly followed would have met every contingency that has arisen. But from the first, beginning with the insidious efforts of Alexander



HON. JOHN CADWALADER.

Hamilton, under his doctrine of 'implied powers,' a process of distortion of the meaning of its plain language and a subversion of its safeguards has been pursued. The States forming the Confederacy, believing that their rights and interests were no longer protected, under the construction of the powers of the general government which had prevailed, through the sectional preponderance of the North and West, made a heroic effort against tremendous odds to maintain their right to separate from the Union. It was early in the struggle that they secured the recognition of belligerents, and in the main the war was fought on lines consistent with the rules of civilized countries.

"Unfortunately from the first a difficulty as to prisoners arose, and later when the use of negro troops in the North was adopted, the question became too difficult to be settled. The sufferings that were endured by prisoners, on both sides, while those unsolvable questions were discussed, can never be justified. Undoubtedly the difficulties in the way of exchanging prisoners were created by the North, and gave color to the charge that there was no desire to secure the return of Northern prisoners from the South, as it involved the return of Southern men to their army. In fact, Gen. Grant in a letter to Gen. Butler expressly so stated.

"War is inseparable from horrors. Civilized warfare is indeed a contradiction in terms; but taken as a whole, perhaps the war itself was as free from extreme barbarity as could have been hoped for. If the honor and honesty which dictated the terms offered by Gen. Grant, and with such magnificent moral courage accepted by Gen. Lee at Appomattox, had been recog-

nized throughout the North, possibly, with all its evils, many blessings might have come to both sections as the war's direct result. Without the sequel the names of Grant and Lee might for all time have been linked together by the whole people of the reunited States in ever-grateful memory. The noble purpose of Gen. Lee in putting an end to bloodshed by laying down his arms instead of scattering his army to wage a desultory warfare should have allayed all bitterness of feeling, and helping hands should have been extended to the desolated South. The wise and generous policy of Gen. Grant in allowing the Southern private soldiers to keep their horses to do their spring plowing should have been followed everywhere. [The speaker may not recall that it was after Lee told Grant that the horses were the personal property of his soldiers that Grant said what he did about the horses for spring plowing.—ED. VETERAN.] Sad and bitter as seemed the end to those who had struggled so nobly for their cause, little did they dream that their sufferings had scarcely begun. They could not have believed that the victors, who appeared so generous in the field, would have adopted such measures as that thirty years later the true history had to be written in "Red Rock" and in "Leopard's Spots." It is a happy augury for the future, when from the lips of such a distinguished son of Massachusetts as Charles Francis Adams has fallen the highest praise of Robert E. Lee.

"It would indeed have been a happy fate for the country if the example of the Southern hero, after Appomattox, which has secured for him for all time a recognition that makes him only second in war, second in peace, and second in the hearts of his countrymen, had been followed by the North and its commander. It is difficult to speak with calmness or moderation of the scenes enacted in the decade following 1865. No appeals could check the wild orgy into which the controlling powers in the North had rushed. A South so plundered that all the ruins of the war appeared as nothing! A North reeking with corruption until the records of Credit Mobiler Frands and Black Friday tumults made the people doubt the integrity of all! The terrible scourge of so-called reconstructions, as directed by the distorted brain of Thaddeus Stevens, and the iniquities of the 'Freedmen's Bureau' aroused not only the South, but the North itself. Even those apostles of the cause that produced the war, Greeley, Chase, Julian, the war governors Andrew of Massachusetts and Curtin of Pennsylvania, and many others rebelled against the actions of their old political associates. Few governments have survived such evil influences as culminated in the great crime of 1876, when even the will of the people overwhelmingly asserted at the polls was ruthlessly disregarded. The sad story is now, I hope, nearing the end.

"Slowly but surely the truth is being recognized and public sentiment is approving the assertion of their powers by the several States over their domestic concerns. It has been a strange anomaly that at a time when the right of local self-government is the cry of every State, this very right has been denied to the States themselves. In the vast growth of this great power among nations it becomes more and more necessary that the Federal Government should exercise full powers in our external affairs and in those specific fields assigned to it by the Constitution; but it is even more vitally necessary that in their internal affairs and in those fields retained by the States there should be no Federal interference.

"More than ever before will it be impossible to secure peace and contentment throughout this vast territory extending from ocean to ocean, with its infinite variety of climate, conditions and the occupations of its peoples, unless these peo-

ples are left to themselves to determine and control their private interests. The language of Thomas Jefferson in his first inaugural, defining the essential principles of our government, it is well to repeat. He expressly declares as of the first importance the 'support of the State governments in all their rights as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies;' 'the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and abroad.'

"I am conscious that I have touched upon much that is full of controversial feeling, but the day has come when justice should be done to those whose views have been condemned by popular clamor, with no foundation of reason. To treat a contest between the peoples of two sections of a great continent as an internal uprising or revolt against constituted authority is not only puerile but grossly wrong. The honesty of convictions on both sides should be admitted, and the legitimate results of the struggle should alone be recognized. I feel no sympathy with those who would deny a place for this monument on Northern soil, over the graves of those whose memory it records.

"I have come here to unite with you in admiration for those noble women of the South who have borne their sufferings and their trials with such unflinching fortitude, and who have sustained with an undaunted courage their husbands and sons and their fathers and brothers in their struggles and vicissitudes, not only during the war itself but in the long years of adversity that have followed it. Their devotion has not been shown alone to the living; but with loving thought they have not failed to keep fresh the memories of those who gave their all—their lives—for a cause that came home to every Southern fireside.

"My friends, as I stand with you and look upon this rugged stone placed by their tender hands as a typical memorial of the



MISS DABNEY MAURY HALSEY.

hard fate of those whose sacrifices were in vain, and to whom victory was denied. I can truly say that I believe none more worthy of imperishable fame ever died for their country than



BRONZE TABLET ON GRANITE MONUMENT, HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY.

the men of the South from 1861 to 1865. They lie on many a battlefield, in churchyards, and in single graves. Where are those on whose graves we would place garlands to-day? Beside those of Acadie:

'In the heart of the City they lie unknown and unnoticed,
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet where theirs have completed their journey.'

"Requiescat in pace."

READING THE LIST.

"Is there any news of the war?" she said.

"Only a list of the wounded and dead,"

Was the man's reply

Without lifting his eye

To the face of the woman standing by.

"'Tis the very thing I want," she said;

"Read me a list of the wounded and dead."

He read her the list—'twas a sad array
Of the wounded and killed in the fatal fray;
In the very midst was a pause to tell
Of a gallant youth who fought so well
That his comrades asked, "Who is he, pray?"

"The only son of Widow Gray,"

Was the proud reply

Of his captain nigh.

What ails the woman standing near?

Her face has the ashen hue of fear!

"Well, well, read on; is he wounded? quick!

O God! but my heart is sorrow sick."

"Is he wounded? No! he fell, they say,

Killed outright on that fatal day!"

But see! the woman has swooned away!

Sadly she opened her eyes to the light;

Slowly recalled the event of the fight;

Faintly she murmured, "Killed outright!"

It has cost the life of my only son;

But the battle is fought and the victory won;

The will of the Lord, let it be done!"

God pity the cheerless Widow Gray,

And send from the halls of eternal day

The light of his presence to illumine her way!

MONUMENT TO CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

At a March meeting of R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., held in Fort Worth, Tex., Miss Forrest Tucker was commissioned to present to the public a proposition to build a memorial institute in honor of the mothers, wives, and daughters of the South. For a long time Miss Tucker has felt a deep interest in this subject, and it is her great ambition to accomplish it. Miss Tucker is highly appreciative of the honor the veterans conferred on her by the commission, and she says:

"I am always deeply interested in the cause and the representatives of the cause of the Confederacy. In calling attention of the people of our State and the united people of our country to the building of a memorial institute to be erected in honor of the mothers, wives, and daughters of the cause, I was requested to be present at a meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy, visit the Camps and Chapters of Texas, reporting to their President, placing myself in their hands, and asking what they would have me do.

"I told Julia Jackson Chapter that I would feel it a great honor to work in line with them, and began my work by heading a small donation for the cause. I was willing and ready to serve at their command.

"Col. Abe Harris, an old Confederate of R. E. Lee Camp, once said: 'No monument has been raised to the women of the Confederacy, the hearts that memorialize our honored dead.'

"This convinced me that it was time the work was begun in setting forth the deep appreciation of our soldier men who are not too young to be indifferent nor too old to forget, and I am now at work for the good cause which I hope to see succeed."

LOUISA BEDFORD CHAPTER, U. D. C.—The women of Colliersville, Tenn., have organized a U. D. C. Chapter, which they have named for its organizer, Louisa Bedford, No. 642. There are thirty-four charter members, and the list includes the names of women who have faithfully discharged their duty to the wearers of the gray. The officers are: Mesdames V. H. Waddy and E. R. Townsend, Honorary Presidents; Miss Emily Irene Cartright, President; and Mesdames M. L. Mangum and Cora Norfleetc Marshall, First and Second Vice Presidents. Much interest is manifested in the anticipated visit of Mrs. Judge Latham and Mrs. Carrington Mason, of Memphis, who will soon go to Colliersville to present the charter to the Louisa Bedford Chapter.

BLUEFIELD CHAPTER, 172.—Mrs. W. H. Thomas, Vice President Bluefield Chapter, 172, U. D. C., Bluefield, W. Va., sends encouraging news of the good work and increasing prosperity of Chapter 172. Through the persistent and untiring efforts of these Daughters, a large sum has been raised for the support and comfort of needy veterans and their families. The Chapter has been especially fortunate in securing the coöperation of the community in which it labors, and during the last few months it has had an increase of twelve new members.

In June of 1864, at Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., Lieut. J. B. Porter turned over a sword to the adjutant of Stewart's Division or Reynold's Arkansas Brigade (has forgotten which), and he is now very desirous of locating it. Replies can be addressed to him at Harmony, Ark.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

SHALL THE VETERAN ADVANCE OR RETREAT?

To Comrades, Daughters, Sons, Friends: The average circulation of the VETERAN is herewith given for a purpose: For 1893, 7,683; 1894, 10,137; 1895, 12,916; 1896, 13,444; 1897, 16,175; 1898, 19,100; 1899, 20,166; 1900, 20,345; 1901, 20,365; 1902, 20,358.

Please consider the above and meditate upon what is proposed. Confederate veterans are to have no successors. They are dropping out more rapidly than at any former period. It requires renewals or new subscribers of more than fifty each day to keep even.

By examination of the circulation as shown above, it will be seen that every year previous to the last there has been an increase, whereas in 1902 there was a drop in the list from 20,365 to 20,358—slight, it is true; but unless there is constant diligence the decrease will be far greater in 1903. What shall be done? The answer to this very grave question rests with those who are already subscribers. Publishers are of the most dependent class in existence—especially in a periodical that is maintained upon sentiment. The utmost candor is exercised in regard to circulation—the rule is diligently adhered to in reporting to advertisers as to friends whose coöperation is sought upon the grounds of necessity—and it shall be so maintained.

Until the United Daughters of the Confederacy, as a body, bestir themselves specially, and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Southern people outside of these organizations, act with zeal, comrades must rally if their pride in this faithful publication is to be continued as prominent as now.

COOPERATIVE PROPOSITION.

The proposition indicated is to interest all who are able to send the VETERAN for a year to some one who cannot afford to subscribe. The subscription may begin with 1903.

Despite portending clouds—for the reasons given—with profound gratitude it is stated that the receipts have been better during the last few weeks than in any period of the history of the VETERAN.

Encouraged by these conditions, and impelled by the great good and the unspeakable comfort that may be furnished a multitude of our noble but poor comrades, it is proposed to supply this class for one year at half price—the VETERAN contributing the other half. Appeal is made to every friend who can do so to send the names of two or more who are unable to pay. Send \$1, \$2, or \$5, with twice as many names. Notice will be given such beneficiaries, and by whom it is contributed.

To every person who believes in the VETERAN and can spare the funds this appeal is made. A benefit to the great cause would be, aside from the satisfaction to those old and unfortunate veterans, in the influence that would be engendered with their children and grandchildren, many of whom will become representative citizens ere long.

Consider two families who merit the VETERAN and inclose

one dollar (currency) with their names. Be certain to select the beneficiaries, for the VETERAN could not possibly do this judiciously. If you are willing to pay the small sum suggested, and are too busy to select the names, apply to members of a Camp or Chapter. They will select faithfully only those comrades who are actually unable to pay. Send anyhow the names of every such Confederate in your vicinity, and a few copies will be mailed free.

Send twice as many names as dollars.

PERPETUATING THE VETERAN.

The idea of "perpetuating the VETERAN" is not indifferently considered. The sentiment of the Southern people, so far as heard from, is earnestly in favor of it. To organize a corporation, using the VETERAN as a basis, at a stated value, would involve its owner with a responsibility that he is not willing to assume. He therefore concluded it better to organize a company independent of the VETERAN, and let the management afterwards determine its value. From this view point, Mr. Cunningham would like to hear from all interested in this important subject. It must commend itself to every Southern patriot; and while upon this plan all persons would be exactly equal in proportion to their subscriptions, the editor of the VETERAN volunteers the service of securing the active coöperation of the many who must be interested. Please give your views.

SAM DAVIS MONUMENT.

Mrs. Florence Hatcher, of Columbia, Tenn., issues an appeal to the Camps (or Bivouacs) and the Chapters of Tennessee Division of the U. D. C.; but it is not her intention to confine her appeal for subscriptions to the State of Tennessee, as Sam Davis is the South's hero, and as such all true Southerners and every Camp, Bivouac, or Chapter should feel honored in having a part in the erection of a monument to his memory.

"COLUMBIA, TENN., March 4, 1903.

"Having been appointed by Mrs. Latham, our State President, U. D. C., as Chairman of the Sam Davis Monument Committee, I want to ask your help and earnest coöperation in the work of completing this monument. It is a work that appeals straight to the heart of every loyal Southerner. We must not let the passing of the years dim our memory of this gallant and heroic boy. All the record of history gives us nothing more glorious than the way he met his death, and we of the South, to whom he belonged, must show to the world the honor in which we hold his memory. Will you help me in some way?

"A Sam Davis Day at your school, with a penny given by each child, or as much as they care to give, might produce quite a nice little fund. Interest your Chapter in the work; give some kind of an entertainment, letting the proceeds go to this monument. Anything you send will be most gratefully received, and will be reported at our State meeting at Clarksville in May.

"The Leonidas Polk Bivouac in Columbia has given me ten dollars; am sure your Camp or Bivouac would do as well if you ask them."

REUNION HEADQUARTERS FOR KENTUCKY.—The Kentucky staff headquarters for the reunion will be in the old Federal stronghold. Maj. Borie has decided to locate the blue grass quarters in the big mansion at the corner of St. Charles and Julia Streets, where Ben Butler once had his headquarters. He has concluded all his preliminary arrangements.

A PROPOSED ABDUCTION OF LINCOLN.

Henry T. Louthan, Adjutant Magruder-Ewell Camp, S. C. V., Williamsburg, Va.:

"Springfields," six miles east of Louisville, is surrounded by sloping hills, crystal streams, picturesque woodlands, and blue grass fields. The house was built about 1785 by Col. Richard Taylor, the father of President Zachary Taylor, and remained in the family until the reconstruction days of 1865-70, when, like so many other homesteads of the South, it passed into the hands of strangers.

In the old family burying ground, now overgrown with myrtle and inclosed by a crumbling limestone wall, sleep heroes from the Taylor family of four American wars. In the center rises a snow-white marble shaft, upon the top of which stands a figure of Gen. Zachary Taylor, the hero of Fort Harrison, Black Hawke, Okee Chobee, Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Buena Vista. Beneath the monument lie the ashes of the General's father, Col. Richard Taylor, of revolutionary fame; of his brother, Hancock Taylor, of the Indian wars waged in the West; and of his nephew, Maj. Joseph Walker Taylor, of the army of the Confederate States. "Springfields" was the boyhood home of President Taylor, but at the death of his father it fell to the latter's eldest son, Hancock Taylor, the father of Maj. Joseph Walker Taylor, one of the central figures of this sketch. Maj. Taylor died at his home, near Louisville, in October, 1889, and a few weeks before his death received the following letter from Jefferson Davis:

"BEAUVOIR, MISS., Aug. 31, 1889.

"Maj. Walker Taylor.

"My Dear Sir: Your attention has, no doubt, been sometimes attracted to the revived, though baseless, accusation against me as having been connected with attempts to assassinate President Lincoln. As you were the only man who ever talked to me on the subject of his capture, or at least the only one who I believed intended to do what he proposed, and that was carefully guarded against any design to kill, the purpose being to get the advantage of possession alive, I thought I would write to you for such recollection as you retain of your proposition to capture and my declining to entertain it on the ground that the attempt would probably involve the killing instead of bringing away the captive alive. It has been so long since I saw you that I may well ask how you are and how fares it with you. I am, as ever, affectionately yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS."

The original of this letter is in the possession of Miss Virginia Taylor, of Louisville, Ky. She is a daughter of Maj. Walker Taylor, and gave the writer the main facts for this paper.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, in some notes to the writer concerning the above letter, says: "I was my husband's amanuensis, and he could not tell my handwriting from his own. He occasionally wrote during his whole life, though not often, as I both wrote and signed his checks and letters. The letter you sent me was dictated to me by Mr. Davis and is in my hand, every word and the signature as well. Mr. Davis rarely ever signed anything I wrote. In the last years of his life he disliked very much using a pen."

Maj. Taylor was a first cousin of Gen. Taylor's daughter, Miss Sarah Knox Taylor, who was the first wife of Jefferson Davis. In this way Walker Taylor, as he was known by his friends, came to be upon familiar terms with the Confederate chieftain. Walker Taylor was a small man; but, like his uncle, "Old Rough and Ready," nothing but brave and daring blood ran in his veins. During the first year of the war he was on

the staff of Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, of Kentucky, and gave his special attention to the secret service. This training made him the man to propose and carry into successful execution the capture of President Lincoln. If Taylor had obtained the consent of Davis to carry out the proposed abduction, there is not the least doubt in the minds of those who knew the brave Kentuckian but that the civilized world would have awaked one morning in 1862 wondering at the mysterious disappearance of the President of the United States.

In February, 1862, Maj. Taylor was severely wounded in the cheek and throat at the storming of Fort Donelson. He escaped capture, and, after becoming well enough to travel, donned a citizen's suit, and boarded a train bound for Louisville. He sat by a Federal officer, with two others facing him. He wore a muffler around his neck and a plaster over the hole in his cheek. One of the officers said to him: "Friend, is that a cancer on your face?" Taylor carelessly replied, "The doctors disagree about that," and nothing more was said about the wound. He reached Louisville without being molested, and, though the place was held by Union troops, he spent some days with his family at his home, just east of the city.

While recuperating Taylor conceived the plan of abducting Lincoln. From Louisville he went directly to Washington City. He had two brothers in the Union army, while he and another brother had cast their lot with the Confederacy. He had some kinsmen in high government positions in Washington, but he knew they would not betray him, as they had no idea of his real mission in the city. He stayed while there with his uncle, Gen. Joseph Taylor, of the Federal army; and the old General was quite uneasy while his reckless nephew was at the capital. Taylor had quite an extended conversation with one of the President's secretaries, and a few days later boldly went to the White House, and at a public reception had himself introduced as "Mr. Taylor, of Kentucky." The President, seeing that he had been shot, asked him at what battle he had been wounded. When Taylor replied, "At Fort Donelson," Mr. Lincoln complimented the work of the Federals there, not supposing for a moment that the soldier whom he held by the hand was a Confederate coolly planning one of the most daring schemes of the war. Taylor watched closely for some time the daily movements of Lincoln, and then passed quietly down into Virginia and on to Richmond to hold a conference with Jefferson Davis.

In a letter to the writer, dated March 14, 1898, Col. William Preston Johnston, President Davis's aid-de-camp, says: "I think the date of Taylor's interview was in the early summer of 1862. Indeed, I know it was. It was not a formal affair. Mrs. Davis was not in the city, and I was living with Mr. Davis. I met Taylor and told Mr. Davis he was in town, and he directed me to ask him to breakfast. While we were waiting for breakfast, Taylor explained his wish and plan to me before Mr. Davis came down, and toward the close of breakfast I told the President that Taylor had a scheme he wished to lay before him." Col. Johnston then refers to the following account of the interview: "'Well, Walker,' said Mr. Davis affably, 'what is it?' 'Mr. Davis, I want to bring Lincoln a prisoner to you in this city.' 'O, pshaw!' said Davis, 'how can such a thing as that be done?' 'Just as easily,' said Taylor, 'as walking out of this town. I came across the Potomac at no great distance from Washington, and while I was there I watched Lincoln's habits closely and know his outgoing and incoming. I tell you, sir, that I can bring him across that river just as easily as I can walk over your doorstep.' 'How could you do it?' said Mr. Davis. 'Lincoln,' replied Taylor, 'does not leave the White House until evening, or near twilight, and

then with only a driver, he takes a lonely ride two or three miles in the country to a place called the Soldiers' Home, which is his summer residence. My point is to collect several of these Kentuckians whom I see about here doing nothing and who are brave enough for such a thing as that, and capture Lincoln, run him down the Potomac, and cross him over just where I crossed, and the next day will have him here.' Davis shook his head and said: 'I cannot give my authority, Walker. In the first place, I suppose Lincoln is a man of courage. He has been in Indian wars, and is a Western man. He would undoubtedly resist being captured. In that case you would kill him. I could not stand the imputation of having consented to let Mr. Lincoln be assassinated. Our cause could not stand it. Besides, what value would he be to us as a prisoner? Lincoln is not the government of the Federal power. He is merely the political instrument there. If he were brought to Richmond, what could I do with him? He would have to be treated like the magistrate of the North, and we have neither the time nor the provision. No, sir, I will not give my authority to abduct Lincoln!'

Maj. Taylor was a brave soldier and a gentleman, and the thought of assassinating Lincoln never entered his mind. The iron-nerved Kentuckian simply desired to capture the Chief Executive of the United States and to retain him as a prisoner of war. But the tall chieftain of those who wore the gray consented not, for he knew that his great opponent might be killed in the attempt. Was this refusal to sanction the proposed abduction mere sentiment? No, but it was manhood and wisdom. Thus it is seen that Davis not only did not desire the assassination of Lincoln, but refused to countenance even a possibility of it.

When Mr. Lincoln was assassinated, three years later, the whole country was in a state of great excitement. President Andrew Johnson, in his proclamation of May 2, 1865, charged Davis with instigating the assassination, and offered \$100,000 reward for his arrest. Davis was captured. The Federal government at his trial made a thorough investigation into what Johnson had charged. The result of the trial shows that Jefferson Davis was in no wise connected with Lincoln's assassination. Davis prevented a possible killing of Lincoln in 1862, and the world believes to-day that the sad affair of 1865 was wholly without the previous knowledge of the Confederate chieftain. Were Caesar and Lincoln at this time to commune upon subjects martial and civic, they could speak of Jefferson Davis as a Pompey, but never as a Brutus.

"QUANTRELL'S CALL."

Capt. Z. E. Benton, of Pine Bluff, Ark., a veteran who served in Price's army in the Trans-Mississippi Department and who, as his duties called, was frequently riding with "Shelby and his men," and occasionally within the sounds of Quantrell and his dashing band, desires the other verses to the song, "Quantrell's Call." Air: "The Pirate's Serenade."

He recalls only two verses, given below. He says that he heard this song ring out at night around the camp fires in Missouri and frequently on the march, and that it was as thrilling to the Confederates as is the Marseillais Hymn to the French.

"Arise, my brave boys, the moon is in the west,
And we must be gone ere the dawning of day;
The hounds of old Pennock will find but the nest,
For the Quantrell he seeks will be far, far away.
And when they are weary and the chase given o'er,
We'll descend like thunderbolts down from the cloud;
We will ride through their ranks and bathe in their gore,
Smite down the oppressor and humble the proud."

CHARLIE BANKS AT FORT SUMTER.

In the early midsummer days of '61 Charlie Banks enlisted in a battalion of South Carolina artillery. Recruiting officers visited various sections of North Carolina for volunteers in the Confederate service. Charlie, a Wilmington boy by birth, and with numerous relatives, fond of excitement and adventure, full of patriotism, reported for duty at Charleston, S. C. The battalion was ordered into camp on James Island, to assist in the defense of the historic old city.

After the fall of Sumter, and while it was in the possession of the Confederate forces, the battalion was ordered to the fort to defend it all hazards. Gallantly the boys responded.

In the hourly, constant hail of balls and shells, hurled so incessantly with destructive effect, Sumter bravely resisted every attempt of assault, recapture, or demolition. Gun after gun disabled and fire raging within its inclosure presented a fearful issue in the contest.

In the many engagements the flagstaff soon fell—the proud, defiant "stars and bars" ceased to flutter in the breeze. Volunteers were called to replace it. Charlie Banks responded, and gallantly mounted the staff and nailed the flag to the masthead, only to have it shot down and lowered again by the continuous torrent of shell.

The conspicuous ensign was a target for the malignity and hatred of the Federal fleet, and the brave volunteer again climbed the staff and replaced the flag.

Thrice in the day the same deed was heroically accomplished, commanding the admiration of the enemy and eliciting the cheers of his noble comrades. The admiral of the Federal fleet, seeing the heroic action of this boy, ordered the fleet to cease firing when the third ascent of the flagstaff was made, remarking that such heroism should be respected.

CAMP AT WOODLAWN, ALA.—Officers of Camp Bedford Forrest, No. 1387, U. C. V., Woodlawn, Ala., are: W. H. Reynolds, Commander (enlisted in May, 1862, aged 17, as a private in Company F, Thirty-Fourth Alabama Regiment; paroled May 6, 1865, at Atlanta, Ga.); Lieutenant Commanders, F. M. Wood (enlisted in June, 1861, as corporal in Company B, Tenth Alabama Regiment; paroled in May, 1865); Dr. R. D. Jackson (enlisted in 1862 as surgeon in John T. Morgan's command); J. R. Sharp (enlisted September, 1862, as private in Company B, Twentieth Alabama Regiment; paroled in May, 1865); Rev. J. L. Gilbert, Chaplain (served as chaplain of his battalion, Alabama Volunteers, for a short period); A. W. Key, Adjutant (enlisted in 1862 in a Tennessee cavalry company, Forrest escort); Dr. J. T. Hedleston, surgeon and corresponding secretary.

COMMANDER OF HOLCOMB'S FEDERAL BATTERY.—Capt. A. S. McKennon, of South McAlester, Ind. T., desires to ascertain the post office address of Capt. Holcomb, who commanded a Federal battery at Port Hudson, La., in the siege of that place in 1863. Capt. McKennon writes: "I met him there, and received courtesies at his hands which I most kindly remember, and I want to correspond with him. He was a gallant soldier."

Miss Annie Kerr, Mebane, N. C., desires to recover the sword of her brother, Capt. C. N. Kerr, of the Ninth Tennessee Regiment. Though he had been ill after the battle of Shiloh, he was in the battle of Perryville, and died two weeks later at the home of Mrs. Dick Robinson, a Union woman, who nursed him tenderly and had him buried decently and the grave marked. His sword was left with Lieut. Col. J. W. Buford.

BATTLE OF DEAD ANGLE ON KENNESAW LINE.

Reminiscences of T. H. Maney, of First Tennessee Infantry:

"June 27, 1864, will long be remembered by survivors of the First and Twenty-Seventh Tennessee Regiments, for on that hot and sultry day we repulsed a fierce attack from Sherman's men.

"Two or three days before the place was selected, and we were supplied with shovels and picks and told to go into the ground. We built what we imagined to be good works out of rocks and dirt; but we reckoned without our host, for on the 25th the enemy moved a battery up on a hill about eight hundred yards from our line, opened a terrific cannonade, and ruined our works. We had to endure it and wait for night, promising ourselves that if we were spared until then we would do better. And we kept our promises, for I suppose the works are standing to this day. We put head logs on the works, planted *chevaux-de-frise* in front, and laid down to rest and wait for them to come on, which they did on the 27th. On that morning we were notified by the picket that the enemy were massing troops in our front, and ordered to keep a good lookout. In a short time the music commenced by a picket fight, and then our pickets came running in, with the Federals close on their heels.

"The Federals were massed in regiments, and came up quietly, with their bayonets gleaming in the bright sun. They were fine-looking fellows and brave. There they stood, not firing for several minutes, but we were pouring musketry into them, and a battery we had on our left was pouring grape and canister into them, and a battery still farther to our left was firing shot and shell among them. They looked as if they had come to stay. Ere long they made a rush on us, but, brave and gallant as they were, they had foemen to meet them who never quailed. Our regiment was placed along in the works only in

single file, about two paces apart, but we had the word passed to us to hold the works at all hazards, and it did look as if we would be pushed back by sheer force. But stand we must, and stand we did. Some of the enemy were killed on our works. The battle lasted nearly an hour. Then the enemy fell back below the crest of the hill and commenced fortifying, for they had been at work while fighting us. And it was then we discovered that our works were too far beyond the crest of the hill for us to successfully defend them. They were busy burrowing in the ground and sharpshooting at us, and we lost some good men.

"We were somewhat reassured, about the winding up of the battle, by a line marching up behind us in our works, and still farther back was another line, and behind them was a detachment of artillery with guns trained on this angle, for it would have been disastrous to our army to have lost this point. I suppose 'Old Joe' was afraid they would make another attack, and he was preparing to give them a warmer reception. But they seemed to have had enough. We had as much as we wanted.

"We lay there that day, night, and the next day. That night we were ordered back to the rear line, and on the morning of the 29th we were ordered again to the front line, when a flag of truce was raised by the enemy for the purpose of burying their dead. This came none too soon. We had been forced to keep awake all the time, as the enemy was only a few yards from us, and, though we had rations, we had lost all appetite, owing to the condition of the unburied dead near us. They buried a great many, but I don't know the number. That night we were relieved, and marched back to a reserve work about three hundred yards to the rear, to rest and sleep.

"On the first night of our rest there was a false alarm. In the darkness a fellow would imagine he saw some one crawling, and then—bang! The report would be answered by several,

SURVIVING MEMBERS OF OLD ROCK CITY GUARDS OF NASHVILLE, TENN.



ALEX ALLISON. ALEX FALL. WM. FOSTER. DR. J. R. BUIST. MAJ. JOS. VAULX. JOE MASON.
COL. R. B. SNOWDEN. RT.-REV. C. T. QUINTARD. DR. R. FOSTER. JACK WHEELLESS. MAJ. W. D. KELLY.
Part of First Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A. From photograph taken in 1865.

causing the alarm. Generally such sensations did but little harm. I did not get hurt that night, but got scared out of my pants. Having pulled off my shoes, socks, and pants, I folded them up nicely for a pillow, and was sleeping at a two-forty gait when the din began by bang! bang! boom! boom! while the cry went up all around us: 'Fall in, fall in; the enemy are on us!' Some thought that we were still in the front line, and were nearly crazed from loss of sleep. Every man awoke with a start, too dazed to know where to go, but our guns were stacked just before us, and there were the works! I jumped up, put on my socks, shoes, and hat, grabbed what I thought was my pants, jammed one foot through a breeches leg, but it would not go on, simply for the reason that it was my jacket; gave that up as a bad job, looked for the pants and could not find them, so I put on my jacket and fell into line in Texas costume style. Everybody was too much excited to notice my white pants, so after the scare I wrapped my blanket around me and lay down to rest again, promising myself that I would be up with the first peep of day and find my pants before any of the boys could find it out. But the joke was too good, and I had to tell it and help to laugh at myself for being 'scared out of my pants.'

"On the night of July 3, 1864, we were ordered back from the line at the Dead Angle, and I was detailed with twelve men as a vidette to crawl on our hands and knees about ten yards in front of the works through the abattis and the obstructions, to watch the enemy while the line was gradually falling back. First went our line of battle and then the skirmishers, and then, to our great joy, we too fell back.

"In crawling out to our posts that night we ran a great risk, for if we shook a bush or made the least noise we would hear the unwelcome 'siz' of a Minie ball. We had orders not to fire under any circumstances, so we could not reply. It was our province to watch and listen, and if crowded to jump and run. The men were placed, one by one, in a zigzag line, I having to crawl out in the dark and post one. We returned one after another until all escaped. It was the officer's duty to go along the line and ascertain if all were doing their duty—lying down and keeping awake. Not much trouble to keep awake that night! On one of the tours of inspection I got a little off the line, and, it being crooked, I went clear outside and became so confused that I could not tell whether I was going to my own men or not. Creeping along in this frame of mind, I felt the muzzle of a musket right against my bosom, and then heard the click, click of the cock. Well, the past life of the writer came up before him. All the mean things I ever did were passed in review in a few seconds, for the ordeal was of short duration. I was afraid to catch the gun, for it would make the man at the other end of it pull the trigger. So I asked: 'Who is that?' No answer. Then I said: 'If you are Federals, I'm your meat.' Still no answer. 'If you are Rebs, I am your officer.' No answer yet. The sweat was pouring down my face about that time. The soldier took me for a Federal soldier, as my clothes were dark, and my hat black, but he lowered his gun. The gun was down and I was down, lying prone on the ground by the soldier. When I realized that it was a man in our regiment who was considered unstable about the head, my scare came on good, for he had no more sense than to shoot. The reaction came to my nervous system, and I was as weak as water. If the enemy had come on us then, it would have been impossible for me to rise from the ground. The poor fellow was frightened, too, when he saw how near he came to sending me to my long home. At a given signal, about twelve o'clock, we moved back to the works, and then on in quick time to catch up with the rear guard."

MONUMENT FOR THE GALLANT PELHAM.

The John H. Forney Chapter, U. D. C., of Jacksonville, Ala., started a movement last fall to place a fitting monument over the body of John Pelham, whose grave is in the cemetery at that place. It is marked by a modest stone, and receives loving care from the hands of the people, but it is not commensurate with the fame of the great artilleryman. So far, \$200 has been raised, most of it from the Chapter in Jacksonville. The following are of the outside donations: Selma Chapter, \$5; Pelham Chapter, Birmingham, \$10; Dixie Chapter, Montgomery, \$10; Cradle of the Confederacy Chapter, Montgomery, \$5; Miss Kate Cumming, of Birmingham, \$12.

Mrs. Annie Daugette is the Secretary and Treasurer of John Forney Chapter of Jacksonville, and any contributions sent to her will be added to the Pelham monument fund.

Miss Kate Cumming writes the VETERAN:

"Though Pelham was a native of Alabama, his matchless deeds of valor, his genius, and his wonderful career in our great war make him a hero of the whole South. He gave up his prospects of fame and advancement in the United States army to fight for the honor of his beloved Southland, and it is but fitting that his memory should be enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people.

His brilliant and remarkable deeds of daring in one so young, I need not recount here, for they are world-renowned, and a monument to his memory would serve as a grand incentive to the youth of our



land, for, though young in years, he won laurels and the admiration of Lee and Jackson that would have done honor to a veteran.

"The eulogy of his commander, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, after having received his mortal wound at Kellysville, shows that he was good as well as great. Stuart said: 'The memory of the gallant Pelham, his many virtues, his noble nature and purity of character, is enshrined in the hearts of all who knew him.'

"In honoring the memory of men who fought for their rights and offered up their lives upon their country's altar, we honor ourselves. It has been said that there is not much wrong with the heart of a nation which erects monuments in recognition of such self-sacrifices and stands with head uncovered in honoring the memory of such heroes."

Concerning the plea for contributions Miss Cumming says:

"Any sum, no matter how small, will be acceptable to the ladies who have this matter in hand. Jacksonville, Ala., is a very small place, and cannot do much; so outsiders should come to their aid, for the truly 'gallant Pelham' belonged to the whole South. The twelve dollars I sent were given me by Capt. J. W. Bush, Maj. Willis Milner (five dollars each), and two dollars by a young man named Robert Pelham Richardson, called after our hero's father, Dr. Pelham. It would be fitting for the Sons of Veterans to help, on account of Pelham's youth."

R. D. Harris, of Waycross, Ga., asks for the name of the comrade who sent him some Egyptian cotton seed last year. Has lost his address.

SCOUTING BY SOME OF MORGAN'S MEN.

B. C. Gray, who served in the Second Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A., writes that after Gen. John H. Morgan was killed at Greeneville, Tenn., September 4, 1864, Gen. Stoneman, in command of the Union forces in East Tennessee, began to move against Morgan's old command, who fell slowly back toward Wytheville, Va. During this retreat our regiment was left at Kingsport, a little town at the junction of the north and south forks of the Holston River. For some reason our regiment was left unpicketed, and the next morning about daybreak our camp was full of Yankees shooting promiscuously. It was quickly understood: "Every man for himself, as the Yanks will get the hindmost." They killed and captured about sixty of our men, including Col. Dick Morgan.

Lieut. E. H. Crump, of our company, went with a few men into what was called the "Many Sinks" or River Hills, where he had been previous to this catching bushwhackers. Here he got together seventeen of the company, and, waiting a few days until the Yankee army passed, we fell into their rear, when Crump was in his glory, in his element. He followed them, picking up stragglers and those who had stopped to rob and plunder. One night I remember we came upon an old negro. Crump asked him if he had seen any Yankees around there, and the old man said, "Yes, sah; there is three of 'em now up at my old Missus's just er-robberin' and er-plunderin'." The Lieutenant directed that three of our boys "go and get them." So Sam Finley, Amzi Howard, and another dropped out. When they came to the house one of the Yanks was drunk and asleep in the yard, and when the "boys" opened the door the other two were plundering. The floor was covered with women's clothes, etc.; bureau drawers were out, trunks rifled. When told to surrender, one of them answered with a shot, which missed. He was instantly shot and his arm was broken. The second one ran through a back door into a gallery, from which he jumped, falling on his hands and knees, when Sam Finley put an ounce Minie ball through him. Going back into the yard, they awoke and "sobered" the other. Of course the ladies of the house were very much frightened.

I think it was the next day we got near to Abingdon, Va., where a Yankee captain and twenty-five or thirty men had stopped and were burning the town. Lieut. Crump detailed five men to guard the prisoners we had with us, and with twelve men rode into town, and here Crump doubtless made his only speech during the war. Turning in his saddle, he said: "Men, do not fire a shot or say a word until I say charge." When we commenced to fire the Yankee captain came dashing around a corner on his horse and called out: "What in the —— are you shooting your men for." We had on blue overcoats. In answer to this, Sam Finley, who was just in front of me and nearer to the inquiring Captain, said, using the only by-word he ever used, "Dad gum you, I'll show you!" and with that gave him one in the pit of his stomach. The captain dashed through our column, with Sam after him, and when the fight was over Sam was riding the captain's mare. They were scattered over

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the town, robbing and stealing. A few tried to fight a little, but nearly all of them surrendered without much trouble. I think nine were killed and most of the others were captured. One Yank rode a beautiful bay horse with his tail tied with red, white, and blue ribbons. John Finley and another of our boys jumped four Yanks at a blacksmith's shop, one of whom was riding that fine horse. They dashed out on the Salterville pike, with these two after them. The fellow on the handsome horse fell off, and the horse got away. As they were following them, a Yank came down a side street between them, and was struck in the jaw by the boy in front and in the side by Finley. They got his horse and pistol. On their return they met two young men belonging to the Fifty-Third Kentucky, U. S. army, and took them in. Amzi Howard caught the color bearer of this regiment, and turned him over to George McCullough to guard while he went for another. McCullough relieved him of \$112 in greenbacks. When we had cleaned them out and the scrimmage was over, we went to work and helped the citizens put out the fires; but we could not stay very long, as there were about three thousand Federals in the vicinity of Abingdon. After a fight by their command at Marion, Va., Lieut. Crump, with his twelve fighting men, five guards, and fifty-five prisoners, ran into one little squad of seventeen who had been by a flour mill and each one of them had a sack of flour in front of him on his horse. We left that lane pretty white with "busted" sacks of flour. I remember that in this lane there was an awful mudhole. Two Yanks and their horses fell into it; and Bob McWilliams, who was right behind them on his little black mare, went in on top of them, and then they were all covered with mud and all mixed together. Made Nutall came along, and, thinking Bob was a Yank, demanded his pocket-book. When Bob yelled to go and catch the Yankees, with a little talk not exactly suited to a Sunday school thrown in, Made said, "O, its Bob McWilliams." He knew him by his talk. When Bob came out he had those two Yankees.

O, well, it's all over, and the boys are most all gone "over the river." Ed Crump and Will Holland gave their lives for others. Crump nursed his brothers who died with yellow fever in 1878, and Holland "stayed by" Holly Springs, Miss., during that terrible time, and now fills a hero's grave. Sam Finley, who was nothing but a beardless boy, but who killed more Yankees than any one man in Company F, went to Texas after the war as special officer of the U. S., there showing his grit by fighting and holding off train robbers. He came back to Holly Springs, was elected Mayor, and now sleeps with Ed and John Crump, Maj. Tom Webber, John Finley, Will Holland, Hugh Barton, Tom Ballard, and Lieut. Thornwell Dunlap in the beautiful silent city of the dead in that town. They were all brave men and true. They proved it not only when fighting Yankees, but by pulling their old gray caps over their eyes, laying off their ragged gray jackets, and fighting with debt and poverty. Let the few of us here toil on, cherish their memories, and tell our children of their gallantry in war and in peace and that they were not traitors—for might does not make right.

CAPT. PETER M. EVERETT.

James Rogers, Company D., Thirteenth Kentucky Cavalry:

This gallant Kentuckian was born, I think, in 1839, and reared at Mt. Sterling, Ky. Early in 1861 he enlisted as a private in Capt. (afterwards Col.) R. G. Stoner's Company. Ere-long, by his manifest fitness, he was appointed commander of scouts. His daring spirit was soon exhibited to the people along the borders of Kentucky and Eastern Tennessee. Gens. Williams, Marshall, and Preston relied upon and trusted him implicitly. In all sorts of weather Scout Everett was at the front. Gen. Williams said he was indispensable to that service, although Gen. Marshall regarded him as specially suitable to command a regiment of cavalry, and recommended his promotion. Gen. Preston said of him: "If I were as active and vigilant as little Pete, I could drive all of the Yankees out of Kentucky." So it was with every officer he served under. They all admired, loved, and trusted him. I mention a few of his thrilling deeds. In 1862 he recruited a company of probably 100 men, comprising the finest specimens of soldiers. While his company was attached to a regular command, he was often detailed for special duty. Pete could do just as he pleased; and his pleasure was to annoy, capture, or kill as many of the enemy as possible.



PETER M. EVERETT.

He conceived the idea of capturing Mt. Sterling and Maysville. Well, we thought it feasible, and encouraged the venture. So about sundown one sultry evening, with 125 picked men, mounted on as fine horses as were ever bred in Kentucky, we crossed the Cumberland Mountains at Pound Gap. The second day about noon found us at Mud Lick Springs, where we stopped to wind and feed the horses. We remained there for one hour, and just about the time we were mounted and the command to move forward was given, we heard brisk firing on the hill toward Mt. Sterling. Little Pete, as we all called him, rode to the front on his big gray horse and gave the command: "Charge! go for them, boys." The charge was made, Capt. Everett, J. C. S. Blackburn, Tom Furman, Jasen Mark, John Wright, Sam Crook, and a dozen other fiery warriors on fiery steeds led the van. Now this may appear a big war tale, but it can be verified. For five miles the road was strewn with dead and wounded Yankees, twenty or thirty were killed and wounded, and as many captured. We followed them to Howard's Mill, when the Yankees retired to their intrenchments at Mt. Sterling. And while they were coming to their senses, and getting reinforcements from Paris and Lexington, Capt. Everett gave them the slip and captured Maysville and burned two steamboats laden with cavalry horses

and army supplies. Among the articles captured was a pair of army pistols presented to Gen. Bull Nelson by Col. Samuel Colt while Nelson was a lieutenant in the U. S. army. The post office was also captured, Gen. Nelson's brother being the post master. Well, we were in close quarters. Trusty friends brought us the news that Burbidge's whole army was on our tracks. Well, it required generalship to elude them, but Capt. Pete Everett was equal to the occasion. We got back as far as Triplett bridge before we encountered any opposition. Several hundred of the enemies' cavalry closed in on our rear and front. What did we do? We followed Pete Everett across a steep mountain, with the loss of very few men and horses, and returned to Virginia. No more successful raid was made during the war, and it stamped Capt. Everett a daring leader and brilliant strategist.

After the battle of Chickamauga Gen. Wheeler made a raid around Chattanooga. Capt. Everett, who then attached to Hodge's Brigade, Davidson's Division, was always in front. At Celveand, Calhoun, New Philadelphia, McMinnville, Murfreesboro, Shelbyville, and Farmington—all in Tennessee—he led the advance. The writer was closely associated with him during the entire war, and knows whereof he has written. If every Southern soldier had done his duty as fully as Capt. Everett, the results might have been different.

DAVY CROCKETT VS. ANDY JACKSON.

The following letter from the Morristown (Tenn.) *Gazette*, recently first given to the public by the *Gastoria* (N. C.) *Gazette*, will be of general interest, especially to the people of this immediate vicinity, inasmuch as within a few miles of Morristown, near "The Oaks," late the home of Hon. R. M. Barton, deceased, stands a humble-appearing cabin that is the identical home to which Davy Crockett took his bride after the ceremonial of his wedding (the original license being still on record in the proper office at Dandridge, Jefferson County). A moral that may be drawn from this old document teaches the little worth of political bickerings and the transient contentions of politicians. Tennessee to-day honors alike the memory of Old Hickory and the hero of the Alamo, and cares not a copper for the prejudices that kept them apart.

The *Gastoria Gazette*, introducing the letter, states: "It has been the *Gazette's* good fortune to get hold of an autograph letter of the late David Crockett, pioneer, author, philosopher, statesman, soldier, and hero. The letter was addressed to John O. Cannon, Esq., Madisonville, Tenn., and bears the Washington City postmark of January 21 in big red letters. In lieu of the 25-cent mark used in those days to designate amount of postage to be collected, it was inscribed 'Free, D. Crockett,' since Crockett was at that time a member of Congress. The paper used is a good quality of watermarked linen and has a gilt edge. The letter was folded within itself, and was the good old-fashioned way before envelopes came into use, and was sealed with a small red wafer. Below we have tried to give the contents of the letter *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim*:

"Washington City 20 th January 1834

Dear Sir

Your favor Came Safe to hand by this morning's mail enclosing Six dollars, to subscribe for the Intelegencer I went imedeately and had it ordered and enclose you a recept for the Same and I return you my thanks for your good opinion of me.

I Can give you but little that is enter-esting more than you Can See in the pape-rs we are still engaged in discussing the great question of the removals of the deposits, in both houses, and god onley knows, when it will end or what will be the result I am Clearley of opinion that the deposits will be ordered back by both houses but it will do no good the Jackson folks is beginning to brag of his vetoing powar. It is imposable for us to get two-thirds against the will of King Andrew the first one thing I live in hopes that if he does veto the measure that Congress will teach him a lesson that may be of use to the next Tyrant that may fill that Chair I must Confess that I never Saw Such times in my life every thing is news to me It is plainley to be discovered that old Jackson is determened to Carry his point or Sacrafise the nation It has been said by Some of his worshipers that he has been the Savior of the Country provided this be true he will retire from the gover-nment with the disgrace on him of destroying the Best interests of the Country the truth is If he had been dead and at the devil four years ago it would have been a harpy time for this country

He is coming on finely in the great arts of retrenchment and reform that was promised you will See the post master genl reply to a Call of the Senate where he acknowledges that he Borrowed three hundred & fifty thousand dollars out of the Pet Banks for which he is paying Six per cent for and also he has over drawn fifty thousand making a greeable to his own showing the little Sum of four hundred thousand dollars they Can hide no longer the world mus see the imposition trying to be plaid upon the American people by Jackson and his partazans I have been examining the expenditures of the post office department and I find whare they have paid for printing for that department alone to their hireland the globe the moderate Sum of forty two thousand dollars, in two years Jackson is determened to feed his pets out of a silver spoon I must close and request you to excuse this rough

letter as the management here is enough to put any man out of temper that has any love for his Country.

I remain with

respects your obt servt
DAVID CROCKETT

"JOHN O CANNON"

CARING FOR A WOUNDED ENEMY.

E. H. Matthews, who was Assistant Quartermaster, United States army, sends from Chattanooga, Tenn., the following :

"I was a lieutenant and assistant quartermaster of the Ninth Tennessee (Union) Cavalry, and was present and participated in the battle of Morristown October 28, 1864, between the Federal forces commanded by Gen. Alvin C. Gillem, consisting of his brigade, composed of the Eighth, Ninth, and Thirteenth Federal Cavalry, and of Battery E, First Tennessee Light Artillery (Union), and the Confederate forces consisting of Gen. John C. Vaughn's Brigade and the Sixteenth Georgia Battalion of Cavalry.

"Col. S. K. N. Patton was the colonel and lieutenant colonel, A. J. Brown was lieutenant colonel of the Eighth, Col. Joe Parsons and Lieut. Col. John B. Brownlow of the Ninth, Lieut. Col. Ingerton commanded the Thirteenth, and with Capt. Patterson and Lieut. Regan, of Battery E, commanded on the Federal side. Lieuts. J. J. Douglas, B. A. Miller, and D. M. Nelson were aids-de-camp, and Capts. George E. Gisham and B. P. Stacy were on the staff of Gen. Gillem. I do not know who commanded on the Confederate side.

"The forces were about equal. The battle did not last a great while, but more gallantry was never displayed on any battlefield of the war. The Federal troops charged and captured five pieces of artillery, two hundred and twenty-four prisoners, including nineteen officers, and the Confederates left eighty-five dead on the field, including six officers.

"The battle closed at night, and no soldier who ever went over a field of that kind will forget the groans and pleading for water. We held the field and were hunting for our own wounded with torches and gathering up at the same time the Confederate wounded, taking them to the same field hospital, where our surgeon treated them as they did our own. The frost was in the air. I remained until my duties called me to ride across the field, and I overheard some loud talking in a clump of bushes, and rode up to see what it was. I found two Federal soldiers standing over a wounded soldier cursing him and threatening to kill him, as they said he was a spy and had on a 'Yankee overcoat.' The man on the ground wounded was a Confederate soldier, and protested that he had picked up the overcoat in a skirmish and was no spy. The battle had been one in which we lost, not a great many, but those lost were favorites, and our men were mad. I ordered the two who were standing over the wounded man not to kill him, but to go back to their commands if they couldn't help take care of the wounded without butchering them. The wounded soldier was shivering from the cold, as his 'Yankee overcoat' had been taken from him, and I took my blanket from under my saddle and wrapped

it around the wounded man and asked him what was his name. He gave me the name of Gid T. Smith, of Gen. Vaughn's old regiment, the Third Tennessee, Confederate Infantry. He said he belonged to a company that was raised in Meigs County, Tenn., where I was born and raised. Humanity demanded that I put this poor fellow where he could get the service of a surgeon and where he wouldn't freeze to death. It was late, and the only men of our command who had seen this man I had driven off. About this time I heard approach what I knew from the noise on the frozen ground (for it was night) was a body of cavalry. I knew that if I made myself known and they were Confederates I should probably be made a prisoner. I knew also that I couldn't move the man myself, and if he couldn't get relief at once he would die. I took the risk, hailed the approaching column, made myself known, and, as it turned out, the command was a part of my own regiment, commanded by Capt. D. M. Nelson. I made known the facts, Capt. Nelson made a detail and sent back to our camp for an ambulance, and we gathered together some wood, built a fire, and remained with this wounded 'Johnny Reb' until the ambulance came and took the wounded man back to the hospital.

"I ascertained that the wounded man had been shot through the lower part of the bowels, the ball passing through him, and that he was a son of Capt. Jack Smith, an old and honored citizen who resided near Decatur, in Meigs County, Tenn. I wrote to his father, whom I knew well, and he came to Knoxville and nursed his boy to health.

"That wounded soldier is now the postmaster at Census Post Office, Meigs County, Tenn., and has been partly paralyzed from that wound since the night of October 28, 1864. He has as fine a wife and family of children as can be found in the State of Tennessee.

"I am an old man now, and write this simply as matters of that kind ought not to be lost. All of us know that 'war is hell,' but many such acts occurred which should not be lost to history. In this instance the facts will verify that many of the 'Johnny Rebs' would live forever and are rather tough citizens."

GEN. H. R. JACKSON'S POEMS.

For some time past the press of the country has attributed to Gen. Stonewall Jackson the authorship of a poem entitled "My Wife and Child." A letter from his wife asserts that he possibly never saw the production. The real author of the beautiful lines is Henry Rootes Jackson, who was born in Athens, Ga., June 24, 1820, and died May 23, 1898.

His father, Dr. Henry Jackson, was at one time professor of natural philosophy in Franklin College, at Athens, and it was from this institution that the son graduated. After practicing law for a number of years, he received the appointment of United States Attorney for the District of Georgia. In 1849 the Georgia Legislature elected him Judge of the Superior Court of the Eastern District of Georgia, which office he held for years.

In 1850 his volume of poems was issued from the press under the title of "Tallulah and Other Poems." This work is the sole fruit of his literary labors, and the subjects of the poems are in a great measure local, while the effect aimed at is the singing of home life and true patriotism.

In 1864, as colonel, he served with great distinction in the Mexican war, and it is said that much of his best writing was done upon the field.

The poem quoted in this sketch is reported to have been written while in camp during the Mexican campaign, and brought to its author great notoriety. During the war between the States he served gallantly as a brigadier general. In the second year of the war he was placed in command of the Georgia State troops at Savannah.

Gen. Jackson's best poems are "My Father," "The Live Oak," "Oconee," "The Dead of the Georgia Regiment," and "My Wife and Child," referred to above and quoted in full:

"MY WIFE AND CHILD."

The tattoo beats, the lights are gone;
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadow thickens o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes has flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, my dearest one,
Whose love mine early life has blessed;
Of thee and him, our baby son,
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
O guard that little sleeper's rest.

And hover, gently hover near
To her whose watchful eye is wet—
The mother, wife, the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love, so deep and clear,
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now as she kneels before thy throne,
O teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That while by thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to the Unknown,
Nor hair is lost, nor sparrow dies.

That thou canst stay the ruthless hand
Of dark disease, and soothe the pain;
That only by thy stern command
The battle's lost, the soldier slain;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening currents of her breast;
Nor frowning look, nor angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may throw,
Loved with a passion almost wild,
By day, by night, in joy or woe,
By fears oppressed or hopes beguiled;
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry foe,
O God, protect my wife and child!"

Minister: "Jake, are you and Abram pitching craps?" Jake: "Yes, boss." Minister: "Don't you think you negroes could find a less expensive game?" Jake: "We is been tryin' to play smut, boss, but we couldn't find no chalk."

"OTHER SIDE" IN BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

In a graphic story of the mighty struggle, written by Tillman H. Stevens, a Union veteran, he states:

I was a member of what was known as Casement's Brigade, Twenty-Third Army Corps, U. S. A.

We had been on the Atlanta campaign during the spring and summer of 1864, having begun at Rocky Face Ridge, near Dalton, Ga., and finished up that campaign September 2, when Hood abandoned Atlanta. After a month's rest at Decatur, Ga., we marched back to Allatoona, Ga., and compelled French to let go there, when he had Corse penned up and was threatening our "cracker line." After this event it was sure that Hood had a northern campaign in view. He had made up his mind to let Sherman go, and he would make a break for the North, as Bragg did in 1862. We then left Georgia and were transferred to Pulaski, Tenn., to confront Hood. We arrived there November 20, 1864. There was nothing worthy of note at this point. In a day or two we began to retire on Columbia, stopping at Lynnvile one day. While there we learned that Forrest was threatening Columbia from the west on the Mount Pleasant Pike. We struck tents and marched out for Columbia, our brigade in the lead. We made that march of fifteen miles without a halt in just four hours, and arrived at Columbia just in time to save Capron and his brigade of cavalry, as Forrest was pressing him very hard. We formed a line of battle directly across the Mount Pleasant Pike. Our battery came up, unlimbered, and with a few well-aimed shells served notice on Forrest that he was up against the "real thing;" that he had both infantry and artillery in his front. We deployed a heavy skirmish line and went out and relieved our cavalry and had a hot skirmish with Forrest ourselves that evening and the next day.

That was our début in the Hood Tennessee campaign. We held that line two days, I think, and on the night of the 26th we crossed to the north side of Duck River and hung on there, expecting Thomas to send us reinforcements sufficient to warrant us in making the big fight there, but they came not; and as Hood kept pressing us closer each day, it became evident to Schofield that we had to move again. So on the 29th Schofield began sending his trains to the rear under strong guard. A little later he began to send the artillery and some infantry to the rear, but we still hung on to our line along the river bank. About five o'clock we could hear the artillery booming in the distance, in the direction of Spring Hill. About that time our brigade was pulled out of line and started toward Spring Hill; and, after marching about three miles, our regiment was taken out of the column and was placed as pickets on the cross roads or trails that run from the Columbia Pike to the road that Hood's troops were on, headed for Spring Hill as fast as they could march. From where we were in the woods we could hear the familiar "chuck" of Hood's artillery as it was urged along the road. We could hear very plainly the artillery firing at Spring Hill. We held our position in the woods until the firing had ceased at Spring Hill and all was quiet, except the "chuck" of Hood's

artillery and wagon train. About ten o'clock that night we were much pleased by receiving orders to retire to the Franklin Pike and report at Franklin in the morning if possible. In a few minutes we were on the pike and headed for Franklin. We passed through Spring Hill just before midnight. Just before coming into this town we came within plain view of Hood's army as they were in bivouac to our right, not more than half a mile. They had thousands of fires burning brightly, and we could see the soldiers standing or moving around the fires. It was a rare and grand spectacle to behold. We were only one company of thirty-five men passing right through Hood's army. The view was grand, the feeling intense; but we "kept to the middle of the road," and hustled along toward Franklin. We reached Spring Hill all right, and found Wagner's Division of the Fourth Corps there. Then we felt pretty good, but were disappointed at not finding our regiment there. They had been gone two hours, and were away on their march to Franklin, leaving word for us to follow on if we were lucky enough to reach Spring Hill. So, after getting our wind, a drink of water, and tightening our belts to suit present conditions, we moved out into the night and on our way to Franklin.

As we neared Thompson Station we came on to a small wagon train that had been attacked by a squadron of cavalry. Some of the teamsters had cut the traces of their teams and had ridden away; others had stuck to their train. As soon as we arrived on the scene we opened up on the cavalry with our rifles, and soon had them going. We could hear them ride away in the darkness. We straightened out what was left of the train and hustled them off toward Franklin. I think there were about twenty-five to thirty wagons abandoned there. We fell into the road again and continued our march. Soon after leaving Thompson Station we met Gen. Schofield and staff coming back from Franklin. He was anxious as to his rear, and had ridden back personally to see how things were going. A staff officer addressed us, asking who we were and what we had seen as we were coming into Spring Hill. In the meantime Gen. Schofield rode up and began asking questions, and when we told him we had seen a large army in bivouac, he expressed pleasure and said it was good news to him, as he would not be troubled any more that night. He said: "Your command is many miles in advance of you, and you had better hurry on. You will find them at Franklin." So on we went; and, as nothing happened to us on our way, we just kept hitting the pike the rest of the night, and about eight o'clock in the morning we arrived at our lines, near the Carter House, at Franklin. There we found our command.

That night march from Columbia to Franklin will never be forgotten by me. We made at least twenty-two miles of the distance in company with only thirty-five men. It was a very lonesome, weary march, and while we were passing along the road in plain view of an army corps of Hood's army it was a little exciting, I assure you.

In my narrative we are now at Franklin. It was a beautiful November morning. The sun rose bright

and glorious. There was nothing to suggest that we were standing on a spot that was soon to become historic; that the action that was to take place there in a few short hours was to make some names immortal, and many others were to be written well up toward the top of the temple of fame. Little did we think that so many of the bravest of the brave were to end their earthly careers there, many who were veterans since Shiloh, who had passed through the fire of Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Resaca, Kennesaw, Peach Tree, and Atlanta. They seemed almost immune; yet they were to be cut down as stalks before the sickle and blown away from the muzzles of the guns as chaff before the wind.

Now for the battle itself—the real thing as it lurks in my memory.

THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

The battle of Franklin, Tenn., was fought in the afternoon of November 30, 1864, between opposing forces commanded by Gen. J. B. Hood and Maj. Gen. J. M. Schofield, and was one of the most spirited and most sanguinary of the great war. As you and I were "opposing forces" ourselves, I will divulge my locality by a brief description of the battlefield, or rather that part of it which was within my view.

The part of our line that filled the interval between the Harpeth River and the Columbia Pike was held by three brigades of infantry and two batteries of artillery of the Third Division of the Twenty-Third Army Corps. Beginning at the river, the brigade of Henderson formed the left wing. They filled the interval up to near the Lewisburg Pike, and were behind the "hedge fence." Next in line came Battery D, First Ohio Light Artillery; next to this battery and to the right of it was Casement's Brigade, three regiments of infantry in the first line and one in reserve. To the right of Casement's were two infantry regiments and a battery of artillery of White's Brigade. He had two regiments in reserve: so you will see our line was made up with eight regiments front and two batteries of artillery. Casement's Brigade, holding the center of the line, was formed with the Sixty-Fifth Indiana, Sixty-Fifth Illinois, and the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Indiana on the firing line, with the Fifth Tennessee in reserve. Lying in front of the cotton gin, as we were, we could see Hood forming his lines just as plainly as we could see our own. We ate our dinners and took matters coolly, not knowing just what we were soon to be called upon to do. At a little past three o'clock we could see Hood's lines begin to move forward. We stacked knapsacks and stripped to guns, cartridge belts, and canteens and "stood to arms," awaiting the approach of the assaulting columns. On they came in perfect line of battle, sweeping our skirmishers before them. Wagner's two brigades that were on outpost were enveloped on both flanks in a few minutes, and those who did not surrender made a mad rush for our main line near the Carter House, and it was a chase between Wagner's men and Cleburne's as to who were to get to our lines first, but Wagner's men made a splendid screen for Cleburne to charge behind, and the opportunity was

embraced and put to its best use. Our men could not fire while Wagner's men were between the lines.

There was nothing to do but wait until they got in, and in a few minutes they began pouring in on our line of entrenchments like so many sheep. In their rush they carried away with them one regiment on each side of the Columbia Pike of our main line. Through this gap Gordon and his brigade poured, but Opdyke and White, with their reserves, made a gallant counter charge and reestablished our line and took Gordon and his brigade prisoners. While this was going on to our right we were having "something doing" in our own immediate front, just to the left of the wild scene just poorly described. As you know, Adams's Brigade was confronted by Casement's. Also the right of Cleburne's Division lapped over on to the right regiment of Casement's Brigade, and Cleburne was killed in front of the Sixty-Fifth Indiana, about one hundred and fifty yards outside our lines. While Cleburne's line was sweeping along the pike, Gen. Loring's division of Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart's Corps was on his right, reaching to the river. We stood still waiting for you to come within our range. The strain was tremendous, for we could see the whole length of Loring's line and part of Cleburne's, and it looked to me as though the whole South had come up there and were determined to walk right over us. The "field and staff" were all mounted, and we could see them ride their lines and dress them up, just as though they were on brigade drill. At last the command came, "Ready, aim, fire," and such a crash as it was! You were within two hundred yards of our line. The volley staggered your line, and we kept pouring the fire right into you there in the open field. Your men went down like leaves in the fall of the year. Just then, for the first time, we noticed Gen. Adams conspicuously. He was mounted and in the rear of his line. He rode along the line urging his men forward. He then rode through the line and placed himself in front and rode straight toward the colors of the Sixty-Fifth Illinois. We looked to see him fall every minute, but luck seemed to be with him. We were struck with admiration. We hoped he would not be killed. He was too brave to be killed. The world had but few such men. His valiant soldiers were close behind him, though each second of time reduced their numbers. On they came, determined as ever. Gen. Adams no doubt felt encouraged, as he was so near our line. He spurred his horse and made the last heroic effort to carry his line forward and to drive us out of our line, but we would not go, even in the face of such heroic effort. Gen. Adams reached our line, but was shot down with his faithful horse, both falling together on top of the slight entrenchment that we had on this line. Adams was mortally wounded and soon died, and his command was badly shattered. Their loss was terrible, and the assault had failed all along the line; but Hood sent in division after division, and it was assault after assault for hours, and yet we held our ground, night putting a stop to the terrible affair. During the battle we saw scores of officers fall from their mounts, but of course we did not know who they were by name. We saw the Phil Sheridan of the Southern army, Gen.

Cleburne, fall. We saw the pride of Texas, Gen. Granbury, fall. Gen. Scott fell right in my front, but the one great spirit who appealed the strongest to our admiration was Gen. John Adams. He rode along his line and became conspicuous while he was quite a little distance out. We could plainly see that he was very intent on doing something, and he was the one of all others that we were to do business with. As he came closer and closer he seemed to be more and more intent. He was riding forward through such a rain of bullets that no one had any reason to believe that he would escape them all, but he seemed to be in the hands of the Unseen; but at last the spell was broken and the spirit went out of one of the bravest men who ever led a line of battle. "Peace be to his ashes."

To my mind, the battle of Franklin was the most disastrous of all the battles in the great war. The loss in generals exceeded that of any two great battles, not barring Gettysburg and Chickamauga. The loss in our front between the Lewisburg Pike and the Columbia Pike was the greatest ever known on a line of that length. Within three hundred yards Adams, Scott, Cleburne, and Granbury all went down, along with thousands of their men, good and true as ever marched to battle. While I scarcely ever refer to the matter, yet I have a pardonable pride in the fact that I was a humble member of the brigade that could and did stop a host led by such invincible spirits as Adams, Cleburne, Scott, and Granbury, and the lesser lights, but who had hearts just as brave as their superiors, and, if opportunity offered, would rise to the full stature of their indomitable leaders.

Gen. Hood was once asked why he did not succeed in driving Casement's line back while he had our line broken on the Columbia Pike. His answer was that his assaulting column on this part of the line met such a continuous and livid blaze of fire that no mortals could face it; that on this part of the line he suffered the greatest approximate loss that was ever inflicted on a modern army. I have been asked by survivors of Adams's Brigade as to what kind of men composed Casement's Brigade, as never in their whole career had they met anything like the fire produced by them. In explanation I will say that, during Burnside's campaign in East Tennessee the Sixty-Fifth Illinois and Sixty-Fifth Indiana were both mounted infantry, and were to a great extent armed with breech-loading rifles. In the spring of 1864, when we started on the Atlanta campaign, they were dismounted, but to a great extent retained their repeating rifles. Company A, of the Sixty-Fifth Indiana, were all armed with Henry rifles, "sixteen shooters;" and as they were dead shots, there was nothing but death for anybody that came in front of them. As a brigade, I presume we were better armed than any other, but we do not claim to have been picked men. We were just the common ordinary "Western soldiers." Gen. Casement used to call us "squirrel shooters." We were mostly boys from the woods and small towns of Indiana, and knew how to shoot when we were ten years old. We did not have to go to war to learn that.

Gen. Casement was well liked. We had perfect confidence in him and he in us. He is still living at his home in Painesville, Ohio.

As to any criticism on the great battle of Franklin, I will say but little. Hood failed to press his advantage at Spring Hill. Schofield had to stop at Franklin in order to save his wagon train. Hood sought to retrieve the lost opportunity of the day before and by one grand, supreme effort to destroy Schofield's army before he could retire on Nashville and unite with Thomas. Had Hood succeeded, he would have received the plaudits of the world, and his name and fame would have been perpetuated in song and story for ages. Wagner made a mistake in trying to hold the outpost when every one could see that Hood was charging with a line four times the length of Wagner's. He should have withdrawn his men and placed them on the reserve line near the Carter House. Had he done so, I do not believe our line would have been broken on the pike as it was; and, to my mind, that was the crisis of the whole event. We had no fear but that we could hold our part of the line against all comers, and I am not ready to admit that Cleburne's men were any more valiant than those of Adams. They were all made of the same stuff, and such courage was never evinced by the officers of troops of any other country.

ANOTHER UNION VETERAN WRITES OF FRANKLIN.

W. D. Thompson, of Minneapolis, Kan., wrote Comrade George W. Seawell in regard to his article about the battle of Franklin:

"I have received the CONFEDERATE VETERAN containing your highly interesting 'Remembrances of Franklin,' and have read and reread your article with increasing interest.

"Like all who participated in that bloody battle and survived it, my interest never flags. I carry a leaden memento of the event, received, I presume, right in front of where your regiment struck the works. I trust this letter will be no intrusion upon you, and that a description of some of those eventful scenes by one who viewed them from the "other side" may not be devoid of interest. I visited that battlefield in 1890. Dr. Hanner, Col. Carter, of the "Brick House," and other gentlemen showed me kindnesses that I gratefully remember.

"My division had the 'scrap' with Hood's army at Spring Hill on the 29th, and was rear guard from Spring Hill to Franklin. From your article, I assume that your division struck the Federal works just west of the Columbia pike, and extended from the pike westward into the locust grove, or perhaps to an orchard which stood just west of the locusts, the trees of which had been cut and placed in front of the Federal works as abatis, as had also the locusts. It was the *only place* where the Federals had two lines of intrenchments, and at the beginning of the battle was occupied by Strickland's Brigade of Rogers's Division, Twenty-Third Corps. Lane's Brigade of the Second Division, Fourth Army Corps, occupied a position four hundred and seventy yards in front (south) of Strickland's Brigade at the beginning of the battle, and Opdycke's Brigade, of the same division, was two hundred yards in the rear (north) of Strickland's.

"When the Confederates advanced upon the Federals the troops east of the pike seemed to be somewhat

in advance of those on the west. The whole brigade was ordered to retire, which they hastily did. Those who escaped casualty or capture took place with Strickland's men. Opdycke deployed his brigade across the pike and advanced to the works, about one-third of his men taking place with Strickland's men, so at the moment of impact the Federal works at that point were held by two and one-third brigades—viz., Strickland's, the most of Lane's, and one-third of Opdycke's. Lane's men, at their point of observation, four hundred and seventy yards in front, began to dig a little rifle pit to cover them, but it was only a series of 'half moons,' as described, I believe, by Gen. Bate, and was hastily left, and proved only a shelter, if anything, to belated Confederates in their advance.

"Brown's Division (four brigades) aimed to strike Strickland's position; but one brigade, Gordon's, wandered across (east) the pike in the rush, and broke through the Federal line and were mostly captured in the advance of Opdycke and Reilly's reserves east of the pike. Gist, Carter, and Strahl, of Brown's Division, lifted Strickland's front line out of their works by the force of their impact, and landed among the men occupying his second line. Repeated charges and countercharges were made by Brown's and Strickland's men across the intervening space between the two lines of works, but at no time was any part of Strickland's second line taken or any part of his front line recaptured. The Confederates held the latter firmly during the entire conflict, occupying the ditch outside; and Strickland's men, aided by Lane's and Opdycke's, as tenaciously clung to the former (his second line). The two lines were sixty-five yards apart next the pike, but drew closer together as they extended westwardly.

"Soon after dark each side settled down to steady work (at that point), each behind his breastworks. Some of Bate's men sidestepped to the right and found shelter with Brown's men, while a part of French's, from Stewart's Corps, east of the pike, wandered over to the west and mingled with Brown's, as on no part of the line was there any cover whatever for the valiant Confederates except the short works taken from Strickland. Brown lost all his brigade commanders (one captured and three dead), and his casualties were very heavy. When your division came to his help, you made an effort to get Strickland out of his second line of works, as described by you; but Strickland was immovable. After your arrival but two feeble efforts were made by Federals to retake the works lost by them (Strickland): one by the colonel of the Forty-Fourth Missouri, who succeeded only in getting less than one hundred of his regiment to aid in his foolish and vain attempt, being himself seven times wounded in the effort, which accounts for his regiment sustaining the greatest loss of any Federal regiment in that affair (one hundred and sixty-three). He lost fully half of them in his coup.

"Later on Gen. Cox sent a regiment (One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois) from the extreme left (east) across to Strickland to dislodge the Confederates; and they, in the darkness, were led between the lines from the west, marching in column, but the head of the regiment had scarcely entered between the lines

when it was discovered by the Confederates, fired on, and very properly got out of that death trap. Occasionally thereafter some venturesome fellow would go over the works and prow around for relics or trophies, which may account for the lone soldier you write of. I notice Gen. Johnson reports his losses as follows: Dias, 119; Manigault, 91; Sharp, 120; Brantly, 237; artillery, 20. I never could understand that artillery loss of Johnson's, as all accounts seem to agree that the Confederates had but two sections of artillery in that battle—one east of the pike and one with Bate.

"In correspondence with participants in that battle whom I deem wholly reliable, on both sides, I am led to believe that there was a couple of Federal guns on a raised platform near where you struck the line—perhaps near your left. I have talked with Federal soldiers who saw that battery and have heard of a Confederate who, in the charge, penetrated to the battery and lay concealed under the platform until daylight. Did you observe any such platform or hear of it, and can you give its exact location?

"That was a critical conjuncture at Spring Hill when four divisions of the Federal army passed the Confederate bivouac, disturbing Johnson's picket line near the Columbia pike. A number of our stragglers are reported to have penetrated your camp, supposing our troops had gone into camp for the night, and, on finding their mistake, to have resumed their tramp without asking for lodgings with you or bespeaking your hospitality."

ORGANIZED PRISONERS IN CAMP DOUGLAS.

The following article was written sometime ago. The author is Mr. Otway Bradfute Norvell, a son of the late Samuel G. Norvell, of Lynchburg, Va., and a near relative of Senator John W. Daniel.

He enlisted while a mere boy, and served in Company B, Second Kentucky Cavalry. He was with Gen. John H. Morgan in his celebrated raid through Ohio, and was captured and sent to Camp Douglas. Some years after the war he was paralyzed, and while at the Soldiers' Home, in Richmond, Va., where he had gone for treatment, five prizes were offered by some gentleman of that city for articles on incidents and battles of the war in which the writers took part. Quite a number of veterans at the home competed for these prizes, and this paper was awarded the first prize. It was written under great difficulties, as Comrade Norvell was almost entirely paralyzed, having only the partial use of his left arm, and had to be propped by pillows while writing.

SECRET ORDER IN CAMP DOUGLAS.

Early in the spring of 1864 the Confederate prisoners at Camp Douglas, Ill., abandoned all hope of being exchanged or paroled. Bribing the guards, tunneling out, and the other ways by which many had obtained freedom during the fall and winter preceding were effectually stopped by the vigilance of the authorities. No chance of escape now re-

mained except to pass the guard by force. This was attempted many times by small parties, but in no instance with more than partial success. Occasionally one or two escaped, but some were always killed or wounded and the others closely confined. After each such attempt more stringent prison rules were enforced, thus punishing all and benefiting very few. That *all* might be benefited, an organization was commenced having for its object the surprise and capture of the garrison, the seizure of their arms and munitions, and escape to the Confederacy in a body. The plan of organization was matured and executed by seven men, members of Gen. John H. Morgan's command. Their names were A. W. Cockrell, Harmon H. Bartow, Clayton Anderson, John H. Waller, E. M. Headelson, Winder Monroe, and O. B. Norvell.

It was an undertaking requiring the greatest caution, secrecy, and patience. An oath of implicit obedience and fidelity, as binding as words could express, was adopted. Strong men, who had faced unmoved the fury of battle, were seen to pale and tremble when uttering it. They swore before God that they would "unhesitatingly obey those placed in authority over" them; that "no circumstances of reward, intimidation, or torture" should "induce" them to "divulge any secret of the order;" and that to any traitor of the cause "may his path through life be thorny and thriftless, and the execrations of good men everywhere follow him and his children's children who betrays the cause of his country and his comrades."

Every possible means was employed by the authorities to keep themselves informed of all that was going on among the prisoners. Those who were known to be true Confederates and influential were objects of special suspicion and surveillance. The weak and unprincipled were persuaded to apply for the oath of allegiance to the United States by employment and more abundant rations, and were ever-watchful spies upon all who preferred to be faithful. Yankee soldiers, in clothes taken from Confederate prisoners, were put in all the barracks and played the part of captives, for the purpose of ferreting out the secrets of true men. The most expert detectives in the country were employed to the same end. The "committee of seven" knew all these facts. It was therefore necessary to so work that the fewest number could be betrayed, in case a bad, or even imprudent, man was admitted to the order. The character of every man proposed for membership was thoroughly investigated, and had to be unanimously approved by the committee, before one word was allowed to be said to him. If worthy, one member was selected to cautiously learn of him whether or not he would join in such a movement. If willing to do so, he was informed in the strictest confidence that one was organizing, and the oath administered. If unwilling or backward, the subject would be dropped. He would, of course, be known to all members of the committee, but would know only the one who enlisted him.

That intelligent men were willing to take such steps almost blindfolded is proof of the desperate situation in which they considered themselves. No instrument of writing was allowed to be kept that, if

found by the authorities, could possibly reveal any secret. Memorandums had sometimes to be made on scraps of paper, wood, or other material, but always in a manner to be understood only by the person who made them. The form of oath was committed to memory by each member of the committee, and was known only by them. All were careful that no act should attract notice or excite suspicion. Opportunities for a full meeting of the committee seldom occurred, and whenever they happened the possibility of being overheard by outsiders was avoided. The large inclosure and free intercourse with each other allowed the prisoners at this time made this practicable. Two or three or four could meet at any time without danger. The recruit was always sworn in some retired part of the prison grounds, as if the two men were in ordinary conversation. He was then instructed to keep a strict watch on everybody about him, and report to his chief the least secret or unusual action on the part of either the guards or prisoners. By this means the committee was kept informed of everything that happened in or about the prison. Contemplated raids against the guards by small parties were in this way discovered, and in most cases prevented.

The posting of an extra guard or the change of even a few feet in the position of a guard's beat was at once reported. It was very important to keep a watch upon the authorities, and for this purpose a shrewd member of the order was selected to apply for the oath of allegiance and obtain employment in the garrison square. Through him everything that transpired on that side of the line of concern to the committee was made known to them after work hours. So successful was he at last that the report of the adjutant to the commander of the post was not more complete. By midsummer a sufficient number of the best men in each of the sixty-four barracks had been sworn into the order to insure the coöperation of all when the time to strike arrived. Many men known to be true and counted on were, because of too little control of their tongues, kept ignorant of what was going on. At this stage of the game only close-mouthed men were wanted. So far, nothing had happened to excite the apprehension of the authorities.

The sudden stopping of raids on the guards they no doubt attributed to their watchfulness and good management. During all this time everything found in the prison that could be made to serve as a weapon (such as sticks, stones, beef bones, lumps of coal, vials and the tin cans filled with sand) was buried or otherwise hid, to be used when needed. A few axes and hatchets stolen from workmen were included. The axes and hatchets were to be used in cutting through the fence, the missiles to be thrown at the parapet guards. All was now ready for work.

The losses in Virginia, Tennessee, and Georgia compelled the sending of all the trained soldiers in the North to the front, and those acting as guards at Camp Douglas were relieved by new levies. This was decided to be the opportunity to strike, and preparations were at once begun for it. The prisoners were formed into companies, regiments, and brigades. All officers were selected by the committee, and down

to the grade of captain from the members of the order. Each of the sixty-four barracks was to furnish a company. Ten companies made a regiment, and three regiments a brigade. Two brigades were formed. J. H. Waller was chosen to the supreme command, A. W. Cockrell to command the first brigade and E. M. Headleston the second. The other members of the committee were to lead the different storming parties, and afterwards to command regiments and fill staff positions. It was now necessary to intrust the secrets of the order to a much larger number of members. Still the utmost caution was observed. Captains of barracks were appointed and informed what their duties would be. They were each to select a certain number of their most determined men for the different attacking parties. One of these was to charge and capture the guardhouse, secure the arms, and surprise the officers and soldiers in their quarters. Another was to drive the sentinels from the parapet along the whole line; another to break through the fence at a point near where the artillery was parked, and seize it. These attacks were to be made simultaneously, at about three o'clock in the morning, when all would be asleep except those on duty. This part of the undertaking was not considered difficult or of uncertain issue. The garrison was small and composed of perfectly raw troops. The assailants, though armed only with sticks and stones, were numerous, and the veterans of Bragg and Longstreet, Morgan and Forest, made desperate by an unjust and cruel detention in prison. Much the harder part would be to reach the Confederate lines. The distance from Chicago to Dixie was appreciated, as well as the difficulty of controlling so large a body of men under such circumstances. All like matters had been considered, and a course of action marked out for every contingency. More than eighteen hundred men had taken the oath of the order, and at least six thousand were thought to be reliable. These were to be the first armed, and to compel obedience of the rest if necessary. As far as practicable, all telegraph lines were to be destroyed and railroads obstructed. The city was not to be entered. The strictest measures were to be used to prevent any one from doing so. The nearest Confederate force was under command of Gen. Sterling Price, in Missouri, and in that direction it was intended to move as fast as possible. It was hoped that Rock Island could be reached in time to release the prisoners there.

About the time all was ready and it was thought certain that freedom and glory would be achieved, a letter was received by a member of the order which caused delay and, in the end, the collapse of the enterprise.

There is little doubt that but for this letter the prisoners in Camp Douglas would have escaped. It came to a relative of Maj. Thomas Hines, of Morgan's command, and was so worded as to convince him there was a hidden meaning in it. It stated: "Tom is in Illinois in prosperous business." He believed "Tom" meant Maj. Hines, and his "business" to be of interest to the Camp Douglas prisoners. So also believed the committee when the letter reached them by the usual channel. After much discussion and

difference of opinion as to alteration of plan, it was decided to postpone the attack until communication with him could be opened, if he was in Illinois. Joseph Gray, a member of the order, who was well known to Maj. Hines, undertook to get out of prison and report the facts. Through an acquaintance who had applied for the oath of allegiance and was employed in the Federal square, he bribed the soldier in charge of the working party to release the two for seventy-five dollars in greenbacks. The money was subscribed by members of the order, and in due time Gray left. He parted company with his companion on the outside, and without detection joined Maj. Hines. He carried with him a "key" for writing letters to the committee, which was contrived by John Waller. Three duplicates of it were left in prison. It was made of foolscap paper, by cutting out squares between the lines of irregular lengths at intervals of several inches. Any number could be made exactly alike by placing the sheets evenly one on the other and cutting through all. When he wrote he laid the key on his sheet of paper and inserted in the spaces all that was important. Then, taking off the key, he would fill the blank places with any words required to make acceptable sentences. When received by the committee, the duplicate key would be laid on it and all of import be shown in the spaces. Gray soon reported that Maj. Hines was in Illinois with a force, and intended to surprise the garrison and release the prisoners. Until this unintelligible letter was received, no thought of help from the outside was entertained, nor was there any knowledge of it until Gray was heard from. The organization among the prisoners was then complete and in perfect working order.

From this time the plan of independent action by the prisoners was abandoned, and nothing done except to keep in readiness for assisting the attack on the outside. This was expected and prepared for on two occasions, and each time failed. In the first instance the unexpected reënforcement of the garrison interfered and made a change in the plan of assault necessary. The second was prevented by the discovery of the plot on the outside and the arrest of a number of the leaders in Chicago. How this discovery was made was never known by those in confinement, but it was certainly by no act of treachery or imprudence of any member of the order. They were every one true to the last in all respects. It was believed by the authorities that the prisoners were organized and waiting for an opportunity to overpower the guards. Steps were promptly taken to make any move by them impossible. The guards were doubled and every precaution increased. An offer of liberty and money was made to any one who would turn traitor and betray the leaders. Free intercourse between the prisoners was now prohibited, and the guards were ordered to fire on any assemblage of more than three of them outside of the barracks. These were always crowded inside, making secrecy impossible. All were made to go to bed at sunset, and remain there until sunrise, and forbidden to speak or in any way communicate with each other during that time. If compelled to leave the barracks during the night, the trip had to be made undressed, not

faster than a walk, and singly. Placards were nailed on all the doors with these rules printed on them; also information that cannon, charged with grape and canister shot, were in position all around the prison, and would be opened on the crowd indiscriminately, and the "innocent and guilty suffer alike" if any attempt at an outbreak was made. The grounds and barracks were patrolled day and night by the most brutal men of the garrison, doubly armed. They were allowed, if not instructed, to be domineering and harsh. For the slightest violation of these rules, and oftener without any pretext, acts of cruelty were committed that would shame savages. Prisoners were beaten with clubs, strapped with pistol belts, hung up by their thumbs, placed astride trestles with heavy weights attached to their feet, and in more than one instance murdered. Through all this the organization was maintained until the prisoners were released, but no opportunity ever again occurred to give hope of escape. In February, 1865, the exchange was resumed, and all who had not applied for the oath of allegiance were returned to the South. Many had been in confinement nineteen or twenty months, had not shared the dangers and glories of the soldiers in the field, but felt they had borne manfully their part of privations and sufferings that fell to the lot of all who were true to the Confederacy. Arriving in Dixie, the seal was taken from the lips of the members of the "secret order in Camp Douglas."

ANOTHER "OLD" CONFEDERATE.

J. W. Thomas, Tehuacana, Tex., of the Forty-Third North Carolina Regiment, regrets that the VETERAN omitted the name or even the comment of "The Old Confederate" Tar Heel who was mentioned on page 71 of the February VETERAN. He desires it still, and says:

"I should like to know more about him, as I was a member of the same regiment and remember well where we were on the day of which he speaks—April 19, 1864. I know nothing of the particular incident of which he speaks, but I remember well that about noon on a lovely Sabbath day, April 17, 1864, we surprised and captured the outposts of the enemy near Plymouth, N. C., at which time the fight opened in earnest, and lasted until about noon on Wednesday, the 20th, when the last fort surrendered, the Confederates, under Gen. Hoke, capturing the town, with all the Federal forces, and destroying their gunboats on the Roanoke River.

"I remember many thrilling events of those three days. We made a hazardous charge about sundown Monday, through a thicket where the enemy had cut the timbers and felled it in our direction, making a chevaux-de-frise, which retarded our progress.

"After that memorable charge upon a fort about a mile from the town, which was surrendered during the night, our company (H), and perhaps all the regiment, was sent around between the fort and town to prevent reinforcements from the latter, and there we had to lie flat, as we would be exposed to shell and grapeshot from the gunboats the remainder of the night, and, as this older comrade says, we came very near freezing.

"On April 27, near Little Washington, N. C., I was wounded by a fragment of a shell from a gunboat on Tar River, from the effects of which I was absent until August 6, when I rejoined them by the Potomac River as they were returning from a raid in Maryland. On August 21, in a skirmish fight near Charlestown, Va., I was again wounded, losing my right arm. Was also shot in left shoulder—bullet still in left lung—and was shot through left thigh. That of course put an end to my active service.

"Will some member of the old Forty-Third North Carolina tell us who floored that bridge across Bachelor's Creek in Eastern North Carolina on Monday morning, February 1, 1864? Many of the regiment will remember that attack before day and the halt we made on account of the floor being thrown off the bridge and the charge we made after day for each man to go by some wagon that had been driven down there containing some pontoon bridges and take one plank each to floor that bridge. Now, my object for asking this question is to settle Comrade Stewart, of Dallas, Tex., who belonged to a North Carolina battalion, and says his battalion floored the bridge. It has always been my understanding that it was floored by Company A, of the Forty-Third North Carolina Regiment. Which of us is mistaken?

"Comrade Stewart and I also disagree as to the number of deserters captured and hung on that raid. I understood that there were twenty-three in all, that two were hung the first day, thirteen the next, and eight the third day, while Friend Stewart understands the number to be different, and that they were all hung at the same time. Which is mistaken? Should this come under the observation of our old colonel, T. S. Kenan, will he please reply with a decision in regard to the above? Or we would be pleased to hear from any members of the old Forty-Third North Carolina Regiment."

SUITABLE PALMER MEMORIAL.—Looking back over the long, faithful, and useful life of the beloved and lamented Dr. B. M. Palmer and the services rendered by him to the many thousands who felt his holy influence in the city of New Orleans, it seems most appropriate that a high school for boys and girls should be determined upon as a memorial. The Palmer Memorial Association met in New Orleans in February, 1903, and it was decided to call a meeting of all the white pastors of that city early in March to confer with them and solicit their aid in the project for the erection of such an appropriate memorial.

The VETERAN for June, 1900, containing his profound address at the Louisville reunion, will be sent free for the asking to subscribers who did not receive that number.

INQUIRY CONCERNING P. G. BURTON.—Information is sought for facts regarding the fate of Peter G. Burton, who was in Company B, Gordon's Regiment, Shelby's Brigade. He became ill July 4, 1863, at Helena, Ark., and was supposed to have gone to Dr. Slaughter's, near Stranghenton, and was never afterwards heard from. His home was in Higginsville, Mo. Address M. L. Belt, of that place.

THE LOYALTY TO MASTER OF REUBEN MAY.

Capt. W. H. May, of Marion, Ala., who commanded Company G, Third Alabama Infantry, writes of his faithful slave, Reuben:

"The just tribute to the faithfulness of a negro, 'Fred Pouncey,' by J. R. McLendon, of Naftel, Ala., furnishes an example worthy to be remembered of the real relationship of the master-and-slave period. Once before this I attempted to give you an account of my boy, Reuben May, black in all but heart and faithfulness, but the effort fell so far short of the deserts of Reuben that I desisted. In him there is an example for faithfulness that cannot be excelled.

"For generations Rube's ancestors had belonged to my father's family. He was born a few years after I was, brought up a house boy, his mother the cook, his father the foreman on the plantation. When the war broke out Rube was taken along as a servant. He soon became well and favorably known in the regiment, and was with it in all its campaigns, even into Maryland and Pennsylvania. During the battle of Gettysburg he possessed himself of a piece of gingham, of which he gave me enough to make two shirts. I asked him no questions as to the manner of obtaining it, remembering the words, 'Eat what is set before you, asking no questions.'

"The actual love this good boy bore me was exemplified after each battle by his greeting me with outstretched hands and with tears streaming down his cheeks. When I was wounded at the battle of the Wilderness, Reuben's anxiety was intense until he found out it was not serious. Often in camp, when our rations were scarce, he would come to me and propose that he go out 'foraging.' I would hand him my purse with no thought of counting the money, and sometimes he would be gone a week. But my faith was strong, and he never failed me. After the war he followed me home as best he could, and went about his business as he had always done, never mentioning price or pay.

"I had hired the other negro men to cut and split wood to sell to steamboats. After this a certain order was issued by a certain officer of the Freedman's Bureau at Selma, Ala., that all people hiring freedmen should enter into a written contract, signed by both parties, which was to be submitted to said officer for approval, the officer to be paid one dollar. In conforming to this order I called up the men, stated the nature of the order, wrote the contract, and all signed it but Rube, who sat off a little way with bowed head. I was chagrined that my faithful boy should fail in this extremity and not enter into what I thought was good for them and good for me, but said nothing until all had left, when I asked: 'Rube, what was the matter?' He raised his sad eyes to me and said: 'Mas' William, ain't I free?' 'Yes,' said I. 'Well, if I am, what have the Yankees got to do with it?' I explained as best I could, appreciating the boy as never before. 'Well,' said he, 'no contract for you and me. I am going to live where you live as long as I live unless you drive me away from you. I have lived with you all my life without a contract, and don't want one now.'

"Faithful creature! He so lived, he so died. On his death-bed, the last time I went in to see him, I sat down beside him. He crawled closer and put his head on my leg and seemed satisfied. The next day he died. He was buried in my uniform. His loyalty and faithfulness is a sad but sweet memory. Can such another example be presented?"

It is a fact that since the adoption of the new Constitution the checkrein of both white and black seems to have been let down, and more good feeling exists than at any time since the war.

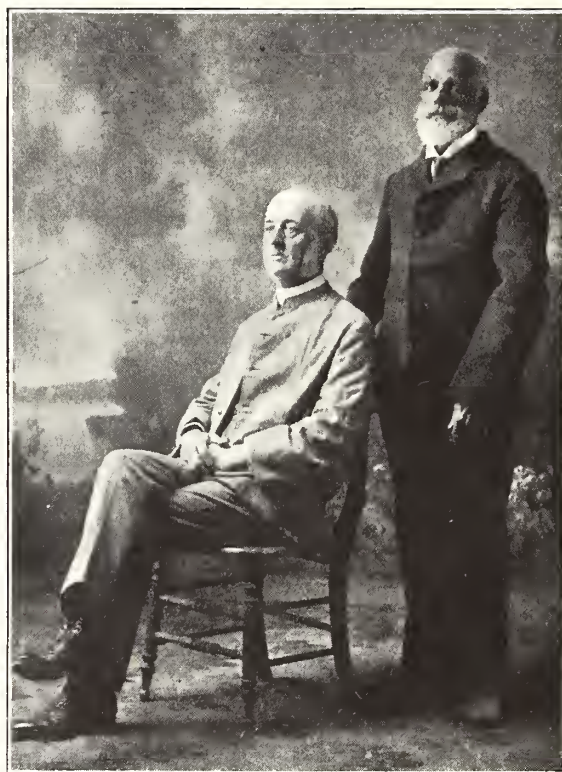
MASTER AND BODY SERVANT.

The photograph represents Mr. E. B. Mobley, Rock Hill, S. C., Company F, Sixth South Carolina Infantry, and Hampton Stratford, aged seventy-eight, who was his faithful body servant during the entire war.

Mr. Mobley says of his army career:

"At the breaking out of the war I was a member of a Chester County (S. C.) cavalry troop, and did not leave home with the regiment with which I was afterwards identified—the Sixth South Carolina Infantry.

"After waiting for nearly two months, we became impatient, and nine of us, accompanying Capt. W. P. Crawford, went to Summerville and joined the command mentioned. That regiment proceeded to Richmond about the middle of July. We



E. B. MOBLEY,
Company F, South Carolina Infantry, and his old servant, Hampton Stratford.

remained there several days, and reached Manassas Junction about noon of the day of the first battle. After a short delay, we went on the field, but the Yankees had left for Washington. On our way to the field we met a man on horseback carrying in front of him the body of Col. Fisher, of North Carolina, who was killed that day.

"I was with my regiment in most of its engagements—and it saw hard service—being wounded at the battle of second Manassas. The regiment left Chester on the day I was twenty-one years old, and I spent my twenty-fifth anniversary as a prisoner at Appomattox. Out of the ten of us who left the cavalry and joined the Sixth Infantry, only two returned home with it."

QUESTIONABLE GRATITUDE.—A well-known and revered Methodist bishop who occupies an enviable niche in the hearts of his fellow-men, irrespective of color or creed, was called upon many years ago to make a few remarks in a gathering com-

posed of colored brethren. Having responded according to his genial light, he seated himself to give place to the next speaker. and the following drippings fell upon his ear, out of the fullness of dusky eloquence: "We thank thee, O Lord, for the Bible, the Book of Truth! We thank thee for the gospel, which has been dispensed with this day. And O, Lord, we thank thee for the sermon from our young brother, which has been listened to with so much patience!"

PART OF THE WEDDING CEREMONY.—Bishop Elliott, of revered memory, had occasion during his long service in Mississippi to marry many couples, and it became his recognized right in time to give the bride her first kiss after the knot was tied. Visiting one of the plantations when a wedding in the quarters was imminent, he was asked to officiate. James, the youthful groom, had accompanied his young master to many wedding feasts, and knew the proclivity of the beloved ecclesiastic, and he astonished the spectators when the bishop admonished him to salute his bride by stepping back with slavish deference and groomlike dignity and exclaiming: "Yo' turn first, boss!"

NEGRO SAGACITY.—Negroes usually have a ready answer, even for the most unexpected question. The *Washington Star* tells of a man who visited the scene of the Battle of Antietam, and there met an old colored man, who took pleasure in explaining all "facts" about the engagement. The negro was asked if he was present when the fight took place, and his answer was: "Sartinly, sah; sure I was right heah." "Then you must have seen the whole thing?" "'Deed I did, sah; an' it wuz right bilious times, sah." "What position did you occupy?" "I wuz down in de celler, sah. I got down dar to keep out de way of de Yankees, 'case I knowed dat I would be 'bleeged ter whoop fer dem, an' I knowed dat Marse Bob Lee didn't 'spec' dat of me, so I jist got down in de celler, and let 'em fit it out."

NOT QUITE READY.—Uncle Abram, who was inclined to look on Jordan as a hard road to travel, sat alone by his cabin fire at the close of a winter day and poured out his lamentations with intense audibility: "O Lord, Uncle Abe am mighty tired and 'stracted. O Lord, please, Massa, sen' de angel Gabel to tek ole Uncle Abe up to heben, cause he sho' don't want to lib no mo.'" Uncle Abram's employer, just returning from a hunt and passing the cabin, was attracted by the dismal monologue, and paused to hear the nature of the old man's complaint. Knowing the direct association in the mind of the negro of a trumpet and the "angel Gabel," the huntsman placed his horn close to the latchstring, and its blast startled the old negro to his feet. "Who dat at dat do'?" he nervously asked. "It's the angel Gabriel, come to take old Uncle Abram up to heaven," a sonorous voice replied. "Massa, Massa Gabel, ole Uncle Abe don't lib here."

A LONG TIME TO STAND.—When the newsboys of Nashville, Tenn., shrilly announced the election of William McKinley to his first term, a wild-eyed little negro girl caught the excitement of the hour, and burst suddenly into the presence of her mistress with the exclamation: "Miss Mag, does you hear what them boys is sayin' in the street?" What do they say, Effie?" "They says Mister 'Kinley's done took his seat." "They say he is elected, Effie; he will not take his seat until the fourth of next March." "H-e-e won't, Miss Mag?" queried the amazed child. "No, Effie; not until the fourth of next March." "Whew-e-e! Well, I'd jest natchly drap if it wuz me."

STATE MONUMENTS IN THE CAPITOL.

The *Washington Times* makes explanation of the statutes concerning the erection of monuments in the national Capitol by the several States:

"Members of the Virginia delegation in Congress are not borrowing trouble because of the tempest stirred up by the action of the State in naming Gen. Robert E. Lee as one of its favorite sons to be immortalized in bronze or marble in Statuary Hall in the United States Capitol. They are satisfied from a search of the statutes that the choice rests with the State and not with Congress, and that, whether formally accepted or not, Virginia has the right to place the statue in the reservation set aside for that State.

"As originally enacted by Congress, the statute giving authority to the various States to place monuments in the Capitol building was an amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill approved July 2, 1864. It appears now as Section 1814 of the Revised Statutes, and reads as follows:

"Suitable structures and railings shall be erected in the old Hall of Representatives for the reception and protection of statuary, and the same shall be under the supervision and direction of the chief of engineers in charge of public buildings and grounds.

"And the President is authorized and directed to invite all the States to provide and furnish statues, in marble or bronze, not exceeding two in number for each State, of deceased persons who have been citizens thereof, and illustrious for their historic renown, or for distinguished civil or military services such as each State may deem to be worthy of this national commemoration. And when so finished the same shall be placed in the old Hall of the House of Representatives, in the Capitol of the United States, which is set apart, or so much thereof as may be necessary, as a national statuary hall for the purpose herein indicated."

"The expression, 'such as each State may deem to be worthy,' is the only condition made by Congress, and it is held that each commonwealth is given absolute freedom of selection. Dictation on the part of Congress would be unprecedented, and criticism of the action of any State no less so.

"Virginia has voted Gen. Lee as one of its sons to be so honored. His memory is revered above all others, since he was the first to be mentioned in connection with Statuary Hall. It is pointed out that he was a great man before the war of the rebellion and that his course in the sixties was that of a true son of the South."

JOHNNY AND YANK.

BY C. H. ENOS.

Can the day ever dawn on American soil,
When the soldier—no matter what rank—
Will forget the dark days of our civil turmoil,
Or the nickname of Johnny and Yank?

Soon few will be left to tell the sad tale,
How brothers once met in the strife,
And faced without flinching the death-dealing hail,
When so many were crippled for life.

Each river that glides through Dixie to-day
Has a picket line still on its banks,
Of specters who wore both the blue and the gray,
That are watching for Johnnies and Yanks.

They are watching, not with their saber and gun,
But with the olive branch—emblem of peace—
Extended to all of the veterans that come
To the land where all warfare must cease.

MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY.

The all-pervading atmosphere of the literary criticism of the day is something after the manner of "I come to advertise Cæsar, not really to praise him," and it is a rare treat when the writer of a book is talented enough to relieve the reviewers'



MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY.

veracity of undue taxation. Out of the fullness of enthusiasm, born of having found something altogether good, early and unstinted praise must be accorded the author of "A Virginia Girl in the Civil War," lest perchance the other half of the reading world that has not yet seen the splendid book may fail to reap the harvest of pleasure which it affords.

Issued in February, it has already gone far into the thousands, and the gifted writer, Myrta Lockett Avary, to-day enjoys the enviable reputation of having accomplished a literary feat in producing something original. Strictly speaking, the book cannot be called a novel, and yet it abounds in many of those elements without which a novel would prove a failure. It is animate with incident that follows in happy sequence, and it throbs with the anguish of war and thrills with the joy of loving its heroes. The buoyant, gentle, child-woman heroine, who tells her own heart story and the story of the war from its beginning, paints in striking contrast the springtime and redolence of her love for her young husband and soldier-hero and the dramatic incidents of the war in which he participated. Being a true story of a war in which heroes abounded, the book is replete with the types that are the revered deities of Southern homes, and the writer possesses the rare genius of bringing the reader close enough to feel the grasp of manly hands and hear the sound of voices that have long since joined the invisible army that silently marches toward eternity.

Such is the power of Mrs. Avary's pen that she invests her characters with the fullness of life and being. The hideous automatons of second-rate fiction are relegated to the shades where they belong, and their grim specters do not cross the pages to haunt the reader of "A Virginia Girl in the Civil War." The story is intensely feminine, and herein lies much of its charm. The names of Lee, Davis, and "Jeb" Stuart illumine the pages, the heroine who tells the story giving a more

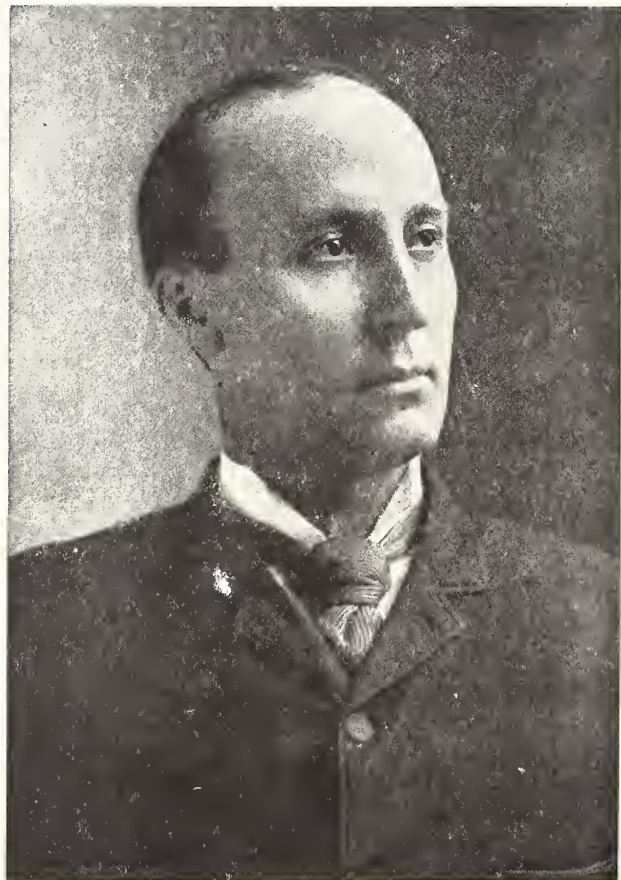
prominent place to Gen. Stuart because of her closer contact with him, her husband being an officer in the magnificent cavalry organization which startled the world with its heroism.

"One of our wounded bore to me a letter from my husband and a package from Gen. Stuart. The package contained a photograph of himself that he had promised me, and a note, bright, genial, merry, like himself. The picture is hanging on my wall now. On the back is written by a hand long crumbled into dust: 'To her who, in being a devoted wife, did not forget to be a true patriot.' The eyes smile down upon us as I lift my little granddaughter up to kiss my gallant cavalier's lips, and as she lips his name my heart leaps to the memory of his dauntless life and death. He was shot one beautiful May morning in 1864, while trying to prevent Sheridan's approach to Richmond. And so passes from this poor history my beloved and loyal friend, my cavalry hero and good comrade. Virginia holds his dust sacred, and in history he sits at the round table of all true-souled and gentle knights."

Mrs. Avary was born in Mecklenburg County, Va., and from her earliest years has evinced her literary ability, her modesty invariably obscuring her talents from public gaze. For ten years she has resided in New York, where she has filled responsible editorial positions. Two of her brothers followed Lee, and on her father's side she is descended from Thomas Marshall, father of Chief Justice Marshall.

"THOUGHTS," BY BRUTUS.

An eager reading public has accorded "Thoughts," by Brutus (Mr. R. L. Hoke), the laudatory criticism which the book so richly deserves. The VETERAN is prepared to supply the book at the reduced rate of \$1 to any reader who may desire it, upon renewal of subscription.



ROBERT L. HOKE.

MRS. LA SALLE CORBELL PICKETT.

Mrs. L. S. C. Pickett, the gifted wife of Gen. George Pickett and author of the book "Pickett and His Men," about which it was said that the wife was as mighty with her pen as the hero with his sword, contemplates delivering a course of dialect readings under the auspices of the Southern Lyceum management.

Those of the profession who have heard Mrs. Pickett pronounce her dialect perfect and her work faultless. The accompanying engraving conveys to those who have never seen this talented woman some idea of the quality of her womanly beauty. "She possesses grace and rare stage presence, while her humor is delightful and her pathos most tender and characteristic of the real old negro of the royal days of Southern dignity and supremacy and of the ready and comprehending sympathy of the only human beings who ever did truly understand and fully appreciate the best qualities of the dear old 'Mammy' and 'Uncle' of those vanished days of Southern glory."

TO MRS. LA SALLE CORBELL PICKETT.

Great heroes of the war we crown
With valor's wreath of glory;
Their deathless names are handed down
In sculpture, song, and story.

But more heroic are the wives
And mothers, broken-hearted,
With just one solace through their lives—
A fond kiss when they parted.

Upon their brows sore grief hath laid
Her tear-dewed wreath of sorrow;
But glory brings not back to-day
Their heroes, nor to-morrow.

They gave to glory all they had
Of heart and joy in living;
Remembrance only leaves them sad,
For love must keep on giving.

They shed their tears—men shed their blood—
Grief still is vigil keeping;
We know which was the greater flood,
For women still are weeping.

Their strife goes on through weary days,
Long after war is ended;
To them a statue we should raise,
With love and valor blended.

—Fred Emerson Brooks.

DARING RICHARD WILDY.

S. R. Martin, Camp 32, U. C. V., Vicksburg, Miss., in reply to an inquiry from H. H. Hockersmith concerning the fate of Richard H. Wildy, sends the following, which refers to article in February VETERAN:

"I am glad you are now satisfied as to the identity of 'the bold rider,' 'Dick' Wildy. Ordinary deeds of brave men in conflict cannot be classed with this ride. It stands conspicuously in the front rank of such achievements, and I can at present recall nothing which I think excels it. It was, as you so aptly termed it, a veritable 'ride into the jaws of death,' and the memory of the man who made that ride should ever be treasured in the hearts of all true Southerners.



"'Dick' Wildy was a specimen of the best type of the Southern gentleman, courteous and unassuming, and combining with the fire and dash of the cavalier the modesty and gentleness of a woman. In the march or in the camp, he was always cheerful, lively, and companionable, ever ready to encourage the weak, cheer the despondent, or relieve the suffering, and there was not a man in the regiment who did not consider 'Dick' his personal friend.

I regret that I am able to give you only a few particulars of his life after the war. He completed his education, having left college to enter the army, and, adopting the law as a profession, removed to the State of California, where he engaged in practice. I am told that he was doing well, making money, friends, and reputation, when his health failed, and his death soon followed. I do not know just when he died, but think it was about the year 1880. 'Dick' was a native Mississippian, having been born and reared in Yazoo County, not more than twenty-five miles from the scene of his grand display of heroism. His pure and lofty spirit has passed into the beyond, and his bones lie moldering in a land far from the home of his youth; but his memory still lives in the hearts of his old comrades in arms, and will ever so live till those hearts cease to beat. His was a character worthy the emulation of all men."



"To the past go more dead faces
Every year!
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year!
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year!"

MEMBERS OF WILLIAM R. SCURRY CAMP.

Capt. Harvey S. Cunningham answered roll call on high March 5, 1902, at Victoria, Tex. He was born in Alabama in 1831, and moved to Texas with his parents in 1837. In September, 1861, Mr. Cunningham entered the Confederate service as first lieutenant of Capt. Ed Beaumont's company, the Sixth Texas Infantry. Upon the organization of Yeager's battalion, his company became Company B of that command, and was ordered to the Rio Grande, where they occupied Brownsville. In 1863 the company was assigned to Buchel's Cavalry. Lieut. Cunningham fought at the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, commanding Company K of his regiment. He participated in the numerous engagements till the close of military operations in the Southwest. Taking a leading part in the organization of the William R. Scurry Camp, he served as Lieutenant Commander and then as Commander until 1899, when he declined reelection. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a loving father, a true friend.

Patrick Hughes died July 21, 1902, aged seventy-two years. He was a native of Ireland. He served in Waller's Battalion, Company A, and was a member of William R. Scurry Camp, U. C. V. He was one of the most prominent citizens of Victoria, Tex., where he amassed a fortune. His boundless generosity was only excelled by his extreme modesty. A faithful Catholic. May his soul rest in peace!

Capt. Ferd Fenner, member of William R. Scurry Camp, died January, 1902.

F. W. O'BRYANT.

On December 17, 1902, F. W. O'Bryant, of Gordo, Ala., was laid to rest in the little community where he was greatly beloved. During the war he was a member of Company D, Thirty-Eighth Tennessee Infantry. He enlisted in 1861, and in 1864 was wounded at Good Hope Church. He was captured at Nashville and sent to prison, where he remained until the close of the war.

RICHARD J. MALLET.

On Saturday, March 7, at Jackson, Miss., there passed out of life one of the best ex-soldiers that Mississippi ever mustered into service—R. J. Mallet. The deceased was an original member of the Downing Rifles, and he was considered the handsomest man in Featherstone's command. He was in the first squad ever detailed to build fortifications at Vicksburg. Though several times in line of promotion, Comrade Mallet always chose to remain a private, his preference being to fight shoulder to shoulder with the boys in the trenches.

Richard Mallet was born at Utica, Miss., in 1845, and he was always a Christian gentleman and devoted friend. He leaves a widow and two children. Among his pallbearers were three members of his old company: Henry Marshall, H. C. Sharkey, and Andrew Ewing.

J. B. MASON.

On November 15, 1902, J. B. Mason, of Bedford Forrest Camp, No. 1387, Woodlawn, Ala., passed quietly away. Mr. Mason was a member of Company B, Ninth Alabama Battalion, which afterwards consolidated with the Thirty-Second and Fifty-Eighth Alabama Regiments. Comrade Mason was greatly beloved by the entire Camp of which he was a member, and his genial company and valued services will be missed by many.

JAMES BRADFORD SMITH.

Fayetteville, N. C., has recently sustained a great loss in the death of Capt. J. B. Smith, one of her most prominent and respected citizens, who died February 25. From his youth Capt. Smith seemed destined to be a man of affairs. He was master architect on the State Capitol and United States arsenal buildings at Fayetteville, and during Cleveland's first administration was postmaster there.

He was a faithful Confederate soldier, true to his duties, absolutely fearless, seizing the few pleasures of camp with genial nature, and meeting the perils and privations of the field with undaunted courage. He went to the front as a member of Company F of the famous First North Carolina Regiment on the Yorktown Peninsula, and at the battle of Big Bethel, June 10, 1861, distinguished himself by his gallantry and the capture of one of the first prisoners of the war. Afterwards he enlisted in Company B, Thirteenth North Carolina Battalion, Starr's Light Artillery, and served through the war, surrendering with the army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

In his personal character Capt. Smith was most lovable, with a heart as big as his splendid, stalwart body; and no one in affliction, suffering, or struggling against misfortune knocked in vain at the door of his generous heart. He superintended and mainly erected the beautiful Confederate soldiers' monument in the Cross Creek Cemetery.

Capt. Smith married Miss Henrietta Chlae, a cultured, charming Scotch woman of lofty Christian character, who survives him, with two sons.

EDWARD PORTER THOMPSON.

Edward Porter Thompson, man of letters, ex-soldier, and Christian gentleman, departed to the paradise of God on March 5, 1903, aged sixty-eight years. Could the gleanings from various papers and resolutions of Camps be woven into a chaplet to this splendid man's memory, the words that have been said about him would seem as so many pearls of thought emanating from the love of noble hearts for a noble man. Every Confederate soldier, in Kentucky especially, will keenly feel his loss. Capt. Thompson was a member of the Sixth Kentucky Infantry (Orphan Brigade) and was severely wounded at Shiloh and Murfreesboro. Embodied in the resolutions of the veterans of Soldiers' Home, Pewee Valley, are these words: "As citizen, husband, father, historian, and State officer, he exhibited all the traits of an accomplished manhood. Few men in Kentucky had a more devoted following. Starting in life without wealth, he builded his own character by close application to his duties. As historian of the Orphan Brigade he was just to all its members, accurate in

the details of its actions from its formation to the close of the war, and he furnished valuable data of those bloody days in which he played so conspicuous a part and about which he was so modestly reticent. That work alone would have established his patriotic loyalty and literary excellence." Some one else has said of him, out of the fullness of loving memory: "He could dream dreams, but he was no dreamer; he could write verse, but he practiced homely prose. No one who knew him ever doubted that he made a splendid soldier. He was in one respect a mystery. Though a wonderful organizer, a master of detail, and as industrious as a bee, he could not keep money," and his biographer gives an extract from a poem that he wrote, in order that men may understand why he was not a sordid money lover:

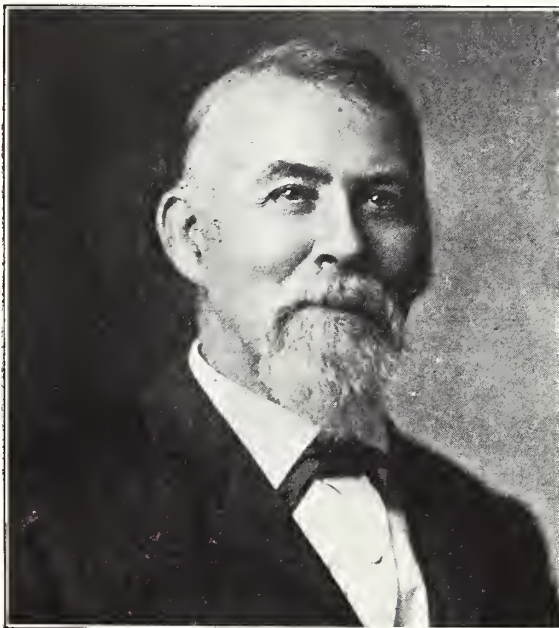
"Go, child of sorrow, to the lonely wood,
And company with trees and rocks and hills,
With creeping vines, with flowers and gentle rills.
That seem themselves to feel the musing mood,
And feed with thought the charming solitude.
There is a spirit in the groves that fills
The heart with such an influence as steals
The outward sense, and leaves the soul imbued
With power to hold communion with the dead;
And ministering angels here may tell
Some happy story of the spirit home;
Some loved one gone, for whom the heart has bled,
May whisper thoughts the sad unrest to quell,
And point to realms of joy and bid thee come."

JUDGE RICHARD RANSOM.

Capt. Richard Beard, of Murfreesboro, pays tribute:

"Comrade Richard Ransom was born at Versailles, Rutherford County, Tenn., July 3, 1835; and died at his home in Murfreesboro February 4, 1903, in his sixty-eighth year. His entire life was spent in this county, except while away at school, and the four years of his young manhood in the Confederate army.

"In the spring, or early summer, of 1861 he enlisted in the Twenty-Fourth Tennessee Infantry as a private, but was af-



RICHARD RANSOM.

terwards promoted to a lieutenant, which rank he held at the close of his service in the army. He was a faithful and gallant soldier, and came home with a parole in his pocket. His consciousness of having done his duty well was an inspiration from the day of his return to the day of his death. And this, my comrades, should be an inspiration to us all, as no prouder heritage can we leave to our children than the memory of having done our duty faithfully during those stormy years of that great war.

On returning home, Comrade Ransom took up the business of farming, and was successful. He was three times elected sheriff of the county, and as such served with credit to himself and the county. For years he was a member of the County Court, and for seven successive terms was elected and served as its chairman. He was one of the charter members of J. B. Palmer Bivouac, and was for one or more terms its president, and at one time was vice president of the State Association. Never was a call made upon the Bivouac that he was not ready to shoulder his part of the burden. He was an upright man, good and true, with a great deal more of the sunshine of life in his nature than is ordinarily found in men. He was faithful to every trust that was imposed upon him."

MILES N. HINES.

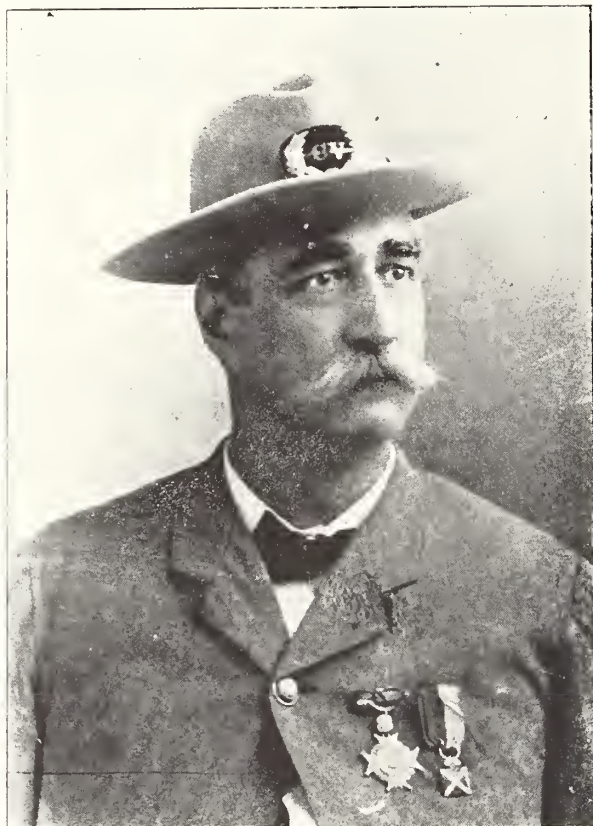
At Ladonia, Tex., February 3, 1903, Mr. Miles N. Hines, a gallant Confederate soldier, breathed his last. A host of loving friends watched near him during his last illness to cheer the closing hours of a beautiful life, and his wife and nine children treasure the legacy he has left them of sixty-four well-spent years. Mr. Hines was born in Green County, Ga., and in his early manhood he moved to Mississippi, where, in 1861, he enlisted in the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment. Doing active service up to the battle of Shiloh, he was wounded during that engagement, and afterwards held as prisoner of war for twelve months. After his exchange he returned to private life, being disabled for active service on account of his wounds. In 1865 he moved to Texas, where in the various enterprises of business he proved himself ever a worthy and faithful citizen.

MAJ. NORMAN V. RANDOLPH.

Maj. N. V. Randolph, a scion of the distinguished family which has given to Virginia so many illustrious sons, died at his home in Richmond March 13, 1903, aged fifty-six years. As all men must die, it becomes a simple statement to say that one has passed away, and yet the moment of a strong man's death is awe-inspiring in its solemnity, as it tells of a past of glory and a limitless future of joy.

Through a life of noble, unselfish service to family, friends, city, State, and country, there never was a time when Maj. Randolph did not wield an influence for good and usefulness. As a boy of sixteen, he entered the Confederate service in Scott's Partisan Rangers. As a private in this command, he pursued an adventurous career for over a year and then took the position of volunteer aid-de-camp on the staff of Brig. Gen. Pegram, Early's Division, Army of Northern Virginia, in which capacity he served without rank or pay for one year. He was one of the fifteen men of Col. Mosby's command who declined to surrender at Salem, Va., when the command was disbanded, but left that place with the intention of joining the army in North Carolina. But the capitulation of Gen. Johnston destroyed their last hopes, and they separated at Turkey Island, and Mr. Randolph was subsequently paroled at Ashland, Va. His career was marked by that gallantry and intrepidity which were characteristic of the commands in which he served.

He was wounded in 1863 at Upperville. After the war Maj. Randolph returned to his father's farm, where he beheld the devastation of a once luxurious estate; but undaunted by the



NORMAN V. RANDOLPH.

ravages of war, he commenced the struggle for existence with indomitable will and courage. His efforts were always successful, and he returned in time to Richmond, where his life was spent in filling responsible positions in business and public affairs. He never permitted the demands of business to absorb him to the exclusion of other relations in life, and in the R. E. Lee Camp of Veterans he was active and efficient, while the Virginia Soldiers' Home flourished largely because of his unflagging interest and unselfish zeal. He was the foremost Confederate of the land in the practical issues of the times—in providing homes for the homeless men who fought for the Confederacy. Maj. Randolph is survived by the son and daughter of his first marriage, Norman V. and Miss Nina, and the wife and children of his second marriage, Misses Cleveland, Meta, and Nora Randolph.

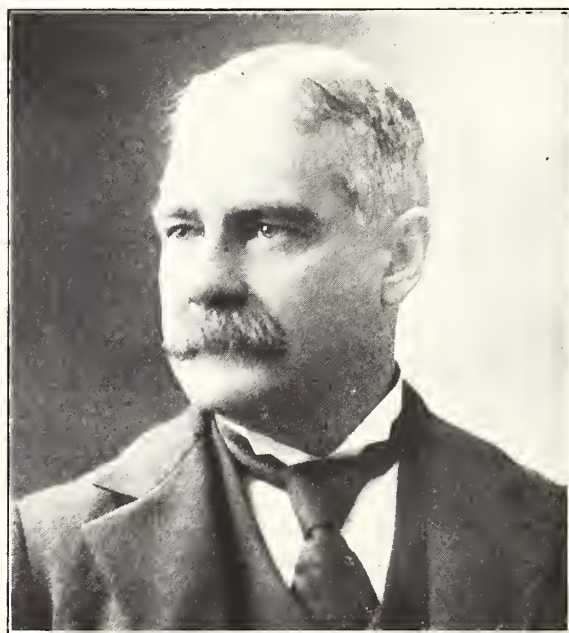
Maj. Randolph's noble wife has been one of the most active, tireless workers of the U. D. C. since its organization, and as vice regent for the Tennessee Room in the Confederate Museum she has never flagged in her zealous endeavors for the good and advancement of the organization and that worthy memorial. Up to the time of her husband's illness she was chairman of the Tennessee table for the Confederate Bazaar, to be held in Richmond in April. Mrs. Randolph has the deep sympathy of the entire South in the death of her splendid husband.

WILLIAM E. MCNEILLY.

The VETERAN digresses somewhat in the following tribute. It is to one who was not old enough to be in the war.

William E. McNeilly, of Nashville, Tenn., died March 16, 1903. He was born March 16, 1849. Although too young to enter the army, he realized the hardships of a Confederate family inside the Federal lines. Three of his brothers were in the service. After the fall of Fort Donelson, the family moved from the town home, Charlotte, Tenn., to their large farm a few miles out of town. Their slaves were taken to the Federal camps, and the father, Robert McNeilly, and his two youngest sons, Robert and William, worked the farm, raising good crops. But twice, in 1863 and 1864, just after they had gathered in the crops, they were visited by Federal foraging parties, who took away as much as they could haul, and then wantonly destroyed the remainder. The commander of the foragers would give to the family a statement of the amount taken, but was careful to add, "This man has three sons in the Rebel army." This appendix of course made the act a confiscation, and relieved the government from paying thousands of dollars for supplies taken.

William, one of these sons, was a man singularly free from prejudice, although firm in his convictions. Not only were all his traditions and sympathies with the South in her contention; but he had examined the questions at issue, and he was convinced of the justice of her cause. He began active life at the age of sixteen. The family estates had been swept away. One brother was sleeping on the bloody field of Franklin; another had been desperately wounded; the third, Rev. J. H. McNeilly, who has been a valued contributor to the VETERAN for years, had at the end of the long conflict impaired eyesight. He had been called to some churches in West Tennessee, with a salary that he could share with the family. The father and mother were old and broken. Under these stringencies the two younger sons were fitted for professional life. One was graduated at Washington and Lee University; the other, William, was graduated at the law school of Cumber-



W. E. MCNEILLY.

land University, at Lebanon, Tenn. He became a partner with his father in the practice of law.

In 1870 William came to Nashville and entered the office of Gen. G. P. Thruston, a gallant Federal officer, who helped him

to establish an independent practice. Afterwards Mr. McNeilly was employed by the late James C. Warner as counsel in his great enterprises to develop the iron resources of Tennessee, and at length he was made secretary and treasurer of the Warner companies. After Mr. Warner sold his properties, Mr. McNeilly was for a time secretary and treasurer of the Nashville American Publishing Company. Later Mr. Thomas S. Weaver, Clerk and Master of the Chancery Court at Nashville, appointed Mr. McNeilly his deputy.

As a result of an attack of la grippe three years ago Mr. McNeilly's heart was seriously affected, and this was aggravated by the sudden death of his only daughter. He leaves his wife and three sons, the youngest only two years old. The funeral service was at Moore Memorial Presbyterian Church, in which he has been a ruling elder for twenty years. No man in Nashville ever won more friends tried and true, and no one was more worthy of friendship.

BENJAMIN EADS.

Marshall, Tex., sustained a great loss on February 1, 1903, in the death of Dr. Benjamin Eads. This splendid man belonged solely and entirely to the old school of Southern chivalry, and was the son of one of the best old families of Caroline County, Va.

Dr. Eads devoted four years to special study in his chosen profession at Paris, France, and suffering humanity of all classes reaped the benefit of his unusual skill, which he dispensed freely and generously in the true spirit of charity up to the time of his death.

The deceased needs no further eulogy than to say he was a brave Confederate soldier. His wife, who survives him, is one of the vice presidents of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and one son survives the noble father to prove a blessing to the bereaved mother.

WILLIAM TELL KELLER.

No medal of honor other than a musket ever touched his breast; no epaulet of distinction other than a bare knapsack told of his gallantry; no intrigue other than the welfare of his beloved Southland ever pervaded his councils. And yet every medal of glittering metal, every distinction of glowing tapestry, and every plan of infinite strategy was made possible to commanding officers through the personal heroism and sacrifice of the Confederate volunteer.

Such was William Tell Keller, who was born November 2, 1846, in Pentanguishire, Province of Ontario, Canada, of French-Canadian and Swiss parentage. At the age of five he was brought to Utica, Miss., where he lived until the outbreak of the great war. Thence his parents went to the neighboring town of Cayuga, from which point, when only fifteen, he enlisted in Company C, Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment. His nobility of character, and undaunted bravery on the battlefields of Lee's immortal Army of Northern Virginia stamped his name and fame in the cast of heroism which immortalized the William Tell of old, the patron saint of Switzerland. He was in Manassas July 21, 1861, and served until the surrender at Appomattox C. H., April 9, 1865.

After the war Mr. Keller resided at Mt. Albion, Warren County, Miss., from which place, on August 15, 1902, he crossed the "Potomac of Peace" to join

the great Captain of all armies. He was a constant reader of the Bible, a copy of which, presented him by his comrade, James Bolls, he always treasured, and at his death requested its return to its donor.

Mr. Keller's mother and two sisters still reside at the old homestead, surrounded by many friends.

HON. LOUIS T. SANDERS.

Louis T. Sanders was born in Bertie County, N. C., in May, 1845; and was taken by his parents to St. Francis County, Ark., in 1849, where he was reared on a farm. As the country was new, his educational opportunities were meager. He enlisted for the war before he was seventeen, and served west of the Mississippi. He was discharged near Marshall, Tex., in May, 1865, from Company B, Thirty-Second Arkansas Volunteers, Roan's Brigade, Churchill's Division. Upon returning home he learned that his father had



LOUIS T. SANDERS.

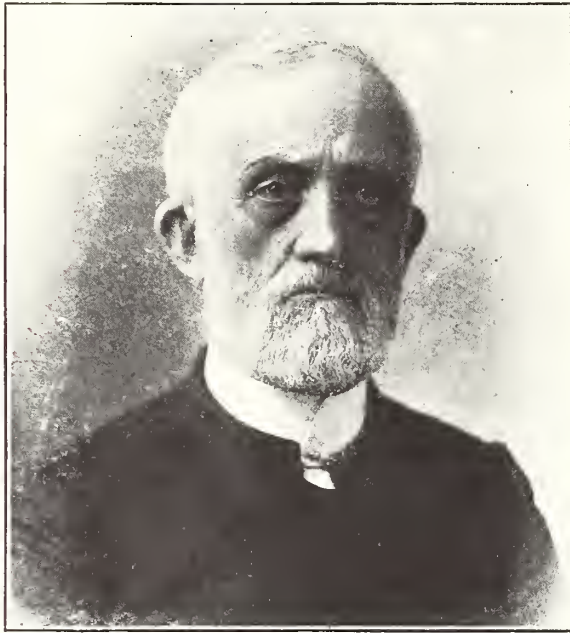
died the March preceding. In the fall of 1867 he removed to Southwest Arkansas, and early in 1868 went to Bossier Parish, La., which was afterwards his home. Everything that tended to the upbuilding of his section had his cordial coöperation, and he was specially interested in the farm and fruit industry of the State. He was a prominent member of the Grange and Farmers' Alliance, was a charter member of the Texas Horticultural Society, and a member and vice president for Louisiana of the National Nurserymen's Association. He was also a prominent Mason and Knight of Pythias. His death occurred on June 8, 1902, after months of illness. He was at the time representative for Bossier Parish, but had not been able to assume his legislative duties during the session.

CALIFORNIA IN WAR AND PEACE.

BY BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD.

Some incidents in my life in California illustrate two phases of American character. First, a true American worthy of the name believes that another man may differ from him in opinion and yet be honest at heart. Secondly, a true American believes that when a fight is ended and the white flag of peace is flying combatants on both sides should ground their arms, clasp hands, and be friends.

During the war between the States I was the editor and publisher of the *Pacific Methodist*, in the city of San Francisco,



BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD.

the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for the Pacific Coast. It was then, I believe, the only paper west of the Rocky Mountains that bore the word "South" in its title. While I took no part in party politics, I did not disguise the fact that, as a Southern man, my sympathies were with my own people. In fact, I could not have done so had I tried. My temperament forbade. Of course, in the fierce excitement of the war time, I and my paper did not escape criticism and denunciation. Threats of personal violence were made against me and the paper more than once when excitement ran highest. Mark Twain punctuated the sentiment of the then dominant sectional element in California when he said: "Fitzgerald is editor and publisher of the organ of the Methodist Church, South, whose object is to show Southern people the Southern route to the Southern corner of a Southern heaven." That was said only in fun; the irrepressible humorist had no ill will toward the Southern Methodist people or the editor.

In 1863 the Southern wing of the then divided Democratic party nominated me for the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction of California. They gave me their full vote (which was far short of a majority) at the polls, though my candidacy was rather passive than positive, as I made no speeches, wrote no letters, made no promises, and spent no pennies in the canvass. In 1867, when the war was over, the divided Democrats came together, and at their State Convention unanimously nominated me again for the same office. The war was over truly, the reaction had come, and the great-hearted

Californians—not all saints, but most of them magnanimous and brave—by their votes elected the Southern Methodist editor to that honorable and important office. The city of San Francisco, where I lived, gave me a handsome majority. That was American brotherhood; that was California manhood on its princely side. Whoso has once felt its touch never forgets it. And it might also be said that whoso has seen Californians when their wrath was kindled, as in the stormy days and nights of the Vigilance Committee, will never forget that side of the picture.

Another *post-bellum* episode of California life illustrates what Americans are on their good side, and gives a glimpse of the California that holds, and always will hold, a warm place in my heart. Some of your readers have a vivid recollection of the dark days in the South in 1867, when the failure of the crops brought to the South the danger of famine following the disaster and grief of war. As the accounts of the Southern situation that reached us in California became more and more distressing, the generous hearts of the Californians were touched with genuine sympathy. From week to week the distressing facts portending this trouble in the South were published by me in the paper I was editing in San Francisco. From Knight's Ferry, a little mining camp on the Stanislaus River, the sum of \$509.09 in gold was contributed by the settlers and forwarded to me at San Francisco, with instructions to transmit the money to Gen. Lee for the relief of any of the families of Southern soldiers in Virginia that might be in need of assistance. Following my instructions, I sent the money at once. In due course of the mails came this note of acknowledgment from Gen. Lee:

Lexington Va: 1 June 1867.

My dear Sir
I rec^d from Mr. P.
Lee & Walter of New York \$509.09
in gold forwarded by you for the
widows & orphans of Southern soldiers
in Virginia, which I will endeavor
to apply for the relief of those most
requiring aid.

I hope you will permit me to ex-
press my individual thanks to you
& the generous donors for the aid
thus given to the suffering women
children of Virginia whose grateful
prayers in your behalf will I am
sure be registered in Heaven &
with great respect

Yours ob^dly
Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald

Blessings on that knightly soul! A soldier without fear and without reproach, a Christian gentleman to whom his country-

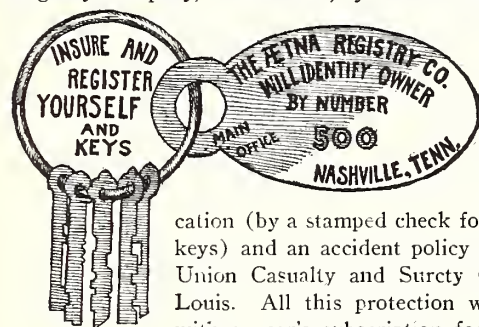
men of our reunited nation look as an exemplar of all the virtues indicated by the words, too often misapplied, a Christian gentleman." The reunited nation, I said—so it is, and so it will remain if our people of every part of it speak and act according to their best impulses, giving no heed to the vulgarities, whose utterances disgust even those who agree with them in general opinion, and refusing to share the shiverings and moanings of the weaklings who are ready to go into hysterics whenever a fanatic or a ruffian of either section says or does something in keeping with the character and practice of their kind.

The foregoing modest note of Gen. Lee fed a flame that was already kindled in the hearts of the Californians. A movement in behalf of the suffering Southern people was organized, and in a short time *more than one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in gold* was raised and forwarded to the relief committees in the South, without a discordant note among the contributors or the miscarriage of a dollar.

A word of explanation: I was asked to furnish for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN the facts herein recited, and promised to do so. When I took my pen in hand it seemed more natural and not improper to speak in the first person singular.

VALUED PREMIUM OFFER.

The VETERAN has arranged to furnish a \$1,000 policy of accident insurance as a premium to new subscribers. The Ætna Registry Company, of Nashville, by underwriting for the Union Casualty Com-



pany, of St. Louis, offers excellent registration. It combines personal identification

(by a stamped check for the recovery of keys) and an accident policy for \$1,000 in the Union Casualty and Surety Company, of St. Louis. All this protection will be furnished with a year's subscription for \$1.25, and free

for two new subscriptions by any old subscriber who sends renewal at the same time. This accident insurance for \$1,000 costs \$1 per year. It pays \$7.50 per week for five weeks of disability by accident, and the principal sum is paid for accidental death.

The key check feature is of value in some instances. On the occasion of the death of J. R. Florida, of Nashville, on a railroad in Georgia, the calamity was so great that the identity of the body was established through the little check to his key ring, found in the débris. The company paid Mrs. Florida the \$1,000 in full.

Capt. John W. Morton, Secretary of State for Tennessee, wrote the Ætna Registry Company on August 29, 1902, saying: "Dear Sirs: I am in receipt of draft for \$25 to cover my indemnity for mashing my fingers on the train recently. I hold Policy No. 2950, and my key tag is No. 2977, issued through the Ætna Registry Company."

Subscribers are furnished with a metal fire- and water-proof label for attaching to their key rings. This label has stamped on it in plain letters: "One Dollar Reward for the Immediate Return of these Keys to the Ætna Registry Co., Nashville, Tenn." It also bears a number which is registered with the full name and address of the subscriber in the company's books. The reward of one dollar is paid by the company, and when found the keys are returned to the owner free of cost, no matter in what part of the country they may have been lost.

Every person needs a mark. Means of identification should always be carried by every man or woman when leaving home. Statistics show that more than two thousand unidentified dead are buried in paupers' graves each year in America.

Better always have it and never need it
Than need it once and not have it.

The advantage of registration is at once apparent. No medical examination is necessary. There are no dues and no assessments.

This accident insurance policy is issued by the Union Casualty and Surety Company, having a cash capital of \$323,400 and a deposit of \$250,000 with the Insurance Department of the State of Missouri for the protection of policy holders. It has paid over \$3,147,007.62 death and indemnity claims.

ANOTHER YOUNGEST CONFEDERATE.

A subject that has been much discussed throughout the history of the VETERAN in various communications is that of the "youngest Confederate soldier." Dr. C. D. W. McNeill enlisted in the Fourth Georgia, Company H, October 26, 1861, being



thirteen years, five months, and twenty-one days old. This lad was sergeant on the staff of Gen. R. C. Tyler, and on April 16, 1865, with marked coolness and daring, raised the last Confederate flag that fell in battle. All honor to the brave little sergeant!

John B. Slaughter, of Snowdown, Ala., desires to hear from his bunk mates of the winter of 1863 in Camp Douglas: Cal Hawkins, of Tennessee, and Walter Slaughter, of Texas. He would also like to hear from any of the Kentuckians in his mess for 1864, who were John R. Cromwell, John E. Young, John Montjoy, Sam Smith, Willis Payne, Billie Swift, George Rogers, and Dave Steel, also Gus Kane, of Georgia, who completed the mess, as they were required to form in tens.

How a Woman Paid Her Debts.

I am out of debt, thanks to the Dishwasher business. In the past three months I have made \$300 selling Dishwashers. I never saw anything sell so easily. Every family needs a Dishwasher, and will buy one when shown how beautifully it will wash and dry the family dishes in two minutes. I sell from my own house. Each Dishwasher sold brings me many orders. The dishes are washed without wetting the hands. That is why ladies want the Dishwasher. I give my experience for the benefit of any one who may wish to make money easily. I buy my Dishwashers from the Mound City Dishwasher Co., St. Louis, Mo. Write them for particulars. They will start you in business in your own home.

L. A. C.

\$ BY \$ BOOKKEEPING, MAIL PENMANSHIP, SHORTHAND,

etc., taught successfully BY MAIL, during your spare hours. Pay \$10 for tuition, books, etc. **AFTER POSITION** that pays \$10 or more per week is **SECURED**. Better than personal instruction at half the business colleges. **HOME STUDY** Business men endorse our original, copyrighted methods as the best. Prices and strong testimonials, in our 98-page "Booklet B," sent free. Address Cor. Department, **DRAUGHON'S P. BUSINESS COLLEGE,** 23 Nashville, Tenn., U. S. A.



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Containing 19 Southern songs, words and music. Price, 50 cents. Best collection for use in schools, Camps, and Chapters. Circulars and information free. Agents wanted. Big commission. Address

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On crossing any of the ferries, take the 9th Avenue Elevated Railway to 50th Street, from which it is one minute's walk to hotel.

Send for descriptive booklet.

W. JOHNSON QUINN, Proprietor.

An Inducement to Visit Texas.

Every first and third Tuesday in the month, up to April 21, 1903, the various Southwestern lines will sell tickets to Texas points at the very low rate of half the regular fare plus \$2. The fertility of the lands along the Texas and Pacific Railway, and the various industries awaiting development are great inducements to the probable home seeker and land buyer.

It may pay passengers to see that their tickets read over the Texas and Pacific Railway.

Full information can be secured from any ticket agent, or by corresponding with E. P. Turner, General Passenger Agent, Texas and Pacific Railway Company, Dallas, Tex. Write him anyhow, and get a book descriptive of Texas, free.

Reunion.

The Illinois Central Railroad, in connection with N., C., and St. L. Railway, will arrange special service for the veterans and their friends attending this reunion.

The round-trip rates will be exceedingly low for this occasion. Tickets will be sold May 16-21 inclusive, with final date to leave New Orleans without validation May 24, 1903.

Extension of time until June 24, 1903, can be obtained by depositing tickets with special agent and upon payment of fee, fifty cents.

Rates and schedule will be furnished promptly upon application to nearest ticket agent, or address John A. Scott, A. G. P., I. C. R. R., Memphis, Tenn., William Smith, Jr., C. A., I. C. R. R., Nashville, Tenn., R. C. Wallis, C. P. A., I. C. R. R., Nashville, Tenn.

No Person Should Die

of any kidney disease or be distressed by stomach troubles or tortured and poisoned by constipation. Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine will be sent free and prepaid to any reader of this publication who needs it and writes for it. One dose a day of this remedy does the work and cures perfectly, to stay cured. If you care to be cured of indigestion, dyspepsia, flatulence, catarrh of stomach and bowels, constipation or torpid and congested liver; if you wish to be sure that your kidneys are free from disease and are doing their necessary work thoroughly; if you expect to be free from catarrh, rheumatism, and backache; if you desire a full supply of pure, rich blood, a healthy tissue, and a perfect

skin—write at once for a free bottle of this remedy, and prove for yourself, without expense to you, that these ailments are cured quickly, thoroughly, and permanently with only one dose a day of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine.

Any reader of the VETERAN who needs it may have a small trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine sent free and prepaid by writing to Vernal Remedy Company, 93 Seneca Street, Buffalo, N. Y. It cures catarrh of the stomach, indigestion, flatulence, constipation of the bowels, and congestion and sluggish condition of liver and kidneys. For inflammation of bladder and enlargement of prostate gland it is a reliable specific.

For sale by all leading druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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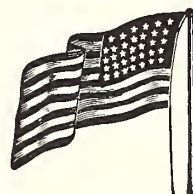
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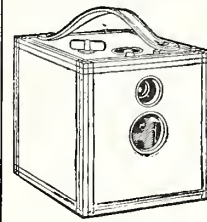
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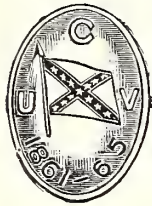
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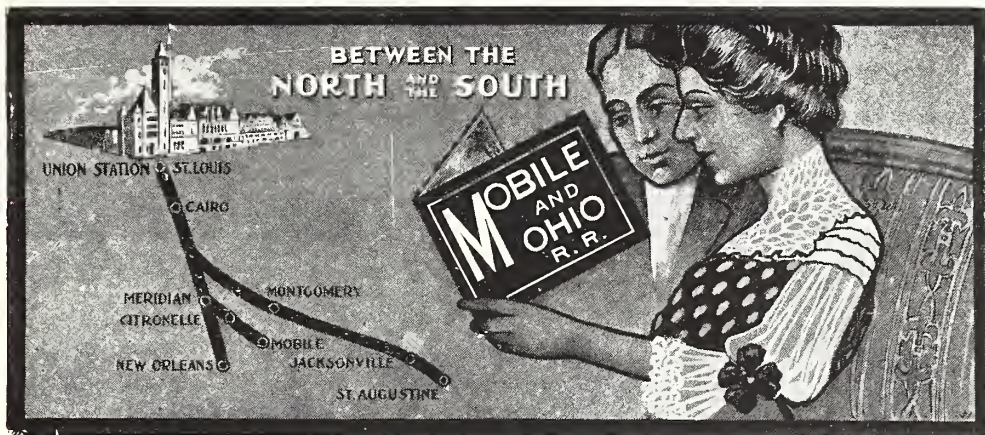
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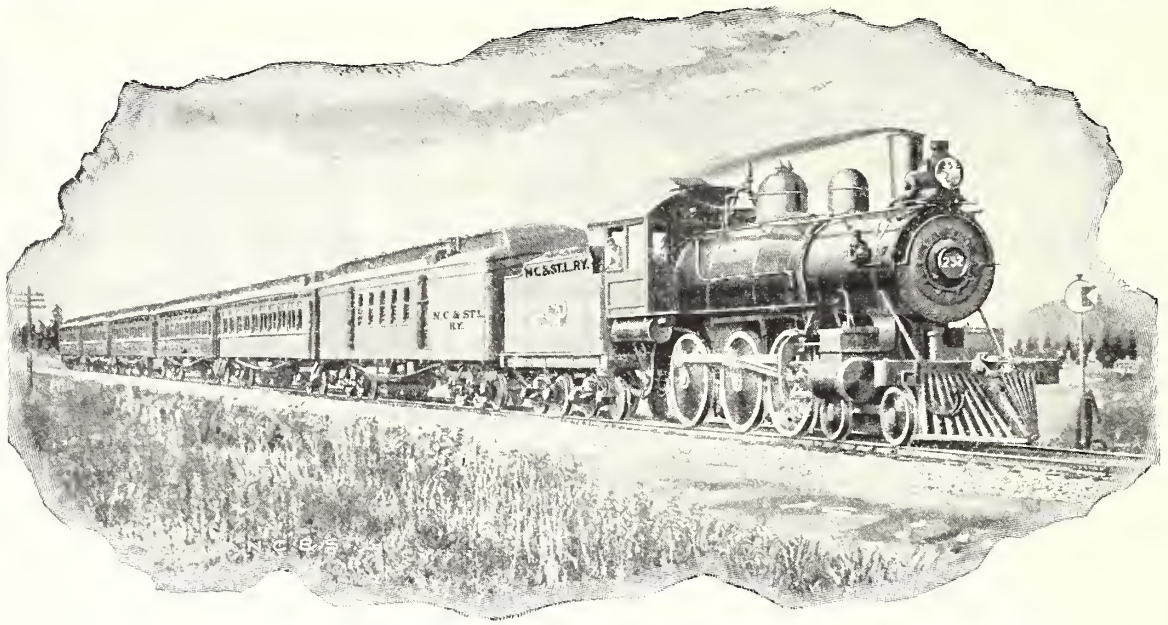
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are now added to the Confederate Mining Co.'s property. The Stockholders can congratulate themselves upon securing this group of claims. We have now a force of men at work in these mines. The following report is from our Manager, Mr. Theodore Crandall:

Report on the Candalarid Group of Claims, Maricopa County, Brown Mining District, Ariz., Acquired by the Confederate Mining Co.

ASSAYING, ANALYSES. WORKING TESTS.		GEO. S. ANDRUS. MINING ENGINEER.		P. O. BOX 128. GLOBE, ARIZ.	
Assayed for Mr. <i>Theo. Crandall - Mgr. C. M. Co</i>				<i>Oct 31 1902</i>	
Office No.	OWNER'S MARKS.	PER TON OF 2,000 LBS.		PER CENT.	PER CENT.
		Ounce Gold.	Ounces Silver	COPPER.	LEAD.
1	<i>No 1</i>	<i>120</i>			
2	<i>" 2</i>	<i>Dr</i>	<i>1 1/10</i>	<i>23.7</i>	
3	<i>" 3</i>	<i>Dr</i>	<i>2 1/10</i>	<i>15.7</i>	
4	<i>" 4</i>	<i>Dr</i>	<i>1 1/10</i>	<i>19.8</i>	
5	<i>" 5</i>	<i>Dr</i>	<i>0 1/10</i>	<i>20.8</i>	
CHARGES.					
<i>10.00</i>					
<i>15% 1.50</i>					
<i>8.50</i>					

Geo. S. Andrus

KEY TO ABOVE.

- No. 1. Gold ore, from 64-foot shaft, taken from top to bottom and across, and is below the fair average run of mine. This sample shows 12-100 oz. of gold, or \$2.40 per ton. From Chicopee.
No. 2. Copper ore, from 64-foot shaft, silver 1 6-10 oz., and copper 23.7 per cent, not counting silver value, worth \$52.10 per ton. From Chicopee.
No. 3. Open cut Chicopee lead, silver 2 4-10 oz., copper 15.7 per cent, worth \$34.54 per ton.
No. 4. Sample of ore dump, from 10-foot shaft on bearing wall of Chicopee lead, silver 1 4-10 oz., copper 19.8 per cent, worth \$43.56 per ton.
No. 5. Average sample ore dump, Monitor shaft and open cut, silver 8-10 oz., copper 20.8 per cent, worth \$45.76 per ton.
The copper value is figured at 11 cents per lb., and the gold at \$20 per ounce. Work is progressing nicely on this and the Reno Group.

THE Confederate Mining Company was organized at the Memphis Reunion, June, 1901, by the Confederate soldiers, who alone will own and control its properties. The officers were selected from among the old soldiers, who are capable, honest, and experienced business men. They are men who took some "life risks" in the war and who are not afraid to take some money risks in the Confederate Mining Company. The time to invest in mining stock is at the beginning, when the company is just starting and the stock is low, not when the mine is opened and you can measure its value with the naked eye, for then its value will assert itself and you will be left out.

The directors are prohibited from incurring any indebtedness in excess of money in the treasury. No debts, liens, or incumbrances will be placed on the property. The stock is fully paid and nonassessable.

The board of directors have set aside 50,000 shares of the capital stock as treasury stock.

The directors have decided that the stock will continue

to be sold at one dollar per share until their next meeting, which will take place at the Reunion at New Orleans next May.

Not less than 10 nor more than 200 shares will be sold to any one person or Camp.

A FEW ADVANTAGES

Property paid for in full. Title absolutely genuine and perfect. No debts or incumbrances of any kind. \$50,000 set aside as treasury stock. Stock fully paid and nonassessable. Plenty of wood and water, so necessary in mining. New railroad coming within two miles of our door. Not long to wait for dividends. Copper enough in sight now to pension every old soldier member of the company. The best mining experts say that our property is among the best in all the mineral belts of Arizona. Fortunes are being made in mining in the great Southwest. Will you join us?

Address and make all remittances payable to Maj. R. W. CRABB, Treasurer, Uniontown, Ky.

PERSONAL TO SUBSCRIBERS!



YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE.

You are to be the one to say whether it is or it isn't, whether you will or you won't, whether we are right or wrong. We leave it to you entirely, for you to decide. The **only evidence** we want to submit is a full-sized **\$1** package of VITAE-ORE, which package we want you to try at **our risk**.

All we ask is a **fair verdict!** We say that VITAE-ORE will **cure you**, that one package used by you will prove it to be the **remedy** for your case and condition. If it does not, **you to be the judge**, we want **nothing** from you.

Read Our Special Offer.

WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN or worthy person recommended by a subscriber or reader, a full-sized **One Dollar** package of VITAE-ORE, by mail, postpaid, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. We take all the risk. You have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. Vitae-Ore is a natural, hard, adamantite, rocklike substance—mineral—Ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidation. It contains free iron, free sulphur, and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which nothing is added and from which nothing is taken. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney, and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility, as thousands testify, and as no one answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. Vitae-Ore has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

Vitae-Ore will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of this paper if you will give it a trial. Send for a **\$1** package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. We want no one's money whom Vitae-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the judge! Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, desiring a cure and willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try Vitae-Ore on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say in this announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write today for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so that we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterwards the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have baffled the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. Address

THEO. NOEL CO.,

VETERAN DEPT.,
VITAE-ORE BLDG.,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Confederate Veteran



JEFFERSON DAVIS

From a Picture Given to Miss Sue Tarpley. (See page 209.)

DR. TICHENOR'S ANTISEPTIC

For Wounds, Burns, Bruises, Scalds, Colic, Cramps, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, and Indigestion.
The Veterans' friend. ✂ The housewife's necessity. ✂ Indorsed by physicians.
Praised by everybody. ✂ Sold by druggists, 10 and 50 cents a bottle.

BRON=CHO=DA

For Throat and Lungs. Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup, and Sore Throat. No opiates. No poisons.
Expectorant, Antiseptic, Laxative. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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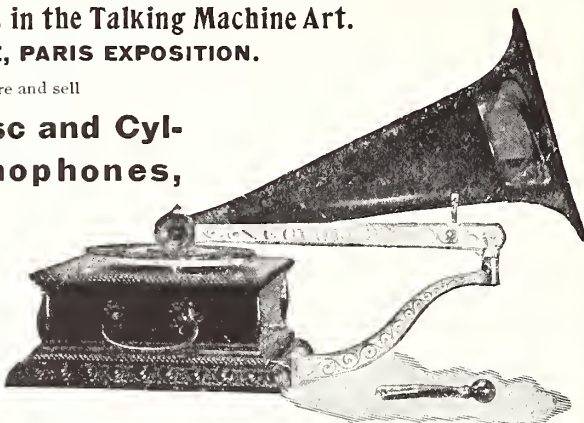
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Columbia Disc and Cylinder Records,

Which can be used on any make of Talking Machine. The best records made. Awarded Grand Prize, Paris Exposition.



This Style, \$15, \$20, \$30.

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Fine Carriages for all occasions at any time.

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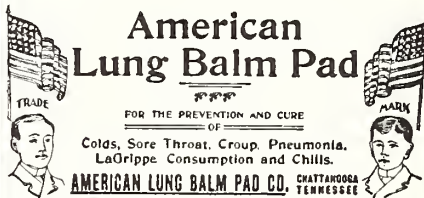
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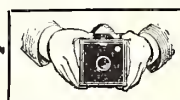
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R. S. PATTERSON,
Kodaks and Supplies,

206 Union St., Nashville, Tenn.

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Atlanta and West Point Railroad,

The Western Railway of Alabama,

Operating the fastest scheduled train in the South, is the shortest and quickest route from points in the East to New Orleans, La. Through Pullman sleeping and dining cars. Very low rates from all points to

NEW ORLEANS

account

Confederate Veterans'

Reunion,

MAY 19-22, 1903.

For rates, schedules, and full information, apply to any agent of the company or address

J. B. HEYWARD, D. P. A.,
Atlanta, Ga.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month before it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR, } VOL. XI.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1903.

No. 5. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

WHAT WILL BE DONE AT NEW ORLEANS.

Past experience has taught New Orleans to excel in the art of entertaining, and thousands of veterans who are preparing to don the historic gray for May 19-22, as well as many hundreds who will follow them to the great reunion, will reap the benefit of the lessons the Crescent City has learned during the many carnival years when her port and city gates have held out to the traveler the welcome which has made her known and honored in many lands. Added to this experience is the love and enthusiasm of New Orleans Veterans, Sons, and Daughters for the great period in which the reunion veterans and their departed comrades participated.

The New Orleans Executive Committee of the Confederate Reunion has worked in perfect harmony and to the most practical ends. Under President Kruttschnitt are such men as J. B. Sinnott, J. A. Harral, aide-de-camp on Gen. Gordon's staff; A. Baldwin, H. H. Ward, A. R. Blakeley, S. P. Walmsley, T.

J. Woodard, W. McL. Fayssoux, R. McWilliams, Frank B. Hayne, H. B. Gessner, and James Dinkins. The name of the latter was proposed by President Kruttschnitt as director general, to which position he was elected. Capt. Dinkins has ability and understands the nicety and finish of detail work.

The St. Charles Hotel has been determined upon as the location of the General United Confederate Veteran Headquarters, and the various sponsors of the visiting Camps will be domiciled there. In the photograph kindly furnished by A. R. Blakeley may be seen the place by main entrance of the hotel, indicated by a large urn, where the CONFEDERATE VETERAN headquarters will be arranged.

One of the most patriotic acts since the New Orleans committee began its work on arrangements was the voluntary offering, on the part of Mr. F. J. Gasquet, of a large building at the corner of Gravier and Magazine Streets, to be used for sheltering old veterans during the reunion. This proves to be one



THE LATE GEN. GEORGE MOORMAN.



MISS VIRGINIA VAN ZANDT.
Sponsor for Trans-Mississippi Department U. C. V.

of the most practical boons in the vast work of preparation, as it is estimated that the building will comfortably accommodate 2,000 veterans, each having a cot on which to sleep.

Mayor Capdeville has greatly aided the work of preparation



MISS MARGARET McLEAN, SPONSOR FOR TEXAS.

by his generous, coöperative spirit in the consummation of many necessary details, and H. M. Mayo, Secretary of the New Orleans Progressive Union, has anticipated many needs, and under his alert supervision nothing has been overlooked.

Bureaus of information will be established both in the city and at the Fair Grounds, by means of which thousands of visitors will be enabled to secure information on any subject pertaining to the reunion and points of interest in and about the city. In order to facilitate the work of the press, special arrangements will be made, and the rooms of the New Orleans Progressive Union, 311 Baronne Street, will be made permanent headquarters of the press committee and of the press at large.

Through the kindness of the United States Government officials, a large number of army tents will be pitched within the inclosure of the fair grounds, one of the most attractive locations in the Crescent City. All the necessary comforts will be provided there, and an immense dining hall and series of kitchens will be added where meals will be provided at very low prices.

Dr. C. H. Tebault, Surgeon General of the Confederate Veterans, has furnished the commissary department with a full report from the mayor of Dallas, giving valuable information regarding the commissariat of 1902.

There will be a large convention auditorium at the fair grounds, and this will be of sufficient size to accommodate the estimated number of veterans. In addition to competitive drills and parades, for which fine bands have been secured, a grand ball will be given during the reunion.

SONS OF VETERANS.

Commander John D. Nix, of Camp Beauregard, U. S. C. V., has been untiring in his efforts to inspire the local Sons of

Veterans to work during the reunion for the honor of the city and the glory of the South. W. E. Daniels, of Yazoo City, Miss., a prominent member of the U. S. C. V., predicts that his State alone will send fifty thousand visitors to the reunion.

Commander Thomas P. Stone has proven an efficient leader for the U. S. C. V., and every organized Camp has evinced a patriotic willingness to coöperate in sending members to New Orleans.

DAUGHTERS WILL CO-OPERATE.

The Daughters are making preparations to be well represented, and it is predicted that few veterans who can afford the expense, will go unattended by their wives and daughters.

FEATURES FROM THE PROGRAMME.

Tuesday, May 19, 10 o'clock A.M.—Memorial service in Christ Church, in memory of Jefferson Davis, by the Confederate Southern Memorial Association.

12 o'clock (noon).—Meeting of delegates of United Confederate Veterans, in Convention Auditorium, at the Fair Grounds.

Calling convention to order by Maj. Gen. J. B. Levert, commanding Louisiana Division, U. C. V.

Invocation by Rev. J. William Jones, the chaplain general.

Address of welcome and turning the auditorium over to the veterans, by Hon. E. B. Kruttschnitt, Chairman Executive Committee.

Response and acceptance by Gen. J. B. Gordon, Commander-in-Chief.

Address of welcome by His Excellency, W. W. Heard, Governor of Louisiana, on behalf of the State.

Address of welcome by Hon. Paul Capdeville, mayor of the city of New Orleans, on behalf of the city.

Address of welcome on behalf of local Sons of Veterans.

Address of welcome by Rev. Father Daniel P. Lawton, S. J., assistant chaplain general, Louisiana Division, U. C. V., to the United Confederate Veterans, the Confederate Southern



MISS MARY TAYLOR HALEY, COLUMBIA, TENN.
Sponsor Leonidas Polk Bivouac and William Henry Trousdale Camp.

Memorial Association, and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, on behalf of Louisiana Division of the United Confederate Veterans.

An address of greeting on behalf of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association to the veterans.

Song: "I'm Gwine Back to Dixie," by a selected choir, in which the entire audience is requested to join.

Call of States and appointment of Committees on Credentials and Resolutions.

Song: "Old Kentucky Home."

Doxology.

3 o'clock P.M.—Business session in auditorium.

3 to 6 P.M.—Reception at the Soldiers' Home by the Memorial Association of New Orleans of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, to which United Confederate Veterans, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, and reunion visitors are invited.

8 o'clock P.M.—Entertainment at Fair Grounds, musical programme and fireworks complimentary to all visiting veterans, their wives and daughters, the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

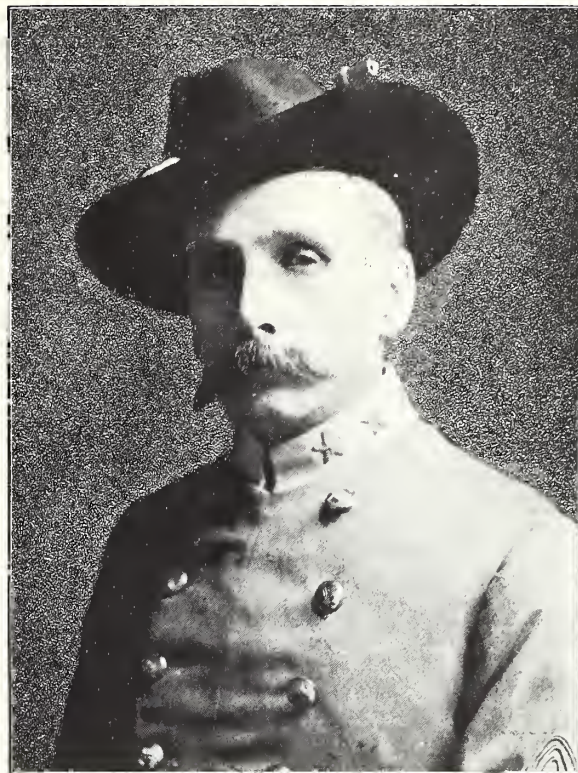
Wednesday, May 20, 10 o'clock A.M.—Business session in the auditorium.

Promptly at 12 o'clock all business will be suspended for memorial service in memory of Miss Winnie Davis, the daughter of the Confederacy, and in memory of all dead comrades, with prayers for the living heroes. Memorial oration.

At 2 o'clock P.M. the business session will be resumed.

At 9 o'clock P.M. a grand ball will be given by the Sons of Veterans, complimentary to sponsors and maids of honor of both organizations.

Thursday, May 21, 10 o'clock A.M.—Business session of the convention.



COL. ANDREW R. BLAKELEY OF GEN. J. B. GORDON'S STAFF.

Afternoon. No session, for the opportunity of visiting places of interest in the city.

4 to 7 P.M.—Reception by Miss Capdeville, 2410 Esplanade Avenue, complimentary to sponsors and maids of honor of Veterans and Sons of Veterans.

At 9 o'clock P.M. a grand ball will be given complimentary to visiting veterans, their wives and daughters, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, Sponsors and Maids of both organizations. The grand march will be led by Memphis Bugle Corps, to be followed by Southern Cross drill by Memphis veterans and young ladies.

Friday, May 22, 10 o'clock A.M.—Address by orator of the day.

Special joint session of the United Confederate Veterans and United Sons of Confederate Veterans. Address to veterans by Hon. H. M. Gill, on behalf of the Sons of Veterans, and speeches by other distinguished men.

At three o'clock there will be a grand parade of United Confederate Veterans and Sons of Veterans, and a review by Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander in Chief, accompanied by distinguished visitors and other prominent ladies and gentlemen at the city hall.

FIRST LOUISIANA CAVALRY TO MEET.

An informal meeting of our regiment is hereby called at Memorial Hall, in the City of New Orleans, on May 20, at 2 o'clock P.M., sharp. This will interfere with some part of our Reunion programme, but surely nothing could be as desirable to any of us as to meet those with whom we served and suffered thirty-nine years ago. We have never met since the war, and this is our best and perhaps *last* chance in this life to do so. Will you not arrange your matters, and make sacrifice, if need be, and once more let us meet and revive for three days the memories and friendships of years ago. That we may



MISS M'GIBBON, KENTUCKY, SPONSOR.

know of your interest and intention in this, please drop a postal to either of the undersigned at earliest moment. Those who come are requested to wear a white ribbon on hat front, with company and regiment on it to assist in identification on the route and in the city.

Your comrades, Howell Carter, Jackson, La.; Matt K. Mahan, Hartselle, Ala.

ASHBY'S CAVALRY BRIGADE.

This cavalry command will hold its sixth annual reunion in New Orleans May 19-22, with headquarters on Sauvage Street, opposite entrance to fair grounds, up stairs. James P. Coffin, Chairman of the Executive Committee.

MRS. BEHAN'S OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its fourth annual convention in the city of New Orleans May 19-22, 1903. The Continental Guard Armory, situated on Camp Street opposite Lafayette Square, has been selected as convention headquarters. Officers' headquarters will be at the St. Charles Hotel. The opening feature of the convention will be the Jefferson Davis Memorial Service, which will be held in Christ Church Tuesday, May 19, at 10 A.M. All United Confederate Veterans, members of Memorial Associations, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, members and delegates to the convention of Surgeons of the Confederate Army and Navy, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy are invited to attend.

The Executive Committee of the United Confederate Veteran Reunion has announced that the convention of the United Confederate Veterans will open at 12 M. Tuesday, May 19, thus affording all an opportunity of attending the Jefferson Davis Memorial service. Business of great importance will come up for consideration at this convention, such as election of officers, selection of an official badge, and the collection of historical data relating to woman's work during and since the war. Circulars have been sent to each Memorial Association of the Confederation, requesting that a design be submitted to the Badge Committee at this convention for a badge to be adopted by the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. All designs should be made on paper and be accompanied by estimate of cost if ordered in quantities, such designs to be sent to Miss Sue H. Walker, Corresponding Secretary, Fayetteville, Ark., on or before May 10, 1903. It is earnestly requested that dele-



He sang "Peanuts" under fire, and is still "One of The Boys."

gates allow nothing to interfere with their prompt and regular attendance. Sessions will close in time to permit all to participate in the various entertainments planned for their pleasure by the people of New Orleans. The President announces with pride that there are at present forty-eight Memorial Associations enrolled in the Confederation, and that the Corresponding Secretary is in communication with many more. Every Memorial Association in the South is earnestly invited to join this Confederation, and thus assist in preserving a record of the noble work accomplished by the women of the South, so tenderly eulogized as the "Women of the Confederacy" by our illustrious President, Jefferson Davis. Application blanks can be had by applying to the President, State Vice Presidents, or the Corresponding Secretary.

SPONSOR FOR THE ALABAMA DIVISION.

Miss Claude V. Coleman is of distinguished ancestry. She is



MISS CLAUDE V. COLEMAN.

the only daughter of Hon. Daniel Coleman and Mrs. Claude Levert Coleman, of Huntsville, Ala. During her childhood her father was consul at St. Etienne, France. She speaks and writes French well. Her English education was imparted at Huntsville, and afterwards at Hollins Institute, Va. She is an accomplished musician and linguist. Her mother is a great-granddaughter of Dr. Claudius Levert, a French surgeon with Rochambeau's fleet at Yorktown. She is a granddaughter of Judge Daniel Coleman, a Supreme Court Judge of Alabama. Her uncle, Capt. John Coleman, fell at Murfreesboro, and Lieut. Richard Coleman was killed fighting for the South at Chickamauga. Her cousin, Col. Lewis Coleman, was Professor of Latin, University of Virginia,

and colonel of artillery, C. S. A., and was killed at Fredericksburg. Another cousin, Lieut. Charles Coleman, of the C. S. A. artillery, was killed at Gettysburg.

By a prominent corner on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, across from the Treasury Building, is a fine stone some three feet thick and about six feet square, upon which is carved the following: "Designed and presented by the Stonecutters' Union of Washington, D. C., as the corner stone of the Memorial Bridge, which, in connecting the Nation's Capital with Arlington, shall ever stand as a monument to American patriotism. Dedicated the 9th day of October, 1902, during the

thirty-sixth National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic."

CONFEDERATE SECTION AT ARLINGTON.

The investigation as to the condition of the graves of the Confederate dead in the older part of Arlington Cemetery, begun in August, 1898, having been followed on December 14, 1898, by the patriotic speech of President McKinley, at Atlanta, Ga., the way appeared open for remedial measures, and a petition to him, June 5, 1899, resulted in appropriation by Congress, approved June 6, 1900, and the order for the execution of the work by the Secretary of War, April 25, 1901.

By order of the quartermaster general, the department quartermaster at Washington at once commenced work by advertising for proposals for the disinterment of the one hundred and twenty-eight Confederate dead in the National Soldiers' Home Cemetery, in the District of Columbia, and the one hundred and thirty-six Confederate dead in the older part of the National Cemetery at Arlington, Va., and the reburial of the entire number (264) in a separate plot of ground set aside in the newer part of Arlington Cemetery, named the "Confederate section."

The reburial having been accomplished, proposals were invited for furnishing new white marble headstones, inscribed in succession from the top downward with the number of the grave, the name of the Confederate soldier, his company, regiment, State, and finally, the letters C. S. A. The setting of the headstones was completed about October 1, 1901.

The entire plot in the Confederate section has an area of about three and one-third acres. The largest circle is three hundred feet in diameter, and has an area of about one and three-fifths acres. In the center is a reservation for a future monument, and this spot, for the present, is occupied by a large iron vase filled with plants and evergreens. The graves are in the quadrants of the circle, arranged as radii, and the headstones are in concentric circles. Outside the largest circle are to be Southern ornamental trees, and the interior of the circle will have suitable smaller trees so placed as to artistically define the quarter sections. Thirty-two varieties of trees are to be used. The plot is designed for two hundred and sixty-four graves, but there is ample space for all future interments.

[The foregoing is from a printed record of what has and is being done. The fact that the "Confederate Section" is one of the most attractive in all the broad acres of beautiful Arlington will be a matter of surprise to many readers. It is somewhat distinguished in being clear of trees, and it would be a pleasing feature to have it remain so, though the record seems to indicate that this is not the intention of those who have charge of the landscape arrangements. Without trees the grass would grow in greater luxuriance and the marble headstones would remain the whiter. "Southern ornamental trees" might "fringe" the area. The "Confederate Section" in Arlington Cemetery is certainly the finest tribute yet paid to the Confederates.—ED. VETERAN.]

R. E. LEE CHAPTER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 644, U. D. C., Washington City, D. C., was chartered January 17, 1903. Mrs. John M. Hickey, President; Mrs. Clarendon Smith, Mrs. John T. Callaghan, Vice Presidents; Mrs. William Oscar Roome, Recording Secretary; Mrs. George S. Covington, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Orville J. Moat, Treasurer; Mrs. Jennie L. Munroe, Historian; Miss Mary Desha, Parliamentarian; Mrs. J.

Somerville Harris, Custodian. The charter members of this Chapter are representative Southern ladies, now residing in Washington.

One of the leading objects of the organization of this Chapter is the erection of a monument in the Confederate section of Arlington Cemetery to the memory of the 264 Confederate dead who now rest there. In addition to the officers mentioned above the following are the charter members: Mrs.



MRS. J. M. HICKEY.

Archibald Young, Mrs. Raines, Miss Welsh, and Miss McLaurin. Miss Mary Custis Lee, the daughter of the world-renowned general, is also a member of this Chapter. The Chapter, though only three months old, is increasing so rapidly that it promises to be one of the largest and most influential in the organization, and with the great objects and aims before it it merits unbounded success.

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

CAMP Thomas Hill Watts, No. 372, U. S. C. V., celebrated its first anniversary on March 28, 1903. The orators of the occasion were Hon. H. B. Pilley, of Greenville, Ala., and Hon. J. H. James, of Montgomery.

Dinner was served on the grounds at one o'clock. In the evening there were Southern songs and recitations, with other social features. Hon. Thos. M. Owen, Commander Alabama Division, U. S. C. V., compliments Camp Watts as the most wide-awake Camp in the Alabama Division.

Marion E. Lazenby and J. Scott Rogers, with J. D. Wright, alternate, were chosen delegates to the New Orleans Reunion.

The following officers were elected: Commander, W. S. Perry; Lieutenant Commanders, W. B. Knight and J. D. Wright; Adjutant, Marion E. Lazenby; Chaplain, J. H. Holloway; Historian, W. L. Lazenby; Treasurer, C. W. Holloway; Quartermaster, H. C. Coney; Color Sergeant, J. S. Rogers.

CAMP HARMAN, LEXINGTON, KY.

The Sons of Confederate Veterans of Camp Harman, Lexington, Ky., have completed an organization. After adopting a constitution and the completion of the organization, committees were appointed by the Commander. The delegates elected to attend the reunion at New Orleans are: W. P. Roof, Julian E. Kaufman, and Alfred J. Fox. The members were quite enthusiastic. The roll of the Camp numbers about forty, and it is quite probable may soon be increased to fifty or more. The following is the list of officers elected: Alfred J. Fox, Commander; R. L. Keisler and J. A. Muller, Lieutenant Commanders; J. E. Kaufman, Adjutant; Dr. J. J. Wingard, Surgeon; S. J. Leaphart, Quartermaster; Rev. S. P. Shumpert, Chaplain; J. S. Caughman, Treasurer; T. C. Sturkie, Color Sergeant; J. B. Wingard, Historian; Miss Emma Fox, Sponsor; Miss Ida Reeder, Maid of Honor. The Camp is named in honor of Col. M. D. Harman.

STONEWALL CAMP, U. C. V., PORTSMOUTH, VA.—The annual election for officers of this Camp was held on April 7, when the following comrades were elected for the ensuing year: Commander, G. F. Edwards; Lieutenant Commanders, John H. Sharp and James K. Langhorne; Adjutant, J. Thomas Dunn; Assistant Adjutant, Thomas Shannon; Quartermaster, W. T. Langhorne; Surgeon, Dr. George W. O. Maupin; Chaplain, C. H. Eckert; Treasurer, John C. Ashton; Sergeant Major, Sam Y. Browne; Vidette, Joshua Denby.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK CAMP.

The New York Camp of Confederate Veterans is perhaps the most prosperous single Camp in the country. It has no membership in the United Confederate Veterans, but is in thorough accord with all of its purposes. The commander, Col. Edward Owen, was selected at a recent meeting to represent the Camp at New Orleans, with a son of Gen. Beauregard as his associate.

At the recent regular meeting of the Camp there were present fifty-five of the one hundred and seventy-seven veteran members of the Camp. If such a percentage of the Camp membership would attend their ordinary meetings, results would animate public sentiment on the important subjects that they have in hand.

The most important movement of the New York Camp is in having provided an associate membership. This membership is one hundred and ninety-eight larger than that of the Veterans. A circular on this subject states:

"Having prospered and gained a high position in the community, the natural desire of the veterans was to have the Camp continue to exist for all time. To that end it was decided to take in as members the younger element, descendants and relatives of veterans, under the name of associate members.

"The associate members are to be a part and parcel of the veteran body, with necessary restrictions during the lives of the veterans, and then later to control the Camp, fill its offices, etc."

Extracts from the constitution of the Camp give some necessary information regarding associate members:

"Section 5. Persons of good character, having attained the age of twenty-one years, who are relatives or descendants of persons qualified to be veteran members, shall be eligible to admission as associate members.

"A. Associate members are entitled to all the privileges of the Camp, excepting that they shall not be eligible to hold office until there remain on the roll of the Camp less than ten

veterans; and shall have the right to vote only on the election, suspension, or expulsion of associates, and on matters relating to the social entertainments of the Camp.

"The annual dues of the veteran members shall be five dollars, and the annual dues of associate members shall be three dollars, payable in advance, at the regular meeting in October in each year; but the dues of members elected in August and September shall not commence until the following October."



MISS CORINNE LANDIS,
State Sponsor, St. Joseph, Mo.

BIGBY GRAYS CHAPTER, U. D. C.—At Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., the U. D. C. have recently organized under the title of Bigby Grays, after the brave men who were the first volunteers from Mt. Pleasant. The Chapter is particularly desirous of obtaining the old flag given to the company at the beginning of the war by the ladies, who wished them God-speed as they journeyed from their homes. The father of Miss Florence Williams, chairman of the Mt. Pleasant committee, says that he read an article while in prison, from the *Louisville Courier*, stating that a fine flag was captured at or near Fort Donelson, on which were the following words: "From the ladies of Mt. Pleasant to the Bigby Grays. When they meet the foe we feel secure." The *Courier* article also said that they met the foe and were secure in prison, and the flag secure, either in Frankfort or Lexington. The Chapter will be extremely grateful for any information that will lead to the recovery of the flag.

AUSTIN'S BEAUTIFUL MONUMENT.

The ceremonies attendant on the unveiling of the John B. Hood Camp Confederate Veteran Monument occurred at

Austin, Tex., on April 16. In addition to the enthusiastic recognition of the auspicious event by the citizens of Austin, it is estimated that 5,000 out-of-town people attended the ceremonies. Congress Avenue, the principal thoroughfare of the beautiful capital city of Texas, partook of the appearance of a carnival town ablaze with merriment. All the happy details of a gala day were employed to make the occasion perfect in every appointment. Speeches were made by Gov. Lanham, Ex-Gov. Lubbock, Judge John H. Reagan, and Judge Yancey Lewis, the latter taking the place on the programme which had been assigned to Commander Thomas P. Stone, of the U. S. C. V., who was unavoidably absent.

Misses Bessie Orr, Christine Littlefield, Nina Richardson, and Bessie Robertson, four beautiful maids attired in pure white pulled the canvas which covered the figures of the heroes which the people of the South love to honor. The unveiling was under the auspices of Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy. As the white cloth was removed from the bronze figure of President Jefferson Davis, a mighty shout went up from the vast assemblage, which lasted for some time.

The monument was then formally delivered to the John B. Hood Camp by the president of the Board of Trustees, and then formally received by Commander W. H. Richardson, of John B. Hood Camp.

The figures on the monument, outside of the statue of Jefferson Davis, which crowns the pedestal, are representations of the four branches of the Confederate fighters, an infantryman, a cavalryman, an artilleryman, and a sailor, all of bronze.

VIRGINIA MONUMENT TO J. E. B. STUART.

The Virginia Legislature has passed a bill giving the Veteran Cavalry Association, A. N. V., ten thousand dollars for an equestrian statue of Gen. "Jeb" Stuart, provided the Association will raise a like amount. W. Ben Palmer, Secretary V. C. A., Richmond, Va., hopes that veterans who read this notice will feel inclined to contribute for this monument to "one of the bravest cavalry leaders the world has known."

CORRECTION.—In the March issue of the VETERAN, in the article headed "Women Who Meet with Veterans," there is a misprint which destroys the meaning intended. As printed, it reads: "Renewed interest in local memorial work is evident since the general organization of United Daughters, and the number now confederated is most encouraging." This is misleading, as the organization is separate and distinct from the United Daughters, and the sentence should read: "Renewed interest in local memorial work is evident since the general organization (confederation) was formed."

WITH THE BOYS OF THE SIXTIES.

Git my old knapsack, Mary, and my uniform of gray;
Git my battered helmet, Mary, for I'll need 'em all to-day;
Git my canteen and my leggin's; reach me down my trusty gun—
For I'm goin' out paradin' with the boys of '61.

Never mind them blood stains, Mary; never mind that ragged hole—

It was left there by a bullet that was seekin' for my soul,
Just brush off them cobwebs, Mary; git the bonnie flag of blue,
For I'm goin' out paradin' with the boys of '62.

5**

These old clothes don't fit me, Mary, like they did when I was young.

Don't you remember how neatly to my manly form they clung?
Never mind that sleeve that's empty; let it dangle loose and free—

For I'm goin' out paradin' with the boys of '63.

Pull my sword belt tighter, Mary; fix that strap beneath my chin;

I've grown old and threadbare, Mary, like my uniform, and thin;

But I reckon I'll pass muster, as I did in days of yore,

For I'm goin' out paradin' with the boys of '64.

Now, I'm ready, Mary, kiss me; kiss your old sweetheart good-by;

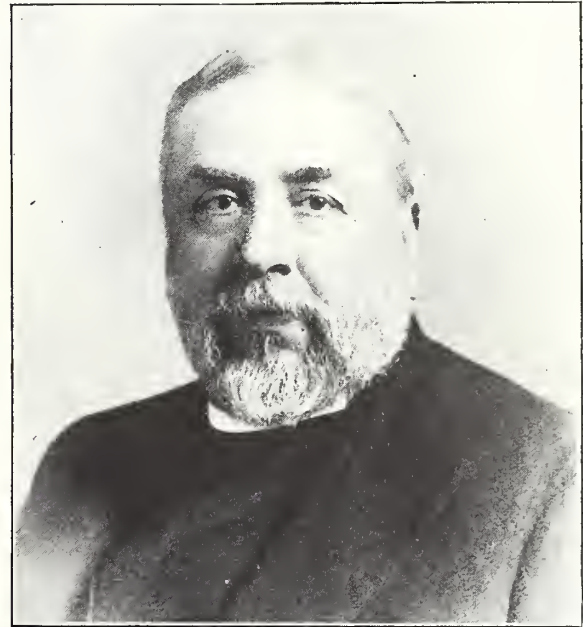
Brush aside them wayward tear-drops; Lord, I didn't think you'd cry;

I ain't goin' forth to battle—cheer up, Mary, sakes alive—

I'm just goin' out paradin' with the boys of '65.

BISHOP DUDLEY'S LECTURE ON LEE.

The world is always interested in what one strong man has to say of another, and the splendid audience which greeted



BISHOP DUDLEY.

Bishop T. U. Dudley at Bowling Green, Ky., in March, when he spoke on the life and character of Robert E. Lee, attested the esteem in which the eminent divine is held by the people of his State, while it evidenced the loyalty of the Southern heart to the memory of the great man.

The distinguished speaker was introduced to the brilliant audience by Maj. W. A. Obenchain, Commander of Bowling Green Camp, 143, U. C. V., and the applause which greeted the commander bore an unmistakable significance.

Bishop Dudley spoke of Lee as a man, a soldier, and a widow's son, and he contrasted with marvelous eloquence the depth and tenderness of the hero's love for his mother and the quality of his military prowess.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy, at whose invitation Bishop Dudley visited Bowling Green, are to be congratulated on the financial success of the entertainment.

GEN. GORDON'S ENDURANCE.

During Gen. John B. Gordon's visit to Orlando, Fla., in a chat with Gen. W. H. Jewell and others, he related an occurrence while on a lecturing tour in Iowa that exhibits traits so characteristic of the man that a brief mention is made herein.

The General was at a small town in Iowa in the depths of winter. The train he was to take to reach the town where he was to lecture that night was tied up by snowdrifts. He learned of another line of railroad some twelve miles distant that also reached the desired point. Connection with a train was quite uncertain, but it seemed the only chance. He called for a team, sleigh, and driver, and was soon off through the almost impassable snow. When less than half way on his journey the sleigh was upset. Gen. Gordon was thrown out, with the two-hundred-pound driver on top of him, and the sleigh on top of both. The result was a badly dislocated shoulder for the General. The sleigh was righted, but the shoulderblades required the immediate attention of a surgeon. It was a five-mile drive to the nearest doctor, and this was endured with much and continually increasing pain. The doctor was found, the patient stripped, and the dislocation replaced.

"Now," said Gen. Gordon, "help me on with my clothing and tie up my arm."

"What for?" asked the surgeon.

"O, I must go on," said Gen. Gordon.

"O, no; you must not do that," said Medicus.

But the scarred veteran of many battles insisted, called for the team and driver, and, in spite of medical protest, excruciating pain, intense cold, and snow-drifted roads, was off again. He reached the sought-for railroad, caught a train to his destination that night with his broken and aching arm



GORDON BROWN,
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Orton B.
Brown, Grandson of
Gen. Gordon.

strapped to his side, lectured to a delighted audience which little knew what the eloquent speaker had gone through with and was enduring that he might keep his appointment with them. This is a sample of "Gen. Gordon's way" and of "how he got there."

HOW HE BECAME A REBEL.

There is now residing in Mexia, Tex., a German whom we will call Schmidt, because that isn't his name. He has been a prominent business man and a good citizen a number of years, and is intensely Southern in his sentiments. Having learned that he was born in Germany, I asked him how it was that his sympathies were so strongly in favor of the South. He replied substantially as follows:

"I was born in Germany, and left there when I was nine years old, and landed in Galveston, Tex., in 1868. I could speak only two English words, yes and no. One day, soon after my arrival, I was in company with five or six other boys about my size, and they proposed that we play 'Yankee and Rebel.' It was during reconstruction days, and owing to the fact that the Yankees were trying to force on the white people, through the aid of Federal soldiers, the social equality of the negro and negro domination, the feeling against the Yankees was very bitter. So the other boys asked me which side I would take. Not knowing what Yankee or Rebel meant, and somehow associating in my mind the word Rebel with a word in German meaning robber, I told them I would take the Yankee side. 'All right,' they said, and immediately the whole crowd pounced on me, and they gave me the worst licking I ever had. When they got through with me I knew the difference, and have never tried to play on the Yankee side since. They got in their work in good shape, and it has stuck good and fast. Ever since then I have been a Rebel and my children are all of the same breed."

ADJUSTABLE RELIGION.

A few years after the war it became quite a fad with the young negro women to go to church, "git happy," and go off in a "trance," so that it would be necessary for a number of strong men to "tote" them home. On one occasion a negro girl who lived with Mrs. Gideon Barnes, of Barnesville, Ga., relict of the founder of that town, who was popularly known as "Miss Ann," and also as rather a rigid disciplinarian, went to church and decided that her time to "go in a trance" and be "toted" had come; and accordingly, after shouting lustily for a while, she went into the regulation trance. After lying around limp, and apparently insensible, until the close of the "meetin'" at a late hour of the night, she allowed herself to be taken up by four negro men and "toted" to her home, over half a mile away. The trance lasted until Mrs. Barnes's side gate was reached, when the girl suddenly roused herself and said: "Put me down! put me down right here! Miss Ann ain't gwine ter have none er dis foolishness in her yard!"

The farce was at an end.

ELAM ALEXANDER'S HUMOR.—The late Elam Alexander, of Macon, Ga., founder of Alexander's Free School and one of nature's noblemen, perpetrated a grim joke while making his last will and presumably near his end on his favorite negro "body servant," Sam, who had been his faithful attendant for many years. Mr. Alexander, feeble and suffering, was lying in bed, his lawyer sat at a table and wrote down the various bequests, while Sam bustled about the room, deeply sympathizing with his suffering master, anxious as to his own future, and keenly curious as to the disposition to be made of the



MISS EUGENIA ROBERTS,
Gatesville, N. C.,
State Sponsor North Carolina.

MISS LIZZIE MITCHELL,
Aulander, N. C.,
Chief Maid of Honor North Carolina.

large estate. The sick man, besides leaving the fund for founding the school in Macon that bears his name, had generously provided for his kindred and all of his old negroes except Sam. When he could stand the suspense no longer, Sam slipped behind the lawyer and softly whispered, "See what Marse Elam gwine ter do fur me," and then noiselessly left the room, leaving the door ajar so he could hear what was said. The lawyer called Mr. Alexander's attention to the fact that he had made bequests to all of his old servants except Sam. The feeble testator turned his head on his pillow, sighed, and said: "Sam has been a mighty good negro." "Bless God!" came in fervent tones from the delighted Sam, whose hopes were raised by this praise, through the partly open door outside of which he was listening. "I believe I will take him with me," continued Mr. Alexander. This was too much for Sam. He burst into the room, threw himself on his knees by his master's bed, and cried: "For God's sake, Marse Elam, don't do dat." The sick man smiled at his joke, and made Sam happy with a generous bequest.

A JUST CLAIM.—A regiment of Federal cavalry dashed up near Gen. Joseph Johnston's headquarters during the war, and, upon hearing of their sudden advance, Gen. Wheeler hastily formed a line across an old woman's back yard and awaited results. The waiting was of short duration, and soon the enemy retreated as hastily as they had advanced, except for the few who remained on the field among the wounded. At the close of the unexpected engagement, Gen. Johnston was seated in his tent writing while his chief of staff stood in the doorway. The old woman in whose yard the fighting had taken place approached the tent and in a tone of eager inquiry and offended dignity demanded the whereabouts of "Capt. Johnston." The staff officer replied that Gen. Johnston was busily engaged in

his tent and if she had any business he would attend to it for her, as the General could not be disturbed. "Well," said the offended matron, "somethin's got to be done. You see, 'Capt.' Wheeler he took his critter company and formed a streak of fight right across my ash hopper and turned over my lye, and I thought as how 'Capt.' Johnston would pay for what that critter company did."



COL. A. R. BLAKELY'S GRANDCHILDREN.

MONUMENT TO SIXTEENTH TENNESSEE.

Col. John H. Savage has purchased eighty feet of ground on the Stone's River battlefield, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., extending from the railroad to the Nashville turnpike, upon which he will have a monument erected in honor of the Sixteenth Tennessee Regiment which Col. Savage commanded at the battle of Stone's River, and was opposed by Gen. Hazen's brigade of the Federal army. The monument will be erected on the ground occupied by the Sixteenth Tennessee Regiment during the battle, and where thirty members were found after battle "in the dress parade of death."

It can be said to the honor of Col. Savage that he erects this monument independent of the assistance of others, and this is possibly the first instance where a commanding officer so honors the men who were under him in the great struggle.

The monument will be placed about one hundred yards south of the marble shaft erected in honor of Gen. Hazen, and facing the railroad. The generous act of Col. Savage will prove an honor to his regiment as well as to himself.

MRS. HICKMAN'S REPLY TO MRS. GARNETT.

My attention has been called to an article written by Mrs. James Mercer Garnett, which appeared in the *Richmond Dispatch* of October 22, 1902, in reference to the first Chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy in Virginia.

In justice to myself, the officers of the association at that



MRS. JENNIE B. HAMMOND NEÉ BLAKELY.

MISS MARY E. BLAKELY.

time, and the Virginia Division, I feel it my duty to give a clear statement of facts.

Under our Constitution all applications for charter must be made to the Recording Secretary, and she is to issue the charter when signed by the President. I was Secretary from the organization of the Association in September, 1894, until November, 1895, and during that year I chartered twenty-three Chapters, five of which were in Virginia—namely, Mary Custis Lee, No. 7, Alexandria; Black Horse, No. 9, Warrenton; Lucy Mina Otey, No. 10, Lynchburg; Appomattox, No. 11, West Appomattox; Pickett-Buchanan, No. 21, Norfolk, but I never received or heard of an application for charter from the Albemarle Chapter, and the first application for charter was received from the Mary Custis Lee Chapter, of Alexandria, and its charter was issued on April 17, 1895.

Virginia was the first State to form a Division, which was done October 22, 1895. Mrs. Garnett says in her communication that the charter of the Albemarle Chapter "was seen later in Nashville, in a pigeon-hole of an officer's desk, awaiting a tube." The Recording Secretary of an Association is the keeper of all official documents and issues all charters. Certainly the reference could have been made to my office, as I have never had an office in the city of Nashville, but have my desk, and keep all of my papers at my residence, which is three miles in the country. Mrs. Raines, nor any other officer, save Mrs. Goodlett, has ever been to my residence, so of course it would have been impossible for it to have been seen "pigeon-holed" there. It is queer that application was not made by the Albemarle Chapter direct to me, as was done by all other Chapters.

The first knowledge I ever had of a Chapter at Charlottesville was when I issued charters to thirty-two Chapters, composing the Grand Division, on November 11, 1897, when I issued one to the Kate Noland Garnett Chapter, No. 154, Charlottesville, Va. Nor had I ever heard of the Grand Division until our fourth convention in Nashville, November, 1896, when they applied for admission as a Division.

Another queer feature is that Mrs. Garnett was a member of the committee from the Grand Division, and I a member of the U. D. C. committee to confer as to the admission of that Division, and she never mentioned the fact of there being a Chapter by the name of Albemarle, or hinted of the desire on their part, or the neglect of duty on mine, as to their becoming members of the organization.

I was always opposed to the admission of the Grand Division as a Division, mine being the only vote against it at the Baltimore convention, merely because the whole proceedings were illegal, and I think now that all will agree with me that it would have been better for all parties had the Chapters of the Grand Divisions come in as Chapters and united with the Virginia Division.

MRS. JOHN P. HICKMAN, *Sec. U. D. C.*

CONFEDERATE GIRLS IN GRAY.

Sherman, Tex., will furnish the reunion one of its most unique attractions. Through the patriotic interest of Mrs. O. A. Carr, the gifted lady manager of Carr-Burdette College, sixteen young ladies of the college, to be designated as the Carr-Burdette Rifles, have been authorized by the adjutant general of the State, to parade under arms and participate in a military drill. They will wear Confederate-gray uniforms, the standard bearers will carry the Confederate flag and college banner, and the members of the company will bear handsomely-decorated guns. With the loyal purpose of honoring the veterans, the "Confederate Girls in Gray" will march in the reunion parade.

THE CONFEDERATE OFFICERS' PAY.

A change in the army regulations was brought about by Lient. John M. Ozanne, of Nashville. The facts make a valuable contribution to history.

Comrade Ozanne has long been an esteemed citizen. His reserved and unostentatious life have not obscured the fact that he was noted for courage and skill in skirmish fighting. Incidentally, in talking with the VETERAN, he related how his proffered resignation and discussion about it caused army regulations to be so changed as to allow subordinate officers to draw rations. From the original correspondence the following extracts are made:

Dalton, Ga., January 26, 1864.

Hon. S. Cooper, Adj. and Inspt. General, Richmond, Va.

Sir. Living in the city of Nashville, Tenn., within the lines of Federals, and being in consequence unable to procure any clothing there, being quite a poor man, and unable to get it



MISS ELLANETTA HARRISON, SOMERSET, KY.
Maid of Honor Kentucky Division.

elsewhere and pay the exorbitant rates now charged for rations, my pay roll not deemed sufficient by commissary to cover expenditures for supplies, and willing to serve in an humble capacity rather than to incur an indebtedness to Government or to friends, I respectfully ask that you will accept my resignation, allowing me, if not inconsistent with public service, to chose my command. I wish to join Johnston's Company, First Tennessee Artillery.

Very respectfully,

JOHN M. OZANNE,

Second Lieutenant, Company F, 154th Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers.

In a supplemental way he added:

"I am not in arrears on any account whatever to the Confederate States.

"I have never been absent without leave.

"No charges are now pending against me.

"I have no government property in my possession."

INDORSEMENTS.

One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth and Thirteenth Regiments,
Vaughan's Brigade, Hindman's Division, Hardee's
Corps.

LIEUT. JOHN M. OZANNE,
Resignation as Lieutenant.

"Respectfully forwarded. Disapproved. These same reasons exist in the case of every officer in this army.—M. MAGEVNEY, JR., Colonel Commanding."

"Respectfully forwarded, disapproved.—A. J. VAUGHAN, JR., Brigadier General Commanding."

"Headquarters Hindman's Division, January 29, 1864. Respectfully forwarded, not approved.—F. C. DEAS, Brigadier General Commanding."

"Headquarters Hardee's Corps, January 30, 1864. Respectfully forwarded, not approved, but earnestly recommending a reduction in the prices of articles sold to officers. Their pay stands at the figures fixed when our currency was at par, and is wholly insufficient to feed and clothe them and their families. The condition of very many deserving officers is truly pitiable. I think the Confederate States can afford to lose the enhancement in prices of the articles referred to rather than drive good officers out of position.—T. C. HINDMAN, Major General Commanding."

"Headquarters Department of Tennessee, Dalton, Ga., January 31, 1864. Respectfully forwarded. This resignation is not approved.—W. W. MARKALL, Chief of Staff."

"Respectfully submitted to Secretary of War.—C. H. LEE, A. A. G., and I. G. February 10, 1864."

"Not allowed. By order.—J. A. CAMPBELL, A. W., February 10, 1864."

"Respectfully returned to writer through Gen. J. E. Johnston, disapproved. By order of Secretary of War.—C. H. LEE, A. A. G., A. and I. G. February 12, 1864."

"Received at Headquarters Department of Tennessee, January 31, 1864."

Hon. Thomas Menees, member of Congress from Tennessee

(at Richmond) procured a change of the law so that line officers were allowed rations and two suits of clothes without pay.

THE COAT OF FADED GRAY.

A low hut rests in Lookout's shade

As rots its moss-grown roof away,

While sundown's glories softly fade,

Closing another weary day.

The battle's din is heard no more;

No more the hunted stand at bay;

The breezes through the lowly door

Swing mute a coat of faded gray,

A tattered relic of the fray—

A threadbare coat of faded gray.

'Tis hanging on the rough log wall

Near to the foot of a widow's bed;

By a white plume and well-worn shawl,

His gift the happy morn they wed;

By the wee slip their dead child wore,

The one they gave the name of May;

By her rag doll and pinafore.

By right it's there, that coat of gray,

A red-flecked relic of the fray—

An armless coat of faded gray.

Her all of life now drapes that wall;

Poor and patient still she waits

On God's good time to gently call

Her too within the jeweled gates;

And all she craves is here to die—

To part from these, and pass away

To join her loves eternally—

That wore the slip, the coat of gray,

The shell-torn relic of the fray,

Her soldier's coat of faded gray.

—George W. Harris.

COL. CHARLES W. ADAMS.—Information is desired at once of Col. Charles W. Adams, who commanded the Twenty-Third Arkansas Infantry, and who previously had an Arkansas battalion. Request is made of any of his soldiers or friends familiar with his military career.



MISS HELEN CHESTNUT,
Maid of Honor, St. Joseph, Mo.



MISS MARIBEL WILLIAMS,
Chief Maid of Honor from Mobile, Ala.



MISS ROSE DEERING,
Maid of Honor, Third Brigade Tennessee
Division U. C. V., Shelbyville, Tenn.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

DEPRESSED, BUT STILL DETERMINED.

It is earnestly desired to make every sentence in the VETERAN pleasing to its patrons. Owing to the stories of lofty and tragic patriotism it has had to tell for ten years, one of its misfortunes has been a seeming disregard for humor. There is enough of sorrow all the time. Will not contributors occasionally lighten the gloom?

In former years the "Last Roll" was omitted from reunion issues, but that department, like cemeteries, increases so rapidly that it is not well to omit an issue. Many who were at Dallas have been called to the reward for earthly deeds.

In view of this melancholy condition, the duty is impressed upon the management of the VETERAN as never before to make renewed appeal to those who are interested—upon those who place the value of such record above all else that can be done for the good of the South and the country for all time. It is impossible to attain the greatest usefulness without the earnest and zealous coöperation of its friends.

Many persons do not seem to realize that the VETERAN is as much a business enterprise as any man's store or farm or other kind of business. There are no other resources for its maintenance than its receipts. While it has been published longer than any similar periodical, and has a circulation larger than ever has been maintained in the South for anything like as long a period, it has been conducted by the writer all these years solely upon the loyalty and zeal of its patrons. All who have had a record of loved ones in the "Last Roll" will have the comfort of knowing that such will be preserved in the annals of Southern history as long as the human race exists, and for such they should feel indebted to the management. For every item of information of missing friends, those who have had the pleasure or benefit are indebted. Thousands of dollars have been expended for engravings of persons so honored, without one cent in return, except instances where the cost of these engravings has been reimbursed. It is doubtful if any periodical has ever done so much absolutely gratuitous service for individuals, while what has been done for the truth in regard to the deeds of hundreds of thousands of the noblest men that ever lived should be credited to its management.

Elsewhere, on pages 226-29, are paragraphs which indicate the appreciation of a multitude. Here are also notes that show how many discontinue without paying what they owe, thereby crippling the enterprise. Unhappily, there are those who diligently seek favor through its columns, and as soon as that is accomplished manifest indifference. The widow of a noble soldier, for instance, directs her subscription discontinued as soon as a sketch of her husband is published. One prominent wealthy veteran, who procured the publication of pictures of his daughters, the engravings of which cost several dollars, declined to pay the cost on the ground that it was a "courtesy due," and discontinued his subscription soon afterward. The wife of a politician who enjoys the VETERAN greatly, writes that her "husband has to take so many papers," but she orders it six months more on her own account.

These facts are stated, not in complaint, but that friends may realize the unfortunate burdens that prevent its enlargement and greater usefulness. Again, many well-to-do people read the VETERAN belonging to neighbors, and never contribute at all to its support. How such persons can afford to miss the opportunity of doing their part is a mystery.

The ordeal through which the VETERAN has passed in vindicating the integrity of Confederate matters is remembered in proper spirit by the Southern people.

CONCERNING FUTURE OWNERSHIP.

Tardiness of action upon a plan for securing perpetuity of the VETERAN is not from lack of interest. It is a delicate matter to solicit coöperation in an enterprise where values are to be fixed by one of the parties. To do so upon a purely equitable basis is difficult.

After much consideration the proposition is made to form a stock company and value the VETERAN with all its assets, except running accounts, at 2,500 shares of \$10 each, and to offer a portion of these shares at par and then to lease the VETERAN by furnishing subscriptions free to stockholders with every share taken—save where postage stamps must be affixed in Nashville and foreign countries—stockholders to have no other reimbursement than these free subscriptions while such arrangement lasts. In this way the management would continue undisturbed, as there would be no liability by the management to shareholders except to supply free subscriptions. For every \$10 one free subscription will be furnished to any address desired. Subscribers for any number of shares—not to exceed ten—may designate as many names to receive the VETERAN while this contract of lease may last. If so desired by any subscriber to the stock, he may have fifteen annual subscriptions upon the surrender of his certificate.

A list of stock subscribers will be published, so that each person will know who are associated in interest. A handsome stock certificate will be made.

This extraordinarily liberal proposition cannot embarrass the publication to the limited extent proposed—as under no circumstances would more than half the shares be offered on these terms.

Two motives induce this proposition. The perpetuity of the VETERAN beyond the peril of any individual life should be secured. There should be thousands pecuniarily interested in it as a business enterprise, while every family in the South should possess its every issue. These burning needs influence the present owner to yearn for a magnetic growth of its power. With its reputation for integrity and its widespread influence, it becomes an easy matter for those who believe in the VETERAN to coöperate in establishing it as the most valuable periodical published.

The present proposition is not commended to Veterans alone, but to their descendants, the Sons and Daughters, who will in time become their successors, and into whose keeping should be intrusted the sacred annals of those who fought for a fair cause.

If this method is not cordially approved, any moneys sent will be returned.

Subscribers to the former proposition are released.



ST. CHARLES HOTEL—GENERAL REUNION HEADQUARTERS, NEW ORLEANS.



THE "CONFEDERATE VETERAN" HEADQUARTERS.

The above engraving indicates the exact place of the VETERAN headquarters during the reunion. It will be seen that the door to the vestibule is at the right hand side, and is the main entrance to the St. Charles Hotel, St. Charles Street. It is indicated by central of the three teams in front of the hotel. Representatives of the VETERAN will also be at other important places. Will all who pay subscriptions be certain that it is to authorized agents?

Many photographs of sponsors and maids of honor were received too late for the May VETERAN.

THE VETERAN TO POOR CONFEDERATES.

Recalling a proposition made through the April issue of the VETERAN, wherein is embodied a plea to send money with names of indigent veterans that they may receive at half price the magazine which they value so highly, a letter is published from Mr. R. W. Douthatt, Morgantown, W. Va., which shows in worthy language the generous impulses of a manly son of the South. He says in part: "I have been thinking for some time of the opportunity many of our wealthy Confederates have to do good through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, by making presents to their poor old Confederate comrades in a year's subscription to the VETERAN. It would be a real 'God send' to many, who would bless such friends to the day of their death. I wish I could send out at my expense 1,000 copies! I am, however, going to send out a few, for I know that not only the veterans, but all members of their families, would rejoice to receive monthly your excellent magazine; and if they should get it for one year, a way might be opened up for them to continue their subscription. Please send the VETERAN to the address of —, —, and —, —, for one year, for I want them and their children to see that there is nothing more interesting or helpful in the history of our Confederacy than the VETERAN. Before this year is out I propose to send to you at least twenty new subscribers, and thus, if in no other way, take stock in perpetuating your valuable publication. I wish the VETERAN continued prosperity, and you a long and happy stay to edit its columns."

Material evidences of a desire to help are already arriving in answer to the editorial referred to, the first coming through John P. Hickman, of Nashville, Tenn., from L. E. Sinsabaugh, a Federal soldier, who belonged to the Forty-Sixth Pennsylvania Infantry, and who now lives at Adams, Tenn. Mr. Sinsabaugh sends one dollar and the names of two old comrades to whom he wishes the VETERAN sent. The other senders of one dollar for the same purpose are Mr. J. B. Davenport, Augusta, Ga., and Mr. George C. Norton, Louisville, Ky.



MISS MARY KIRKPATRICK, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Sponsor for Army of Tennessee Department.

Miss Kirkpatrick's father, John A. Kirkpatrick, Esq., of Montgomery, served in Walter's South Carolina Battery, Washington Artillery. Her mother's father was Gen. J. T. Hotzclaw, who was promoted from the command of the Eighteenth Alabama Regiment. At the time of his death, ten years ago, he was major general Alabama Division, U. C. V.



MISS R. M. POLLARD, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Maid of Honor for Army of Tennessee Department.

Miss Pollard's father was serving as captain on the staff of General Allen at the close of the war. Her uncle, Lieut. Joseph Pollard, was killed at Murfreesboro. Other relatives did valiant service. Her grandfather, Col. Charles T. Pollard, and Maj. Samuel B. Marks both gave largely of their wealth to aid the cause.

JOHN PELHAM.

Just as the spring came laughing through the strife,
With all the gorgeous cheer,
In the bright April of historic life
Fell the great cannoneer.

The wondrous lulling of a hero's breath
His bleeding country weeps—
Hushed in the alabaster arms of Death,
Our young Marcellus sleeps.

Nobler and grander than the Child of Rome,
Curbing his chariot steeds,
The knightly scion of a Southern home
Dazzled the land with deeds.

Gentlest and bravest in the battle-brunt,
The champion of the truth,
He bore his banner to the very front
Of our immortal youth.

A clang of sabers 'mid Virginian snow,
The fiery pang of shells—
And there's a wail of immemorial woe
In Alabama dells.

The pennon drops that led the sacred band
Along the crimson field;
The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless hand
Over the spotless shield.

We gazed and gazed upon the beauteous face,
While round the lips and eyes,
Crouched in the marble slumber, flashed the grace
Of a divine surprise.

O mother of a blessed soul on high!

Thy tears may soon be shed;
Think of thy boy with princes of the sky,
Among the Southern dead.

How must he smile on this dull world beneath,
Fevered with swift renown—
He, with the martyr's amaranthine wreath,
Twining the victor's crown.

—James R. Randall.

Mrs. C. W. Daugette, Treasurer of the Gen. John H. Forney Chapter, U. D. C., Jacksonville, Ala., writes a grateful acknowledgment for the one dollar donation through the *VETERAN* to the John Pelham monument, from Mr. Davenport, of Augusta, Ga. She further says: "Thank you for the Pelham article published in the April number of the *VETERAN*. It has already done much good."

THE OLYMPIAN MAGAZINE.

The Olympian is one of the best high-class illustrated magazines ever published in the South. It includes among its attractions literary and artistic features indicating the highest standards. Among its contributors are the well-known writers Charles Egbert Craddock, John Trotwood Moore, Julian Hawthorne, Madison Cawein, Edward Van Zile, Joseph Altsheler, Lynn Roby Meekin, Sara Beaumont Kennedy, Will T. Hale, Ingram Crockett, Herbert Cushing Tolman, etc. Price, \$1 per year. Ten cents per copy. For sale on all news stands. Address, The Olympian Publishing Co., Nashville, Tenn.

HENDERSON'S LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON.—This remarkable book in two volumes, containing nearly 1,000 pages, originally published at ten dollars, will be furnished by the *VETERAN* with one year's subscription for \$4.35.

PRESIDENT DAVIS AS I KNEW HIM.

BY SUE TARPLEY CARTER.

In the days of my childhood Mr. Davis was a frequent and much-honored guest at the home of my father in Jackson, Miss. Business often called him to the capitol, and as they were warm personal and political friends they were much together, and some of the most vivid memories of my life are connected with that great and good man.

Though but a little girl, I would sit for hours listening to their talk of the serious times that were upon us, and of what the future might bring. They were both slave owners, kind and merciful masters, and the question which was agitating the entire country was often discussed between them in a way to interest even a child. Mr. Davis was a brilliant conversationalist; every word of his was chaste and elegant, and such a fund of information was underlying all he said that it was a liberal education to be with him. He was a type of the Old South, bearing in his personality its culture and refinement. His fine breeding was "always present but never obtrusive." To children he was lovely, listening to them with attention and sympathy. Kind and gentle always, he fulfilled completely my ideal of a Christian gentleman, for he loved his Church and was guided by its teachings in every action of his life. His coming was like sunshine to all; and to me, who had shared a warm place in his heart from my earliest years, it was pleasure unspeakable.

I heard my father say after one of his visits, "Mr. Davis is the grandest man I ever knew;" and I have letters of his while in Washington, when Mr. Davis was Secretary of War, telling of the high esteem in which he was held, and predicting a future for him that would overshadow even his fame in Mexico.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that we were full of pride and delight when he was chosen President of the Confederacy, confident that this choice had fallen on one entirely worthy. He spent a day with us on his way to Montgomery to be inaugurated. He bore his new honors with his usual calm dignity; was full of interest in our little circle, speaking little of himself, but much of the cause we held so dear. O those golden days of hope, I see them through a mist of tears!

When the cannon boomed and the crowd gathered to escort him to the depot, Mr. Davis had a little boy upon his knee trying to mend a broken toy. He put the little fellow down, saying in a tone of voice that touched us all: "This is my last day in private life; to-morrow I belong to the people." Just before he left he turned to me, saying, "Daughter, I have something for you," and left in my hand the picture of himself that accompanies this sketch. For many years I have preserved it carefully, burying it with my jewelry during the war at the approach of the Federals, as the discolorations around the face still show.

When the war was ended and Mr. Davis free, he came to Jackson as the guest of Gov. Humphreys. We had not seen him since those fateful days. He had suffered much, and we longed to do him honor. Alas! our little city was garrisoned by Yankee troops, and we dared not make a demonstration for fear of harm to him. The young people gathered at our house and planned to "storm" Gov. Humphreys and greet his distinguished guest. The Governor, that dear old soldier, grasped our meaning instantly, and I have his note beside me as I write, saying: "Storm on, young ladies; I am ready."

My mother and I were invited to receive with the Governor's family, and I can never forget the deep emotion with which all met Mr. Davis once more with years of suffering and disappointment between us. Mrs. Davis was with him, and dis-

played exquisite tact. Hearts too full for utterance would have broken down but for her timely word or smile.

Mr. Davis came to our home on his return from Scotland. We could have no reception, for the Yankees were with us still, but it was whispered among his friends that he was there, and when evening came there was a constant coming and going in our home for hours, sometimes only a few words or a hand clasp, just enough to let him see that the hearts of the people were with him still. It was a wonderful demonstration, so quiet, so full of feeling.

After the crowd left, we gathered around the fire and for hours Mr. Davis talked in his charming way of his visit to Scotland, and of the kindness he had met there. His love for



MISS EDITH KIDDER, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.,
Chief Maid of Honor Arkansas Division U. C. V. New Orleans.

Scott was intensified by his visit to Loch Katrine, which he said Scott had described so vividly that when it burst upon his view he could hear Fitz James's horn and see fair Ellen push her shallop from the shore. This evening he was altogether like himself before the storms of war and defeat had beat so fiercely upon him. I saw but little of Mr. Davis after this. Our homes were far apart, but when sorrow touched us a word of sympathy always came.

As I write a vision of his kind and gentle face rises before me, and I wonder how some should call him cold and indifferent. Too noble for bitterness, too grand for revenge, he bore "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" with a quiet heroism worthy of such a man and the cause he represented.

The picture of Mr. Davis referred to in Mrs. Carter's tenderly-reminiscent article appears on the title page, and the quotation used is from Stubb's "Constitutional History of England," and was generously suggested for a cover page by the representative of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in the city of New Orleans.

NATIONAL SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS AND NATIONAL RESPONSIBILITY.*

[The Hon. Geo. F. Hoar, United States Senator from Massachusetts, who preceded Bishop Gailor, had severely criticised Secretary Root for saying that negro suffrage is a failure, and had condemned the South for refusing social privileges to negroes, concluding, however, with a very complimentary estimate of the character of Southern people.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen: It was my very earnest desire and sincere intention not to refer in any way to-night to the subject of the address of the venerable and honored Senator from Massachusetts; and yet it would seem impossible for me not to say about three words under the inspiration of the graceful tribute he has paid the South, and without which it would be unbecoming for me to say anything at all.

In the first place, then, the negro race has no more real, sincere, and honest friends in the world than the people of the Southern States, and, in fact, there are more instances of genuine and affectionate friendship between white and black people in that section than anywhere else on earth. If, however, these people—my people—are still in doubt as to whether the negro race, as a race, is capable of independent progress on the lines of culture, civilization, and self-government, without the inspiration and contact of a superior race, that opinion of theirs certainly deserves to be heard. If, furthermore, we think that we are doing the best thing for the negro in our generation by trying to curb and discourage the insane desire existing in some minds to rule and get the upper hand in politics, and by directing their attention to industrial pursuits and the cultivation of self-reliant and useful citizenship, that thought of ours deserves at least serious consideration. We cannot but be offended at such articles as that which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* last September, written by a mulatto, in which the author says, almost in so many words, that if the Southern white man expects the negro to be permanently prevented from marrying white women, they are making the mistake of driving the negro man to taking advantage of white women in other ways. We resent such statements as that, condoned and encouraged as they are by people who are bound by every consideration of honor to give us at least a reasonable and friendly sympathy.

I am not defending Secretary Root. He is able to take care of himself—except that I want to say that the negroes who are making themselves conspicuous in this country just now are negroes of the half-blood, and that the extreme partisan political theory, if the era which gave unrestricted political rights to the negro has not been vindicated, and events have not proved that the negroes as a mass are capable of the discharge of the full duties of citizenship. When the Senator speaks of the negro's right to labor where he pleases, it makes me think of what a negro said to me the other day: "Up North they let us spend our money, but won't let us make it. In the South they let us make it, but won't let us spend it." But the South has a place for the negro, and knows him, and is his true friend. All we ask is to be let alone.

On an occasion like this there is no subject more interesting, more fascinating, than the history of our country; and that history, to my mind, is the record, above all else, of the development of national self-consciousness and the corresponding increase of the sense of national responsibility. A great nation is like an individual person. The realization of itself, of its power, its duty, its destiny, is a thing of gradual growth. In nature, as at present constituted, is the result of evolution,

most emphatically the same principle applies to the development of national life; and, while other nations have taken centuries to reach maturity, the United States has grown to manhood in a little more than five generations, and therefore furnishes the student with the easiest and clearest illustration of the gradual consolidation of a free people into a conscious national personality, in a free government. It shows, for example, how we have grown when I use the expression, "The United States is an illustration," etc. George Washington would have said, and always did say, "are." In 1793 the emphasis was upon the States; in 1903 the emphasis is upon the "Union." That illustrates the growth of national consciousness. Now what must impress the student in the history of this change that has come over our habits of thought and speech is the impossibility of forecasting events or predicting with any certainty the result of politics. The history of our country is the despair of theorists and political prognosticators. When we read "Elliott's Debates" to-day, and consider the objections of the opponents of the Draft Constitution of 1787, or when we read the opinion of that great patriot, Alexander Hamilton, characterizing the Constitution as a "frail and worthless fabric," we smile at their forebodings. What they regarded as elements of weakness have turned out to be in many instances elements of strength.

What man of note in 1803 believed in the safety and reasonableness of committing this government honestly and fairly to the will and judgment of the common people? Yet what man is there in 1903 who has not been taught by the history of a hundred years that, in the long run, there is no safer nor more stable basis of political rectitude than the loyal, practical, common sense of the masses of American citizens? Is it not significant, may we not take it as prophetic, that the two men who have done more than any men since Washington and Jefferson and Marshall to shape the policy and mold the character of the republic were not college graduates, were not professional political philosophers, but were plain men of the people—Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln? The doubts of Hamilton and the evil omens of De Tocqueville have both been discredited, and to the true patriot who accepts the will of the people as the foundation of this government it is a grateful fact and most encouraging that the nation has disappointed the prophets of failure at every epoch in its history.

So when a political theorist of a neighboring monarchy, in his history of our politics, sneers at the insignificance of the war of the Revolution and rather ridicules some of our American heroes, we can afford to be silent as we point to the record of a people who, however humble and insufficient they may have appeared to the doctrinaire, have demonstrated through much tribulation their capacity for large and patient and practical wisdom in the conduct of public affairs.

The Civil War of 1861, for example, seemed to the philosophers to sound the death knell of the republic. Yet I do not believe that there would have been a permanent separation, even if the Confederacy had won its independence. There were too many men in the South like Alexander H. Stephens for this country ever to have degenerated into the condition of South America. But what a curious conflict of misconception, when we look back through forty years, that terrible war was! When Stephens, one of the ablest statesmen and truest patriots America ever had, declared that the war of invasion for the purpose of coercing the seceding States was a violation of the Constitution and the inauguration of anarchy, from his point of view he was right; and the men who agreed with him and followed him were true patriots, because they fought, not for

* Address by Bishop Thos. F. Gailor, delivered at the Union League Banquet, Chicago, February 23, 1903.

self-interest, but for what they saw in their day to be their duty and their liberty. On the other hand, the men who in that same great conflict saw that the Union, and therefore the integrity of the republic, depended upon the issue, and gave their lives to prove it—they also were patriots, and deserved the honor of posterity. When the men whose minds are built on lines three by four, like the squares of a checkerboard, say to me, "They could not have been right," I tell them, "Yes, they were." And it is not the first time in history that good men have seen opposite sides of the same shield, or that the new birth of a nation has come from the conflict and collision of diverse opinion, honestly defended. [Great applause.]

To us in the South the Civil War now appears to have been an epoch in the process of the evolution of the nation, and we welcome the results. *Even the highest patriotism, however, does not demand that we shall regard every detail of that process as divinely ordered.* It is enough for us to know that God maketh the wrath of man to praise him, and that out of



BISHOP GAILOR.

the hot furnace of that affliction he has forged a nation in which mutual respect of section for section has toughened the fiber of loyalty and made hard steel out of common iron. However, the point of my argument is that the history of this country has puzzled the philosophers, and its consistent inconsistencies are the despair of that class of minds which would try to weigh men's enthusiasms in a balance and measure the rainbow with a foot rule.

This republic is the greatest combination the world has yet seen, and, if each individual man and each separate generation of voters do their duty as God enables them to see it, with mutual confidence and good will, we need not fear for the result. We are more successful in interpreting history than in

forecasting. The nation is greater than any section, than any class, than any generation; and the nation, under God, will survive and increase in power and glory when our theories are forgotten and we are in the dust.

Our only danger now is that some good men who are wedded to their own special conclusions of how we ought to grow and what liberty involves shall be tempted to set up new standards of patriotism and sit in judgment on their fellow-citizens. The distinguished author of the "Winning of the West," now President of the United States, calls attention to the fact that New England, for example, in attempting to shape the nation's policy, has always shown itself deficient in "the sense of historical perspective." Our government extends over a vast population and a vast geographical area. Each section has its peculiar problems. One section, with which I am familiar, represents pure and practically unadulterated descent from revolutionary ancestry, and has burdens of its own, which it is conscientiously endeavoring to carry, with the measure of wisdom granted to men for their guidance in their own generation. As they see their duty for this present time, they are trying to discharge it, with honest regard for what experience has taught them to be the best, the very best, interest of all. They do not attempt to predict or forestall the future. That is in God's hand, where we may safely leave it. All that they ask is a reasonable friendliness of judgment, and that the men of one idea, the men who live on abstractions and make no allowance for special conditions, shall not be able to prejudice the public mind against the loyalty, justice, and honesty of their neighbors who happen to differ with them as to present local policies. Yet I know that this kind of one-sided, cocksure judgment of men and conditions is the recurring temptation of people in a government like ours. The strength and the weakness of a democracy is the tendency to develop the individual citizen, and as regards the quality of its individual citizenship the United States can face all the world to-day and be not ashamed. But individualism inevitably exalts the life of mere eagerness, of mere force, and strenuous, devouring activity. It encourages the incessant movement and self-assertion of the commonplace and superficial, whereas the great depths of life are not quivering with excitement nor swept with noisy passion and parade.

What we Americans need is to get a glimpse now and then of the eternal silences where obedience and not dominion, where ends and not means are the objects and satisfaction of life and thought. Therefore I welcome the new awakening of the national consciousness and the sense of national responsibility. I rejoice that we have been flung, in spite of ourselves and almost unknown to ourselves, out into the open, where we have got to answer the question which God Almighty, sooner or later, always asks every nation: "What have you to give? What have you that is worth giving for the common benefit, the common happiness and blessing of all mankind?" I rejoice in it, I say, because it is the promise and prophecy of that larger patriotism, that patriotism in its original and divine form which passes on and out of the mere pride of section and country and becomes a passion of interest and hopefulness for the race itself. In the prevailing power of this spirit, and not in material prosperity alone, rests the safety of the republic. In the dominion of the gospel of love and not hate, of sympathy and not contempt, lies the solution of those tremendous class questions which loom up on the horizon of the future.

In one thing we all agree, to one inspiration we all yield our minds and hearts to-night, and that is the greatness and beneficence of this Union as a power for good, not only to ourselves

and to our children but to all the world. The nation to-day is self-conscious as never before, because new responsibilities have deepened and intensified its vigorous assertion of personal life and are slowly but surely revealing the fact that altruism, unselfish thought for others than ourselves, is God's law of true happiness and true prosperity for peoples as for individuals.

And why may not the recognition of this law and the infusion of this spirit be the safeguard against that canker of selfishness which ultimately destroyed every republic that heretofore has been attempted on earth?

Like Rome, we have had our wars that created the ascendancy of the nation. Like Rome, we are threatened by the gradual dominion of a class called noble whose title to nobility is based on material prosperity, and not on service to their country, representing the supremacy of wealth instead of virtue, of self-interest instead of patriotism. Like Rome, we may have to have our Gracchi to give their lives in protest against the greed and avarice that breeds destruction.

But we shall avoid Rome's judgment and Rome's failure if the new obligations of service to mankind which in our day have come to us from God shall be accepted and discharged in a spirit of justice—justice to ourselves and to other men—sweetened with love and sympathy; if, without carping criticism or bitter words one toward another, but giving each section credit for the best motives and the truest patriotism in dealing with its peculiar problems, we stand together, pledged in the honorable traditions of our race and history, in the bands of brotherhood, to loyalty to the Union and to the fearless handling of all questions with free speech and free thinking, convinced of our duty and destiny as Americans and in the fear of God.

NEGRO ISSUES DISCUSSED IN NEW YORK.

At a mass meeting held in New York City, April 14, in the interest of the Booker Washington Normal and Industrial Institute, Grover Cleveland was the leading speaker. Mayor Low presided. Edgar G. Murphy, Dr. Lyman Abbott, George F. Peabody, and Booker T. Washington were on the platform. Mrs. Cleveland sat in the gallery with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, who were Mr. Cleveland's hosts while in the city.

Mr. Cleveland was greeted with prolonged applause as he was introduced by Mayor Low. He said:

"I have come here to-night as the sincere friend of the negro, and I should be very sorry to suppose that my good and regular standing in such company needed support at this late day either from certificate or confession of faith. Inasmuch, however, as there may be differences of thought and sentiment among those who profess to be friends of the negro, I desire to declare myself as belonging to the Booker Washington-Tuskegee section of the organization.

"I believe that the days of Uncle Tom's Cabin are past. I do not believe that either the decree that made the slaves free or the enactment that suddenly invested them with the rights of citizenship any more purged them of their racial and slavery-bred imperfections and deficiencies than that it changed the color of their skin.

"I believe that among the nearly 9,000,000 negroes who have been intermixed with our citizenship there is still a grievous amount of ignorance, a sad amount of viciousness and a tremendous amount of laziness and thriftlessness. I believe that these conditions inexorably present to the white people of the United States, to each in his environment and under the mandate of good citizenship, a problem which neither enlightened

self-interest nor the higher motive of human sympathy will permit them to put aside.

"I believe our fellow-countrymen in the Southern and late slaveholding States, surrounded by about nine-tenths, or nearly 8,000,000, of this entire negro population, and who regard their material prosperity, their peace, and even the safety of their civilization, interwoven with the negro problem—are entitled to our utmost consideration and sympathetic fellowship.

"I am thoroughly convinced that the efforts of Booker Washington and the methods of Tuskegee Institute point the way to a safe and beneficent solution of the vexatious negro problem at the South; and I know that the good people at the North, who have aided these efforts and methods, have illustrated the highest and best citizenship and the most Christian and enlightened philanthropy.

"I cannot, however, keep out of my mind to-night the thought that, with all we of the North may do, the realization of our hopes for the negro must, after all, mainly depend—except so far as it rests with the negroes themselves—upon the sentiment and conduct of leading and responsible white men of the South, and upon the maintenance of a kindly and helpful feeling on their part toward those in their midst who so much need their aid and encouragement.

"I need waste no time in detailing the evidence that this aid and encouragement has thus far been generously forthcoming. Schools for the education of negro children and institutions for their industrial training are scattered all over the South, and are liberally assisted by the Southern public and private funds. So far as I am informed, the sentiment in favor of the largest extension and broadest influence of Tuskegee Institute and kindred agencies is universal; and I believe that without exception the negroes who fit themselves for useful occupations and service find willing and cheerful patronage and employment among their white neighbors. The man who is beyond doubt the best authority in the world on the prospects of the negro race, he who founded and is now at the head of Tuskegee Institute, and is the most notable representative of negro advancement, said at the Atlanta Exposition in 1895:

"And in this connection it is well to bear in mind that whatever other sins the South may be called to bear, when it comes to business, pure and simple, it is in the South that the negro is given a man's chance in the commercial world, and in nothing is this exposition more eloquent than in emphasizing this chance.

"Our greatest danger is that in the great leap from slavery to freedom we may overlook the fact that the masses of us are to live by the production of our hands, and fail to keep in mind that we shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify common labor and put brains and skill into common occupations of life—shall prosper in proportion as we learn to draw the line between the superficial and the substantial—the ornamental gewgaws of life and the useful."

"I do not know how it may be with other Northern friends of the negro, but I have faith in the honor and sincerity of the respectable white people of the South in their relations with the negro and his improvement and well-being. They do not believe in the social equality of the race, and they make no false pretense in regard to it. That this does not grow out of hatred of the negro is very plain. It seems to me that there is abundant sentiment and abundant behavior among the Southern whites toward the negroes to make us doubt the justice of charging this denial of social equality to prejudice, as we usually understand the word. Perhaps it is born of something so much deeper and more imperious than prejudice as to amount to a racial instinct.

"Whatever it is, let us remember that it has condoned the negro's share in the humiliation and spoliation of the white men of the South during the saturnalia of reconstruction days, and has allowed a kindly feeling for the negro to survive the time when the South was deluged by a perilous flood of indiscriminate, unintelligent, and blighting negro suffrage. Whatever it is, let us try to be tolerant and considerate of the feelings and even the prejudice of racial instinct of our white fellow-countrymen of the South, who, in the solution of the negro problem, must, amid their own surroundings, bear the heat of the day and stagger under the weight of the white man's burden.

"There are, however, considerations related to this feature of the negro question which may be regarded as more in keeping with the objects and purposes of this occasion.

"As friends of the negro, fully believing in the possibility of his improvement and advancement, and sincerely and confidently laboring to that end, it is folly for us to ignore the importance of the ungrudging coöperation on the part of the white people of the South in this work.

"Labor as we will, those who do the lifting of the weight must be those who stand next to it. This coöperation cannot be forced; nor can it be gained by gratuitously running counter to firmly fixed and tenaciously-held Southern ideas, or even prejudices. We are not brought to the point of doing or overlooking evil that good may come when we proceed upon the theory that before reaching the stage where we may be directly and practically confronted with the question of the negro's full enjoyment of civic advantages, or even of all his political privileges, there are immediately before and around us questions demanding our immediate care, and that in dealing effectively with these we can confidently rely upon the encouragement and assistance of every thoughtful and patriotic citizen of the land—wherever he may live and whatever may be his ideas or predilections concerning the more remote phases of the negro problem. These questions that are so immediately pressing have to do with the practical education of the negro, and especially with fitting him to compete with his white neighbors in gaining a decent, respectable, and remunerative livelihood. Booker Washington, in speaking of the conditions and needs of his race, has wisely said:

"It is at the bottom of life we must begin, and not at the top. Nor should we permit our grievances to overshadow our opportunities."

"In summing up the whole matter there is one thing of which we can be absolutely and unreservedly certain. When we aid Tuskegee Institute and agencies like it, striving for the mental and manual education of the negro at the South, we are in every point of view rendering him the best possible service. Whatever may be his ultimate destiny, we are thus helping to fit him for filling his place and bearing its responsibilities. We are sowing well in the soil at 'the bottom of life' the seeds of the black man's development and usefulness. These seeds will not die, but will sprout and grow; and if it be within the wise purpose of God, the hardened surface of no outward sentiment or prejudice can prevent the bursting forth of the blade and plant of the negro's appointed opportunity into the bright sunlight of a cloudless day."

At the conclusion of his address Mr. Cleveland introduced Edgar G. Murphy, Executive Secretary of the Southern Educational Board, who said in part:

"I think that wise men everywhere are recognizing in the principal of Tuskegee one of the greatest moral assets in the life of our country to-day. The South has not applauded him with indiscriminating agreement, or with monotonous,

thoughtless, profitless acclaim. The South has sometimes blamed him. But the South is too fair to him and to his race to allow these occasions of disagreement to distort the broad perspective in which she has viewed and appreciated that arduous public service through which, for twenty years, in cheerful patience and unaffected modesty, he has labored for the up-building of his humble and untutored fellows.

"He has greatly done a great work in response to a great need. North and South there have been those who have seen peril in the negro's progress. But if the progress of the negro bring peril with it, that peril is nothing in comparison with the perils attendant on the negro's failure."

Dr. Lyman Abbot, who followed, said that the South deserved great credit for taking up as it had an untried problem in helping the negro to help himself.

"And the North," he said, "has given her scant credit. She has given him schools that the North has refused him and done many other things towards his future that the North never thought of."

Dr. Abbott next spoke of the great work of Booker T. Washington and praised him in the highest terms, declaring he had done as much for the white race as for the colored. His work had really brought about the union of North and South in the work that he had taken up as his life task.

Quoting a statement made by Henry Ward Beecher, to the effect that we should "make the negro worthy first and then give him suffrage," Dr. Abbott said:

"We made the error of giving him suffrage first, and the unfortunate negro has had to suffer ever since. What the negro wants is education. It all depends upon education whether the negro will be a shackle to our feet or wings to our body."

W. H. Baldwin, Jr., Treasurer of the Tuskegee Institute, announced that since the meeting had begun he had received two telegrams, one announcing a gift of \$10,000 from a lady in Ohio and the other a gift of \$1,000 from a lady and gentleman in the South. He said that \$56,000 had been needed to pay the indebtedness of the Institute, and that taking the gifts into consideration there was still a sum of \$45,000 needed, for which he made an urgent plea, as well as for a further endowment sum.

Mr. Cleveland, in introducing Booker T. Washington, the last speaker of the evening, said:

"I have to introduce to you a man too well known to every man in the United States, a man who has been spoken of too freely and too favorably for it to be necessary for me to say more than—here is Booker T. Washington."

In describing his school, Washington said in part:

"The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute at Tuskegee, Ala., is the outgrowth of the efforts of Gen. S. C. Armstrong, of the Hampton Institute in Virginia. Gen. Armstrong was one of the great seers and prophets who realized that the task of the nation was not fulfilled when the shackles of physical slavery were struck from the limbs of the millions of slaves of the South. He realized that nine millions of human beings steeped in ignorance, minus experience, could be but half free. He foresaw that the nation must have a new birth and a new freedom, and that this regeneration must include the industrial, intellectual, and moral and religious freedom of the ex-slaves. Further, in refusing to return to his comfortable Northern home after the surrender of Appomattox and in deciding to remain in the South, to help in fighting for freedom in the larger and higher sense, Gen. Armstrong appreciated as few Americans have, that the North owes an unfulfilled duty to the South.

"Gen. Armstrong said by word and action that it was unjust

to leave the South with its industrial system disorganized and overturned in the midst of a poverty that forbade the proper education of the white youth—to say nothing of the millions of recently emancipated black children.

"In this connection I am glad that we have another great American and Christian statesman in the person of Hon. Grover Cleveland, who is manifesting by his presence and words here this evening that he, too, is conscious of the fact that the lifting up of the negro is not alone Tuskegee's problem, not alone the negro's concern, not alone the South's duty, but is the problem of the nation, because the whole people were responsible for the introduction and perpetuation of American slavery."

WHAT OTHERS HAVE SAID.

Col. A. K. McClure, of Philadelphia, in an address before the Progressive Union at New Orleans, February 21, on the negro question, said that the Northern States and the Northern people should keep their hands off and permit the Southern States to settle the race problem in their own way. He continued:

"The first annulment of universal suffrage was made in the District of Columbia. They did not wait there, as you have had to wait here in some of the Southern States, until you were stripped of all things worth stealing. If we could only get men in public places, from the President down or up, to understand that the people of the South are the only people in the world who can solve the race question, and leave it to them to solve it in their own way, as they have done so far, and surely will do in the end, it will be solved with due regard to the interests of the black man, who is indispensable to the whites, and it will be solved so that it never can be revived again. It is the last question left, and apparently whenever a politician has exhausted all of his other political assets he starts anew on the question of disfranchisement of the negro."

When Senator Hoar spoke before the Union League Club in Chicago, he expressed sentiments which bear unusual significance, coming as they do from a Massachusetts man highly honored by his countrymen:

"I know how sensitive our Southern friends are on this matter of social equality and companionship, and I think that I might say fair and properly—and that perhaps I have a right to say it—that it is not wise for the people of the North to undertake to deal rashly or even to judge hastily of a feeling so deeply implanted in their bosoms.

"Time, the great reconciliator, will reconcile them to that if in the nature of things and in the nature of man they ought to be reconciled to it. And if not, some other mode of life for them must be devised.

"Now, my friends, having said what I thought to say on this question, perhaps I may be indulged in adding that, although my life politically and personally has been a life of almost constant strife with the leaders of the Southern people, yet as I grow older I have learned not only to respect and esteem, but to love the great qualities which belong to my fellow-citizens of the Southern States. They are a noble race. We may well take pattern from them in some of the great virtues which make up the strength as they make the glories of the free States. Their love of home; their chivalrous respect for women; their courage; their delicate sense of honor; their constancy, which can abide by an opinion or a purpose or an interest for their States through adversity and through prosperity, through the years and through the generations, are things by which the people of the more mercurial North may take a lesson. And there is another thing—covetousness, corruption, the low tem-

tation of money have not yet found any place in our Southern politics.

"Now, my friends, we cannot afford to live, we don't wish to live, and we do not live, in a state of estrangement from a people who possess these qualities. They are friends of ours, born of our birthing, flesh of our flesh, blood of our blood; and whatever may be the temporary error of any Southern State, I, for one, if I have a right to speak for Massachusetts, say to her: 'Entreat me not to leave thee nor to return from following after thee. For where thou goest I will go, and where thou stayest I will stay also. And thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

The following is an expression from Rev. R. D. Stinson, an Atlanta colored preacher, before a meeting of A. M. E. preachers at Brooklyn, N. Y., April 15:

He declared that mass meetings in the North, agitating for the negro of the South, did the masses in the South great injury; that the negro in the South was all right; that he was owning homes, educating his children, and did not demand social equality, and that as far as he was concerned he would rather live in the South than to be a millionaire in New York.

"The sooner the great mass of our people entertain a good opinion of the South the better it will be for us," said the speaker. "There is as much ignorance, bad feeling, and prejudice existing in the North as in the South. The South is the place for the negro. You have no place for us in the North. The negro is going to stay in the South and make the best of his condition.

"I am not saying this because I want the favor of any one. I am not crouching."

His speech created quite a commotion. Others, who are under the influence of the powers of darkness, condemned his utterances sharply.

The *Houston Post* publishes a letter from J. B. Raynor, a negro, which was addressed to President Roosevelt. Should the chief executive read it, he will learn something to his advantage. The colored man states correctly the Southern white man's attitude in the matter. Explaining who the Southern man is, this negro says that "he is the true American, the son of the patriots of 1776, and he is brave, proud, dictatorial, and loves and honors his women and home with a devotion which makes him superior to all other races of mankind. Again, the Southerner feels his superiority, because he knows it, and he will not submit to be ruled by any inferior race. Again, the Southerner is the most generous of men, and is charitable to a fault, and cares nothing for wealth, but loves honor with a devotion sublime. Again, the Southerner is the only man in the world who truly knows negro idiosyncrasies, and he knows how to treat and handle the negro. The Southerner is the negro's best and only friend, and has done more, and will do more, for the negro than any other man living. All the land that the negroes own in the South they bought from the Southerner, and the worthy negro is just as secure in his political rights in the South as a worthy white man is in New England."

The *Indianapolis Sentinel* says: "Henry Watterson's plea for a common sense view of the negro problem in the South by the people of the North will have a great deal more sympathetic reception now than it would have had twenty years ago, or even ten years ago, and one reason of it is the influx of negroes at the North. The Northern people are beginning to get some idea of the problem from experience."

WHY THE SOUTH SECEDED.

[Address of Hon. John H. Reagan, only surviving member of the Confederate States Cabinet, before the R. E. Lee Camp, at Fort Worth, Tex., April 19, 1903.]

Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: I answer your request for a statement of the cause of the war.

It would be pleasant to speak of the heroic valor of the Confederate soldiers, of the skill and intrepidity of their officers, of the patriotism and wisdom of the members of Congress who enacted the laws for the organization and conduct of the Confederate government, of the great and patient labor of the Confederate cabinet and their assistants, of the masterly statesmanship, self-sacrificing devotion, and sublime courage and constancy of President Jefferson Davis, and of the matchless devotion, services, and holy prayers of the women of the Confederacy for the success of the cause in which their fathers, husbands, and sons were engaged. But for the present I must forego the discussion of these interesting themes, and call your attention from the glories of the past to the questions of future interest.

During the war, 1861 to 1865, and ever since there has been a studied, systematic effort on the part of those who were our adversaries to pervert and falsify the history of the causes which led to that war, and the conduct of the war, and to educate the public mind to the belief that it was a causeless war, brought about by ambitious Southern leaders. And it is much to be regretted that this policy has had a very large measure of success. This has been brought about largely by the baseless assumptions in acts of Congress and the doings of the Executive Department, in the action of State Legislatures and of political conventions, the declarations of public speakers, and by the writers in newspapers and magazines.

It will be the purpose of what I shall say to-day to show the great wrong and injustice done to those who supported the Confederate cause, by this systematic falsifying of the great facts of history on this subject.

In proposing to do this we must recognize the fact that that great war ended nearly forty years ago, and that we are now fellow-citizens with those who occupied the other side, living in the same government, under the same Constitution, laws, and flag, and interested as they are in the peace of the country and the welfare of all its people, with no desire to revive the passions and prejudices of the war, and with an earnest wish for the best fraternal relations between the people of the two sections of the country. While this is our earnest wish, we cannot consent to a perversion of history which would brand the defenders of the Confederate cause as rebels and traitors, and teach that falsehood to our children and to posterity. And we are led to hope that in after times, when the passions of the war have subsided, and when the prejudices engendered by it have died out, that none of the people of this great republic will wish such a stain to be attached to any part of their fellow-citizens. However this may be, it is a paramount duty on our part to preserve and perpetuate the real history of the causes of that greatest war of modern times, as those causes are witnessed by the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, by the history of the action of the Congress, of the courts of the country, of the messages of Presidents, by the acts of the Governors and Legislatures of States, by the declarations of political conventions—in fact, by the political history of the United States down to the time when that political crusade was actively commenced which led up to that bloody conflict. Fortunately for the truth of history, these facts appear

in the imperishable records of the Federal and State governments, and in the entire history of this country which preceded the war, and it is to these facts, which cannot be successfully controverted, that I shall appeal to-day.

It has been to a large extent assumed that negro slavery was the cause of that war. This is not strictly true. It was the occasion of the war, but not the principal cause of the war. The real cause of the war was sectional jealousy, the greed of gain, and the lust of political power by the Eastern States. The changing opinions of civilized nations on the subject of slavery furnished the occasion which enabled political demagogues to get up a crusade which enabled them in the end to overthrow, in part at least, the Constitution of the United States, and to change the character of the Federal government by a successful revolution.

This sectional jealousy was strongly developed at the time of the purchase of the Louisiana territory, in 1803. That purchase was bitterly opposed, especially by the people of the New England States, one of the grounds of opposition being that it would add to the power of the agricultural States and be opposed to the interests of the manufacturing States, for then, as ever since, they desired to control the policy of the Federal government, and to use it as an agency for the promotion of individual and sectional interests. And in their opposition to this measure they threatened to secede from the Union. This jealousy was still further manifested at the time of the war of 1812, a war which was gone into more for the protection of the shipping interest of the New England States, and for free trade and sailors' rights, than for any other cause. They denounced that war and gave encouragement to the enemies of the United States, furnishing signal lights to the enemy. Their Members of Congress, their Governors of States, their State Legislatures, and a convention called for the purpose threatened to secede from the Union. This jealousy again manifested itself when Missouri was admitted as a State, because, as they assumed, it would increase the power of the agricultural States and be against the interest of the manufacturing States. And on like grounds they opposed the acquisition of Texas and of the territory of Mexico, acquired as a result of the war with that country. And in their greed to levy tribute on the South by means of high protective tariffs they drove South Carolina into nullification in 1831, and an armed conflict was only averted by a compromise reducing the duties on imports.

Up to 1820 there had been no serious trouble over the question of African slavery, and, as shown by Mr. Bancroft, New England's great historian, in his history of the United States, slavery in some form then existed in every civilized government in the world. It had been planted in the American Colonies by the governments of Great Britain, France, and Spain, and by the Dutch merchants, all of them participating in the African slave trade. And it was defended and justified by the Churches and the priesthood on the ground that it was transferring the Africans from a condition of barbarism and cannibalism to a country where they could be at peace, learn something of the arts of civilized life and of the Christian religion. And the New Englanders became largely engaged in the African slave trade, and they, to some extent, as their history shows, made slaves of the Indians and shipped them off to the West Indies. And African slavery existed in all the colonies at the date of the Declaration of Independence (1776), and it existed in all the States except Massachusetts in 1787, the date of the formation of the Constitution of the United States.

The question of slavery was first brought seriously into our politics in 1820-21, when Missouri was admitted as a State.

Public opinion in this and other countries began to change on this question, and Great Britain and France abolished slavery in their West India possessions and the question began to be agitated more extensively in the United States in 1852.

The great number of immigrants from Western Europe made white labor cheap in the Eastern States, and slave labor was not regarded as profitable there, and those who owned slaves then sold them to the rice, cotton, and sugar planters of the South, where their labor was more profitable. In this way the States which contained a majority of the population of the United States became what were called free States, and the politicians, to secure advantage of the South in legislation and to secure offices by popular favor, appealed to this sectional majority, and aroused and cultivated hostility to the people of the South because of the existence of slavery in those States. In 1856 the agitation of this subject developed a political party strong enough for a national organization, which nominated John C. Fremont for President and William L. Dayton for Vice President, and this ticket received one hundred and fourteen votes in the electoral college, all from the free States, as against one hundred and seventy-four for Buchanan and Breckenridge, who were elected—all the Southern States and the States of Pennsylvania and New Jersey voting for the Buchanan ticket, making nearly a strict sectional division.

This demonstration of sectional strength caused an increase of the aggressiveness of the politicians of the North, and their appeals in favor of the liberty of the slaves greatly fired Northern sentiment and led to the national success of the anti-slavery party four years later, when Mr. Lincoln was elected President and Hannibal Hamlin Vice President, by a purely sectional majority. In these appeals to the sentiment in favor of popular liberty no consideration was given to the question of race and the capacity for self-government and for the duties of freemen. A reference to the British and French West India Islands, in which the blacks have been in a condition of chronic revolution ever since they were set free, was calculated to have given pause to a people not blinded by partisan zeal.

The leaders of that party, including President Lincoln and Mr. Seward, insisted that this country could not remain half free and half slave, and their party leaders proclaimed that there was a higher law than the Constitution of the United States. They claimed that their mission was to liberate the slaves, and, without the consent of the Southern States, they could only do this by substituting a popular majority of the people of all the States in place of the Constitution, with its limitations on the power of the Federal government, and by a revolutionary movement in plain violation of the Constitution.

Article I., Section 3, of the Constitution recognizes the persons bound to service, in defining the free people of the country. Article I., Section 9, of the Constitution provides that the slave trade shall not be prohibited before the year 1808, twenty years after its adoption. Article IV., Section 2, Clause 3 of the Constitution provides for the return of fugitive slaves escaping from one State and found in another. So it is seen that in this solemn compact between the States and the people of the Union African slavery and the right of property in such slaves was recognized and protected. In bringing to your view these great facts I am not doing so for the purpose of saying that slavery was right or wrong in itself, nor for the purpose of condemning those humane feelings which favored its abolition. And I say for myself, and I think I speak the sentiments of the great body of the Southern people, that I would not restore slavery if I had the power to do so. I am calling attention to these facts to show that the unconstitu-

tional and revolutionary methods adopted by the Republicans to secure its abolition, involving as it did the breaking up of the social and industrial system of fifteen States of the Union, the confiscation of three thousand million dollars' worth of what the Constitution and the laws held to be property, the risk of a servile war (then much feared by the Southern people), the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of human lives, the making of countless widows and orphans, and the sacrifice of many billions of dollars' worth of property, attended with all the sufferings and horrors of the greatest war of modern times.

When the American colonies came to be formed into States, as the result of the Revolutionary war, warned by the oppressions and denial of rights imposed on them by the crown of Great Britain, each of them accompanied their State Constitutions with a "Bill of Rights" in which it was declared that the people possessed certain inalienable rights of which they could not be deprived, which they specified; so when the American people came to form the Constitution of the United States, animated by the same jealousy of the unlimited power of government, they created a government with delegated and strictly limited powers only, and for greater security for their liberty and rights they provided that the powers not therein delegated were reserved to the States and to the people respectively. The Federal government was given jurisdiction over questions of a national and those of an inter-State character, while the States retained jurisdiction over all the local questions and domestic institutions. This is the authority for the doctrine of State rights. Slavery was from the first treated by all the States as a domestic institution, to be controlled or disposed of as each State might choose for itself. And this is the reason why the Northern States abolished slavery without asking the sanction of the Federal government. And when the people of the Northern States commenced their crusade for the abolition of slavery by the numbers and powers of their people where slavery did not exist, and in the States where it did exist without their consent, they commenced a revolution in distinct violation of the Constitution and laws; they made themselves a lawless, revolutionary party, and became rebels against the Government of the United States. And when they levied war to carry out their policy they became traitors. But the minority could not try and punish the treason of the majority. Their pretense was that they were fighting to save the Union, and they made thousands of honest soldiers believe they were fighting for the Union. Their leaders knew that the Union rested on the Constitution, and that their purpose was to overthrow the Constitution. The Union the soldiers fought for was the Union established by the Constitution. The Union the leaders sought was only to be attained by the subversion of the Constitution, the annulment of the doctrine of State rights, the making of a consolidated central republic, abolishing the limitations prescribed by the Constitution and substituting a popular majority of the people of the whole Union in their stead, and to open the way for individual and corporate gain through the agency of the government.

In the face of these great historic truths that party has habitually and constantly charged that the war was causeless and brought about by ambitious political leaders of the South, and that the Confederates were rebels and traitors. Can any one conceive of a greater departure from truth, or of a more audacious attempt to falsify history? And that, too, in the face of the Constitution and laws, in the face of the imperishable public record of the country and of the public history of their own actions.

I have thus endeavored to give some of the facts and reasons which justified the Southern people in attempting to withdraw their allegiance from a government openly hostile to the rights of their State and people in order to form for themselves a government friendly to those rights.

Our people were not responsible for the war; it was forced on them. They were not rebels or traitors. They simply acted as patriots, defending their rights and their homes against the lawless and revolutionary action of a dominant and reckless majority.

I refer those wishing fuller reliable information on this subject to President Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," and to Vice President Stephens's "War Between the States."

EVOLUTION OF THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

Mrs. T. J. Latham, President of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., read the following paper at the last State convention:

"If I were a painter, I would trace
On canvas fair a beauteous face
Crowned with a wealth of Titian hair,
Cheeks whose crimson would compare
With a Western sunset ever rare,
Lips that only partly close
As the dew-fed petals of a rose,
And eyes that shine, as one draws near,
Like stars at midnight bright and clear."

"In painting the portrait of the women of the early South I would dip my brush in the blue of sincerity, the white of purity, and blending in rainbow tints the environments of her

life. I would paint her as I found her—sweet, lovable, gentle, clinging in confidence to those of her family, and with a deep trust in her friends. A heart open to mother and father, a woman to give her whole heart to her husband, and one at once worthy to become the head of a household, the mother of well-born children, and a wife of whom it may be said, 'The heart of her husband doth trust in her.'

"Nowhere existed a purer and loftier type of refined and cultured womanhood than in the early South, and the hospitality and social intercourse of our grandmothers and their friends were highly cultured and refined. Their modesty was womanly and native. They were unaccustomed to the gaze of the world, and shrank from publicity. Men were the bread-winners; women, the homekeepers. The graces in which the Southern women excelled, and which I would fain paint on my canvas, were neatness, grace, beauty of person, ease and freedom without boldness of manner, mind innately refined and cultivated, brilliant in gay wit and repartee, with thought and character spotless and pure, a laudable pride of family, and an untiring devotion to home, friends, kindred, and loved ones. When finished I would drape this picture in soft white stuff of cobweb texture, such as we see in dreams, and I would call it 'a type of the sweet long ago.'

"Then I would set me another easel—another canvas ready for paints and brushes. But this time palette must needs have the crimson tints of war, tubes of black for many heart sorrows, and all these colors that portray courage, endurance, loyalty, ambition, and success, for the years are many since my 'Type of the Sweet Long Ago' made the world better and brighter by her being in it. The world has progressed; so also have our Southern women. But the virtues that adorn and ennoble the picture of my second easel find their origin in that womanhood which for forty years has been the product and the pride of the Southern people. These years in passing have brought to the Southern women many changes; they have put into activity the stronger qualities of character and mind, that were latent until stirred by trials, hardships, adversity, and, in some instances, poverty. How often we see it that many women weak in prosperity prove themselves towers of strength in adversity. Thought and action go hand in hand. Heart and brain in unison accomplish wonders.

"In many States women have asked for property rights; they have petitioned for voice in the making of laws against licensed liquor, and for many other highly salutary enactments. They have knocked at the doors of State universities and been admitted; they have been the moving spirit in establishing industrial and reform schools for girls; they have caused able women to be placed on boards of public institutions; they have taken an interest in municipal affairs, with the result of public libraries, public drinking fountains for man and beast, police matrons, public parks, and clean streets. In Colorado they have an organization for the consumption of home products, and by pledging themselves to purchase all articles made in Colorado in preference to foreign goods, provided the price and quality are the same, they have given an impetus to all lines of work, from market gardener to extensive manufacturer. This is worthy of emulation by the women of every State in the Union.

Education to-day is broader, and every woman is free to develop her own personality. We boast that any American boy may become President of the United States; so also may we add that any American girl may become mistress of and grace the White House.

Our free schools are becoming more perfect day by day; industrial schools are being built and industrial departments



MRS. T. J. LATHAM.

are being added to our free school courses. In the Sophia Newcomb Annex of the Tulane University, New Orleans, is given instruction in decorative art. Virginia has the Miller Manual Labor School in Albemarle County. In Washington, D. C., in Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, Texas, Mississippi, and other States, these industrial courses are open to girls mainly through the efforts of Southern women. Our Miss Jennie Higbee has done as much in the interest and to promote education in our State as any one, and there are Mrs. Pilcher, Miss Pearson, Mrs. McClung, and others.

Cooking is now considered a fine art, and our girls are gratified to be able to say that they have taken a thorough course in the intricacies of the culinary art.

It has been said that there are many more literary women now than formerly, yet among the papers and old letters safely hid away in grandmother's trunk may be found sweet thoughts couched in pretty verse, and bright literary flowers pressed between the leaves of a prayer book or hymnal. We readily see hereditary genius in the granddaughter, burning all the brighter in that the literary fire in grandmother was kept smothered.

Necessity has forced some literary women from the retirement of domestic life. Whatever has been the incentive, we bless them that have brought us in touch with such writers as Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock), Will Allen Dromgoole, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Mary Johnston, Sara Beaumont Kennedy, Anna Robinson Watson, Mrs. McKinney, of Knoxville, Hallie Erminie Rives, of Virginia, Sarah Barnwell Elliot, Mrs. Sneed, Ellen Douglass Glasgow, Augusta B. Evans, Catherine Cole, Grace King, Miss Cicor, of New Orleans, and Frances Hodgson Burnett.

In art we know that Caroline Brooks, whose Vanderbilt group at the World's Columbian Exposition created such favorable comment, and whose bust of Admiral Dewey was presented to him during his visit to St. Louis, is a Southern woman. In Helena, Ark., she began her career, and, as she expressed it, 'found her fortune in her churn.' She has become the world's greatest molder in butter, her work having been a special feature at the Omaha Exposition. Mrs. Brooks works out all her own conceptions in butter before beginning her marble work. A visit to her cold storage rooms is one of much interest. Among the many other artists, I mention Mesdames Herrick, Ross, and Shurtleff, of California, who excel in ceramic art. Mrs. Cora Whitmore, of Memphis, excels in china. Figure work is her specialty. Misses Yandell and Pattie Thum, of Kentucky, Mrs. Newman, of Murfreesboro, whose painting, 'Breaking Bread,' had honorable mention at the Paris salon. Matilda Lotz, of Knoxville, whose skill was appreciated by Rosa Bonheur, and to whom the famous artist willed nearly all her property. Sarah Ward Conley, of Nashville, designed the beautiful Woman's Building at the Tennessee Centennial. Mrs. Fannie May Longman and Mrs. Annie Stephenson Morgan, of Memphis, whose abilities are recognized as the finest in the State; also Misses Martha Day Fennner, of Jackson, Anthony, of Brownsville, Mary Solari, Margaret Ash, Minnie Lanier Rains, Fannie Gober, and Mrs. Carrington Mason, all of Memphis, gifted artists.

In music Southern women have taken high rank in the world, and those who can stir the noblest impulses by sweet harmony of sound are indeed benefactors of the human race. Miss Lillian Chenoweth, a gifted Mississippi girl, since her solo at the McKinley Memorial at Washington, is in so much demand that it is impossible to meet dates offered her. Mrs. Joseph Reynolds, of Memphis, was president and in-

structor of a band of music when only eleven years old, and is a most proficient teacher and performer. Margaret Freeling, known as "Mad Nori," of Jackson, Tenn., created a sensation in Italy with her wonderful voice. Mrs. C. P. J. Mooney and Mrs. E. C. Latta are gifted singers. Many others deserve mention.

In drama we need not go farther than our own loved Tennessee to find talented women who have achieved enviable success. Among those prominent are Maud Jeffries, Marcia VanDresser, Mrs. Tim Murphy (Saunders), Maud Fealy, Florence Kahn, Bessie Miller, of Memphis, and Kate Cheatham, of Nashville.

Self-support is laudable, and many of our most popular women in society are self-supporting. There are successful doctors, merchants, inventors, farmers, editors, lawyers, trained nurses, miners, educators, stock raisers, financiers, etc. In fact, when we see the success Mrs. Eilitch has attained with her botanical and zoölogical gardens, the skill with which Mrs. Goodnight, of Texas, manages her ranch, with its magnificent herd of buffaloes, Mrs. Cosgrove, one of the most successful dealers of real estate of Joplin, Mo., Mrs. H. W. R. Story, known as the woman fruit grower of Southern California, and who has the largest walnut groves in the world, we cease to believe that there are limitations to the aspirations and achievements of Southern women. For the Southern women the years are blended, the environments and conditions, as the artist blends his colors. Now I would that I could blend my colors and paint my second picture in 'the evolution of the women of the South,' portraying the transition from 'A Type of the Sweet Long Ago' to 'A Southern Woman of To-Day.' Under the inspiration of such representative women as are assembled here, leaders in literature, art, club life, music, and every field of culture and utility,

"If I were a painter, I would trace
On canvas fair a woman's face."

Well, ladies, frankly I know not better how to make that picture perfect than to produce a composite portrait of the faces I see before me."

THE THREE.

MRS. W. V. TOMPKINS, PRESCOTT, ARK.

To-night where the grass grows soft and thick,
And the evergreens whisper and nod,
Are the homes of the three who tired of life,
And whose souls have gone to God.

And one went out when the day was young
And the battle was to the strong,
With the sunrise full in his glowing face,
In his heart, on his lips a song.

And one went out when the day was hot,
With the blood lust blinding his eyes.
He fought for honor and he fought for fame,
But for the dead there is no prize.

And one fared forth when the day was dead,
And his heart was weary of strife;
And he fought and fell for a vanquished flag,
But the guerdon he won was—life.

George S. Cantrell, Pineville, Ark.—Wishes to correspond with members of his old company and regiment. He was in Capt. James Dye's Company C, Morgan's Fifty-First Alabama Regiment.

FIRST ALABAMA BATTALION REMINISCENCES.

Byrd Fitzpatrick Meriwether, Snowdoun, Ala., writes that he joined the Confederate army at the age of sixteen, in February, 1862, in Montgomery, Ala., Gov. H. B. Moore being Governor of the State at that time. Capt. Daniel S. Troy was his first captain. The company was assigned to Hilliard's Legion, which was made up in Montgomery. The legion was divided into four battalions, of which this was Company A of the First Battalion, under Maj. J. W. Holt. The first camp was in Hall's Woods, now Highland Park, a suburb of Montgomery. It was called Camp Mary.

Comrade Meriwether says: "We were stationed there a month or six weeks, leaving for the front about the 23d of March. We were assigned to the Western army, under Gen. Bragg. The command participated in the Kentucky campaign, but was held in reserve at the battle of Perryville. The army retreated by Cumberland Gap, at which place my command was stationed for several months. From thence we went to Chickamauga, arriving in time to take part in the great battle there, which began on Friday evening, September 18, 1863. On Sunday afternoon, September 20, about four o'clock, we were ordered to charge the enemy's breastworks, when I was badly wounded and left on the field to die, but was removed on the seventh day and carried to Ringgold, Ga. My father found me and started home with me, and had gone as far as Newnan, Ga., when I was so exhausted that we had to stop, and stayed there until I was able to make the journey home, a mere skeleton. After about a year I rejoined my command, which had been sent from Chickamauga with Gen. Longstreet's Corps to the Virginia army at Petersburg. Not having sufficiently recovered from my wounds to return to active service, I was ordered to report to Gen. Gracie. I called at the general's tent, and he said he wanted me for one of his couriers, but sent me to the division infirmary to remain for several weeks, after which I was assigned to the Commissary Department, under Capt. Montgomery. The department was stationed at what was known as the Model Farm, near Petersburg. During the winter, a part of which was very severe, the army suffered greatly from cold and hunger. Our dear boys were in line of battle for seven long months behind breastworks, virtually living in the ground. Sometimes the mud was almost knee deep. Gen. Lee withdrew his army from Richmond and Petersburg on the morning of April 2, 1865. Well do I remember that fatal morning. A fellow asked me to stay all night, and the next morning I was minus a splendid pair of shoes just from the Quartermaster Department. I went for two days over rugged and rocky roads barefooted. I don't know how I stood it, but kept in my place. I reckon the fear of being captured stimulated me. I was fortunate enough on the 3d day of March to get other shoes, of red leather, Scotch downs, which were splendid for marching. Gen. Lee continued his retreat for seven days at hard marching and fighting.

"I forgot to mention that after the battle of Chickamauga the Fourth Battalion of Hilliard's Legion was consolidated into the Second Regiment, making the Fifty-Ninth and Sixtieth Regiments. My company was in the Sixtieth Regiment, with John W. A. Sanford as colonel commanding. My first captain, Daniel S. Troy, was lieutenant colonel. My company was the Sixth F, with David A. Clarke as cap-

tain. Realizing his condition and knowing the uselessness of further fighting, Gen. Lee surrendered his entire army unconditionally to Gen. Grant on the 9th day of April, 1865. I heard Gen. Lee making his farewell address to the soldiers who had followed him for four long years. That was the saddest day of my life. My captain lost his leg on the morning of the surrender. We were released on the 12th of April, and given choice of coming home by land or water. I came by water, arriving at home on Sunday, May 7, 1865."

DEAD ANGLE.

B. H. HARMON.

I see in the March issue of your valuable VETERAN that Comrade Kearny, of Trezevant, Tenn., wants some comrade to write about Dead Angle, Georgia campaign, 1864. I am anxious to read, and hope that some comrade will write a history of that place—its fortifications, battles, and hardships. The writer was there, but was only a boy and in the trenches, and his observations were limited. In fact, it appears more like a dream. My impression is that Dead Angle and Kennesaw Mountain are the same, or that "Dead Angle" is a point on the Kennesaw Mountain, fortified and occupied by Cheatham's command from the 22d day of June until the morning of July 4, when it was evacuated. The armies were so close together at this angle that each threw turpentine balls into the lines of the other, and would keep it up all night to prevent an attack during the night. Our intrenchments were wide and deep, with strong embankments thrown up, and logs placed on top with port-holes beneath for rifles. A strong abatis and *chevaux de frise* works of defense were placed above and out in front of our works, so that it would have been almost an impossibility for Cheatham's men to have been routed from that strong position. On the 27th of June, 1864, our works were assaulted by the enemy, but bravely repulsed. The battlefield was a skirt of woods, and it caught on fire, and the cries and lamentations of the dying and wounded could be heard all around. An armistice was called long enough to bury the dead and release the wounded from the scorching flames. We lost some brave boys in this attack as ever shouldered a musket or buckled on a sword. Lieut. George Rice and Thomas C. Balentine, both from Friendship, Tenn., Capt. John Beasley, and other gallant soldiers fell here, besides many others whom I do not now remember.

A retreat was effected from this place through a deep-cut ditch running out from our trenches and covered over with timber and dirt, leading to the valley below and to the bridge across the river. And while the last of us were crossing the bridge it was in a light blaze from one end to the other. A few days before this awful catastrophe our Lieut. Gen. Polk was killed at New Hope Church, and a day or two after this our Brig. Gen. A. J. Vaughan lost his leg. We lost many good and brave men from this neighborhood on that campaign. James T. Echols, after standing at his post thirty-six hours without relief, was killed. Our picket line at that point was not exceeding one hundred yards from the Federal pickets.

May the VETERAN live to chronicle the correct history and record the last grand reunion of the ex-Confederate soldiers. A few more storms and sunshines will wind up the Federal and Confederate soldiers of 1861-65. We wish that all Confederate soldiers, their sons and daughters, could take and read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. We prize it above any publication that comes to our home.

PROUD OF HIS FATHER'S RECORD.

Hon. John I. Cox, of Bristol, is now serving his second term in the Senate of Tennessee, from the Second Senatorial District. In 1903 he represented Sullivan County in the House of Representatives. He has ever been a warm supporter of measures for helping unfortunate Confederates. In the Legislature of 1901, as chairman of the Finance, Ways, and Means Committee, that the pension appropriation was increased to \$50,000 annually was largely through his activity and zeal. During the consideration of the Tennessee pension bills in the Senate, on February 11 last, Senator Cox made an address in which he said:

"I have been criticised for my action in opposing an appropriation of \$25,000 for a monument on Shiloh battlefield. I opposed the same because I felt that the memory of the dead was secure and for the present it is best to care for the living who are destitute, disabled, and without friends able to support them.

"I am in favor of the old soldiers. And why should I not be? In 1861, while the bands were playing 'Dixie,' the sweetest of all martial music, and loving mothers and fair daughters—patriotic women—were encouraging their husbands, their sons, their brothers, and their sweethearts to volunteer their services in defense of their beautiful Southland, there was one in the vigor of his young manhood who, along with his kinsmen, friends, and neighbors, volunteered his services in defense of the cause of the South.

"Leaving behind a young wife and infant children, leaving a son yet unborn, he went into a war to settle the unavoidable conflict entailed on him and his countrymen by slavery and the Constitution.

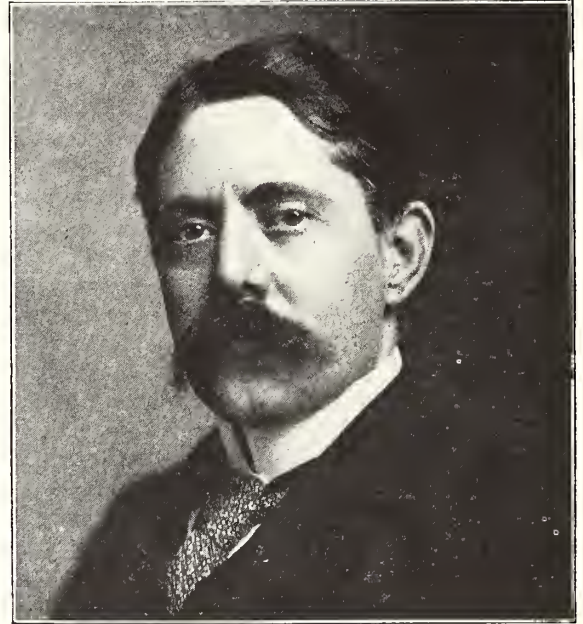
"He owned not a slave. As he departed he said to his loving wife: 'I go, not against the Union, but with my kin, my friends, my neighbors, my country, the South.'

"He was in many of the hard-fought battles of that, the most bloody and terrific war ever waged on this continent. He fought side by side with men as brave as ever fought in Cæsar's legions or in Napoleon's guard. Four years he spent in camp and in siege, in march, and in battle. When that cruel war had ended and the remnants of the armies of the Confederacy were marching home, they came from a hundred battlefields, upon which they left the dead more numerous than the living. They came from the battlefield of Chancellorsville, whence the spirit of the immortal Stonewall Jackson had gone 'marching on to fame's eternal camping ground.' They came from Appomattox, bearing souvenirs made from the apple tree under which Lee had surrendered. They came to a land of want and hunger. They came to a land filled with starving women and ragged children. They came to a land through which Stoneman and Sheridan had raided with the boast that they left not a sufficiency to sustain a crow in its flight over the land. They came to a land through which Sherman had marched with fire and sword to the Southern sea, leaving black ruin and desolation in his wake.

"When they returned the one of whom I speak came not with them; but to-day his bones sleep in a Confederate burying ground in an unmarked and an unknown grave. But, thank Heaven, 'God knows where to find the souls of such men,' and in the beyond I hope to meet him and be able to say, 'Father, in yonder world no effort of mine was wanting to make happy and comfortable the declining years of those old comrades of yours whose lives were spared, but who returned home with withered limbs, empty sleeves, and shattered con-

stitutions. I voted to care for the living and leave secure the memory of the dead.'

"I believe that I shall have the commendation: 'Well done, my son. I approve your course.' The men who returned from that war constituted the remnant of the flower of the manhood of the South. They, with their brains, energy, and genius, have builded up the waste places and made the South to blossom as the rose. They have created the wealth of the South. They have builded your cities, your railroads, your furnaces, and your factories. They are willing that a sufficient amount of the wealth which they have created shall be set aside to the main-



HON. JOHN I. COX.

tenance of the maimed, disabled, and indigent veterans of that war; but they demand that the pension roll shall be a 'roll of honor,' that the Pension Board shall not be dragged into politics.

"Mr. Speaker, the Pension Board never meets that I am not here to plead the cause of the old soldiers of my county. Often I have found proof lacking, have gone home, gotten my horse, ridden twenty miles through the cold, mud, and snow to supply that proof.

"Not a cent for expenses have I ever accepted, and the only compensation that I have or ever shall receive is the warm shake of the hand and the gleam of gratitude flashing from the eagle eye of these grand old veterans, who have borne all hardship and faced every danger in defense of their country."

E. Ethridge writes from Stattler, Ark., March 1, 1903: "I attended the Van Buren monthly meeting of the J. T. Stewart Camp. It is a year since I was with them. I live quite a distance in the country, and have a poor way of getting to the meetings. I served in Company B, Eighth North Carolina troops, ex-Gov. T. J. Jarvis's company. I was wounded on the 20th or 21st of May, 1864. Capt. Jarvis was wounded a week before that on the skirmish line just as he exclaimed: 'Come up on the right!' It was raining, and he had a piece of oilcloth over his shoulders. I spoke to him first and helped him off the field. I am sixty this month, but can scarcely believe I am so old; only the aches confirm the story."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF M'PHERSON'S DEATH.

Having seen an article in the March VETERAN on the death of Gen. McPherson, John Moore, of Waco, Tex., contributes selections clipped from his scrapbook, which bears on the same subject.

Referring in his letter to the article published below, Comrade Moore says: "I knew Compton well; was for one year a member of his company, D, Twenty-Fourth Texas. After the war we married sisters, and in 1887 he left Texas and moved to Hillsboro, near Franklin, Tenn., and was killed afterwards in a railroad accident, while on a visit to Texas."

H. S. H., Waco, Tex., New Orleans *Picayune*, May 29, 1876:

As there have been many conflicting accounts, both Federal and Confederate, in regard to the killing of Gen. McPherson, of the Federal army, I propose to give you a true account of the affair. Gen. McPherson was killed by private Robert D. Compton, of Company I, Twenty-Fourth Texas Regiment, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division. Mr. Compton is still living, and is marshal of this city and a citizen of unimpeachable integrity. He is very modest and unassuming in his deportment, and never makes any "brag" of what he did during the war. The following incidents in regard to the killing of Gen. McPherson I have taken down from his own lips, and they are corroborated by several of his comrades living in this city. Among these we will mention Col. W. A. Taylor, who commanded the Twenty-Fourth Texas during the war and was an eyewitness of the death of Gen. McPherson. As is well known, Gen. McPherson was killed at the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864. In this engagement Sergt. Fred Corn was commanding the advanced pickets of the Twenty-Fourth Texas. He and Private Compton and another soldier, whose name is not now remembered, were some distance in advance. The ground which they occupied was covered with dense woods, with much underbrush and thickets, interspersed with ravines. After driving in the Federal soldiers in their front, their attention was attracted to a small party of mounted men rapidly riding parallel to them, yet somewhat "angling" toward them. Their first momentary impression was that it was a charge of cavalry, the woods being so thick that the Confederates could not well discriminate their number. But it proved to be Gen. McPherson and staff. When the General, who was somewhat in advance, had approached within twenty paces he was ordered by Compton to halt. McPherson made no halt nor reply to this, but instantly wheeling his horse, he veered his course a little more to the right, and continued his speed. Compton then fired, and McPherson instantly fell from his horse, still, however, holding on to the reins. The remainder of the party made their escape, except a courier and surgeon. They immediately surrendered to the pickets, the surgeon saying to the Confederates: "My God, you have killed Gen. McPherson!" These two, the surgeon and the courier, instantly sprang to the assistance of the dying general. He was mortally wounded, the ball of Compton striking him in the small of the back and coming out at the right breast. The Confederate litter corps then took charge of his body, and bore it back toward the rear; but in the turning fortunes of the battle it was recaptured a few minutes afterwards by the Federals. Gen. McPherson's horse, which was captured by Compton at the fall of its rider, was presented by him to Gen. Smith, at that time commanding Granbury's Brigade. This horse, however, was killed an hour or so afterwards by a Federal shell, whilst in possession of Gen. Smith. Compton took from the body of

McPherson a fine gold watch; but the next day, at the request of Gen. Cleburne, it was returned, under flag of truce, to the officer commanding the Federal pickets, and was, we understand, finally restored to Gen. McPherson's family. Compton also captured from McPherson's saddle a canteen of fine whisky, which the pickets duly "confiscated" to their own use. Gen. Sherman, in his "Memoirs," states that McPherson's horse came back to the Federal lines "wounded, bleeding, and riderless." In this he is certainly mistaken, for the horse was captured and presented to Gen. Smith, and shortly afterwards killed, as herein stated. It was perhaps about two o'clock in the afternoon when Gen. McPherson was killed. Private Compton was offered promotion for the deed, but declined it. With regard to the canteen of whisky captured from Gen. McPherson's saddle, there attaches a brave and daring act of heroism on the part of these same Confederate pickets. The adventure, perhaps, has but few parallels in military history, and it shows what "deeds of derring-do" can be accomplished under the influence of "inspiring, bold John Barleycorn." After the killing of Gen. McPherson, Sergt. Cron, Robert D. Compton, Dick Henson, Bill Alford, Henry Compton, and two others, whose names are not now remembered, tapped this canteen of Yankee whisky, man after man, until its contents were exhausted. It was perhaps for the first time in years that these thirsty rebels had moistened their throats with such a beverage. They were soon in that state of intoxication commonly known as "gloriously drunk." These seven Texans soon after fell back to the Confederate lines, and were again sent forward, but in a different direction, owing to the respective changes made in the Confederate and Federal lines during the progress of the battle. Moving forward through the thick woods and underbrush, the Texans soon came in contact with a large force of Federal pickets. With their heads full of whisky, they doubtless thought at the time they were a match to any body of Yankees they might meet. Extending their lines so as to surround the enemy, they fired a volley and charged them from all sides, and a severe hand-to-hand struggle took place. One of the Confederates, Bill Alford, was killed, and two wounded, Henry Compton and another not now remembered.

R. D. Compton attacked the Federal captain with his bayonet, the officer using his sword. Finally Compton succeeded in entangling his bayonet in the guard of the captain's sword, and the Yankee, being thus put *hors de combat*, Compton drew a revolver and shot him dead. The Federals, on the death of their leader, threw down their arms and surrendered. They were thirty-two in number, six or seven having been killed in the melee. Thirty-two Federals thus surrendered to six Confederates. The Texans ordered them into line, and marched them back to the rear. The Federals were very much chagrined when they discovered to what a small force they had surrendered. The dense woods and underbrush caused them to overestimate the number of their assailants, the fury of whose onset, inspired by the martial frenzy of Yankee whisky, contributing to keep up the deception. So the capture of the thirty-two Federals resulted from the capture of Gen. McPherson's canteen. These are all true incidents connected with the death of Gen. McPherson, and they can be vouched for by witnesses still living. Gen. McPherson was a brave and honorable enemy, and as such was respected by the Confederates. Unlike Gen. Sherman, he always fought the South with the sword, and never with a box of matches. This account is written, not for the purpose of exulting over his fate, but to put upon record a true statement of his death.

CONFERENCE WITH PRESIDENT DAVIS.

I was in Company F, First Tennessee, Peter Turney's Regiment, with T. G. Miller. We left Winchester, Tenn., May 1, 1861; ate our first breakfast at Bristol, on the line between Tennessee and Virginia; dinner at Wytheville, and stopped a while at Lynchburg, and were offered the old flintlock musket while there, but none of the regiment would take it; we then went down to Richmond, and they then offered us an old flintlock musket that had been changed to a percussion lock.

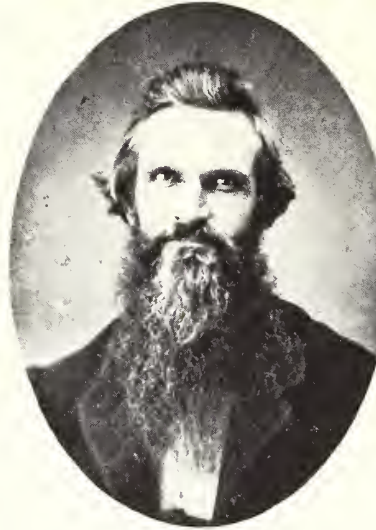
The regiment all took that gun but our company, and one evening President Davis came out to see the regiment on parade. (I was not out that evening.) He made a speech, and some of the boys said he gave it to us pretty hard. The next morning he sent Wigfall, of Texas, out to our camp in an omnibus, who told our captain that the President wanted five or six of his worst men to come down-town to his quarters, that he wanted to talk to them. It was my day on guard, and they were just mounting the guard when Wigfall drove up. He told me that he wanted me to go, and I replied that it was my time to go on guard. He then instructed me to get into the ambulance, that he would excuse me from guard. I told him that was more authority than he had in these camps, but if my captain would excuse me I would like to go. The captain ordered T. I. Roseboro to take my place on guard, so I went, and T. G. Miller, Bill Nuckles, George Lisk, and Simeon Horton were the five who went to see the President. When he came in he spoke to us, but did not seem to be in good humor, and I thought he talked a little harsh to us. Thomas Miller leaned over in his chair and spoke to the President, shaking his forefinger at him: "You don't know what kind of men you are talking to." (So I think Mr. Davis thought he had better find out what was the matter.) He and Thomas Miller talked possibly half an hour, and I got tired waiting, so I said: "President Davis, I can tell you what the trouble is. Our company think that if they get into a fight they will do good fighting if they have anything to fight with. Our colonel says this old gun is the best he can do for us, and you say it is the best you can give us. Now, the captain of the Home Guards from our county (Robinson J. Turner, Franklin County, Tenn.) is in camp, and he has two sons in our company, John and Jones Turner. He has sixty-four of these long-shooting guns, and he will turn them over to us if we will stand between him and the State on his bond which he gave for the guns, and we are willing to do it. Now all we ask of you is to detail our captain or some one to go home to get these guns for us. Mr. Davis said: "I wish to God I could put that sort of a gun in the hands of every Southern soldier!" He turned to Wigfall and told him to write Col. Turney a note to detail our captain, Clem Arledge, to go home and get these guns; which he did.

I then said to President Davis: "I reckon you are a pretty good lawyer; they can't hurt our neighbor for giving up the guns if we pay off the bond?" He said: "No, that will be the end of it." I told him then that I was not authorized to say the company would now take the old gun and go to drilling with it, but that I thought it would, and if anything happened that we did not get the guns from home, we would keep the old ones until we could get better ones from the Yankees. They did take the old guns, and went to drilling that evening.

The foregoing interesting reminiscence of early days in the Great War illustrate the petty annoyances to which the head of the Confederate Government was subjected. That Company of Tennesseans, as did many others, failed to realize but there were resources abundant and that they were entitled to

their share. Many veterans will recall the prevalence of this sentiment at that period.

The T. G. Miller referred to was an interesting character.



MAJ. T. G. MILLER.

On November 4, 1861, he was elected major of the Forty-first Tennessee Infantry, at Camp Trousdale, Tenn. He had not military training, but he had firm convictions and maintained them to the last.

The editor of the VETERAN, who was orderly sergeant (and never held a position higher than sergeant major of his regiment, and therefore was simply mister), was ordered by Maj. Miller to take his captain's sword and two compa-

nies and patrol the city of Montgomery, to arrest all soldiers who had strayed from camp during a day's stay there, when Hardee's Corps were being transferred from Dalton to Demopolis. The sergeant ordered the "fall in," got his gun, and was adjusting the cartridge box when he was interrupted by the major, who said: "Take your captain's sword, otherwise you authority will not be respected."

Charles R. Turner, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., a grandson of Maj. Miller, who imbibed the military spirit through his grandfather, and has rendered his country service, sent the VETERAN an excellent photograph, on the cover of which is printed the following: "Born at Bean's Creek, Tenn.; enlisted in Company F, First C. S. A. Infantry April, 1861; discharged June, 1861; enlisted Company I, Forty-First Tennessee Infantry September, 1861; elected major Forty-First Tennessee Infantry November, 1861; captured at Fort Donelson, February, 1862; exchanged at Vicksburg, August, 1862; reelected major September, 1862; elected lieutenant colonel January, 1864; shot out at battle of Atlanta (lost right leg) July 22, 1864. Never furloughed, never paroled, never took the oath. Unreconstructed to the last. Removed to Texas in 1877. For more than twenty years a minister of the Baptist Church."

DAUGHTERS FOR CONFEDERATE HOME TRUSTEES.—At the suggestion of Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, first President U. D. C., the Legislature of Tennessee enacted the following amendment to the Tennessee law:

"An act to amend an act entitled an "act for the benefit of disabled and indigent ex-Confederate soldiers of Tennessee, so as to provide for the appointment of women on the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Soldiers' Home."

"Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, that the Acts of 1889, Chapter 180, be amended so as to provide that the governor shall add to the present Board of Trustees of the Confederate Soldiers' Home, by appointment, six women, two of whom shall be from East Tennessee, two from Middle Tennessee, and two from West Tennessee.

"Sec. 2. Be it further enacted, that this act take effect from and after its passage, the public welfare requiring it."

THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAG.

BY COL. ALEXANDER ROBERT CHISOLM, UNION CLUB, NEW YORK.

At a recent "camp fire" of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, held in memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee, in conversation with some of our comrades I was surprised to learn how little they knew about the origin and history of the "battle flag" under which for four years they had fought with such desperate valor. Its history being indelibly engraved upon my memory, I have, at their request, written these few lines. One of our junior associate members pointed with impassioned words and gestures to the flag then present, which the Daughters of the Confederacy in this city were so kind as to present to our Camp, and which, I regret to say, was not the one under which we old soldiers fought, although it may have been legally adopted by the politicians in the Congress in Richmond before the close of the war. I never saw that flag or knew of its existence until it was unfolded in this Camp, although I was always in the field.



I believe that I am now the only living man who served in all the armies east of the Mississippi River from previous to the attack on Fort Sumter in April, 1861, when with Lee and Chestnut, we carried the demand for its surrender and gave to Capt. James, in Fort Johnson, the order to fire the signal gun to commence the battle, and from that time until after the surrender of Gen. Lee, when, under orders from Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C.; I gave and received in his name from Gen. Hartsuff, adjutant general of Gen. Sherman, the parole for all Johnston's command, which extended to the Mississippi River. I now have my parole from Gen. Hartsuff.

The old Confederate soldiers fought under an entirely different flag, which, although never legally adopted by their government, was baptized by the best blood of thousands of their comrades and was carried by them on many victorious fields from Pennsylvania to Texas. Its frequent appearance on the badges of every veteran Camp, North and South, is an evidence that it is still revered and kept sacred.

This is the only flag that we veterans venerate. Its history is an interesting one, which should be on record in the columns of the VETERAN, which so ably represents our beloved cause.

The Confederate Congress, then at Montgomery, Ala., had adopted a flag having stars in the jack and two red with one white stripe between. It was so similar to the United States flag that at Blackburn's Ford, three days before the battle of Bull Run and during that battle, our regiments fired into each other. I was between one of Kershaw's South Carolina regiments and the Washington Artillery on one of these occasions. Three days later our men insisted that Sherman's flanking regiments at the stone bridge were Confederates, but I informed Gen. Stonewall Jackson that I could see the stripes on the flag (the weather was sultry and the flag hung limp), when he directed me to order the eleven guns I had placed under his orders to open fire, which repulsed that attack.

Maj. D. B. Harris, of the engineers, after the battle, measured the distance. It was only one hundred and fifty yards.

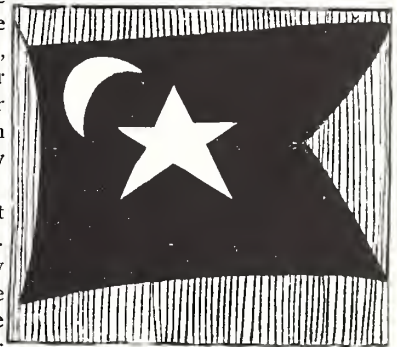
After the battle Beauregard desired to introduce a battle flag for the purpose of avoiding such fatal mistakes, but not to be substituted for the stars and bars of the Confederacy. Col. William Porcher Miles, a member of Congress from South Carolina, then serving on Gen. Beauregard's staff, suggested the design of our historical battle flag, which was one of many that had been submitted to him while in Montgomery. W. W. Boyce, another member of Congress from South Carolina, requested three lovely Southern girls, then living in Richmond, to make sample flags of this design. Soon thereafter they visited their relative, Capt. Skerrett, of the navy, who was in command of the works at Manassas Junction, bringing with them three beautiful silk battle flags, which they presented to the three ranking generals.

Mrs. Harrison informs me that the flags were made from red silk, which they procured with much difficulty—not from their dresses, as is generally believed. Mrs. Hetty Cary (afterwards Mrs. John Pegram) gave hers to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston; Miss Jennie Cary gave hers to Gen. G. T. Beauregard; Miss Constance Cary (now Mrs. Burton Harrison) gave hers to Gen. Earl Van Dorn. It was returned to her battered and blood-stained after his death, and is now in her cabinet in this city. Gen. Beauregard's flag is now in the possession of one of his sons in New Orleans. It was sent to me here some years ago, with many other historical relics, when I gave a reception to the Veteran Camp of New York City. Gen. Bradley T. Johnston sent me the flag of the Maryland Regiment, and Capt. T. A. Huguenin sent me in a large glass case one of the tattered flags which had floated during one of the two great bombardments of sixty days and sixty nights while he was in command of Fort Sumter in 1864-65. All of these flags are the battle flag; I do not recollect seeing any other flag carried by any of the regiments after the Bull Run campaign.

FIRST CONFEDERATE FLAG.

The first flag raised as an emblem of confederacy by South Carolina, the mother State in the afterward named "Confederate States of America," during the Civil War, is among the valued historical relics in the possession of the late Capt. Henry W. Hand, a Union naval officer during the war, and later one of the best known residents of Cape May County, N. J.

The flag is eight feet long by six feet broad. The body of it is turkey red, and the immense star and crescent in the upper left-hand corner



are of white. It was sewed together by the ladies of Charleston, S. C., on the eve of that State's declaration of secession, December, 1860, and was hoisted the next morning over the Charleston custom house. Shortly afterward, the Dixie, a small privateer and blockade runner, started on its depredations, and as the young confederacy had as yet adopted no official banner, the Charleston custom house flag was presented as its colors. In the spring of 1863 the Dixie was captured by the United States steamer Keystone State.

MRS. DARLING'S CLAIM.

The recent passage before Congress of a bill known as "The Darling Claim against the United States" revives a war episode that furnishes, in its entirety, much interesting data. Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, the successful claimant, who has lived through the contest of thirty-eight years, is the founder general of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and was born in Lancaster, N. H., in 1840. Her husband was killed while serving in the Confederate army.

Mrs. Darling is a versatile writer, the best-known among her books being "Memories of the Civil War." In recognition of her literary ability, she has received the college degrees of A.M. and A.B.

The facts concerning this noted woman's claim, which is known as the "Flag-of-Truce Case," make an extended chapter of thrilling incident and discouraging vicissitude.

After her marriage to Edward I. Darling, in 1859, she resided in Louisiana until the commencement of the war, when she returned to the State of her nativity. Her husband was an officer in the Confederate service, and upon his being severely wounded during the war his wife left her Northern home and hastened to his bedside. She was passed through the lines under protection of a flag of truce, via Washington and Acquia Creek, to Richmond, Va.

Upon her husband's death, in November, 1863, Mrs. Darling again applied for protection of a flag of truce, that she might return to New Hampshire, taking a letter from Gen. Bragg to Gen. Dabney Maury, then at Mobile. Through Gen. Banks the protection was granted, and Mrs. Darling was sent from Mobile to meet the flag-of-truce boat Alice McQuigan, which was to convey her to New Orleans, then within the Union lines.

Capt. Thomas Tileston, in command of the boat, showed Mrs. Darling, upon her arrival, an official passport signed by Gen. Banks, authorizing the safe conduct of herself, servant, and effects on board the Alice McQuigan, under protection of a flag of truce, to New Orleans.

When at Hickock's Landing, about six miles from New Orleans and after a three days' passage, Capt. Tileston left the

vessel, saying he would send a carriage for Mrs. Darling. After three hours had elapsed, a Federal sergeant arrived on board, demanded the keys to her trunk, informed her that he had orders to seize her and her baggage, and presented a document signed by Gen. James A. Bowen, provost marshal, to that effect. Upon the issuance of this order she was taken by private conveyance to New Orleans, and there imprisoned for eight days, until she managed to escape and, with the assistance of the English consul and influential friends, was granted a parole, after being guarded by officers for the first few days.

Having been detained in New Orleans for many weeks, during which time she suffered many annoyances, Mrs. Darling, in response to an order, sailed for New York on the government transport Baltic. She and her maid were the only women in the midst of four hundred sick soldiers, and the voyage lasted fifteen days. Owing to her condition, the vessel was detained for several days off Cape Hatteras, and later she fell down a hatch in consequence of the condition of the companionway, and suffered an injury to her hand from which she has never recovered.

The Federal officer who took possession of Mrs. Darling's keys at Hickock's Landing searched her trunk and carried off her valuables. The trunk was afterwards returned; but she never recovered her securities, money, or jewels.

Mrs. Darling's claim grew out of the injuries and losses sustained during the days of trial and sickness to which she was subjected; and had she failed in a single instance to comply with all the military orders issued to her, it is possible that she would not to-day be the happy possessor of the draft on the U. S. treasury which she holds in her hand in the photograph.

To Mrs. Darling's able counsel, Judge William B. Matthews, much credit is due for his faithful tenacity and sagacious handling of a case which has been calculated to discourage the most sanguine. For ten years Judge Matthews has endeavored, without faltering, to impress Congress with the justice of his client's claim; and the facts in the case, when tested by the standards of all international law, prove beyond question "that the violation of a flag of truce of safe conduct, when acted under in good faith by the beneficiary, is barbarous and uncivilized warfare, and that the offending government is bound by those humane rules which enlightened nations recognize to make ample reparation." Judge Matthews was born in Lynchburg in July, 1850, and reared in Essex County, Va. In the courthouse of the county are hung portraits of the Matthews family dating back one hundred years, the only exception being the portrait of Judge Matthews's grandfather, which was stolen by the Federals during the war, and its place has since been filled by a marble tablet.

FLORIDA'S HERO IN STATUARY HALL.

Floridians are receiving indorsements from many sections, looking to the proposed erection of a statue in the national capitol, to the memory of Florida's illustrious citizen, Stephen R. Mallory.

Among the many who have evinced enthusiasm over the movement is Charles H. Smith (Bill Arp), who followed the unstained banner of the Confederacy through four long years, and who is still fighting, though in a peaceful way, for the principles of right. Always wielding his pen for the good of his beloved Southland, Mr. Smith may still be called every inch a soldier. He says of Stephen R. Mallory:

BILL ARP'S INDORSEMENT.

It pleases me to see that the good people of Florida propose to place a statue of Stephen R. Mallory in Statuary Hall at



MRS. DARLING, JUDGE MATTHEWS, MRS. MATTHEWS.

Washington. We veterans have great admiration for the noble record of that man—statesmen, jurist, United States Senator, chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, and later on Secretary of the Navy in the Confederate Cabinet. He filled well and faithfully every office to which he was elected or appointed. He never sought office, but office sought him, and he declined many that were offered him. His life was a continued success—an officer under Jackson when only nineteen years old, a volunteer in the Indian war in Florida, United States Senator from 1851 to 1861, appointed by Buchanan as Minister to Spain, which he declined.

As Secretary of the Confederate navy he found himself without a ship or boat or ordnance—not a furnace or a warship. The timber was in the forest and the iron in the mines; not a rolling mill that could make plates for the man-of-war. But he was not disheartened nor discouraged, and out of nothing, as it seemed, he organized and manned a Confederate navy.

Yes, by all means give him a place among the noblest of our great men, for he was one of them, and easily the peer of any. He died early—when only sixty years of age—but his life was long when measured by what he accomplished. Jefferson Davis knew his worth and his eminent fitness for the high position to which he appointed him within three days after he was inaugurated President.

Our Legislatures now are composed mainly of men too young to know the worth of the noble men who figured in the dark days of the Confederacy, but they can learn and take counsel of the veterans who have not forgotten and will not forget. Let them know that Florida had no nobler son than Stephen R. Mallory, a native of Trinidad, but Florida's adopted son when only seven years old. Let not the appropriation be stinted, but make it enough for his statue to emulate the best in the galaxy of bright, particular stars.

I write this as a Georgian and a Confederate patriot, whose admiration for a noble man is not limited by State lines.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

Joseph Jefferson is perhaps the most honored and the most distinguished man of his profession that has ever lived. He is a broad-minded American, and has known the best people of North and South alike for over a half century. Concerning the issues of the sixties he is conservative, and in a personal conversation he recently expressed his regret that the good men of the two sections could not have known each other all the while.

It was fitting for him to contribute to so worthy a cause as indicated in the following letter of introduction, addressed to Mr. S. A. Cunningham by Col. A. G. Dickinson, First Commander of the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans:

"NEW YORK, April 5, 1903.—Dear Mr. Cunningham: In sending you a letter of introduction to Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who will open his season engagement in Nashville on the 14th of this month, I ask at the hands of yourself and your friends a cordial reception to this venerable actor, not alone by reason of his world-renowned performances, but because he is to my certain knowledge one of the best men in the world, so much so that I am impressed with the belief that he has not a single enemy on earth. As Confederates we all owe him a debt of gratitude for a service rendered our Confederate veteran Camp in this city. At my request he kindly played a benefit for the 'Mortuary Fund' of our Camp with his entire company, which yielded a snug sum of money with which to bury our old Confederates and their families who may be so unfortunate as

to pass away without means. The fund is a sacred one, and is used alone for that purpose, and will for years to come connect Mr. Jefferson's name gratefully and affectionately with our Camp and our people. All Confederates who know this fact must honor and love him, and it is by actions similar to



JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

this, as well as his lofty character and genial disposition, that has made him one of the most popular men in the world. I desire to say for myself and family that we take infinite delight in his friendship."

THE OLD MAN.

I covet not kingdoms or riches of earth,
Mere phantoms of life's little span,
And yet there's a station I long to attain;
I'd like to be called "The Old Man."

In army, or office, or college, or mill,
Where men render homage to worth,
You'll find "The Old Man" is a nobler degree
Than titles of favor or birth.

"The Boss" is a master who drives with a lash;
"The Governor" rather a guy;
But labor laughs loud where they say "The Old Man,"
And hushes the workingman's sigh.

He's patient of error, exacting of truth,
Rebukes, if he must, with a smile;
A brother in sorrow, and "one of the boys,"
But still "The Old Man" all the while.

The day he is absent the shop is awry,
Though the "sub" does the best that he can.
And when he returns the men pray as they work,
"God bless and preserve 'The Old Man!'"

—Clarence Ousley.

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

The following extracts are culled from the answers to a circular letter which the VETERAN recently sent through the mails to remind subscribers of their delinquency in arrears. In perusing the correspondence it was noted with pain that old subscribers who asked discontinuance of the VETERAN did so with unfeigned reluctance, giving the tragically honest reason, "I part with the VETERAN in sorrow, but haven't the money to pay for it." The extracts below are evidences of the estimate more prosperous Confederates place on the "official organ."

Victoria, Fla.—You haven't a subscriber to the dear old VETERAN that appreciates it more than I. It is a noble work, and I feel like doing all I can to assist you. You are giving the rising generation a true history of the war and the events that caused it.

London, Ark.—I hope to be with you soon and settle for the most valuable book I have ever read. Would not fail to pay you on any terms.

Tullahoma, Tenn.—Of course I want the VETERAN. Long may it live! I am a friend of the VETERAN and of its editor.

St. Louis, Mo.—Believe me, no one on earth reads the VETERAN with more interest than I do. My whole heart and soul was in the cause. Please don't discontinue it. Do not fear to trust me, for I would rather give thousands to perpetuate the VETERAN than to take one cent from the support of it: May God bless and prosper the work you are striving to make permanent after you have gone to your reward.

Florence, Tenn.—In reply to your letter will say that your paper is a welcome visitor in my family. My wife holds it next to her Bible.

Sophia, S. C.—Yes, I get the VETERAN. I want it, I love it, I will pay for it! Send it on, and if I die I will leave word with my children to pay you and continue to pay you. May you live long to further the true history of our beloved but extinct Confederacy.

Tyler, Tex.—I appreciate the VETERAN, and would not like to read it at some one's expense.

Knoxville, Tenn.—The VETERAN has so delighted my little war-loving son that nothing will do him but he must have it sent in his own name.

Cordell, Okla.—I have been a constant reader of your valuable periodical for a number of years and do not see how any Confederate can do without it. I do believe it the duty of every old soldier to read it. I wish you may be spared a long life to carry on the noble work.

Medina, Tenn.—Your circular letter to hand. When I wish the VETERAN stopped I will notify you, and when I fail to pay, please notify me. Be assured the VETERAN is appreciated.

Union Factory, Ga.—I am in a great hurry. Please find inclosed New York Exchange for \$5. I wish you and the VETERAN success.

Gadsden, Ala.—Notice of expiration of my subscription is received with thanks. Certainly I want it continued. It should be in the home of every old Confederate and his descendants.

Center Point, Ark.—Inclosed find my check for three dollars. Please advance me on your list. You should be upheld in a good cause.

Plaquemine, La.—I take great pleasure in inclosing check for two dollars. My delay in remitting was an oversight, and not from the desire for you to discontinue. The VETERAN is a welcome guest.

Archer, Fla.—I don't want my testament stopped. Sue me, make all pay that can do so. If you are losing money, charge two dollars. We would rather pay more than do without it. Success to you and the VETERAN.

Camden, Ark.—Yours to hand, and in reply I have to say that the VETERAN comes on time, and I want it to come as long as I live.

Brooklyn, Ala.—Your circular letter received. I cannot afford to do without it as long as I can pay. I think it should be in the home of every old Confederate, for all who read it consider it one of the most high-toned, truthful magazines published contending for principles sacred to all liberty-loving people.

Winchester, Tenn.—I hasten to reply to your letter. Accept apologies for neglect in so important a matter.

Roanoke, Va.—I received your letter giving notice to subscribers. You are right. We cannot expect you to furnish us in reading matter for nothing. It is life to me to read the VETERAN, and understand I do not mean that I will not pay.

Keo, Ark.—Yours to hand, and I get the VETERAN with regularity. Would not do without it for anything.

Independence, Va.—I like the VETERAN and I like your devotion to the cause you have so faithfully worked for. I hope you may live long to publish the VETERAN and that you may finally reap a rich reward.

Laverne, Tenn.—Inclosed please find money order for my subscription. Please send the VETERAN. I could not do without it.

Augusta, Ga.—Continue the VETERAN. It is carelessness that I have not attended to this sooner. Will give you no further trouble.

Farmville, Va.—Permit me to thank you for sending it to me. I do not wish to miss a copy.

Scisma, Tex.—I don't want it stopped. Had rather do without almost anything.

Snyder, Tex.—I will say that I cannot take it longer.

Taral, Ark.—I want to take the VETERAN as long as I live and am able to pay for it. Am seventy-six years old, and served four years under "Marse Robert."

Forreston, Tex.—Inclosed find my subscription. Let the VETERAN come on. It is like salt, I cannot do without it.

Woodbury, Tex.—I am worn out; got no money, and so am not able to pay for the VETERAN.

Rhame, Tex.—You will have to stop the VETERAN. I am not dead of old age, but was wounded nine times at Harrodsburg, Miss., under Forrest, and my left shoulder was crushed by a horse falling on me. At Baker's Creek my hat was shot off my head, and the shoe on my left foot was shot off. I am not able to do anything.

Wichita Falls, Tex.—I know I am in arrears, and no one hates it as I do. Am tight up but honest, and will pay at harvest. I am like your grub was at the close of the war—short—but I can't do without the VETERAN. I belonged to Company K, of the famous Seventh Georgia, Tige Anderson's Brigade.

Robert Lee, Tex.—My husband is an old crippled ex-Confederate and not able to work. I will pay you this fall.

Hamilton, N. C.—Inclosed find \$2 for the VETERAN. I am only twelve years old, but enjoy reading the VETERAN—especially the war stories. My grandfather often tells me of the war and the different battles he was in, and how he was taken prisoner at Roanoke Island. I think I can get some more little boys to take the VETERAN if you want me to try.

Fairfax County, Va.—I have seriously been thinking of discontinuing my subscription to the VETERAN, not because I have anything against it, . . . but I have not just made up my mind as I want to help the cause of truth and right all I can.

Washington, D. C.—The VETERAN comes to me regularly, and I want it as long as it is published.

Newnan, Ga.—I send post office order for the VETERAN. I can't do without it.

Sumner, Tex.—I will do all I can for its advancement. Every old Confederate ought to take it. I want to as long as I live.

Orlando, Fla.—Thanks that you have continued my VETERAN. Don't ever stop it. Would sell my coat if necessary to pay you.

La Belle, Fla.—I send check. I appreciate the VETERAN very much, and don't want to fall in arrears.

Forest Home, Ala.—I congratulate you on the splendid work you are doing for the cause among the veterans and to the younger generation. It is encouraging to note the interest manifested by our young men and young women.

Princeton, Mont.—Inclosed find \$2. Send it right along. Miners are having a bad time now.

York County, S. C.—I am not so very old, only sixty-four, but am disabled. Don't see very well, and may never subscribe again, though I am very fond of the VETERAN, and would hardly know how to get on without it.

Gurdon, Ark.—I like the VETERAN splendidly and will miss it when it ceases to come. I will send the balance as soon as I can do so, but I am hard up now and may not be here much longer.

Punta Gorda, Fla.—Certainly I want the VETERAN continued to me. Drop me a postal if the amount I send is not sufficient.

Wilkins, S. C.—Continue to send the VETERAN without ceasing. I would rather read it than any book except the Bible.

Scurry, Tex.—Your letter received. Papa has died since it came. Stop sending the VETERAN.

Bradford, Ohio.—With an apology to you for not sending sooner, find inclosed \$2. If this does not set us straight, let me know at once. With a sad heart I must inform you of my husband's death, but I want the VETERAN to continue being sent to his address. It was always a welcome guest at his fireside.

Tazewell, Tenn.—I thank you very kindly for the continuance of the VETERAN, and I wish you all success in your great cause. Inclosed find postal note.

Forkland, Fla.—Please excuse delay in answering your last. Inclosed please find money order for renewal of the dear old VETERAN.

Newton, N. C.—Inclosed you will find \$6. Continue to send VETERAN as directed.

Fairfax, Va.—Being the son of a Confederate veteran, I appreciate all the more the value of the VETERAN. It is worth many times the amount of the subscription.

Ferris, Tex.—Inclosed find \$2 to be applied as your books indicate. I am the son of one who was "Johnny on the spot." I cannot do without the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and want my children to take it after I am gone.

New Market, Va.—I must acknowledge that I have been most neglectful in sending amount due for VETERAN. We who receive it and enjoy the many interesting articles it contains should not ask you and those who have been so faithful in this work to remind us of our plain duty and obligation.

Orlando, Fla.—Thanks that you are so good as to continue my copy. Never stop it, for I would sell my coat to pay for it.

South Pittsburg, Tenn.—I am glad to receive your circular calling my attention to this account. I enjoy the VETERAN very much, and think it should be in every Southern sympathizer's home.

Princeton, Mont.—Send the VETERAN right along, as it is the most valued journal published for the history of the struggle of '61 to '65.

Washington, D. C.—The VETERAN reaches me regularly. I desire to receive it as long as it is published.

Petronia, Ala.—Inclosed is my money order, and I return you postage for having to send me a stamped envelope. My carelessness caused you to have to remind me that my time was out. I will take the VETERAN as long as I am above ground, and would do so and pay up promptly even were the subscription five times as great. One dollar is a small sum for one year, and every veteran who loved the cause should subscribe for a publication which, month by month, is recording a true history of the great struggle for justice, liberty, and constitutional rights.

Woodlawn, Ala.—I have no intention of stopping the VETERAN as long as I can get a dollar to pay for it, and if you go to the New Orleans reunion I will try to find you and thank you for the way you make us old fellows feel sometimes.

Little Rock, Ark.—Yours of recent date to hand, and will say that I have been taking the magazine ever since its first publication and expect to continue to do so. Will remit soon.

Eagle Rock, N. C.—I have been a regular reader of the VETERAN for years. It keeps the old patriotic fire burning. I like it very much.

Gurdon, Ark.—I am well aware that you have indulged me beyond the time I paid for. I appreciate your sending it, for I do not wish to miss a copy as long as I live. I have not felt, brother, that you had shown any disposition to take advantage of your subscribers by continuing to send it beyond time paid for, and I hope others have appreciated your spirit as I have. I receive the VETERAN regularly, and look anxiously for its coming and read every word greedily. Its contents suit me exactly.

Little Rock, Ark.—As long as I live send the VETERAN. Bible first, VETERAN next.

Chriesman, Tex.—The VETERAN is received and appreciated by me. Expect to take and pay for same as long as possible.

Gordon City, Mo.—I know I am tardy. The next time I go to the reunion I am going to find you if I have to go clear to Nashville. I want to see what kind of stuff you are. I inclose money order for \$3.

Asheville, N. C.—Again I take my seat on the apologetic stool. As before, I can only say that it is inexcusable. Please continue sending the VETERAN, as only the dire necessity of going to the poorhouse or death will make me default in my subscription.

Excelsior Springs, Mo.—Of course I want the VETERAN to come. I feel as if I could not do without it. I believe I have enjoyed the last number more than any. I hope the VETERAN may prosper, and that all the boys can take it.

Richmond, Va.—The VETERAN is received punctually, and its continuance is desired. I am certainly trying to advance its cause and the good of our dear Southland. Next to my Church and my religion the sacred cause is dear to my heart.

Elk, Tex.—Inclosed find check for \$3. I will try not to get so far behind any more.

INQUIRIES.

W. A. O'Neal, Commerce, Tex.—I want to correspond with my comrades who fought and suffered with me in the sixties, while contending for the principles that we then knew were right. We who still live continue to know that those principles are immortal. Though they went down in defeat, they still live and manifest themselves in many ways. I want to meet surviving members of my old company at New Orleans. Our regiment, the Fifty-Fourth Georgia Infantry, fought with that grand and knightly soldier, Joseph E. Johnston, and the gallant and daring John B. Hood, from Chattanooga, Tenn., up to the last day at Greensboro, N. C., where the bitter cup was passed and the fight was ended and our faces were again turned homeward. Our Capt. N. B. Roberts and Lieut. G. E. Thomas were from Columbus, Ga., and better soldiers or braver men never lived. Lieut. Tom Granbery was idolized by the entire company. The noble and brave Lieut. Sam McLeary fell at my side on July 18, 1864, at Kennesaw Mountain, with a bullet through his brain. I sent his body to his wife in Harris County, Ga. I would be glad to see her if she still lives, and also the faithful negro servant, Lairy, who accompanied the body home. Also First Sergts. R. P. ("Pack") Hammond and J. J. Jones, who were wounded by my side at Lovejoy Station, Ga.; Sergt. S. B. Harned, who was a native of the North, but as true to the South as any of us, and Corporals Stribling, Slaughter, Webb, and the many brave, daring private soldiers who stood shoulder to shoulder with me in all those trying scenes. Such men as A. D. Aron, Jesse Bryan, J. A. Clegg, the Dawkins boys, Jim Ellison, Jim Hammock, W. A. Laws, John Mulkey, the Granbery and McDonald boys. My tent and blanket mates were J. B. Ogletree and W. S. Wade. God bless them if they still live, for their reward is great! I also recall Corp. Parker, George Tarvin, George Taylor, John Thornton, the Williams boys, whose memory is as fresh to me as if it were yesterday. Let those who still live whose names I have written meet me at New Orleans at Georgia headquarters, and let every one wear the letter of his company and number of his regiment on his hat or breast, so we may know each other and have a hallowed reunion. I would be very glad to see Col. Charlton H. Way or Lieut. Col. Morgan Rauls. Our adjutant, T. M. Brantley, was a handsome officer, and so was Capt. George W. Moody, who commanded Company B, and who greatly resembled the sainted Bishop and General, Leonidas Polk. Let us meet and greet each other once more.

H. A. Peabody, of Newport Beach, Cal.—Desires to hear from some of his old comrades of the sixties. He was sergeant major of the First Missouri Cavalry, under Col. Elijah Gates, afterwards captain, serving under Col. Lawther. He went to California at the close of the war, and has had no association with comrades all these years.

S. Reynolds, Gillsburg, Miss.—Makes inquiry of the Thirty-Third Mississippi Regiment, and is desirous of learning something of Sergt. Cain, in the hope that he may be alive and that he will attend the New Orleans reunion.

Peter Clay Withers, Denton, Tex.—Would like to hear from Andrew Clay, who was a native Kentuckian. His father was a resident of Harrison County, Mo., when the war began, and Andrew enlisted in a Missouri cavalry regiment, and afterwards was a member of Holt's Company, Elliott's Battalion, Shelby's Brigade. Peter Withers was his close companion, and is anxious to see him again.

W. A. Horton, Chickamauga, Ga.—Was a member of Company K, Forty-Third Tennessee Regiment, and desires to

know any surviving members of that company. He also wants the address of W. H. Howser, Company E, Nineteenth Louisiana Regiment, who was at one time in Farmville, La.

J. M. White, Douglas, La.—Wants the address of W. H. Howser, Company E, Nineteenth Louisiana Regiment. When last heard from he was at Farmville, La. Also the whereabouts of Webb Jennings, Company E, Nineteenth Louisiana, who lost his arm at Spanish Fort, Ala.

John Lewis, Brockway, Mich.—Can any of your subscribers tell me if Lieut. Neighbors is still alive? He belonged to Company F, Fourteenth Louisiana.

Mrs. J. Lee Koiner, Charlotte, N. C.—Can you give me any information in regard to Capt. T. J. Curtis, of Fredericksburg, Va.? My father served under him during the war. I would also like to learn something of the old veterans of Gen. Corse's brigade.

R. H. Land, Augusta, Ga.—Can any comrade give me information of Ord. Sergt. James Ruff, Thirteenth South Carolina Regiment? After the surrender at Appomattox he went to Lowndes County, Ala.

A. H. Humphreys, Forney, Tex.—Wishes to hear from any of his old comrades of Company A, Saunders's Independent Scouts, organized at Memphis, Tenn. After promotion of Saunders, the company was commanded by Flournoy, and with Price east of the Mississippi A. H. Humphreys was wounded at Thompson Station, Tenn. He is a native of Virginia, but lived in Arkansas prior to enlisting, and is now Commander of Camp George Moorman lately organized at Forney, Tex.

Henry J. White, Keene, Tex.—Seeks information concerning the whereabouts of men who were with him in Company A, Capt. Sanders, Bates's regiment, afterwards transferred to Brown's regiment. These were discharged near Independence, Tex., by Gen. Hardeman. Some of the men were Henry Cottle, Sergt.; Sam and George Burk, Bill Neill, Charley Buck, Henry Christa, Jim Hodge, Jim McMicken, Jim Howell, Henry Nutt, and Lieut. Larkin Secrest.

J. L. Payne, Mineral Wells, Tex.—Was a member of Company E, Fourteenth Infantry Regiment, Adams's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. He wishes to know if anyone can give him information of any of the six men who were with him on vidette duty near the graveyard at New Hope, Ga., when one of the six was shot through the head. He does not recall the names of his comrades, but hopes to hear something through a publication in the VETERAN.

J. N. Boyd, Cooper, Tex.—Asks for an incident in the life of Gen. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, with regard to some moneys belonging to the Confederacy, which at the close of the war was in his possession or custody, and which he turned over to the Federal officer in command of the post at Washington, Ga. He desires the full particulars, and hopes to see them in the VETERAN.

D. C. Wornel, Hillsboro, Tex.—My brother, John M. Wornel, who belonged to Company F, Seventh Texas Cavalry, Green's brigade, was killed at the battle of Yellow Bayou, La. He was buried west of the place where he was killed under a tree in the garden of an old farmhouse, which was near a brick church. I would like to visit the place and remove the remains, if possible, when I visit the reunion. Kindly correspond with me before May 19, if you see this in the VETERAN.

W. H. Cummings, Hereford, Tex.—I have tried repeatedly, but without success, to find some members of Company B, Third Regiment, Engineer Troops, who were paroled with me May, 1865, near Broad River, S. C.

C. W. Deming, Brunswick, Ga., writes: "I would like very much to be placed in communication with some surviving member of Wheat's Battalion, in order to secure some information in regard to my father, Charles W. Deming during the Civil War."

R. W. Douthat, Morgantown, W. Va.—I have been for a long time desirous of communicating with surviving members of the First, Fourth, and Fifth Texas Regiments, and with those of the Third Arkansas, so as to get a little more of their history, especially with regard to the fight for Little Round Top July 2, 1863.

J. M. Johnson, Tracy City, Tenn.—Information is sought of any surviving member of Company B, Sixteenth Infantry, Col. Savage's regiment, who knew Comrade J. C. Wilson, who was wounded at Franklin, Tenn. He is a member of Camp 884, U. C. V., Tracy City.

M. W. Oliver, Anchorage, Ky.—Would like to hear from any member of Company E, Eighth Louisiana Volunteers, Hay's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.

A. B. Gardner, Denison, Tex.—I would like for all members of No. 8 in Camp Douglas, during 1864-65, to meet me at the reunion at New Orleans. I will be found at Headquarters Harvey's Scouts, third floor, 116 Exchange Building.

H. Hempel, Bartlett, Tex.—Wishes to correspond with a Union soldier or officer of the ships Granite City or Wave, taken by Capt. Krauzbauer's battery and Col. Griffin's infantry on May 6, 1864. We captured fourteen guns and about two hundred and forty prisoners, who were kept at Hempstead, Tex., as prisoners of war. It is claimed that they suffered greatly. Is this true?

James M. Williamson, Stephenville, Tex.—I wish to correspond with some member of the Fifth Tennessee Cavalry, Ashby's Brigade. Col. G. W. McKinsey, of Meigs County, Tenn., commanded the regiment, and I was a member of Company E. I especially wish to be put in communication with members of that company.

Stanley E. Lathrop, Ashland, Wis.—On a recent visit to Vicksburg, Miss., I received from a friend a Confederate cavalry saber, lately discovered on the battlefield. It has the stamp "C. S. A." on the hilt, and the name of the "Nashville Plow Works." Can any one give information as to date of manufacture? This question is asked for purely historical reasons.

Andrew J. West, Atlanta, Ga.—Brigadier Gen. Commanding North Georgia, North Georgia Brigade, U. C. V., has at his command a pocket Bible, which has been in the hands of an Atlanta lady ever since the fighting around that city in 1864. On one side of the Bible is printed, "W. W. Ferguson, Walker Legion," on the other side "Sarah." On the fly leaf is pasted "Coltart & Sons, Booksellers, Stationers, and dealers in Fancy Articles, Huntsville, Ala." Should any interested in this relic see this notice they are requested to write Comrade Wset.

J. Frank Cargile, Morrisville, Mo.—I was a member of Company K, Tenth Arkansas Regiment, and I have never heard from any of the old boys with whom I fought. I wish Capt. Martin could say something in the VETERAN. The last time I heard from Col. Witt he was very sick. I would like to hear of Capt. Shep Shelton and Lieut. Ragsdale. I came to Missouri in '65.

J. W. Moore, Russellville, Ky.—My brother, Jordon R. Moore, fell in the memorable Pickett charge at Gettysburg. He was with the North Mississippi and North Alabama troops, and all that I ever knew was that he fell in that charge and fills an unmarked grave. I would like to hear from any one who was with him on the march or at the time of his death.

A. B. Hill, Memphis, Tenn.: "Comrade W. L. Davis, of 105 Monroe Street, Memphis, Tenn., who was a member of Company I, First Texas Heavy Artillery, C. S. A., stationed at East Point, Galveston, Tex., 1861-65, would be glad to hear from some member of that command. Comrade Davis desires to associate with the U. C. V. organization in Memphis. As he has lost his parole and has no other evidence of his loyalty to the Confederacy, he hopes he will be able to hear from some one who can vouch for him."

Thomas Daniel, Palestine, Tex., desires to know "through the greatest publication of the age," something of the members of Company B, Eighth Tennessee Cavalry, McGinnis Company, G. G. Dibrell's old regiment. He says it will be joy without measure for him to hear from the old boys. He is a member of John H. Reagan Camp, No. 44.

E. R. Miller, Terrell, Tex.: "I have in my possession a Confederate cavalry officer's sword, found on the battlefield of Fredericksburg, Miss. On the scabbard of the sword the words 'John Ely' are engraved. Have you ever received any inquiries in regard to this relic? If so, please give me address of parties interested, and I will gladly correspond with them with a view of returning the sword."

Ike S. Harvey, Lexington, Miss.: "Would be pleased to hear from Frank B. Hilliard, a Tennessee man who was with him in the penitentiary at Nashville and his bunk mate at Rock Island Barracks 26, in '64-'65. Comrade Harvey will attend the reunion, and can be found at Harvey's Scouts headquarters, Exchange Alley. He begs that Frank Hilliard will wear badge C 7 K."

Frank B. Heckman, Germantown, (Philadelphia), Pa.

"I am extremely anxious to trace my father's sword. On the 16th day of May, 1864, my father, Gen. Charles A. Heckman, while in command of the First Brigade, First Division, Eighteenth Army Corps, Army of the James, was attacked early in the morning at Drury's Bluff, Va. After a stubborn fight, in which the brigade lost some 1,600 or 1,700 men out of 2,300, the brigade was badly broken up and he was captured in the fog. The attacking force was composed of five brigades, commanded by Maj. Gen. Ransom—Virginians, Alabamians, and North Carolinians. My father was captured by an Alabama brigade, commanded by Brig. Gen. Archie Gracie. After three months in prison he was exchanged at Charleston, and afterward rose to the command of a corps. The rules of war hold, I believe, that an officer's side arms are to be returned, but we have never heard of my father's sword. I cannot but think that this, on the part of so gallant and courteous and punctillious an opponent as the Confederate soldier has been only an inadvertence.

"The sword was a straight, light, general's sword, with steel scabbard and gilt rings and hilt. It was attached to a red Russia leather belt. There was also a pistol holster with a heavy five-shooting Allen & Wheelock revolver. My father died some years ago, and we are anxious to get his sword. I know that he returned one or two articles to their owners in the South after the war, and he would be just as grateful as their owners were if he could trace the weapon, which can have no value but to the members of the family."



Soon will the armies clad in gray
Pass like mists at dawn of day,
And naught be left but what belongs
To history and to poets' songs.

JOHN D. HUBBARD.

Private John D. Hubbard, of Roddy's Cavalry, aged 71, died at his home near Iuka, Miss., on the 8th inst. He was a true soldier, a member of Camp Lamar, No. 425, and a good citizen. His death came suddenly from heart failure.

A. A. MORRISON.

At his home, Douglas, Lincoln Parish, La., Andrew A. Morrison died on January 29, aged seventy-seven years. He was a loyal veteran of the Southern cause up to the time of his death, demonstrating to the community in which he lived those principles which made him a brave soldier during the war, when he was a member of Company M, Nineteenth Alabama Cavalry regiment. His wife and eight children survive him.

A. J. STORY.

At Columbus, Miss., on March 23, Comrade A. J. Story died at his home, surrounded by his loved ones. During the war the Southland had no braver soldier than A. J. Story. He was a member of Company H, Eleventh Alabama Infantry, and served a part of the war in Gen. Cadmus Wilcox's Brigade. He was in many of the great battles with the Army of Northern Virginia up to the time of Lee's surrender.

REV. J. H. WIGGINS.

After a life of faithful service to his fellow-men the spirit of Dr. J. H. Wiggins winged its way to the Inspirer of all great and good deeds in March, 1903. Dr. Wiggins was considered one of the strongest preachers of the Presbyterian Church in Northern Texas, and his death, which occurred at Bonham, was a great loss to the community in which he lived, as well as to his Church throughout the State.

The deceased served actively during the greater part of the war between the States, and was ever proud that he had worn the gray.

GEN. R. L. ARCHER.

The death of Gen. R. L. Archer at his home in Brunner, Tex., January 19, 1903, removed from life a man of great excellence and virtue in both public and private life, and one held in the highest respect by all who knew him.

He was born in Mississippi in 1833, of an old Southern family, and at the beginning of the war enlisted in the Confederate army as a private in the Sixth Mississippi Regiment. His record was brilliant, and he soon became an officer for gallantry in action and fought his way upward by deeds of valor until, at the close of the war, he was a brigadier general. The commissions of every rank, from lieutenant to general, were preserved by him, and always filled with manly modesty and absence of ostentation.

Gen. Archer moved to Texas in 1878, and up to the time of

his death was ever an active and public-spirited citizen in whatever station he was called to fill.

He left no great fortune as material things are reckoned, but he left his widow and children the priceless heritage of an untarnished name, a record of devotion to the highest ideals of manly and civic duty, and the consciousness that the world was made better because of his having lived in it.

SAMUEL H. TERRAL.

Judge S. H. Terral, one of the most distinguished citizens of the State of Mississippi, loved and respected by all who knew him, died on March 21. He was a lawyer of great ability, a jurist in whom every one had implicit confidence, a man of unimpeachable character. He had served his State long and faithfully in peace and in war. He went into the Confederate service as a private, was promoted to major and then to lieutenant colonel.

He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1861 and of that in 1890; served eight years as district attorney after the war; was twice appointed circuit judge by Gov. Lowry and reappointed by Gov. Stone. He was elevated to the supreme bench by Gov. McLaurin in 1897, so he had three more years to serve before his term would have ended. Judge Terral was born in Jasper County about seventy years ago.

COL. JOHN E. MACGOWAN.

After an illness of two months, Col. J. E. MacGowan, the veteran editor-in-chief of the *Chattanooga Times* and one of the best known newspaper men of the South, died at his home on Missionary Ridge, Chattanooga, Tenn., April 12.

Col. MacGowan served in the Union army from Ohio during the great war, but lived in the South afterwards. He enlisted in Company B, Twenty-First Ohio, and became lieutenant in that regiment, but retired from it at the expiration of his enlistment. Afterwards he reentered the service as captain in the Eleventh Ohio, served in the Kentucky and Tennessee campaigns, was promoted to be major of First United States Artillery, to lieutenant colonel, and afterwards colonel of the command.

He was editor of the *Times* when purchased by S. A. Cunningham. His newspaper career began in 1872, after he had served the city of Chattanooga in several public capacities. He was a forceful writer, a man who possessed a wonderful knowledge of public men and affairs, and his work has made its impress not only upon Chattanooga, but upon the whole South, the interests of which he always defended and was ever ready to promote.

Col. MacGowan was married to Miss Maria M. Johnson, of Stark County, Ohio, October 30, 1855. She died a few years ago. The surviving children of this union are Miss Alice MacGowan and Mrs. Grace MacGowan Cooke, both of whom are prominent in the literary world.

HUGH M. MIDDLETON.

H. M. Middleton died suddenly at his home in Chattanooga, Tenn., March 28. The deceased was born August 20, 1830, in Forsyth County, Ga., and moved with his parents to Chattanooga County, where, in 1850, he married Miss Mary Carter. In the early months of the year 1862 he helped to organize Company H, Thirty-Ninth Georgia Infantry, and was elected third lieutenant. In the regular order of promotion he was made captain of the company in the early part of 1864, while the army was in winter quarters at Dalton, Ga. On February 21, 1864, he received a furlough to visit his home, and walked from Dalton to Summerville, a distance of forty miles, making

the trip in one day. On February 22 he was captured by a detachment from the Fifteenth Pennsylvania United States troops, at Summerville, and was taken to Chattanooga, then to Nashville, and on to Fort Delaware about March 30. He remained there until Kirby Smith surrendered the trans-Mississippi Department, and was then paroled July 25, 1865.

He returned to Summerville, sold out his possessions there and moved to Elizabethtown, Ky., with his wife and daughter Ella. They lived there for twenty-five years, and in 1890 moved to Chattanooga. Capt. Middleton was in engagements with his company at Bridgeport, Ala., at Baker's Creek, or Champion Hill, Miss., in the siege of Vicksburg, in the battle of Missionary Ridge, and in the operations around Chattanooga. Capt. Middleton was a member of Hardin Lodge Master Masons, Knights of Honor, and N. B. Forrest Camp.

J. L. M. CURRY.

Dr. J. R. Glenn's tribute in *Atlanta Journal*:

They are going fast now—those men of a day that will never come back. But few of them are left. We see them fall, one by one, and we tread reverently and thoughtfully about the new-made graves, where gently sleeps their sacred dust. They



DR. J. L. M. CURRY.

belong to another era that coming generations will call "The South's Golden Age."

The court of King Arthur had no more high-born nor heroic souls,

"Who revered their conscience as their king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;

Who loved one only, and who claved to her;
Who went through all this varied tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

That old civilization gave us in Alabama men like Marion Symmes, William L. Yancey, and Henry W. Hilliard. In Georgia the same civilization gave us men like Robert Toombs, Alexander Stephens, and Jabez Curry. Leaders they were, every one of them, by virtue of that vital force of culture and power that made them ambitious to live for the uplifting of the human race.

Out of an environment of a heritage like this came the great soul of J. L. M. Curry. He was one of the few survivors of that fast-receding column of illustrious men the tramp of whose mighty marching we shall hear no more upon our Southern soil.

The land that gave him birth opens her gentle bosom to hide from mortal eyes his worn-out frame. As they stand by the open grave that is to receive him and pronounce "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," thousands of men and women and little children, whose lives have been brightened and blessed by his touch, will look up through their tears to the land beyond the stars and thank God for the gift of his pure, beautiful, noble, and inspiring life.

Not until the book of life is opened at the final judgment seat can all this great ministry of service be revealed. As student, as minister of the gospel, as teacher, as representative of a great people in a foreign land, as friend, as brother, as father, as husband, he lived the truth, and never intentionally harmed a human soul. Born to be noble, trained in the culture and refinement of an old Southern home, as fixed as the stars in an old-fashioned and incorruptible integrity, he lived in that majesty, almost ideal now, of the grand old Southern gentleman who honored God and feared only to wrong his fellow-man.

He stood as much apart from the sordid concerns of men of to-day as if he had been born and reared in another clime. His sympathies, white-winged and clean, never touched the groveling and the low, but went always and with unerring aim to the pure and the true. The unconscious influence of such a life is a benediction to the world. It is not marvelous that even hard and scoffing men will pause and reflect when such a career comes to its close.

But his work is done in this life. No sarcophagus in any Westminster Abbey shall hide his moldering dust. We give him back to the sun-kissed soil of a land he loved so long and served so well. Under the quiet stars of his own Southern skies we shall lay him to rest where the flowers of every Eastertide foretell the coming of a new resurrection morn; where breezes from summer seas, laden with perfumes sweeter than those from "Araby the blest" shall whisper messages of eternal peace.

HENRY HARRIS TAYLOR.

The death of Capt. H. H. Taylor at Knoxville, Tenn., April 13, was a painful shock to a large circle of friends among whom he had moved for many years as a loyal citizen and faithful friend.

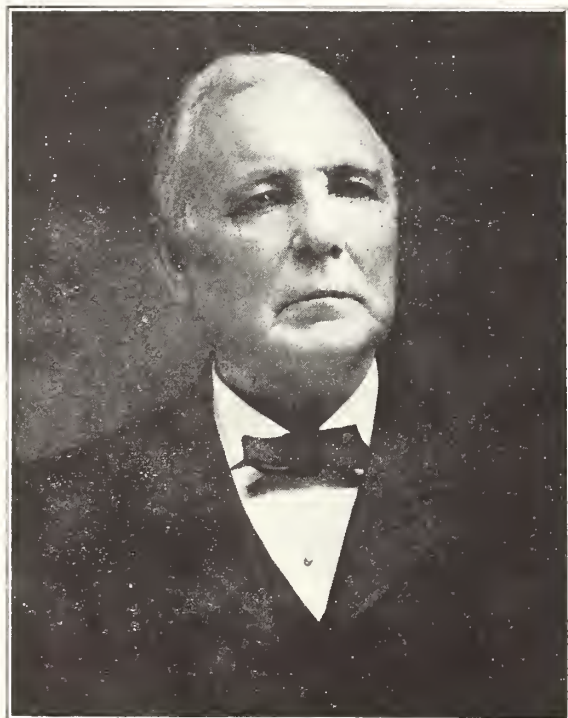
He was born June 5, 1841, of sturdy stock in upper East Tennessee, his birthplace being at Watauga Point, Carter County. In his young manhood he left school at Chapel Hill, N. C., in the fall of 1861, and immediately enlisted as a private in Capt. John McLin's company of cavalry, which was assigned to the Fifth Tennessee Cavalry. He was subse-

quently elected captain of Company H, and in 1863 he was appointed adjutant of the Fifth Tennessee Cavalry. He was taken as a prisoner a few months after his appointment as adjutant near Greeneville, Tenn., when in advance of his command. The advance guard of Gen. Gillam's Federal command captured him. Capt. Taylor joined Fred Ault Camp, U. C. V., in Knoxville, January 21, 1891. He was the Camp's commander for the past two years. After the war, during which he served valiantly, he chose the law as his profession, and entered Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tenn., where he graduated in 1871.

He was a profound thinker, a close observer of all things, and a man of much magnetism. He was kind and gentle in disposition, and made friends with all with whom he came in contact. This high integrity won for him the respect of everyone, and his advice and counsel were often sought on varied matters. Many trusts were reposed in his keeping, with the result that he was always a sincere and dutiful servant, attended by the sterling worth and admirable traits that characterized his every act of life.

MAJ. WILLIAM H. CRANK.

Maj. W. H. Crank was born near Charlottesville, Va., on September 15, 1830. He died at Houston, Tex., on February 23, 1903, from the effects of an accidental fall. He was a member of Dick Dowling Camp, No. 197, U. C. V., of Houston. He was a miner in California from 1848 to 1852. He studied law at the University of Virginia, and was graduated there in law in 1859. At the outbreak of the war Maj. Crank went out with the "Border Guard" of Charlottesville. This company was organized by Maj. Crank and his cousin, Capt. R. G. Crank, and Maj. Crank was chosen first lieutenant. This was one of the first companies to enter service, and was mustered into the First Regiment of the Wise Legion at Lewisburg, W. Va., on June 23, 1861. Later it became Company D, Forty-Sixth Regiment, Wise's Brigade, Bushrod Johnson's Division.



MAJ. W. H. CRANK.

Maj. Crank left Charlottesville on April 16, 1861, and took part in the small action at Poco Creek, one day before the battle of Bull Run. He was made a major in 1862, and served in West Virginia, in the Kanawha Valley, on the staffs of Gens. Breckinridge and Eccles, until late in 1863; then he was put in charge of the Conscript Bureau of the State of Virginia, and continued on this duty for six months, when he was appointed judge advocate, holding court in the principal towns of each county. He was on this duty in North Carolina at the time of the surrender. At the close of the war he held a colonel's commission.

In 1866 he went to Texas, settling in Houston, where he lived until his death. Here he met and married Miss Robbie E. Woodruff, whose name is familiar to many veterans who served in Tennessee and to those who knew Sam Davis. Maj. Crank was presented to his wife by an old member of Terry's Texas Rangers, who had known her near Nashville in the war-time. Maj. Crank leaves a wife, three sons and a daughter by his second marriage. One of these sons, R. Kyle Crank, is a lieutenant in the navy. Maj. Crank's first wife died in 1884. On Memorial Day her grave is decorated by those to whose wants she so often ministered in the hard and bloody days of the war.

GEN. WILLIAM H. JACKSON.

Surrounded by his devoted children and other nearest relatives, Gen. W. H. Jackson fell peacefully asleep on the night of March 31, at historic Belle Meade, the fairest of all the Southland's fair homes, made beautiful by a combination of early traditions and nature's choicest endowments.

Gen. Jackson was born in Paris, Tenn., October 1, 1835. Both his father and his mother (Dr. A. Jackson and Mrs. Mary Hurt Jackson) were Virginians, who removed to West Tennessee in 1830. As a boy he was manly and courageous, and by nature endowed for the stirring scenes in which he was to participate.

While a member of the senior class of the West Tennessee College he received an appointment to West Point, entering the academy in 1852. He graduated with credit in the large class of 1856, and the following year joined the Mounted Rifles on the Mexican border and learned stern lessons of soldiering in Indian fighting. From 1857 to 1861 he was second lieutenant under Col. W. W. Loring. When the great conflict came, he was in the field against the Apaches near Fort Stanton, N. Mex. His record had been enviable. For faithfulness in the performance of duty and gallantry in the field he had been highly complimented by the War Department. Such was his record in the United States army when the Civil War became inevitable. Squaring his accounts with the government, he tendered his resignation, and with Col. Crittenden, of Kentucky, made his way to New Orleans.

Through Maj. Longstreet he tendered his services to the South, being at once commissioned a captain of artillery by the Governor of Tennessee. As an officer of the Confederate States he won his claim to military distinction by the brilliancy of his achievements on many fields. At Belmont he led a brilliant charge of infantry, which nearly cost him his life, the minie ball that entered his side remaining there. Holly Springs and Lovejoy Station, against the dashing Kilpatrick, were steps by which he rose to recognition as a cavalry leader. Then, in company with Forrest leading the Confederate advance into Tennessee and covering the retreat

of Hood, his services again were of a nature to be considered worthy of higher command, and he was assigned to a division, leading it to the end of the war. At the close of the war he was assigned as commissioner for the parole of troops at Guntersville, Ala., and Columbus, Miss.

Gen. Jackson brought with him from the great war, in addition to the Federal bullet, a reputation as a gallant soldier which survived the forty years of peace. But it was as proprietor of beautiful Belle Meade that he was best known in the middle and later years of his life. So intimately was his name associated with the superb establishment, the cradle of so many of the racing traditions of the country, that his retirement and dispersal in May last were spoken of as the end of an era in the Southern country. With the close of the war he had returned to his father's plantation and taken up the latter's interests, superintending them with profitable results. In 1868 he married Miss Selene Harding, daughter of Gen. W. G. Harding, of Belle Meade, and became intimately associated with his father-in-law in the latter's varied interests. These interests involved not only the extensive management of the various departments of a plantation and stock farm, but broadened into a deep, humanitarian sympathy and affection for generation after generation of faithful negroes employed, whose comfortable homes, in the shadow of "the house," felt the influence of its genial kindness.

Gen. Jackson's brother, the late Howell E. Jackson, of the United States Supreme Court, married Miss Mary Harding, a daughter of Gen. W. G. Harding, the two families sharing the magnificent estate near Nashville.

Up to the time of his death Gen. Jackson kept alive the spirit of ante-bellum days, and white and black alike, from



GEN. W. H. JACKSON.

the President of the United States down to the humblest negro, appreciated the quality of welcome that went with his firm grasp of the hand and deep-voiced assurance, "I am glad to see you!" There must be glad welcome from the shores of eternity for the spirit of one who has cheered the stranger within his gates and given shelter to those who have craved his bounty and with confidence sought his help.

The funeral of Gen. Jackson was conducted by his warm personal friend and associate in arms, Col. D. C. Kelley, now an eminent minister of the Methodist Church and at the head of Forrest Cavalry Corps of Veterans.

WILLIAM L. LYLES.

The beautiful little town of Houston, Mo., seems to its citizens to be the dwelling place of one large family, so united is its sentiment and general interests. Into this ideal community in 1889 moved Col. William L. Lyles, a native of Newberry District, S. C.; and on November 26, 1900, this noble man, who had been an inspiration and a solace to the town of his adoption, closed his eyes on a sorrowing family and a large circle of friends.

Col. Lyles had at different times in the seventy-one years of his life been a citizen of South Carolina, Alabama, and Mississippi; and during his residence in the latter State he married Miss Elizabeth Pendleton Kilgore, six children being born of this happy union.

In 1898, four years after he had severed his connection with the Houston *Herald*, Col. Lyles was elected judge of the Probate Court of Texas, which office he held at the time of his death. In the long life of this man of many virtues, he always held responsible positions, and he was never known to betray a public or private trust.

Col. Lyles enlisted in the Confederate service in the Civil War, organizing a company, was elected captain and served with distinction in many severe battles, among them being Shiloh, Perryville, Corinth, Resaca, Murfreesboro, Kennesaw Mountain, Atlanta, and Jonesboro. At the last named he received a dangerous wound, a Minie ball passing through his head. He suffered severely from the effects of the wound for many years. April 1, 1864, he was commissioned lieutenant colonel of the Twenty-Fourth Mississippi Regiment. The most beautiful thing that can be said of the valiant deceased, when all of his public virtues and life of a soldier have been reviewed, is to tell that many little children mourned his departure from life.

HENRY HUNTER SMITH.

Brief mention is now made of the death, on April 5, 1903, of Comrade Henry H. Smith, who had recently gone from Atlanta to New York City to be with his son, Telamon Cuyler Smith. A sketch and particulars of his interesting career and service may be expected later. In his papers was a letter to the *Atlanta Constitution* in which he complimented the engravings of Gen. Lee, the two Johnstons and Stonewall Jackson, as printed in the *VETERAN*. The last letter that he wrote was to a comrade, asking him to meet him at the New Orleans reunion.

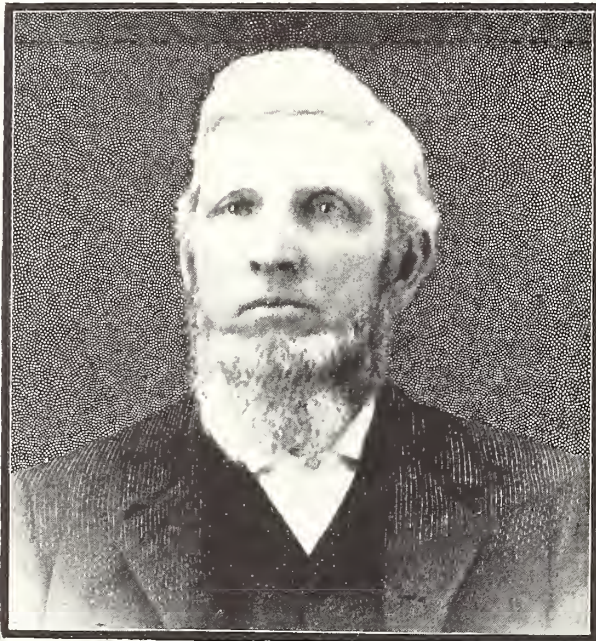
JUDGE M. Y. BUCHANAN.

The VETERAN pays special tribute to the character of Matthew Young Buchanan, whose life began and ended at Moberly, Mo. He was born April 5, 1838, and died April 7, 1903.

Both of Judge Buchanan's parents—C. C. Buchanan and Elizabeth Jenkins—were reared in Middle Tennessee, and, as might have been expected, he ardently espoused the Confederate cause. He was a member of Company A of the Tenth Missouri Infantry. His regiment fought at Boonville and Lexington, Mo., at Prairie Grove, Ark., and at Corinth, Miss. W. J. Walker, of Jacksonville, Mo., who was practically with him every day during the war, reports that on July 4, 1863, in an unequal struggle at Helena, from 600 to 700 of the regiment were captured, including ourselves. We were held at Alton, Ill., eight months, and after a year longer at Fort Delaware we were exchanged and started on our way to the Trans-Mississippi Department. After much difficulty we reached the great river, seeking a means to cross, when the Federals recaptured us. We were at Vicksburg for two weeks, then sent back to Alton prison and kept there until after the surrender.

The VETERAN had no more zealous friend. A few months ago the editor, being at Moberly, Judge Buchanan procured a gathering of veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy, and an hour of reminiscences and conferences upon live issues was profitably spent. The occasion will be delightedly remembered.

Judge Buchanan was a ruling elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church for nearly forty years, and was long the



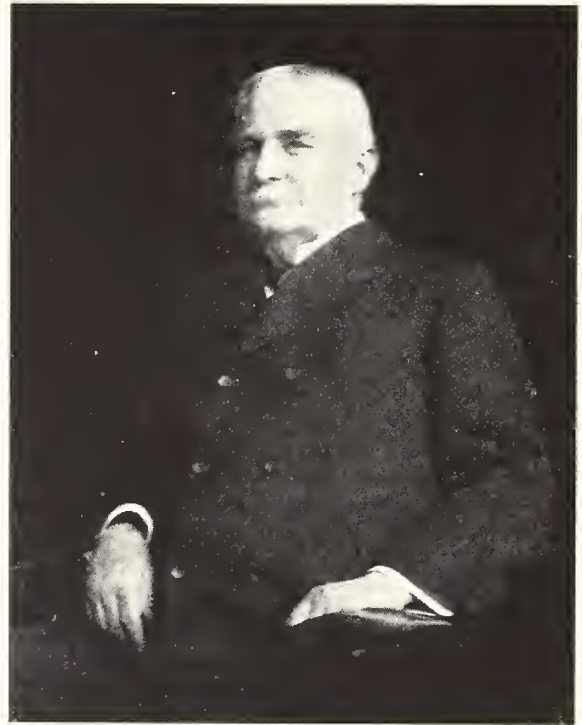
JUDGE BUCHANAN.

president of the elders' and deacons' board. He served over thirty-five years on the school board of his district, and was presiding judge of the County Court for eight years. He is survived by a wife, a daughter, and four sons.

The funeral was conducted in the Sugar Creek Church by the pastor of the Moberly Church, Rev. J. L. Routt. Messrs. Shearon, Walker, Pool, Dossey, Hollbrooks, and Frank Tedford paid tribute to his worth. Comrade Walker, of Jacksonville, Mo., who knew him best through severest trials, writes that he was good and true, that there was no deception in him. To this loyal comrade Judge Buchanan said just before the end: "If it is the Lord's will to take me now, I am ready to go."

CAPT. WILLIAM RAND KENAN.

A telegram was received at Wilmington, N. C., April 21, announcing the death at Baltimore of Capt. W. R. Kenan, a man of prominence in the State of North Carolina, and a citizen



W. R. KENAN.

much beloved in the community where he lived. He was in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and had been a resident of Wilmington since 1865. In speaking of Capt. Kenan's distinguished military record, the "Confederate Military History," published in 1899 by the Confederate Publishing Co., of Atlanta, Ga., says after giving his enlistment:

"He was at once detailed as sergeant major. In May and June, 1864, he was acting adjutant of his regiment, and after that, on account of his gallantry at the battle of Bethesda Church, was ordered by Gen. Grimes to take command of the sharpshooters from his regiment. While serving in this capacity he was shot through the body in the fight at Charlestown, in the Shenandoah Valley, August 22, 1864, which disabled him for two months. On his recovery he was assigned to the command of Company E, Forty-Third Regiment, by Col. Winston, who made application for his promotion on account of distinguished gallantry, which bore the warm indorsements of Gens. Grimes and Eearly. After three weeks' services in command of the company, he was appointed adjutant of the regiment, which rank he held to the close of hostilities. He participated in the battles at Plymouth, N. C., Drury's Bluff, Bethesda Church, Gaines's Mill, Cold Harbor, Harper's Ferry, Monocacy, Md., Washington, D. C., Snicker's Ford, Kernstown, Winchester, Hare's Hill, Petersburg, Sailor's Creek, Farmville, and Appomattox C. H."

Capt. Kenan was active in his interest for comrades. Only a few weeks ago he corresponded with the VETERAN concerning "The Old Confederate," page 71, February issue, and his letters were conspicuously animated in spirit and good will.

He was a member of a long line of ancestry, distinguished in the service of the State. Upon his mother's side he descended from Sir David Graeme, of England and Scotland.

The family was one of physicians and clergymen, and first made its appearance in this country at Boston in 1718. Capt. Kenan's father was the late Hon. Owen Rand Kenan, who represented Duplin in the Legislature, and was a member of the first Congress of the Confederate States. His grandfather, Hon. Thomas S. Kenan, was also of the Legislature several times from Duplin, and from 1804 to 1811 was a member of the United States Congress. James Kenan, Capt. Kenan's great grandfather, was a leader in the revolutionary struggle and was a colonel and afterwards a brigadier general in the army. He was also a delegate to the colonial conventions in 1774, and State Senator from 1777 to 1791.

ROBERT ARTHUR YATES.

(Killed at Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., June 27, 1864.)

BY VIRGINIA YATES M'CANNE, MOBERLY, MO.

The "Last Roll" of the VETERAN
Grows longer with each year;
As the brave old soldiers, one by one,
Leave the ranks of duty here.
The fight they made for conscience' sake,
For love and home and land,
Is a memory now—of fearful stake
Risked by a patriot band.

It were not better for those who stayed,
For mothers, sisters, and wives;
Their battles were fought as bravely
As were those who risked their lives.
With breaking hearts they promised,
When surrender came with its crash—
"If only the life I love is spared,
I will bow me to the lash."

A gallant youth on Kennesaw's crest
Looked down on the blue line's glare
While they marched up hill, as if in quest
Of the slaughter that followed there.
The boy in gray was mark for a ball,
A smile died on his bonnie face,
As a comrade saw him fall.
Even death gave him noble grace.

Life of the camp and pride of home—
What was left? An unknown grave,
Where stranger flowers, perchance, may bloom,
A name in the list of the brave.
On the poor little mounds where they lie
It is sad to gaze. "Privates," row on row.
What matters it? The evergreens sigh
Above them, and flowers come and go.

TWO WARS, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY GEN. S. G. FRENCH.

It has been my fortune to read few books touching the history of military operations during the Confederate war that have been so satisfying and satisfactory as Gen. French's "Two Wars." The book is also entitled an "Autobiography." The General tells the story of his military career, with all the characteristic candor of a truthful witness on the stand, in the trial of a case involving the life of a defendant. His testimony will therefore bear the most rigid cross-examination. In whatever his testimony may differ from that of other witnesses, it cannot be denied that he states facts dispassionately and as he, a wide-awake observer, saw them.

It was the fortune of this writer to occupy an official position in the medical service of the Confederate army and De-

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Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne,
Helena, Ark.
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Columbus, Ga.
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Dalton, Ga.
Nashville, Tenn.
Columbia, Tenn.
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partment of Tennessee, that rendered it necessary that he should officially know, in advance of its enactment, much of the strategy of the several commanders-in-chief of the armies of that department, and also to be in official touch (if not always personal) with every general, from brigadier up, who served in its armies. How muchsoever other witnesses may differ in statement of facts and in their estimation of the professional merits of general officers, none can charge Gen. French with willful perversion of truth in the testimony his interesting book.

I congratulate Gen. French because of his faithfulness in sticking to the truth of history as he saw it enacted, and hail such narratives as his "Autobiography" as a forerunner of many narratives yet to be written that will serve as guides to the truths of the history of the great Confederate war, which will subserve the purposes of honest chroniclers of future generations, who alone can do justice to the events of and the actors in that war.

Ex-Speaker Tom Reed is quoted as having said that "what is called history is often agreed-upon lies." Gen French's book is worthy of a place in the library of every lover of truthful history. It is published by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn. The volume before me is a highly creditable specimen of the printer's and binder's arts.

S. H. Stout, A.M., M.D., LL.D., ex-surgeon and medical director of the hospitals of the Confederate armies and Department of Tennessee.

Dallas, Tex., April 16, 1993.

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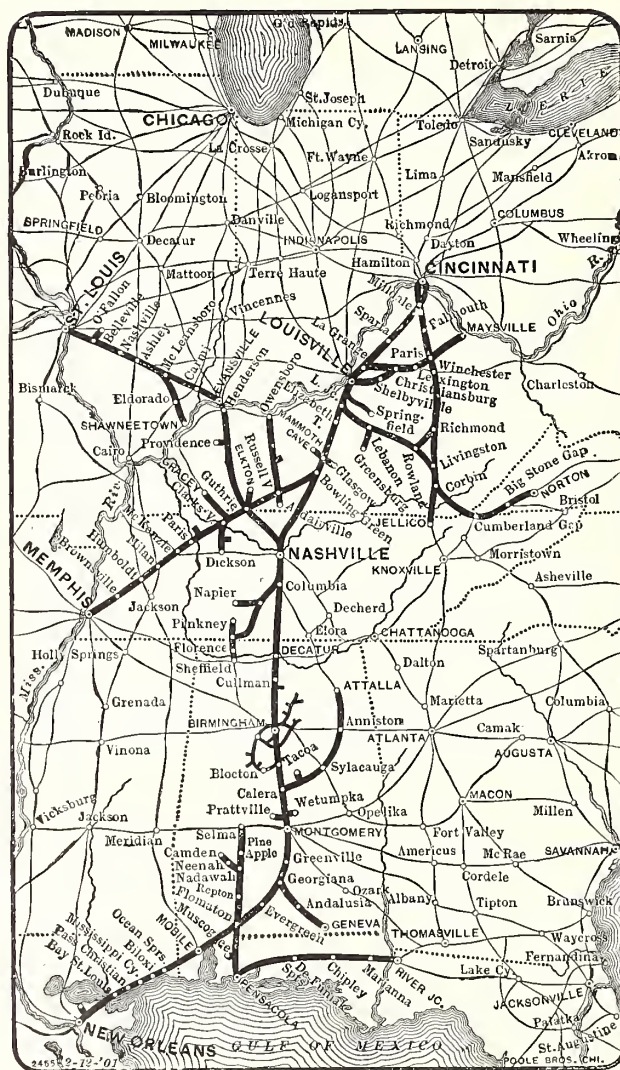
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PITTSBURG, TEX., August 11, 1898.

DR. D. M. BYE CO., Dallas, Tex.:

This certifies that my wife, Mrs. S. W. Jones, has been afflicted for several years with something, we did not know what. She gradually grew worse, and took medicine all the time. In the fall of '97 she became almost helpless. Her physician informed her that she had an ovarian tumor, and that an operation would have to be performed to save her life. She was badly swollen. He said the tumor was about the size of a child's head. She was sixty-one years of age, and we did not think she could stand the operation. Therefore we sent for her children and relatives to consult together for the best. Rev. G. R. Bryce, of Waco, being a brother of my wife, was sent for, and all concluded it best not to have an operation, and just wait on her and let her die in peace. January, '98, I found an advertisement in the *Texas Christian Advocate*, printed at Dallas, Tex., saying that Dr. D. M. Bye could cure tumor by absorption. With but little hope of doing my wife any good, I wrote to Dr. Bye. He wrote me what he could do. I sent at once and procured a one month's treatment. The first month's treatment did not reduce her size, but stopped all pain. The second month's treatment reduced her to almost natural size. The third month's treatment reduced her to natural size, and to-day she is in better health than she has been for four years. The tumor is now almost entirely gone, and she suffers no inconvenience from it whatever, and is able to help do the housework, go buggy-riding, and is enjoying life better than for years past. Therefore we cheerfully recommend Dr. D. M. Bye to all ladies suffering with the same disease, and say to the public that we believe if it had not been for Dr. D. M. Bye my wife would to-day have been in her long resting place. We will cheerfully answer all questions asked us by those afflicted, by letter or otherwise.

P. S.—I am a member of the East Texas Conference, and I am serving the people on Musgrave Circuit this year. We live three miles and a half southwest of Pittsburg, Camp County, Tex.

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All veterans intending to be on hand at the greatest reunion ever held in New Orleans will want to have some cards to exchange with old comrades and new friends they will meet there. To supply this want the Myers Printing House, 313 St. Charles Street, New Orleans, La., has issued for this occasion two special designs of cards suitable for officers and others, and will furnish printed, complete, with flags in corner, for 50 cents per hundred, or two hundred and fifty for \$1. Officers' design, with Confederate officer in gray with gold buttons and trimmings, holding the flag in colors, with your name and address, etc., for \$1 per hundred, or two hundred for \$1.50. These are by far the neatest designs ever issued for any reunion, and comrades will do well to place orders early to secure prompt attention, as the demand is expected to be very large. A few good agents wanted in large centers at a liberal commission.

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A small trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine will be sent free and prepaid to any reader of this publication who needs it and writes for it. One small dose a day quickly cures the most stubborn case of constipation or the

most distressing stomach trouble, to stay cured. Its influence upon the liver, kidneys, and bladder is gentle and wonderful, and restores those organs to a condition of health, so that they perform their functions perfectly and painlessly. Perfect health and vigor is soon established by a little of this wonderful curative tonic.

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The Texas and Pacific Railway will sell on May 22, 23, and 24, from New Orleans, round-trip tickets to all points in North Texas on this line, as well as connecting lines, at a rate of one fare for the round trip. These tickets will be limited for return to reach New Orleans not later than June 12, 1903. This will be an opportunity for any one desiring to bring friends from the old States to Texas via New Orleans and our line, as parties could use tickets from the old States to New Orleans and return, and rebuy from New Orleans, thus making a very cheap trip. E. P. Turner, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Dallas, Tex.; A. S. Graham, City Ticket Agent, St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans.

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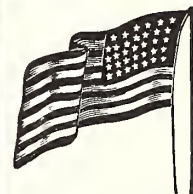
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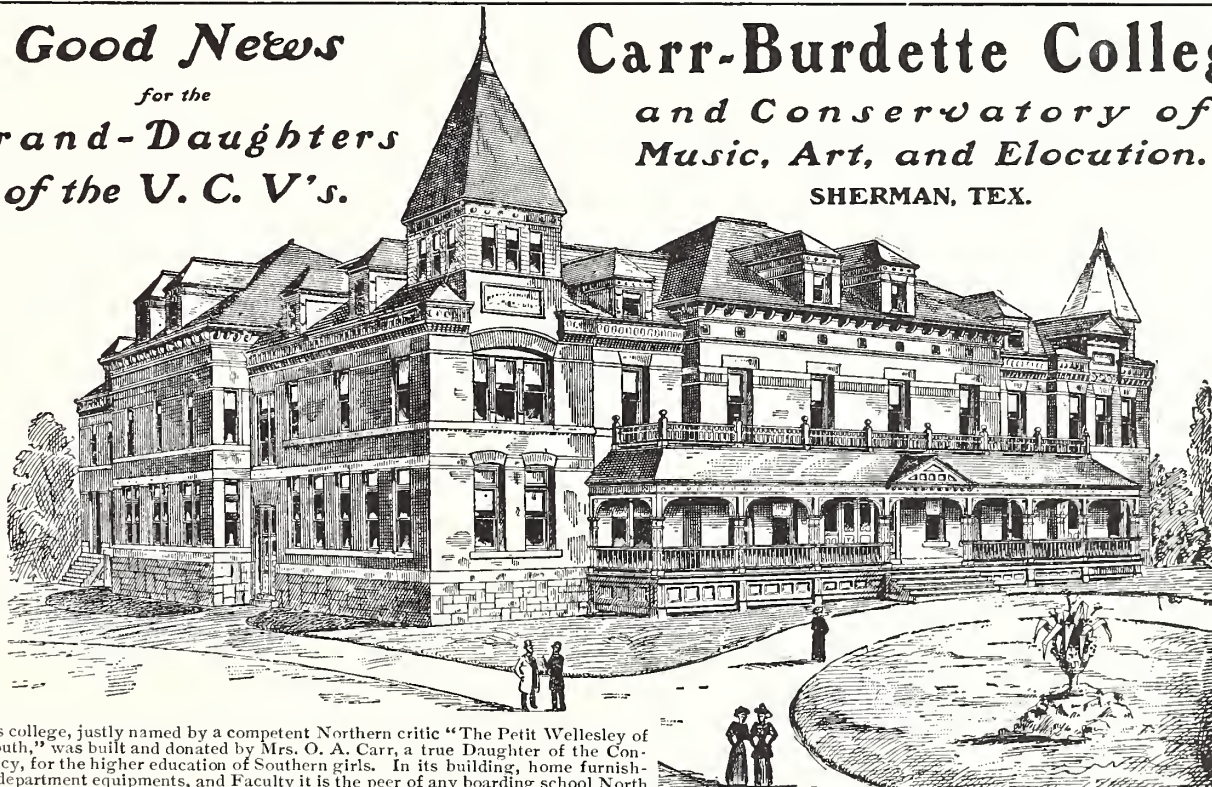
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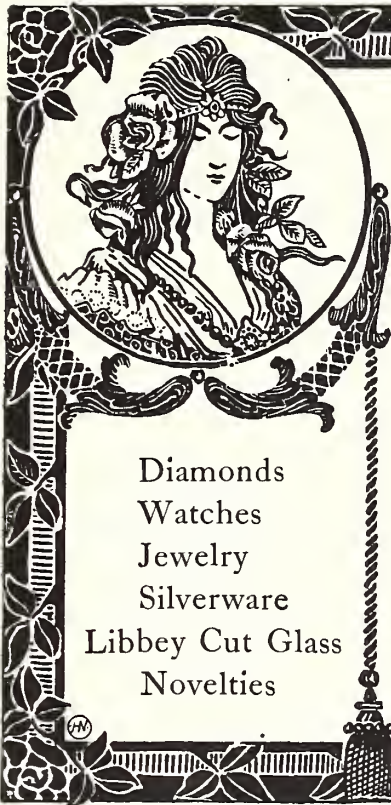
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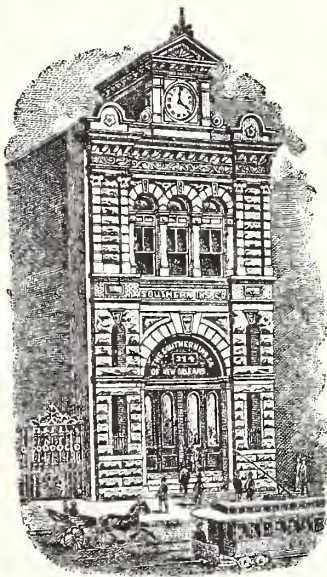
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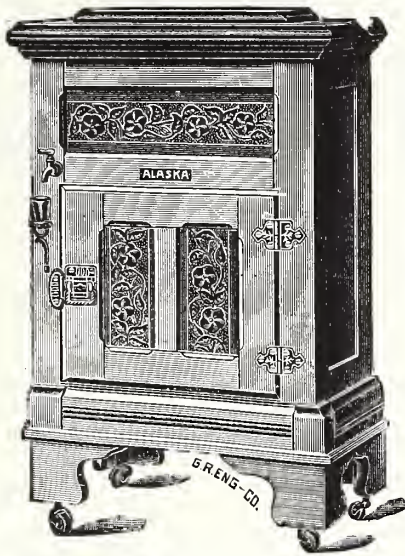
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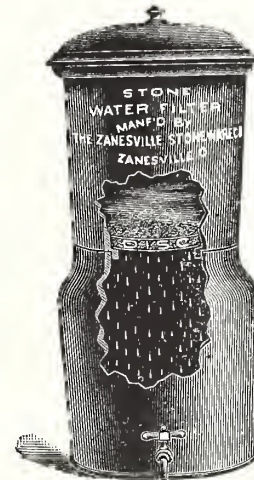
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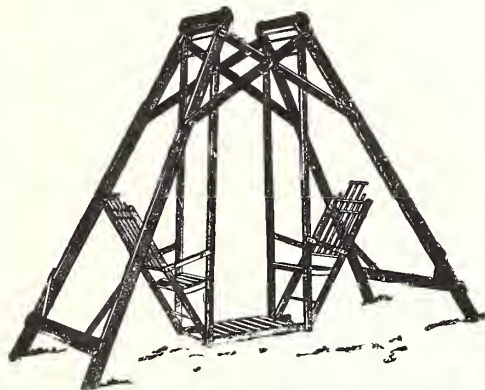
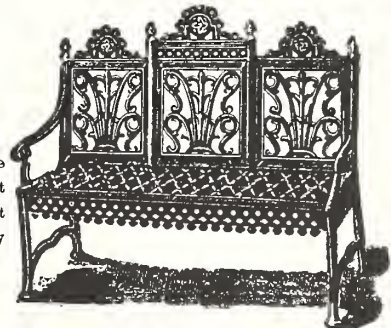


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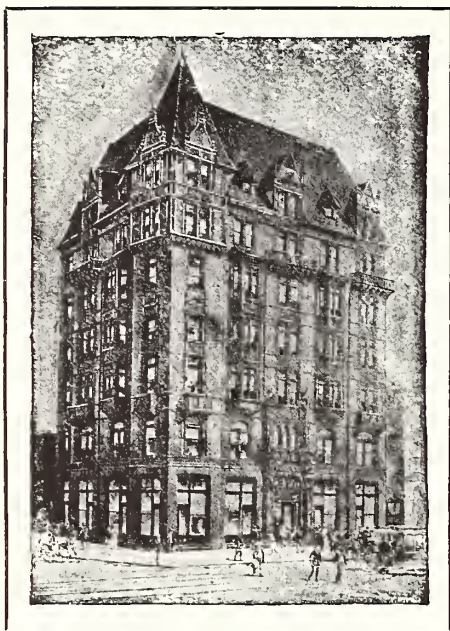
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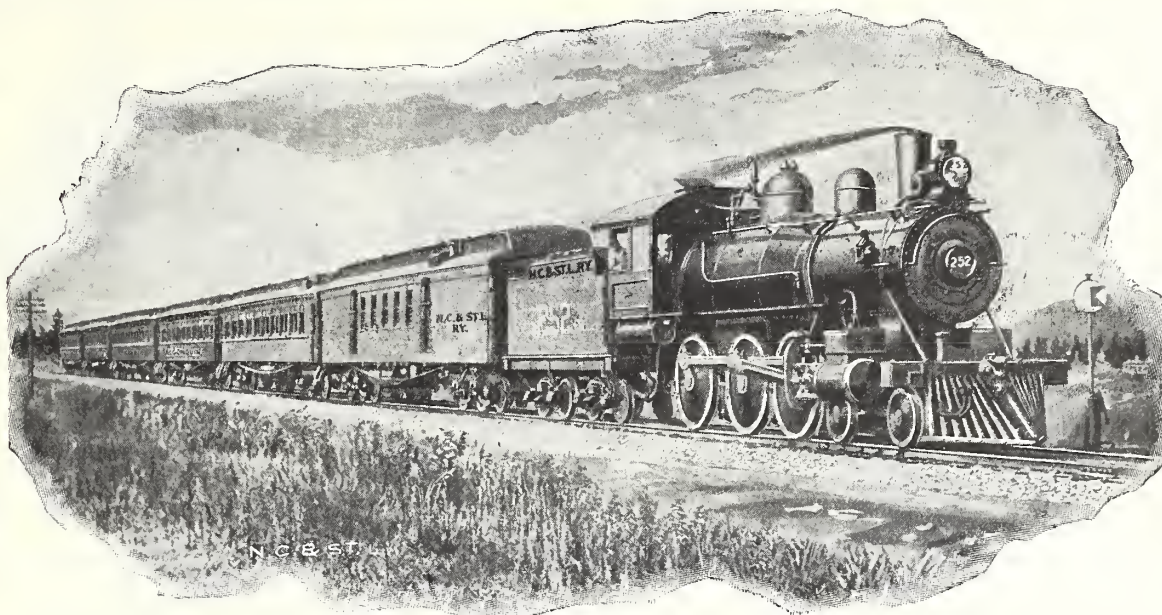
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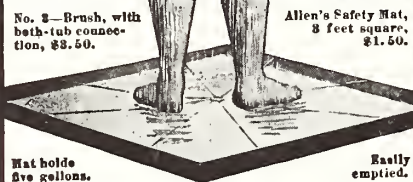


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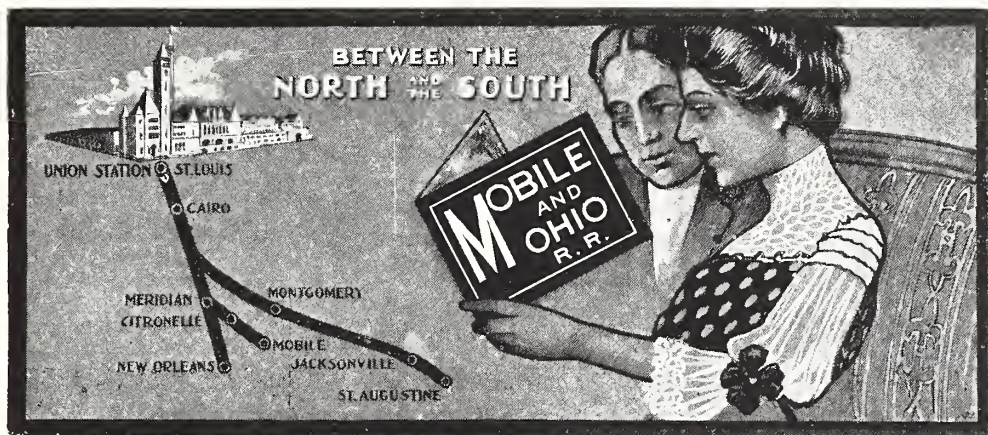
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It begins usually with a little blister or sore, then swelling in the groins, a red eruption breaks out on the body, sores and ulcers appear in the mouth, the throat becomes ulcerated, the hair, eye brows and lashes fall out and, as the blood becomes more contaminated, copper colored spots and pustular eruptions and sores appear upon different parts of the body, and the poison even destroys the bones.

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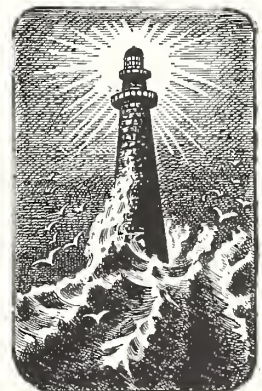


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THE CANDALARID GROUP OF MINING CLAIMS

are now added to the Confederate Mining Co.'s property. The Stockholders can congratulate themselves upon securing this group of claims. We have now a force of men at work in these mines. The following report is from our Manager, Mr. Theodore Crandall:

Report on the Candalarid Group of Claims, Maricopa County, Brown Mining District, Ariz., Acquired by the Confederate Mining Co.

ASSAYING. ANALYSES. WORKING TESTS.		GEO. S. ANDRUS. MINING ENGINEER.		P. O. BOX 128. GLOBE, ARIZ.	
Assayed for Mr. <i>Theo. Crandall - Mgr. C. M. Co</i>		<i>Oct 31 1902</i>			
Office No.	OWNER'S MARKS.	PER TON OF 2,000 LBS.		PER CENT.	PER CENT.
		Ounce Gold.	Ounces Silver	COPPER.	LEAD.
1	<i>No. 1</i>	<i>120</i>			
2	<i>" 2</i>	<i>10</i>	<i>1 1/2</i>	<i>23.7</i>	
3	<i>" 3</i>	<i>10</i>	<i>2 1/2</i>	<i>15.7</i>	
4	<i>" 4</i>	<i>10</i>	<i>1 1/2</i>	<i>19.8</i>	
5	<i>" 5</i>	<i>10</i>	<i>0 1/2</i>	<i>20.8</i>	
CHARGES <i>10.00</i>					
<i>less 15% 1.50</i>		<i>8.50</i>			

Geo. S. Andrus

KEY TO ABOVE.

No. 1. Gold ore, from 64-foot shaft, taken from top to bottom and across, and is below the fair average run of mine. This sample shows 12-100 oz. of gold, or \$2.40 per ton. From Chicopee.

No. 2. Copper ore, from 64-foot shaft, silver 1 6-10 oz., and copper 23.7 per cent, not counting silver value, worth \$52.10 per ton. From Chicopee.

No. 3. Open cut Chicopee lead, silver 2 4-10 oz., copper 15.7 per cent, worth \$34.54 per ton.

No. 4. Sample of ore dump, from 10-foot shaft on bearing wall of Chicopee lead, silver 1 4-10 oz., copper 19.8 per cent, worth \$43.56 per ton.

No. 5. Average sample ore dump, Monitor shaft and open cut, silver 8-10 oz., copper 20.8 per cent, worth \$45.76 per ton.

The copper value is figured at 11 cents per lb., and the gold at \$20 per ounce. Work is progressing nicely on this and the Reno Group.

THE Confederate Mining Company was organized at the Memphis Reunion, June, 1901, by the Confederate soldiers, who alone will own and control its properties. The officers were selected from among the old soldiers, who are capable, honest, and experienced business men. They are men who took some "life risks" in the war and who are not afraid to take some money risks in the Confederate Mining Company. The time to invest in mining stock is at the beginning, when the company is just starting and the stock is low, not when the mine is opened and you can measure its value with the naked eye, for then its value will assert itself and you will be left out.

The directors are prohibited from incurring any indebtedness in excess of money in the treasury. No debts, liens, or incumbrances will be placed on the property. The stock is fully paid and nonassessable.

The board of directors have set aside 50,000 shares of the capital stock as treasury stock.

The directors have decided that the stock will continue

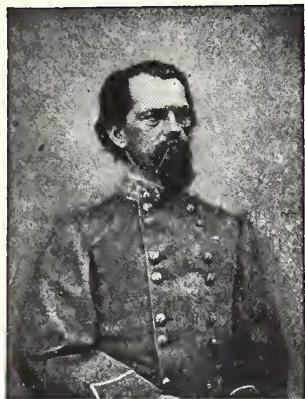
to be sold at one dollar per share until their next meeting, which will take place at the Reunion at New Orleans next May.

Not less than 10 nor more than 200 shares will be sold to any one person or Camp.

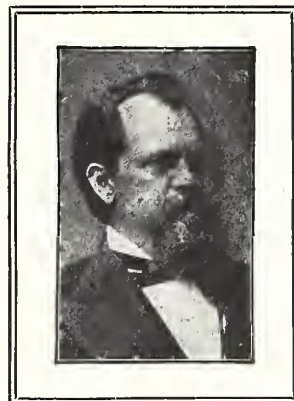
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Gen. John B. Gordon



Gen. Gordon, of the Confederate Army, is one of the few survivors of the great leaders of the Civil War. He is so well and so favorably known by his lectures, throughout the South and the North, that he needs no introduction. He has written for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE three intensely interesting articles, and his reminiscences are undoubtedly the most enjoyable contributions yet remaining to be published of the story of that great struggle.

IN the forthcoming *May number of Scribner's Magazine* will appear the first of these three articles, entitled "**My First Command and the Outbreak of the War.**" It is full of spirit and vividness. It is illustrated by Stanley M. Arthurs (and also by reproductions from photographs).

THE articles to follow will be: "**Antietam**" in the *June Scribner*; "**Chancellorsville**" in the *July number*. Every veteran of the Civil War, whether of the gray or the blue, will find these articles exceedingly interesting, and all army men of the present day cannot but be highly entertained by the words of this great general of the Confederate Army.

IN addition to this contribution by Gen. Gordon, will be found in the May number a very notable article by Capt. A. T. Mahan, of the U. S. Navy, in which he gives a most lucid insight into the workings about the Navy Department. This article by Capt. Mahan is one of a series on the "Government of the United States," to which the following men of prominence in their respective departments are contributing: James Fords Rhodes, Frank A. Vanderlip, Henry Cabot Lodge, Prof. S. P. Langley, Justice David J. Brewer, Gen. W. H. Carter, Judge C. E. Magoon, Gov. William H. Taft.

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The story, which is based upon the telling fact of your well-known success and the many "ups and downs" you have encountered in business, cannot be commended too highly to the young. I feel safe in predicting that many a young man who reads this pamphlet will date the inspiration for a successful career from that date.

Confederate Veteran



HELEN KELLER

Daughter and Granddaughter of Confederate Officers

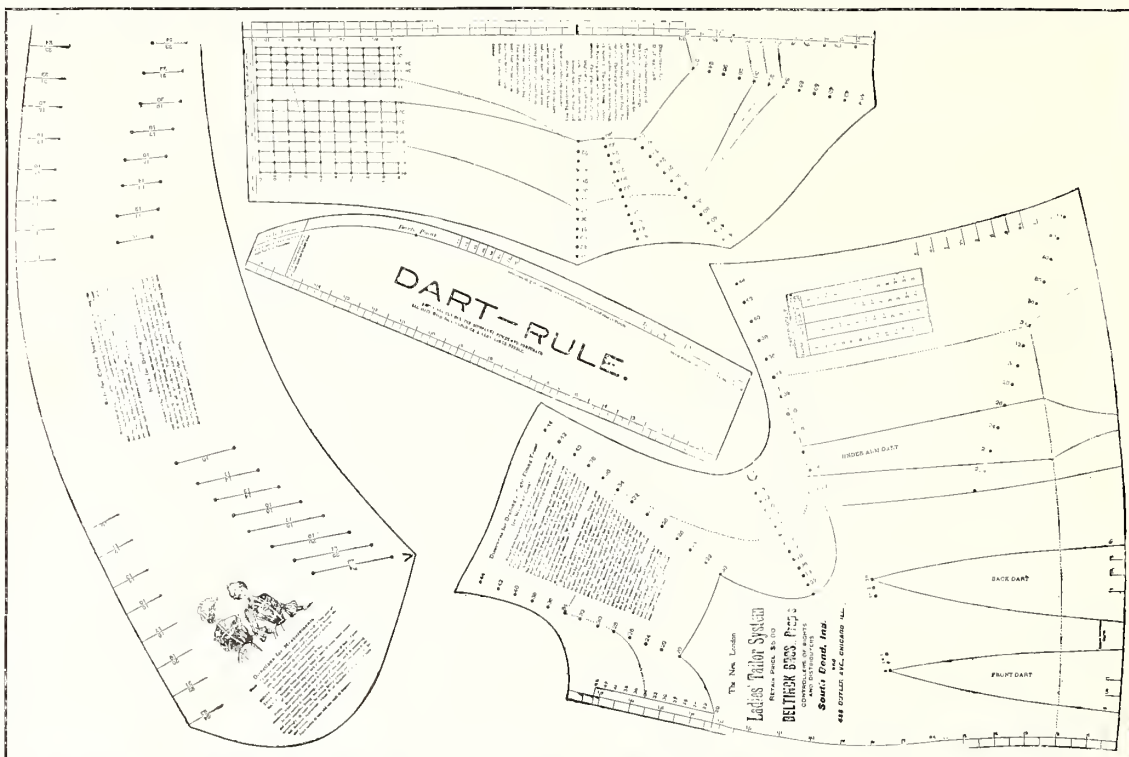
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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1903.

No. 6. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

REUNION RETROSPECT.

It would seem that anniversary reunions of the U. C. V. and of Confederate Camps, occurring at frequent intervals in all parts of the South, would exhaust the theme which inspires such gatherings and beggar the realm of words,



MISS ETHEL TILLMAN HEARD, AUBURN, ALA.,
Sponsor for the South, New Orleans Reunion.

but men may draw deep and long from the great wells of feeling, and language will be found while the world lasts to write the South's glorious epic. Men and women, the grown-up children of the race, hear music in the echo of those words, "Once upon a time," which float from the far-off shores of childhood. The South, our beautiful mother, loves to teach us the "once upon a time" of her heroic days; and we, her reverent children, go back to the language of the nursery and bid her "Tell it again," the tender story of her heroes and their heroine mothers, daughters, sweethearts, and wives.

The recent reunion at New Orleans revived the story yet again, and men gathered there as around the camp fires of the sixties, kindling with the fragments of reminiscence fresh camp fires around which their children, the Sons and Daughters, will sit when the battle-battered veterans have gathered in the solemn bivouac of the dead. Embers from the camp fires of true patriots need never die while a noble posterity abides. Sons and Daughters, let it never be said of you that you allowed the sacred fire to grow cold!

According to the overwhelming spirit of patriotism and love for a common cause that stimulates all Confederate reunions, it cannot be said of any particular one that it was "the greatest" in the history of such gatherings. The last is always the best, in that the warm clasp of the hand of fellowship seems more a reality because it belongs to a more immediate past. Hence, at the present time, when the great reunion at New Orleans is the popular theme for discussion, those who participated in its ceremonies are enthusiastic in saying there never was one like it.

A hasty glance at the memory picture made by the recent happenings in the Crescent City produces a many-colored scene of exquisite harmony. Here a city whose great heart throbbed in the days of war, and whose people stood as one man to protect the honor of the Southland, stood again at the post of duty. It is not to grim-visaged war alone that we must look for heroes. The men who can rise to the dignity of the occasion and the hour are to be classed among nature's noblemen; and these, in the end, are her heroes, whether the horn of plenty proclaims the abundance of peace or the blast of the war trumpet calls men to arms.

It has been urged that the Sons and Daughters should stay at home and allow the Veterans to enjoy a reunion all their own, but the recent spectacle in Christ Church Cathedral proved a strong argument for the presence of the

Daughters, when their Memorial Association solemnly opened the reunion exercises with prayerful tribute to the memory of the Confederacy's President, Jefferson Davis.

And what could be more edifying than the spirit which stimulates the actions of the Sons of Veterans at reunions? At their recent convention, more than on any previous occasion, the Sons seemed to realize that they should stand closer to the Veterans, in order to become the more worthy recipients of the archives, which in the nature of things must be their heritage in a few tragically short years. The Veterans themselves are becoming conscious of the necessity of drawing nearer to the Sons.

The two ideas on which Commander Stone seemed to focus his convention address was the necessity of perfect organization for the perpetuation of Confederate history, and the desire to make a monument to the women of the South. Herein lies the spirit of the well-organized family—the son must step into his father's place when infirmity and death stalk abroad, and his strong arm must raise monuments of manly valor to the women "whose strength, veiled by their weakness," has made them the most beloved figures in human history.

A general review of the proceedings at the New Orleans reunion is necessarily deferred to the July issue.

A dozen or so pages of this number are used to print in full the address of Hon. John H. Rogers, of Fort Smith, Ark., who was chosen to make the oration of the convention. Hon. John W. Daniel, United States Senator for Virginia, was the orator of the former New Orleans reunion convention, in 1892, and survivors who heard it will recall his almost matchless oratory and the love feast that followed it.

The address of Judge Rogers was begun under such trying

circumstances that he hesitated to deliver it. Delegates were weary from a prolonged morning session, and they were slow in assembling. He began with a band of music and a frolicking crowd outside the auditorium, which seriously threatened conditions for a satisfactory hearing. The splendid appearance of the speaker and his fine voice soon riveted the attention of the audience, which had increased to several thousand, mainly veterans, and, though it was lengthy, interest increased to the end, and a spontaneous rising in enthusiasm and gratitude for his manly and able argument in behalf of the South caused the passage of resolutions that it be published and sent to all the Confederate Camps and to all colleges in the South—"and North, too," was supplemented.

The editor of the VETERAN submitted a communication the next day, which was read to the convention, and for which the hearty thanks of that body were expressed. It reads:

"The motion made yesterday by a comrade from Alabama, which was so enthusiastically seconded and passed by unanimous vote, that the great oration of Hon. John H. Rogers, of Arkansas, be published and sent to all of our Camps and to the numerous universities and colleges of the South was, I think, in the original form made as a request of the VETERAN, but in being announced by the Chairman, Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, the request feature was omitted and a proposed amendment carried that it be sent out in pamphlet form. I cheerfully volunteer to send the VETERAN in duplicate to every Camp and copies to every university and college in the United States if a list of these institutions shall be furnished."

The proposition is being complied with to the letter. It increases the size of this number and will cost over one hundred dollars; but it secures the address, which should be in every American home, in bound volumes, whereby it will last as long as there is a record of the awful war between the States.

The VETERAN is in receipt of resolutions from many Confederate Camps relative to the meeting of Lincoln Post, G. A. R., of Topeka, Kan., at which place the names of Gen. Lee and President Davis were branded as traitors and rebels, an act unworthy the name which the Topeka Post bears. The Confederate Camps have done well in placing on their various records a manly defense of their position during the war, and the VETERAN encourages the continued effort of Southerners to keep unsullied the names of the dauntless heroes who fought for right and succumbed before might. It is with regret that limited space prevents the publication of all these resolutions.

A score of years ago this writer and Capt. A. H. Keller, who resided at Tuscumbia, Ala., were seat mates in a railway train as it neared Tuscumbia. They had been discussing the political situation in a conservative way when he was startled by a sharp, patriotic rebuke from a lady on the seat behind them who had overheard the conversation. It was a pleasing explanation that the lady was Capt. Keller's wife. This was before the U. D. C. had been organized, members of which are so diligent to maintain Confederate principles.

Capt. Keller was a faithful friend of the writer, and then of the VETERAN, until he answered the "Last Roll," in 1896. A few weeks ago, calling at the home of Mrs. Keller, now of Florence, Ala., request was made for Helen's picture for the VETERAN, and the response was immediate that "her father would like that." She added: "I want my daughters to join the Daughters of the Confederacy on their father's record, and I want to join on my father's record." Happily, Helen's mother had quite recently received the picture with which



MISS DAISY H. HARRISON,
Maid of Honor Pacific Division, U. C. V.

the front page of this number is adorned. Plea was made for the mother, brother, and sister of Helen in a group, but the modesty which could not be overcome prevented its procurement. The explanation was made that she refused to furnish them for Helen's book, and yet was sorry not to oblige the VETERAN.

HELEN KELLER.

"I could not see till I was blind;
Then color, music, light
Came floating down on every wind."

Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, has reconsidered one of his earlier statements in which he gave to Senator John Morgan the credit of possessing the finest intellect in Alabama. The distinguished Senator has later yielded the intellectual palm to Helen Keller, that splendid marvel of humanity who came into the world on June 27, 1880, at Tuscumbia, Ala., and who, when nineteen months old, the lisping period before the numbers came, lost her sight and hearing.

All the world knows of Helen Keller, and strong men, loving women, and tender children bow before her long and undaunted demonstration of what handicapped humanity can perseveringly accomplish toward

proving, through that "other sense," that subtler sense, that the light which never was on sea or land can and does shine in the midst of the material darkness that envelops and encompasses many of the children of men.

In "The Story of My Life," Helen Keller's almost mystic autobiography, which has just been issued by Doubleday, Page & Co., the noble woman tells how the wordless cry of her soul from the earliest moment of consciousness was: "Light! give me light!" She describes the beauteous moment of her soul's awakening in language which leaves no doubt that she early found the Source from which all light radiates. "Thus I came out of Egypt and stood before Sinai, and a power divine touched my spirit and gave it sight, so that I beheld many wonders. And from the sacred mountain I heard a voice which said: 'Knowledge is love and light and vision.'"

It is remarkable how world-renowned men of letters entertain a universal conviction of the high mental attainments and holy inner personality of the beloved blind girl, as these qualities are exemplified in her life before men. Mark Twain has said that "the most interesting characters of the nineteenth century are Napoleon and Helen Keller." Charles Dudley Warner wrote of her in 1896: "I believe she is the purest-minded human being ever in existence. . . . The world to her is what her own mind is. She has not even learned that exhibition on which so many pride themselves—'righteous indignation.' . . . Her mind is not only vigorous, but it is pure. She is in love with noble things, with noble thoughts, and with the characters of noble men and women." She possesses a poise that makes her delightfully companionable; and the writer has said, "Her good sense, good humor, and imagination keep her scheme of life sane and beautiful."



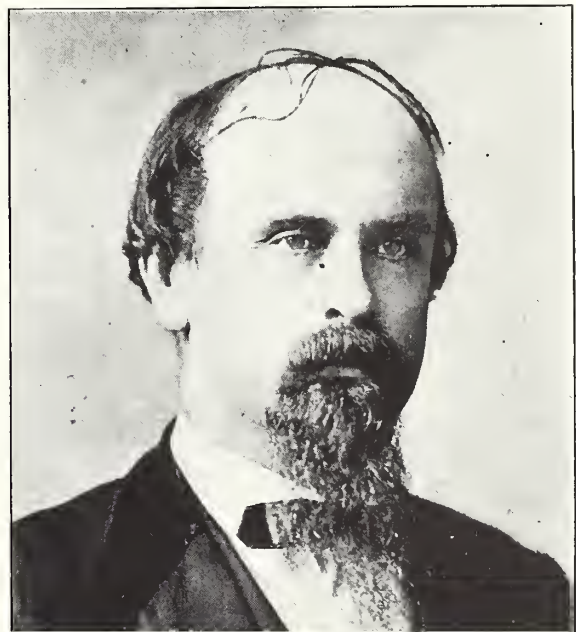
CHARLES W. ADAMS,
Helen Keller's grandfather.

In his "Prince of Illusions," John Luther Long tells the story of an imaginary blind boy to whose consciousness the conception of sin was as remote as the sense of sight; but Helen Keller, the living reality of our own day and time, convinces the reader in "The Story of My Life," that she is a veritable princess of illusions living in an age of sordid materialism, and that the high atmosphere she breathes is far, far above the experience of everyday existence. She does not say these things, for to her pure mind all things are pure and she feels herself no better than the people about her. When asked to define love, she replied: "Why, bless you, that is easy; it is what everybody feels for everybody else." The world has meted to her so much of kindness that she is permeated with a spirit of beautiful trustfulness and tolerance.

"Surrounded by the gentlest influences, she has, from the earliest stage of her intellectual enlightenment, willingly done right. She knows right with unerring instinct and does it joyously. To her soul all evil is unlovely."

In the whole history of psychic phenomena and human tenacity of purpose, there are few things as remarkable as the story of Helen Keller's acquisition of knowledge. Just as "more light" was Goethe's dying cry, so does it seem to have been the password into human life of the deaf, mute, blind girl. Miss Sullivan, the teacher who became so important a factor in the child's history when she was six years old, is an object lesson for future ages, and her methods as a medium for conveying ideas and developing the perceptive faculties are a marvel before which the intellects of contemporary history pause in reverent contemplation. Many of the scholars of the nineteenth century's latter half have delighted to do homage to the noble woman who seems, in her relation to Helen Keller, a divinely ordered complement.

It is said that greatness recognizes greatness, and what could be more beautiful than the friendship, close, gentle, affectionate, sympathetic, given to Helen Keller by such men as Whittier, Holmes, Alexander G. Bell, Edward Ever-



HELEN KELLER'S FATHER, ARTHUR H. KELLER.

ett Hale, Charles Dudley Warner, and the high-souled Phillips Brooks, who, out of the fullness of his reverent faith, conveyed to the hungry child, groping after light, her first conception of the fatherhood of God. The rapidity and clearness with which she grasped every detail that led to her mental development possibly are the most striking things in the blind girl's experience. When Miss Sullivan took charge of the six-year-old child, in 1887, she knew nothing of the methods by which ideas were to be introduced into the intensified shadow land where her baby years had been spent, but three months and a half after the first word was spelled into her hand she wrote to her relative: "helen write anna george will give helen apple simpson will shoot bird jack will give helen stick of candy doctor will give mildred medicine mother will make mildred new dress."

Think of it! With sightless eyes and ears that knew not the sounds so necessary to the instruction of man, she expressed herself, at the age of six, as many hearing and seeing children often fail to do. And four years later, the little girl of ten years, deaf, blind, mute, wrote the following letter to Rev. Phillips Brooks:

"SOUTH BOSTON, June 8, 1891.

"My Dear Mr. Brooks: I send you my picture as I promised, and I hope when you look at it this summer your thoughts will fly southward to your happy little friend. I used to wish that I could see pictures with my hands as I do statues, but now I do not often think about it because my dear Father has filled my mind with beautiful pictures, even of things I cannot see. If the light were not in your eyes, dear Mr. Brooks, you would understand better how happy your little Helen was when her teacher explained to her that the best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched, but just felt in the heart. Every day I find out something which makes me glad. Yesterday I thought for the first time what a beautiful thing motion was, and it seemed to me that everything was trying to get near to God. Does it seem that way to you? It is Sunday morning, and while I sit here in the library writing this letter you are teaching hundreds of people some of the grand and beautiful things about their Heavenly Father. Are you not very, very happy? and when you are a bishop you will preach to more people and more and more will be made glad. Teacher sends her kind remembrances, and I send you with my picture my dear love.

"From your little friend,

HELEN KELLER."

Not content to master her mother tongue alone, this eager, earnest child of the South has carried her mental activity toward the mastery of other languages, and in her college life she has become a successful student of French, German, and Latin. At the age of twenty-two she has acquired a liberal education, and possesses a scholarly appreciation of the history of literature and the best that it has placed before the mind of man.

Helen Keller's immediate family consists of a widowed mother, a sister, Mildred, and brother, Phillips Brooks Keller, whom she named for her dear friend of beloved memory. The Keller family is descended from Casper Keller, a native of Switzerland, who settled in Maryland. Helen mentions a rather remarkable coincidence in her autobiography: "One of my Swiss ancestors was the first teacher of the deaf in Zurich, and wrote a book on the subject of their instruction." Casper Keller's son, Helen's grandfather, entered large tracts of land in Alabama and settled there. He married

the daughter of one of Lafayette's aids, Alexander Moore, and granddaughter of Alexander Spotswood, an early colonial Governor of Virginia. Helen's paternal grandmother was second cousin to Robert E. Lee. Her father, Arthur H. Keller, was a captain in the Confederate army, enlisting in 1861. He was detailed as quartermaster sergeant under Dr. D. R. Lindsay, Twenty-Seventh Alabama, stationed at Fort Henry. In 1862 he joined Roddy's cavalry as a private, and in '64 was made paymaster of Roddy's Division, a position which he held until the close of the war. He was a prominent man in Alabama, in which State he died August 29, 1896. His wife, Helen's mother, Kate Adams, was the daughter of Charles Adams, a native of Newburyport, Mass., who moved to Helena, Ark., and enlisted in the Confederate army when the war broke out, soon rising to the rank of brigadier general. He commanded the Twenty-Third Arkansas Regiment and did active service during the entire struggle. After the war he resumed the practice of the law in Memphis, Tenn., where in the epidemic of 1878 he fell a victim to the ravages of yellow fever. This brave man was married to Lucy Helen Everett, who belonged to the same family as Edward Everett and Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

Through the heroic part played by her father and her maternal grandfather in the great conflict that left so many hearthstones desolate, Helen Keller may justly be called a daughter of the South, though she rejoices that it is to-day a united part of a united country, and her Massachusetts kinsmen and friends are as much her brothers as the children of Southern soil who realize that she is great enough to be claimed as one of the nation's heroines.



MISS ALMA GREER, TEXARKANA, ARK.,
Sponsor for Arkansas Division.

UNVEILING AT FLORENCE, ALA.

Having worked for many years in the face of numerous discouragements and drawbacks, the Memorial Association, assisted by the Florence Chapter, U. D. C., on April 25 unveiled the beautiful monument at Florence, Ala. The Memorial Association of Florence is an old organization, as we reckon time in a new land, having been formerly organized in 1869. The Association was originally brought



MONUMENT AT FLORENCE, ALA.

into existence for the purpose of caring for the brave soldiers of Lauderdale County who fell for the cause so dear to their manly hearts.

Early in its history, Mrs. R. O. Pickett was elected President of the Association, and served for one year. Upon her resignation, Mrs. Cutler Smith was elected, serving faithfully for a term of many years. During her administration the Association united with the Florence Chapter, U. D. C., in the splendid work of raising a monument fund, and, though many of the original members passed away, other earnest workers dropped into places made vacant by the angel of death, and the work went on.

Those who know the history of the noble undertaking are impressed with the gentle spirit of harmony in which the women of Florence have worked, and when the sun came out and rested on the monument on the day of the unveiling it seemed to bear a radiant message of gratitude from the heroes who died for a fair cause and who are resting in those heavenly fields where the atmosphere breathes the eternal peace which passeth understanding.

ALABAMA CONVENTION, U. D. C.—On May 12 the Alabama State Convention, U. D. C., met at Tuscaloosa. The attendance was unusually large, and the reports indicated a

splendid increase in State Chapters, seven being added to the Alabama Division during the past year. Mrs. Dowdell, the retiring president, made a beautiful address before the Convention and submitted the annual report, which proved the energetic methods of the women of her State in furthering the various laudable undertakings that will perpetuate the memory of Alabama's heroes.

The Alabama Division, U. D. C., under its able President, Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, is making earnest efforts to arouse an interest among the sons and daughters of the South, in using appropriate words to the stirring notes of Dixie. Most of the Southern papers have indorsed the adoption of the new words, and, as it is a rare exception when the words are known at all, an appeal is made that the patriotic lines, reprinted below, be universally adopted in the South. Why could not all the Sons and Daughters open their Camp and Chapter meetings with the following inspiring song?

DIXIE—NEW VERSION.

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom,
Look away! look away! look away!

Dixie Land.

Her scenes shall fade from my memory never,
For Dixie's land, hurrah forever!
Look away! look away! look away!

Dixie Land.

Chorus.

I'll give my life for Dixie,
Away! away!
In Dixie's Land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixie.

Away! away!

Away down South in Dixie.

By foes begirt and friends forsaken,
The faith of her sons is still unshaken,
Look away! look away! look away!

Dixie Land.

For Dixie Land and Dixie nation,
We'll stand and fight the whole creation.
Look away! look away! look away!

Dixie Land.

Then up with the flag that leads to glory—
A thousand years 'twill live in story,
Look away! look away! look away!

Dixie Land.

The Southerner's pride, the foeman's wonder—
That flag that the Dixie boys march under.
Look away! look away! look away!

Dixie Land.

WANTED TO SUIT HIS RATIONS.—"Stonewall" Jackson had little mercy on soldiers whom he caught straggling, but is said to have laughingly condoned one instance. During a forced march in the summer of 1862 he stopped to consult with one of his general officers. The entire command had then passed, and as Jackson and his officers rode forward to rejoin the column the former discovered a private up a persimmon tree. Asked by the commander why he was so far in the rear, the private replied: "Eatin' 'simmons." "Persimmons?" roared Jackson. "Why, they're not even ripe yet." "Like 'em green just now," explained the soldier. "And why?" asked Jackson, softening a little with amusement at the fellow's laconic reply: "To draw my innards up to fit my rations."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

METHOD FOR PERPETUATING THE VETERAN.

There appears to be general satisfaction with the plan proposed for perpetuating the VETERAN in selling interests, to be designated as shares, indicated on page 206 of the May number, purchasers to be furnished free subscriptions (except in Nashville and foreign countries where extra postage is required), but to have no other interest while it is published by the present management. The first payment in this way is from Col. V. Y. Cook, of Newport, Ark., whose friendship for the VETERAN has not been exceeded by any of its many thousands of friends. This interest will be furnished free to any who will send forty subscriptions and \$40. The agency for the VETERAN will be given, as a rule, to such subscribers also. Judges on the bench, bankers, and others in prominent occupations, serve the VETERAN as agents—men who would not represent any other publication. It would gratify the owner to receive a multitude of patrons on these terms. Remember the \$10 pays for an interest and that a free subscription for every ten dollars is supplied as desired. A free subscription will be given for every \$10 paid, and each ten dollars to stand for an interest in the VETERAN.

THE VETERAN AN ENDURING MONUMENT.

When Dr. John Uri Lloyd, the gifted author and chemist, of Cincinnati, O., delivered an address before the Tennessee State Eclectic Society on May 6 at Nashville, Tenn., he referred to the fleeting quality of the works of many men and the more enduring monuments erected by others. In his impromptu response to the words of welcome by the Mayor of Nashville, Prof. Lloyd said concerning a Nashville enterprise that which surprised especially his Nashville auditors:

"Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I have listened with great pleasure to the words of welcome spoken by your worthy Mayor, and deeply appreciate the greeting extended by him to the members of our Society and their visitors. I have long looked forward with the most pleasant anticipation to this meeting and to a second visit to this beautiful city. I was here many, many years ago, and, although I have often longed to return, this is the first opportunity presented. I have not yet had the pleasure of looking around and seeing what changes have taken place since my first visit, but I know that time has brought many changes.

"Mr. Mayor, I am not a public speaker, but a chemist. In that life work I have plodded along and tried to accomplish some good results, and as a chemist I shall presume to speak in behalf of my profession. This is an age of change, of evolution, of progress. It is an era of sky scrapers, of immense mechanical and architectural structures, of magnificent bridges, of great railroad constructions, of telephones, of telegraphs, of wireless telegraphy, of the study of force expressions unperceived by our fathers. Behind it all stand the chemist and the physicist, the laboratory and the crucible. Those who are interested financially now reap the monetary benefits. They see money only; their eyes are closed to the plodding scientist of the past, whose patience and skill enabled others now to become rich and powerful leaders in the indus-

trial world. They get the money out of their numerous enterprises, but the men to whom they are indebted, but of whom they never think, are the scientists, whose brains stand back of it all. This monument of the modern era is one to science—this monument of iron and gold and brass and stone and motion and wonder.

"All material works pass away in time. The monuments that are built by hands, whether of brass or stone, crumble and are seen no more. You have heard the story of the lost Atlantis, the myth land that mysteriously disappeared in days lost to history. Gone is Atlantis, but the story of its past existence, the charming legend of its extinction, still remains. Her monuments of stone and bronze, her cities and her people, her hard-built treasures are buried from sight, lost are they ever to cold history. Alone stands the charm of legend, which from heart to heart has passed on, a legend of romance built on love and passion in a time lost to years. Alone that monument stands to-day; all else is gone. Atlantis the material is lost.

"In every city of our land monuments are built for various reasons; but in the flight of time, like those of Atlantis of old, they too will disappear. Yet, when stone crumbles and iron rusts, golden legends will be left to tell of events that happened in lands where now the stone is seen and the heart is touched. As I think of my last visit to Nashville, comes to mind the story of the war that surged, just previously, over this section of our now peaceful country. As I now see Nashville, come to view the structures of stone, speaking now of her work in civilization's army. These latter are her visible monuments. Yet there is a monument now being built here in Nashville which is destined to outlive your uplifted piles of brick and stone and iron and wood. It is the greatest monument that can or will be built here. It will remain to speak to generations to come when your bronze has turned green with rust. I refer to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN [applause], that monument of love which records the story of the sacrifices, of the heroism of men and women of the South in their day of trial. The editor is unknown to me personally, but I say to you that he is, through this publication, erecting a monument the lines of which will live forever. A copy of this journal comes to my desk every month, and I never fail to read its pages. It records the history of the past, as only men who know the past can tell it. Each page touches a heart. The lesson is one of passion and of sorrow, of pain, disaster, and death, of woman's sacrifice, of man's heroism, of the giving of life and property, of family and kindred, in behalf of principle. The pages of this monument to the whole South, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of Nashville, teem with records of devotion in the past. It speaks, too, of good will to all men, and, by its courteous treatment of the veterans who wore the blue, its kindly words for men once foes, is even now bringing the people of both the North and the South together in a way which could not be achieved otherwise. [Applause.] In a time to come, when brick and mortar now build here have crumbled, hearts will feel the touch that comes from the stories these veterans have recorded in this record of the past that Nashville is uplifting. And in time to come, from out these heart touches, legends will grow into form and speak to distant peoples, legends that know no North, no South, no East, no West.

"Some may disagree with me. Let them make their protest and rest; they cannot wait the end. Some may say that I make these remarks because Mrs. Lloyd is a member of the Daughters of the Confederacy, but I say to you, they come because I believe that the work being done by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is monumental and just what I have said."

ADDRESS ON MR. DAVIS IN NEW YORK.

Hon. William Hepburn Russell, formerly of Missouri, made an address on Jefferson Davis at the annual banquet given at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City, last January, that was sent to the VETERAN for publication. That address has been carefully considered more than once, with the wish to give it place in these pages, but it is reluctantly declined. The address seems to beg the privilege of paying tribute to Mr. Davis at a gathering of men from both sides in the great conflict. Reference is made to it now not so much to criticise as to explain why it is not published, and yet it seems unfortunate to attempt a eulogy to Mr. Davis in any sense apologetic.

The speaker begins with a comparison between him and Abraham Lincoln in a way that would indicate that Mr. Davis was honored in being from the same State as Mr. Lincoln—"one believing in the inalienable right of man; the other, in the inalienable rights of the States." While stating that Mr. Davis "was willing to accept the Crittenden compromise, hoping, even after South Carolina seceded, to avoid war and maintain the Union," Mr. Russell says: "*Lincoln did right to defeat it!*" He again says: "Abraham Lincoln gave his life for the Union and the freedom of man, while Jefferson Davis died politically—and his heart died then—when Grant refused the sword of Lee at Appomattox."

In beginning his eulogy upon Mr. Davis, Mr. Russell says: "No American need be ashamed of and none should revile or condemn."

If it is still too soon to pay just and open-handed tribute to Mr. Davis in New York or elsewhere, let us wait rather than beg the privilege in an apologetic sense. It is not beneficial for those who would give Jefferson Davis his due to do it in that way.

The VETERAN never forgets Mr. Lincoln's kindly characteristics when referring to him, and believes that, had he lived, the South would have been spared largely the infamy of "reconstruction," but it does not "agree" with Mr. Russell in his intended eulogy of Mr. Davis to credit Mr. Lincoln with giving his life "for the Union and the freedom of man, while Jefferson Davis lived to typify a — cause." Anybody who essays to comment upon the lives of these two distinguished men ought to know and remember that Mr. Lincoln's part in the "freedom of man" came as an exigency of the war in the face of his own declaration that he had no right under his oath to interfere with the institution of slavery.

The Southerners, early after the war, wrote and spoke in the South after the fashion of this eulogy upon Mr. Davis, but in quitting it they secured increased respect from the gallant men of the North, and they had more regard for themselves. During that humiliating period they bought school histories for their children of which even the North should be ashamed, as all true Southerners are.

TENNESSEE STATE MEETING, U. D. C.

On Tuesday, May 6, Tennessee's United Daughters of the Confederacy met in brilliant and distinguished array at Clarksville, the beautiful town on the Cumberland River, noted for its boundless hospitality. There were present at the assembly, beside the various delegates from all over the State, the able officers, Mesdames T. J. Latham, W. G. Oehmig, A. B. Martin, M. C. Goodlett, John P. Hickman, J. T. McCutcheon, W. Hume, and D. N. Kennedy. Mrs. Clay Stacker, of Clarksville, delivered the address of welcome.

Business of grave importance was wisely handled, and the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: Mes-

dames W. G. Oehmig, Chattanooga, President; Clay Stacker, Clarksville, and A. B. White, Paris, Vice Presidents; J. P. Hickman, Nashville, Recording Secretary; E. H. Hatcher, Columbia, Treasurer; J. T. McCutcheon, Jackson, Corresponding Secretary; W. Hume, Nashville, Historian. Paris, Tenn., was selected unanimously for the next convention.

Mrs. Janet H. Randolph, of Richmond, writes the editor of the VETERAN in regard to the article of Mrs. J. P. Hickman in the May number, and calls attention to his oversight in printing the article "when he knew that the charter of the Albemarle Chapter was in the VETERAN office for six months." The editor regrets these controversies, and especially that he should, however unwittingly, have been the cause of seeming partiality to one side or the other. He deplores these things. In printing Mrs. Hickman's answer to Mrs. Garnett he had not thought of the controversy involving a matter upon which he could give information. Mrs. Randolph cites Mrs. Parsley, of North Carolina, and Mrs. Smythe, of South Carolina, as remembering his treatment that the charter had been in his possession for several months. Even granting this, it would seem that the date of the charter would show whether or not the Albemarle Chapter was in fact the charter Chapter.

These controversies are grievous, and the VETERAN, while deferring to the absolutely honest motives of both sides, has been absorbed in too many things to be able to recall any particulars concerning the issue involved. In printing Mrs. Hickman's paper it was without thought of involving anybody's integrity.

The VETERAN means to be absolutely impartial, and, while desirous of serving every Chapter and every member of the great organization, it pleads for higher duties incumbent upon members. Daughters as well as veterans have important duties incumbent upon them which will ere long devolve upon others, and the olive branch should be garlanded over every door of every Chapter of the U. D. C. The editor regrets deeply what may have seemed to be an inclination to favor one side over the other. Its greatest desire is that Daughters of the Confederacy dwell in unity of spirit everywhere.



MISS E. M. WORTH, RICHMOND, VA.,
Sponsor for Army of Northern Virginia Department.

CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS.

While poets sing of warlike deeds
 On battlefields stained gory,
 And pæans chant, and garlands wreath
 For heroes—still the story
 Of suffering unparalleled,
 Brave duties done, though breaking
 Were Southern women's hearts when through
 The land with war was quaking.

Though sages sing of victories,
 Of brothers' blood by brothers
 Drawn warm in gushing flow, but ah!
 What of our Southern mothers—
 The Southern wife, the sister, and
 The Confederate soldier's daughter,
 That fear-faint waited for the lists
 That came from fields of slaughter!

The roar, the crash, the battle shout
 Of red war's deep damnation
 A halo cast around the strife,
 A lurid fascination,
 That nerved the Southron foot to foot,
 To die, or nobly stand
 For land and life, for child and wife,
 With naked steel in hand!

But what of her who bade farewell
 To father, son, or other,
 With tear-dimmed eyes and breaking heart,
 The soldier's wife or mother,
 Who smiling girt his uniform,
 Her hot tears falling on it,
 Said bravely: "Go, my all, and come
 Back with your shield or 'pon it!"

And, ah! when after every grand
 So-called "victorious battle,"
 With tens of thousands, blue and gray,
 Moan low the hoarse death rattle,
 What bleeding hearts in agony
 With tear-dimmed eyes beclouded
 Did Southern women mourn their dead,
 Uncoffined and unshrouded!

Whence came the inspiration
 That nerved the men in gray
 For four long years to thwart and keep
 The Northern hosts at bay?
 Whence came that heroism,
 Oft proved by every test?
 Whence but imbibed with mother's milk
 From Southern mothers' breast?

All hallowed be the name of her,
 The mother of Robert Lee;
 And she who taught his infant prayer
 To Jackson, at her knee;
 And of that Creole mother who
 Kept jealous watch and ward
 O'er infant steps, and thoughts and joys
 Of our own Beauregard;

And she who molded youthful mind
 Of Davis, first and last
 Grand chieftain of a glorious cause
 That glorifies our past—

All mothers of our knightly chiefs,
 Who life did freely give
 That honor, truth, and liberty
 Should in the Southland live!

O mothers of the Southland,
 Whose hearts have sorely bled
 For Southern dead in soldier graves,
 What hallowed tears ye've shed!
 Whether in lone cabin 'mongst the pines
 Or mansion on the hill,
 When orphans' wail caused widows' eyes
 With scalding tears to fill.

Here's to our gentle women,
 Who will keep forever bright
 The memory of the heroes
 Who died for "God and Right!"
 Their gentle name, like music sounds
 When floating o'er the waters,
 So boys, all give an old-time "yell"
 For our Confederate Daughters!

Our own Confederate Daughters who
 Will be the future mothers
 Of Southern youth and Southern maids,
 That future race, my brothers,
 Whose proudest boast of ancestry
 Will be fore'er and aye:
 "Our sires were Confederates,
 Our fathers wore the gray!"

Ah, yes, the Southern soldier
 Is still unto this day
 Wearing his old color—
 Still wearing of the gray;
 For the gray is on each frosty head
 And in each grizzled beard,
 And 'neath the tombstones gray where lie
 Those whom no challenge feared!

O Daughters of the Southland,
 From every Southern State,
 Let ye but strive your mother's lives
 And deeds to emulate!
 Then will your name like music sound,
 When wafted o'er the waters,
 A pæan to grand womanhood,
 "United Confederate Daughters!"

—John J. Daly, *Gibson's Louisiana Brigade*.

New Orleans, November 1, 1902.

Miss Ellanetta Harrison, of Somerset, Ky., whose picture appeared in the May VETERAN on page 204, is an authoress of unusual attainments, although she has scarce reached her majority. Her last book, "The Stage of Life," a Kentucky story, is just from the press. The proceeds of it she proposes to devote to the proper care of the graves of Confederates who died at Mill Springs, Ky., January 19, 1862, when Felix K. Zollicoffer fell. There are several hundred Confederates buried there, and more than half of them fill unknown graves. It was at the battle of Mill Springs that the Fifteenth Mississippi, under Lieut. Col. (afterwards Gen.) E. C. Walthall, suffered the tremendous loss of 45 per cent of all who were engaged. In recognition of the loyalty of Miss Harrison to the Southern cause, Col. Bennett H. Young appointed her Maid of Honor to the New Orleans reunion.

TRIBUTE TO GEN. BEDFORD FORREST.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Chairman of the History Committee, handed the writer this concluding page of the report of his committee, incidentally remarking that what he embodied in his report to the Mississippi Historical Society was from the published official record:

"The attention of the committee has been called to a paragraph found on pages 257 and 258 of a book known as the 'Young People's Story of the Greater Republic,' by Ella Hines Stratton, where, in speaking of the capture of Fort Pillow by Gen. N. B. Forrest, a most false and misleading account is given of that battle not sustained by the facts of the occurrence, as brought out by the reports and correspondence, as shown in Vol. XXXII., Series I, Part I, of the 'War of the Rebellion—Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies.' The committee is pained at this late date to see such paragraphs breathing all the bad blood of the bitterest war of the centuries, and endeavoring to undermine the respect of American youth for their ancestry, in a book which is generally fair in other respects. Until those paragraphs are expunged by the author, your committee states that the book should not be bought or allowed in the home of any Southern family, where Southern youth can read such a misrepresentation of history.

"Gen. N. B. Forrest was not only the most distinguished cavalry leader of the Confederacy, but his memory and that of his heroic followers have the respect and love of every true Southern man and woman; and no slander of that great American soldier can hold in any true American heart in our reunited country, now beloved by all of its citizens."



MRS. S. J. C. GOFORTH,
Sponsor for S. L. Freeman Camp, Tracy City, Tenn., for several years before
and since her marriage.

RETURNS FROM CONFEDERATE BAZAAR.—Recent reports from Richmond, Va., indicate that the Confederate Bazaar held there during May for the benefit of the Jefferson Memorial Arch, cleared the phenomenal sum of over \$20,000. The active women of Richmond and their absent supporters in every Southern State deserve unstinted praise for it.

DECORATING CAMP CHASE GRAVES.

It seems unfair to any community or set of men to take too much offense against unjust action when the very small minority proves itself the instigator of such action. The Southern papers have been ready, and justly, to resent the behavior of the Hilltop Improvement Association, an organization of citizens in the vicinity of the Confederate Cemetery at Camp Chase, Ohio, who, after a stormy session, refused to participate in the annual services which are to be held this month at the cemetery in memory of the Confederate dead who sleep there.

Something should be said, however, to relieve from opprobrium the broad-minded, genial-hearted citizens of Columbus, who have learned to look on the Confederate soldier as an American of valorous spirit, and who have previously generously participated in the decoration exercises over the graves of the Confederate dead. President Potts, of the Hilltop Association, in trying to prevent the passage of the resolutions, voiced sentiments which should be recorded. He said that the Confederate graveyard at Camp Chase was the largest of its kind in the North, and annually in June the eyes of a united country were on Columbus, and this city had gained the thanks of all the people of the Southern States because of its care of the graves of the dead Confederates. He said he was one of those who thought the war of the rebellion was over. He had been laboring under the impression that the sons of ex-Confederates and sons of ex-Union soldiers fought side by side in the Spanish-American war and for the protection of the Christians in China. The resolution was adopted by a majority vote.

When Col. W. H. Knauss was informed of the action taken he expressed great indignation. He said that the exercises as formally held had always been postponed for a week or ten days after the regular memorial day in order not to interfere with these exercises.

Among other things, Col. Knauss said: "We decorate the graves of the Confederate dead as Americans to Americans and not as to Confederates—to American heroes, men who gave up their lives rather than give up principles which they thought were right. I cannot see any good reason why such action should have been taken, and I believe that the people of this city should repudiate the action of the Hilltop Association, for it does not represent the sentiment of the city.

"I shall communicate with the leaders in the local Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy and arrange for some fitting exercise for the decoration of the graves of the Confederates. I had intended to leave the entire matter with the Daughters of the Confederacy, but since this attack I shall take an active part and arrange for an appropriate ceremony.

"I shall also look up the records of some of the men who opposed the resolution presented by W. B. Potts, President of the Association, and present the whole in a letter to the public of Columbus. The people who oppose such a thing are cowards and are not alive to the interests of the people of the nation.

"The statement going out from Columbus showing that the people of this city are not favorable to participating in the decoration of the graves of the Confederate dead will injure the city more than any other thing could possibly do, and I understand it was printed in all Southern newspapers."

THE SOUTH VINDICATED—REUNION ORATION BY HON. J. H. ROGERS.

Mr. Commander, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Fellow-Comrades: No man could be insensible of so great a privilege and honor as this occasion confers on me. This uncounted multitude finds itself assembled in the greatest of all Southern cities. Every inch of its soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes and patriots. Here, in Jackson Square, fragrant with the magnolia, jasmine, and rose, adorned with evergreens, shrubbery, and flowering plants, stands, and should forever stand, Mill's equestrian statue of the Sage of the Hermitage, clustering around whose name and fame, entwined with the early fortunes of this beautiful metropolis, are holy memories more lasting than marble and brass; preserving forever the noblest examples of civic and military achievements, and giving inspiration, hope, and courage to the countless millions of his countrymen. Why are we here?

No fanatical religious crusade prompted this immense concourse. Here are to be found all creeds and faiths and beliefs, in perfect peace with each other, freed from all antagonisms to excite the passions of men. In yonder sky are no angry clouds of pestilence or war; no impending danger threatens our land, demanding consultation and means of protection from enemies within or without. We are at peace at home and abroad! Neither are we weary pilgrims to a holy Mecca, seeking absolution of our sins, nor are we aspirants for social or political preferment. This is no vast political convention or mass meeting, assembled for purposes of considering grave matters of state or seeking to confer honors on favorite sons. Nay, nay, none of these. What is it that has brought us together?

This great assembly hall, festooned with bunting and flags, emblems of liberty and power; its amphitheater filled with the brave manhood and lovely womanhood of the South; these venerable men, the survivors of the tremendous conflict of the sixties—all these things tell of a deep, underlying cause. This great sea of upturned faces, glowing with life, intelligence, and sympathy—if not with joy unmingled with sorrow—proclaim that the purpose of our assembling has made a deep impression upon our hearts. We need not repress the emotions by which we are agitated. Whenever and wherever these reunions occur, we are standing amid the sepulchers of our dead. Every foot of our beloved Southland is distinguished by their courage, their sublime fortitude, their self-denial, their unwavering devotion and patriotism, and sanctified by the shedding of their blood. Thirty-eight years separate us from the events of which I shall speak. "Time and nature have had their course" in diminishing the numbers of those who surrendered at the close of the great "Civil War," but neither time nor nature can relieve those who survive of the duties they owe to the memory of our unrecorded dead, to our posterity, to our beloved Southland, and to ourselves. We are here to-day to discharge, as we may, those duties, and to renew old friendships, forged in the white heat of common sufferings, and hallowed and sanctified by the conscious conviction that in the hour of trial and peril we were true to the Constitution as it was framed and handed down to us by Washington and his compatriots.

We are here also to pay tribute to that noble band of Southern women, the mothers and daughters of the Confederacy, to whom the great Southern chieftain dedicated his book, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," in words ever to be remembered:

"To the women of the Confederacy, whose pious minis-

trations to our wounded soldiers soothed the last hours of those who died far from the object of their love;

"Whose domestic labors contributed much to supply the wants of our defenders in the field;

"Whose zealous faith in our cause shone a guiding star undimmed by the darkest clouds of war;

"Whose fortitude sustained them under all the privations to which they were subjected;

"Whose floral tribute annually expresses their untiring love and reverence for our sacred dead;

"And whose patriotism will teach their children to emulate the deeds of our revolutionary sires."

All hail to these splendid women, nobly represented here this day by the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, which took upon itself, when peace came, to care for our dead and erect monuments to their memory. Welcome, welcome to them and to the representatives of all other true organizations which are contributing toward the works of love in which we all feel the deepest concern.

A gifted and distinguished son of Alabama, the author, the statesman, the scholar, and the man of God, the late Dr. Curry, has written two books, one entitled "The Southern States of the American Union," and the other, "The Civil History of the Confederate States." Both should be carefully read and studied by every intelligent man and woman, North and South, who wishes to know the truth and where to find it, and to do justice to the South. In the former is found this passage:

"The establishment of truth is never wrong. History, as written, if accepted as true, will consign the South to infamy. If she were guilty of rebellion or treason, if she adopted or clung to barbarisms, essential sins, and immoralities, then her people will be clothed, as it were, with the fabled shirt of Nessus, fatal to honor, to energy, to noble development, to true life."

The same author uses this striking language:

"That the conquerors should make laws for the conquered seems a political, as it is the ordinary, consequence of the conquest. It is not so obvious, nor so logical, that they should make history."

In another passage he says:

"One of the most singular illustrations ever presented of the power of literature to conceal and pervert truth, to modify and falsify history, to transfer odium from the guilty to the innocent, is found in the fact that the reproach of disunion has been slipped from the shoulders of the North to those of the South."

No thoughtful man can pass lightly over such statements. If true, they are a warning to us that if we value our good names, our parts had in the tragic struggle of the sixties; if we would not have our very children in the near future, if not ashamed and apologizing for us, then unable to defend us, we must not be idle in preserving, recording, and teaching the real facts upon which the righteousness of our actions must depend.

I find no fault with the New England States, that from the moment the Pilgrim Fathers touched foot on Plymouth Rock they began and have continued day by day to record their own deeds; but it cannot be truthfully said that their writers and statesmen have always been as just and faithful in their interpretation and treatment of the actions of others as they have been diligent in recording their own deeds, and afterwards in escaping their responsibility and logical con-

sequences. It is a misfortune to the South that her sons, if not indifferent, then carelessly neglected to preserve for the historian like records.

"The true record of the South, if it can be related with historic accuracy, is rich in patriotism, in intellectual force, in civic and military achievements, in heroism, in honorable and sagacious statesmanship, of a proper share of which no American can afford to deprive himself. So much genius in legislation, in administration, in jurisprudence, in war, such great capacities, should expel partisan and sectional prejudices."

Let us see where the seeds of disunion were first sown—where and when it was first agitated, and under what circumstances it was threatened. If to the doctrine of disunion or secession odium should attach, then simple justice demands that the responsibility be fixed and that the guilty be not permitted to escape their proper place in history. If no odium could justly attach, no one need feel any dread if the truth is made clear. In no sectional, party, or resentful spirit is the inquiry made. It is due to us, to the truth, to our children, and to the statesmen and leaders of political thought in the old South, that the inquiry be made; it is due to the dead we this day honor.

For much of what I shall say on this subject, I am indebted to Dr. Curry's two books, already mentioned.

The South is reproached for disunion—secession! It is the basis for the charge of treason; of disrupting the Union; of violating the Constitution; of rebellion; of making war on the United States. It must not be forgotten that there is a wide difference between secession and rebellion. The South made no war on the States remaining in the Union. Secession meant disunion so far as the seceding States were concerned, but it meant neither war nor rebellion. It meant a Union intact so far as all the States were concerned which did not secede, and a Union, too, under the Constitution. As the States entered the Union, each under acts of ratification of its own, so secession meant the resumption by each State of its delegated powers, by repealing the acts under which each seceding State entered the compact; but the repeal of such acts did not and could not affect the acts by which the remaining States entered into the Confederacy. The States of North Carolina and Rhode Island did not ratify the Constitution until long after Washington's administration began, and of course were not members of the Union. But the Union existed nevertheless, and existed under the Constitution, as much as it did after these States became members. So when the Confederate States seceded from the Union, the States remaining under the compact were as much a Union under the Constitution as before.

The whole history of secession shows conclusively that in seceding the South had no intention of assailing their former confederates. To their credit, every step taken in the matter of secession, in view of the deep feeling and intense excitement, was marvelously conservative, marked with statesmanlike conduct, and a decent regard for the United States. Its peace commissions, its diplomacy, its unpreparedness for war, all make clear to those who wish to know that the South sought a peaceful withdrawal from the Union, leaving the remaining States unharmed and undisturbed.

Had a State, under the Constitution as interpreted and understood for fifty years after its adoption, the right, for any reason, to withdraw from the Union? It must be admitted that if such right ever existed it continued up to the "Civil War," for the Constitution had never been changed in that

regard. It must also be admitted that if, for any reason, a State had the right to withdraw of necessity it had the sole right to determine when the reasons were sufficient; and it must also be remembered that up to 1861 the question was unsettled, since for its determination no tribunal had ever been created, nor was any such power confided by the terms of the Constitution to the United States. These statements, it is confidently asserted, are historically axiomatic.

I may be permitted to quote two authorities. Mr. Madison has been justly called the "Father of the Constitution." If any men of his day had a right to love the Union, they were Washington and Madison. Both of them contributed, above all others, to its existence and early maintenance; both of them deprecated its destruction, frowned upon all efforts for disunion or secession, and to the last days of their lives were its ardent and devoted friends. Mr. Madison, than whom no purer and nobler statesman this country has produced, said:

"Where resort can be had to no tribunal superior to the authority of the parties, the parties themselves must be the rightful judges in the last resort, whether the bargain made has been pursued or violated. The Constitution of the United States was formed by the sanction of the States, given by each in its sovereign capacity. The States then, being parties to the constitutional compact and in their sovereign capacity, it follows of necessity that there can be no tribunal above their authority to decide, in the last resort, whether the compact made by them be violated, and consequently that, as the parties to it, they must themselves decide, in the last resort, such questions as may be of sufficient magnitude to require their interposition."

"An assemblage of citizens of Boston in Faneuil Hall in 1809 states, in a celebrated memorial, that they looked only to the State Legislatures, who were competent to devise relief against the unconstitutional acts of the general government. "That your power is adequate to that object is evident from the organization of the Confederacy."

Here is distinctively recognized the doctrine that each sovereign State has the right to judge alone of its own compacts and agreements. This must, of necessity, be true unless the right to interpret the compact or agreement has been waived, or the power conferred upon another. This language of Madison is buttressed by the acts of ratification of the Constitution by some of the States. Virginia said in her ratification act:

"The delegates do, in the name of Virginia, declare and make known that the powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whensoever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression, and that every power not granted thereby remains with them and at their will."

New York was even more specific, and Maryland and other States showed equal concern and jealousy in safeguarding the sovereignty of the States.

In the prior history of the country repeated instances are found of the assertion of the right of secession and of a purpose entertained at various times to put it into execution. Notably is this true of Massachusetts—indeed, of all New England. In 1786, when the States were bound by the Articles of Confederation, we are told the situation was "dangerous in the extreme." "The agitation in Massachusetts was great, and it was declared that if Jay's negotiations, closing the Mississippi for twenty years, could not be adopted it was high time for the New England States to

recede from the Union and form a Confederation by themselves."

Plumer traces secession movements in 1792 and 1794, and says: "All dissatisfied with the measures of the government looked to a separation of the States as a remedy for oppressive grievance."

In 1794 Fisher Ames said: "The spirit of insurrection has tainted a vast extent of country besides Pennsylvania."

In 1796 Gov. Wolcott, of Connecticut, said: "I sincerely declare that I wish the Northern States would separate from the Southern the moment that event [the election of Jefferson] shall take place."

Horatio Seymour, on October 8, 1880, in a public address in New York City, thus spoke: "The first threat of disunion was uttered upon the floor of Congress by Josiah Quincy, one of the most able and distinguished sons of Massachusetts. At an early day Mr. Hamilton, with all his distrust of the Constitution, sent word to the citizens of Boston to stop their threats of disunion and let the government stand as long as it would. When our country was engaged with the superior power, population, and resources of Great Britain, when its armies were upon our soil, when the walls of its capitol were blackened and marred by the fires kindled by our foes, and our Union was threatened with disasters, the leading officials and citizens of New England threatened resistance to the military measures of the administration. This was the language held by a convention of delegates appointed by the Legislatures of three New England States and by delegates from counties in Vermont and New Hampshire: 'In cases of deliberate, dangerous, and palpable infractions of the Constitution, affecting the sovereignty of a State and liberties of the people, it is not only the right but the duty of such State to interpose for their protection in the manner best calculated to secure that end.' 'This covers the whole doctrine of nullification.' I may add, it covers the whole doctrine of secession, for it recognized the right of the State to determine when infractions of the Constitution have occurred, and to apply their own remedies."

The men who uttered these threats, which gave "aid and comfort" to the enemies of this country while they were burning its capitol, were held in high esteem. To this day the names of George Cabot, Nathan Dove, Roger M. Sherman, and their associates are honored in New England."

The acquisition of Louisiana, in 1803, created much dissatisfaction throughout New England, for the reason, as expressed by George Cabot, Senator from Massachusetts, and the grandfather of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge (in whose "Life of George Cabot" the statement is made):

"That the influence of our [northeastern] part of the Union must be diminished by the acquisition of more weight at the other extremity." At the time secession, or separation of the States, was freely discussed, and with no suggestion of any idea among its advocates that it was treasonable or revolutionary.

Col. Timothy Pickering, an officer in the Revolution, afterwards Postmaster General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet, and afterwards for many years a Senator from Massachusetts, was also a leading secessionist in his day. In Lodge's "Life of Cabot," his letters to Senator Cabot reveal his convictions of the power in a sovereign State to sever its connection with the Union. In one of his letters, written in 1803 to a friend, he says: "I will not despair. I will rather anticipate a new Confederacy, exempt from the corrupt and corrupting in-

fluences and oppressions of the aristocratic Democrats of the South. There will be (our children at the furthest will see it) a separation. The white and black populations will mark the boundary."

In another letter he says: "The principles of our Revolution point to the remedy—a separation; that this can be accomplished without spilling one drop of blood, I have little doubt."

Other quotations to the same point found in the letters of Col. Pickering might be given. The occasion forbids. Such were his views of the nature of the compact under the Constitution. He was a revolutionary patriot, a friend and associate of Washington, and a trusted servant, during many long years, of Massachusetts.

In 1811, in the debate of the bill for the admission of Louisiana into the Union, Josiah Quincy, a member of Congress from Massachusetts, said:

"If this bill passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from moral obligation, and as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some definitely to prepare for that separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must."

Cabot, Quincy, and Pickering were strong Federalists, not "misguided advocates of State rights," but friends of a strong, centralized, Federal government.

All of us know of the Hartford Convention, held in 1814, growing out of the war with Great Britain, in which were representatives regularly elected by the Legislatures of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and representatives irregularly chosen from New Hampshire and Vermont. They sat with closed doors, but it is known that their object was the discussion of the expediency of those States withdrawing from the Union and setting up a separate Confederation. They determined upon its inexpediency then, but published to the world the conditions and circumstances under which its dissolution might become expedient.

In the years 1844-45, when measures were taken for the annexation of Texas, the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a resolution that:

"The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, faithful to the compact between the people of the United States, according to the plain meaning and intent in which it was understood by them, is sincerely anxious for its preservation; but that it is determined, as it doubts not the other States are, to submit to undelegated powers in no body of men on earth," and that the "project for the annexation of Texas, unless arrested on the threshold, may tend to drive these States into a dissolution of the Union."

In the convention which framed the Constitution itself the proposition was made and lost, giving authority to employ force against a delinquent State, but Mr. Madison said:

"The use of force against a State would look more like a declaration of war than an infliction of punishment, and would probably be considered by the party attacked as a dissolution of all previous compacts by which it may have bound."

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, in his "Life of Webster," says:

"It was probably necessary—at all events Mr. Webster felt it to be so—to argue that the Constitution at the outset was not a compact between the States, but a national instrument, and to distinguish the cases of Virginia and Ken-

tucky in 1799, and of New England in 1814, from that of South Carolina in 1830. . . . Unfortunately, the facts were against him in both instances. When the Constitution was adopted by the votes of States at Philadelphia, and accepted by the votes of States in popular conventions, it is safe to say there was not a man in the country, from Washington and Hamilton on the one side to George Clinton and George Mason on the other, who regarded the system as anything but an experiment entered upon by the States, and from which each and every State had the right peaceably to withdraw, a right which was very likely to be exercised."

Wendell Phillips, a lawyer, an author, and a statesman, in New Bedford, Mass., in 1861, said that the States who think their peculiar institutions require a separate government "have a right to decide that question without appealing to you or me."

"A convention in Ohio in 1859 declared the Constitution a compact to which each State acceded as a State, and is an integral party, and that each State had the right to judge for itself of infractions, and of the mode and measure of redress, and to this declaration Giddings, Wade, Chase, and Denison assented."

At Capon Springs, Va., June 28, 1851, Daniel Webster said:

"I do not hesitate to say and repeat that if the Northern States refuse willfully and deliberately to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provide no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain broken on one side is broken on all sides."

Writing to a committee of New York lawyers in 1851, Mr. Webster said:

"In the North, the purpose of overturning the government shows itself more clearly in resolutions agreed to in voluntary assemblies of individuals, denouncing the laws of the land, and declaring a fixed intent to disobey them. I notice that in one of these meetings, holden lately in the very heart of New England, and said to have been very numerous attended, the members unanimously resolved 'That as God is our helper we will not suffer any person charged with being a fugitive from labor to be taken from among us, and to this resolve we pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.' He conjured his fellow-citizens 'to reject all such ideas as that disobedience to the laws is the path of patriotism, or treason to your country duty to God.'"

I need not array further evidence as to where and when the seeds of disunion were first sown. The truth is, they antedate the Constitution, and the nursery and hotbed in which they were cared for and cultivated in the first fifty years of the republic was in the North, principally New England. The truth I believe is that, from the very beginning, a large majority of the South believed in the constitutional right of a State to secede and some believed in the doctrine of nullification as a remedy for flagrant violations of the Constitution; but they loved the Union, and, largely controlling its destinies for sixty out of seventy years, they held it steadily within its constitutional limits. They never nursed any doctrine looking to its destruction. In its early perils, when its enemies within and without threatened its existence, when at best it was an experiment, the South was found entangled in no hostile machinations. As in her revolutionary struggles the South sent to the army no Benedict

Arnold, so in the weakness of her infancy she furnished no Shay's rebellions nor Hartford conventions.

Alexander Stephens has said, and it is worth remembering, that:

"No Southern State ever did, intentionally or otherwise, fail to perform her obligation as to her confederates under the Constitution, according to the letter and spirit of its stipulated covenants, and they never asked of Congress any action or invoked its powers upon any subject which did not lie clearly within the provisions of the Articles of Union."

I affirm, therefore, if odium is to attach to the South for the act of secession, it must also attach to the great North and East, where it was, for political, economical, and industrial reasons, sedulously agitated and inculcated up to the Mexican war, and the right distinctly recognized by its leading statesmen up to 1860. History ought to not allow them to slip this odium, if odium it be, from their shoulders to the shoulders of the South.

It is true, South Carolina inaugurated nullification in 1830, a doctrine which was never generally accepted by the Southern statesmen, and which, to my mind, has always seemed illogical, if not unethical; a doctrine which, as I have always understood, President Davis never approved, and a doctrine which President Jackson unceremoniously stamped out; a doctrine, nevertheless, as we shall see, which permeated all the abolition States of the North.

Our children should know that the Confederate States, by the act of secession, made no war on the United States; that the war between the States was not rebellion. It was the result of an effort by the United States to coerce States against their will to remain in the Union, a power not to be found in the Constitution, a power which all the earlier fathers believed did not exist, a power utterly inconsistent with the right of secession, which it is believed all parts of the country recognized when the Constitution was framed and for many years thereafter.

If the Southern States had the power, notwithstanding the Constitution, to withdraw from the Union in 1803, in 1812 and in 1845, as New England statesmen then affirmed, they had the same power in 1861. No change of the Constitution had been made, and the relations of the States to each other were unaltered. If that power existed at all, the expediency of withdrawing was one solely for each State to decide for itself.

The New York *Tribune*, the organ of the abolitionists of that day, said: "If the Cotton States wish to withdraw from the Union, they should be allowed to do so," and that "any attempt to force them to remain would be contrary to the principles of the Declaration of Independence and to the fundamental ideas upon which human liberty is based," and that "if the Declaration of Independence justified the secession from the British Empire of three millions of subjects in 1776, it was not seen why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southerners from the Union in 1861."

I make no apology for quoting a single paragraph from that instrument, the Declaration of Independence:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among them are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends,

it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Assuming the power existed, I affirm that if at any time in all our history secession was ever justifiable it was in 1861. No less than fourteen Northern States had, by Legislative enactments, nullified the fugitive slave law; and what of this fugitive slave law?

When the Constitution was framed slavery was lawful in all the States, and actually existed in nearly all. True, it had been forbidden by a congressional ordinance in the Northwest Territory, but that ordinance was accompanied by a proviso for the rendition of fugitive slaves, and this proviso, says Dr. Curry, "was the precursor of the fugitive slave clause, embedded the same year in the Constitution, without a dissenting voice."

In the *Dred Scott* case, Mr. Justice Nelson said: "We all know, the world knows, that our independence could not have been achieved, our Union could not have been maintained, our Constitution could not have been established, without the adoption of those compromises which recognized its continued existence, and left it (slavery) to the responsibility of the States of which it was the grievous inheritance."

Mr. Justice Story, in the *Prigg* case, said: "Historically, it is well-known that the object of this clause was to secure to the slaveholding States the complete right and title of ownership in their slaves, as property, in every State of the Union into which they might escape from the State wherein they were held in servitude."

But the truth demands that it should be stated that neither that ordinance nor the constitutional proviso referred to was the origin of the fugitive slave law. "In 1643 Articles of Confederation were formed by the colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven for mutual help. The Articles provided that all servants running from their masters should, upon demand and proper evidence, be returned to their masters and to the colonies whence they had made their escape. This New England and Puritan fugitive slave law was the first enacted on this continent."

This fugitive slave law, thus nullified by fourteen States, was an Act of Congress, passed in pursuance of the express mandate of the Constitution. The temper of the North at that time may be best illustrated by a few quotations.

Mr. Seward said: "There is a higher law than the Constitution which regulates our authority over our domain. Slavery must be abolished, and we must do it."

Others formulated their creed into this sentence: "The times demand and we must have an antislavery Constitution, an antislavery Bible, and an antislavery God."

Mr. Edmund Quincy thus voiced the idea of his school: "For our part we have no particular desire to see the present law repealed or modified. What we preach is not repeal, not modification, but disobedience."

A reverend and active abolition agitator said: "The citizen of a government tainted with slave institutions may combine with foreigners to put down the government."

In addition to the action of various Northern States in nullifying an act of Congress, John Brown had, in October, 1859, heading a band of armed conspirators, invaded the State of Virginia, seized the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, and was pursuing a concocted plan to arouse the slaves of Virginia

to insurrection, to plunder, to murder, and to overthrow the government of that State.

Judge Taney, second to no one who ever sat on the Supreme Court bench, unless it be Marshall, was assailed in the bitterest and most vituperative terms for his decision in the *Dred Scott* case. The solemn judgment of that court was audaciously and insolently set at naught as arbitrary and void. The whole North was angry and convulsed; the voice of law was silent. Mr. Lincoln, the President elect, and the idol of his party, had said: "The Union cannot permanently exist half slave and half free."

In the campaign of 1860 Mr. Seward had affirmed that: "There was an irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery." It was equivalent to a declaration of war by the most prominent and influential statesmen of the victorious party upon an institution peculiar to the South.

The people of this generation cannot comprehend the intense excitement and deep feeling existing in the South, and the bitterness growing out of this question between the sections. The South had two billions invested in slaves when Mr. Lincoln was elected. The Constitution had been nullified already. His position on the slavery question was well understood.

Such is a dim portrayal of the situation by which the South was confronted in 1860.

What had she to hope or expect in the Union? No such conditions had ever previously existed. No such consequences had provoked New England to threats of disunion. It was not a question of the control of the government, or an economical or industrial question; it was not a question of preserving the balance of power or the equilibrium of the sections, such as was felt in New England when the Louisiana and Florida purchases were made, and Texas acquired. It was a question of civilization, of constitutional liberty, of the preservation of the principles of the Constitution; and the South, when the alternative was presented of abandoning the principles of the Constitution, or giving up the Union, with alacrity, but with the deepest reluctance that the necessity existed, chose the latter. She was overcome, she has suffered, but she ought not to be maligned or misrepresented.

I must not be misunderstood. The whole question of secession and disunion has been forever settled, so far as the domain of constitutional law is concerned. The decree was rendered at Appomattox, and was written in the best blood of all sections of this land. It was rendered in the court of last resort, where all the laws but those of war are silent. From it no appeal can be had except to revolution, which God forbid.

From the clear skies His blessed finger points to a restored Union, and His beneficent smile is spread all over the land where dwells a people, the strongest, the most enlightened, the most prosperous and happy to be found on the habitable globe. In all our struggles we have not been forgotten; His mighty hand has been felt, lifting us up from our calamities, chastened but made better and stronger by His loving-kindness. "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth; and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

"Slavery has been called the trembling needle which pointed the course amidst the tumultuous discussions of our Congresses until the war between the States began."

But the South did not go to war for slavery alone. Thousands and thousands of soldiers from every State in the South, perhaps not less than eighty per cent of them, entered

the army willingly and deliberately, and served through the war, who never owned and never expected to own a slave. It was unmistakably interwoven among the causes of the war. It was inseparable from all the great industrial, economic, and sectional questions involving the policy and control of the government. It embittered the discussion of every public question, and afterwards embittered the great war itself. It was inextricably interwoven with the cause of the Confederacy. It brought down upon it the prejudices of many in this country who believed in the great principle for which the South contended, but who would not identify themselves with a cause involving the perpetuation of slavery. It brought upon the South the moral sense of foreign nations. It taught us what Washington, Jefferson, and Madison had long before recognized—that the moral sense of mankind did not sustain it. It was the bane of our social order, and it was the chronic cancer which gnawed at the vitals of our future greatness. It perished, like secession, as one of the incidents and results of the war.

Thank God it is gone forever! and that we have a reunited country under one flag, the emblem of a free people in an inseparable Union of coequal States, and never destined, we pray God, to become the emblem of imperial power at home or abroad, or to float over vassal States and subject peoples anywhere against their will.

Ours was not a war of conquest; it was not a war of pelf; it was not a war of desolation; it was not a war of fanaticism; it was not a war of envy and malice; it was not a war on defenseless and homeless noncombatants; it was not a war of coercion. Ours was a war of self-defense, a war for home, for self-government, for State sovereignty, for the right to peaceably withdraw from the Union into which we had voluntarily entered, but to which no power had been delegated to coerce a State. It was a war to establish the true lines between the powers reserved to the States and those delegated to the general government. It was a war to preserve our form of government as the fathers understood it when it was framed.

"No higher encomium can be rendered to the South than the fact, sustained by her whole history, that she never violated the Constitution; that she committed no aggressions upon the rights of property of the North; that she simply asked equality in the Union and the enforcement and maintenance of her clearest rights and guarantees."

The South had no hatred for the Union. The highest evidence of that is that the Confederate Constitution was substantially the same as the Constitution of the United States, modified so as to make clear the construction for which the South had always contended. There were few other changes; and they looked, in the main, to the correction of abuses and errors which experience had discovered. It distinctly inhibited the foreign slave trade, prohibited their introduction into the Confederacy from any other Territory or State except the slaveholding States and Territories of the United States, and gave the Congress the power to prohibit that also. True, it recognized slavery, as did the Constitution of the United States, and afforded like guarantees.

No, the South had no hatred for the Constitution, and no hatred for the Union. It was her Constitution and her Union, in common with all the other States created by the wisdom and courage of all their sons. The ashes of her children consecrated the battlefields of the Revolution. They had led suffering and half-clad, but victorious armies for

American Independence. Washington and Henry Lee, Marion, Sumter, and Pinkney, John Paul Jones and George Rogers Clark were among her illustrious soldiers in the great struggle for independence.

Camden, King's Mountain, the Cowpens, Guilford Courthouse, Eutaw Springs, and Yorktown were all hers. It was our Andrew Jackson, commanding Southern soldiers, largely Kentuckians, Tennesseans, and Mississippians, who fought the battle of New Orleans, terminating the war of 1815, the war which has been called the second war of Independence, the effect of which was "to vindicate our equality and independence among the nationalities of the world. It gave us a position of dignity, importance, and power which has never been diminished. It was a wholesome agency in promoting national unity, in developing national patriotism and courage, military and naval skill and ability, in quieting for many years sectional discord, and demonstrating our unaided competency to defend our soil and coasts, and to cope successfully with the best-disciplined army and the most formidable navy of the old world."

In this centennial year of the celebration of the acquisition of Louisiana Territory, I can hardly resist the temptation to suggest what might have been the destinies of the Great Republic if the prevision of Thomas Jefferson, a Southern statesman, had not comprehended the tremendous importance to the commercial development of the United States and the preservation of the Union that the "Father of Waters" should forever remain under their control. But this digression, however inviting, cannot be indulged.

The names and battlefields I have mentioned cannot be separated from the Union any more than the light from the sun. The history of the South, with all its tender memories and glorious triumphs in war and in peace, were bound up in the history of the colonies, the Confederation, and finally in the Union.

Why was it not dear to her people? Why should she not desire to preserve it? Why should five millions of people, as a single man, rise to leave their father's house, but for some overshadowing cause and impending danger. In all history did ever like occur?

And when the North determined upon coercion, did ever any people stand together as did the people of the South? With her ports blockaded, cut off from the outer world, with no army or navy, destitute of arms and ammunition, almost without manufacturing industries of any kind, the South for four years conducted, single-handed and alone, against the trained army and navy of the Union, backed by the extensive industries of the North with its enormous population and wealth, with its immense shipping and commerce, and with its legions of mercenaries from other lands, the most stupendous war of modern times. Do these old veterans themselves realize the achievements of the armies of the Confederacy? One in whose accuracy I have implicit faith states that more than half as many men were enrolled in the Union army as the entire white population of the Southern States proper, including all the women and children. The records show that more than two million, eight hundred and fifty thousand troops were furnished the Union army by the States; and while, for the lack of official data, I cannot state, to a man, the enlistment in the Southern army from first to last, the estimate has the sanction of high authority, deemed reliable, that the Confederate forces available for action during the war did not exceed six hundred thousand soldiers, of whom there were not more than two hundred thousand

arms-bearing men at any one time, and when the war closed, half that number covered the whole effective force, of all arms, in all quarters of the Confederacy.

Besides the disparity in the land forces, there was the Federal navy, the gunboats and the ironclads, without which many believe Grant's army would have been lost at Shiloh and McClellan's on the Peninsula.

When the Union army dissolved, four hundred thousand more men were borne on its roll than the estimated enlistments of the Southern army, from the spring of 1861, to the spring of 1865, and during that time there had been two hundred and seventy thousand Federal prisoners captured.

Three hundred thousand Federal soldiers sleep in eighty-three beautiful Federal cemeteries, rightly cared for by the government, to tell to posterity the awful story of that mighty fratricidal conflict.

How shall we account for these things? Has all history afforded a parallel? What is it that made the South a unit and molded its armies for terrible battle? Let the unpartisan and truth-seeking historian of the future answer; but whatever his answer may be, if he could challenge the respect of mankind, let him not say the cause, the sentiment, the conviction, or whatever it was that inspired them to brave and noble deeds did not have the abiding faith and solemn sanction of her armies in the field or her people at their homes. Until the ragged and half-starved remnants of Lee's and Johnston's armies laid down their arms and accepted the cold, stern award of defeat; until the ever-increasing and overpowering numbers of Grant's and Sherman's armies made battle no longer possible, unflinching they stood together without a murmur, still hoping against hope for the triumph of their cause; and when the end came, and disaster and ruin met the eye on all sides, and when at every fireside was a vacant chair; when blackened chimneys identified spots where happy homes had stood; when poverty and want stalked abroad; when aliens came to rule that they might plunder; when ignorance and audacity flaunted themselves in high places, and corruption had its ready and rich rewards—still they were true; true to themselves, true to their comrades and the memory of their martyred dead, true to their old leaders, true to their great captain, and true to their States and to their beloved South. Their armies had gone down in defeat, their cause had failed, their fortunes had been swept away, disappointment and sorrows and strange conditions hovered on all sides and darkened all the ways; but there was no treacherous and cowardly turning, to fix upon their civil or military leaders the responsibility for the origin or results of the war. They had staked everything for a principle in vain. Courageous and true, they accepted their fate, and turned again to build up their wasted fortunes and prostrated commonwealths.

To me the sweetest and noblest chapter in the book of our misfortunes and sorrows was the treatment which the South accorded the fallen chief of the Confederacy. His was a pure, a great, and an incorruptible career. He had served the Union with great distinction in high stations, in war and in peace. No ambitious longings for place or power now remained. All hope for his preferment had gone out in the darkness of defeat. Imprisoned and in irons, he suffered for them all. Released without trial, no plea for pardon, disfranchised, broken in health, and tottering with care and age, he returned to his people, to be welcomed as no other man, and in the calm dignity of a private citizen, in his quiet home, he remained their idol, their counselor, and

their friend, devoting the last days of his noble life to the preparation of a defense and justification of that people for whom he had been made a vicarious sacrifice. He had never lost their faith, their confidence, their admiration, or their love. There is something strong and deserving of all honor in a people like this.

We are assembled here for no ignoble ends. We are here to revive no issues settled by that unhappy conflict. We are not here to defame others, or pervert or warp the truth. We are not here to exaggerate or magnify the glory or virtues of one section of our common country at the expense of another; nor are we here to desecrate this occasion by the gratification of personal ambition, or the acquirement of social distinction or political preferment. We are here that mankind may not forget nor falsehood nor calumny cloud or tarnish the calm judgment of posterity, as to the sincerity of the motives and the honorable conduct of the Confederate soldiers. We affirm our desire that our children may understand these things; that they may the more reverence their ancestry; that they may know of their sufferings and sacrifices and be able to defend their good names, and, proud of their achievements, emulate, in the great struggles of the future, if such await our country, the fidelity, patriotism, love of home and country attested by the veterans of 1861 on a hundred bloody battlefields.

Who would have them forget the Lees, the Johnstons, the Jacksons, and the Hills? Who would have them forget Bragg, Beauregard, Hardee, Price, Polk, and Hood? Who would have them forget that great wizard of the saddle, Bedford Forrest, and our own little Joe Wheeler, Pat Cleburne, the lamented Walthall, and innumerable others? Who would have us forget the grand old man yet with us, and others still spared; and the hosts who made for them names that can never perish from the earth as long as genius and courage and patriotism challenge the admiration of mankind?

Who would have them ignorant of the glorious charge of Pickett and others at Gettysburg? Who would have them forget the death struggle at Franklin, Tenn., where the Confederates won a glorious victory, but at a cost of eleven general officers killed and wounded and six thousand men—nearly one-fifth of the army—in five hours? Where Gist and Adams and Strahl and Granberry and the intrepid Pat Cleburne fell—fell in the very forefront of battle, and around them in great numbers were strewn their gallant dead? Who would have them forget Chickamauga, where friendly darkness shielded the army of the Cumberland from destruction? Who would have them forget Jackson in the Valley of Virginia, whose campaigns have challenged the military critics of England and Germany to find a single error?

Dr. Hunter McGuire, Jackson's corps surgeon, in an address delivered in Richmond in 1897, made this statement: "Therefore it is with swelling heart and deep thankfulness that I recently heard some of the first soldiers and military students of England declare that within the past two hundred years the English-speaking race had produced but five soldiers of the first rank—Marlborough, Washington, Wellington, Robert Lee, and Stonewall Jackson. I heard them declare that Jackson's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, in which you, and you, and myself in my subordinate place, followed this immortal, was the finest specimen of strategy and tactics of which the world has any record; that in this series of marches and battles there was never a blunder committed by Jackson; that his campaign in the Valley was

superior to either of those made by Napoleon in Italy. One British officer, who teaches strategy in a great European college, told me that he used this campaign as a model of strategy and tactics, and dwelt upon it for several months in his lectures; that it was taught for months in each session in the schools of Germany, and that Von Moltke, the greatest strategist, declared it was without a rival in the world's history. This same British officer told me that he had ridden on horseback over the battlefields of the Valley, and carefully studied the strategy and tactics there displayed by Jackson; that he had followed him to Richmond, where he joined with Lee in the campaign against McClellan in 1862; that he had followed him in his detour around Pope, and in his management of his troops at Manassas; that he had studied his environment of Harper's Ferry and its capture, his part in the fight at Sharpsburg and his flank movement around Hooker—and that he had never blundered. Indeed, he added, "Jackson seemed to be inspired." Another British officer told me that "for its numbers the Army of Northern Virginia had more force and power than any army that ever existed."

It is cruel to discriminate, but this tribute from such a source is too rich to be lost. It should go into history as the priceless heritage of our people.

I ought not to specify, but will you bear with me for one further incident, pathetic as it is heroic, and glowing with the spirit which animated the sacred dead we strive to honor?

At Lexington, Va., where the remains of Gens. Lee and Jackson now sleep, is the Virginia Military Institute. It was in successful operation in May, 1864, when Seigel advanced up the Valley. Gen. John C. Breckinridge was sent with an inadequate force to arrest his advance. A corps of cadets, boys seventeen and under, from this school, consisting of a battalion of four companies of infantry, and a section of three-inch rifled guns, were ordered to report to him at Staunton. The march was made in two days. Two or three short marches brought him in touch with Breckinridge's veterans. Their bright, gaudy uniforms, clean and new, their smooth, girlish faces, trim step, and jaunty airs subjected them to severe raillery and all manner of fun from the old soldiers. Breckinridge did not want to use them if it could be avoided. Having determined to receive the attack of Seigel at New Market, the boy corps was ordered, in a beating rain, to report to Gen. Echols. It was not long until the bright, new uniforms, bedraggled with rain and mud, presented the corps in a dilapidated and pitiable state; but they moved on and took position on the extreme left of the reserve line of battle. Wharton's brigade was in advance, and the boy corps, brigaded with Echols, was in the reserve. The order to advance soon came. A slight knoll was reached, and the batteries opened; but, not having the range, little damage was done to Wharton's men. But when Echols's men reached it they had the range, and their fire began to tell with fearful accuracy. Let their Colonel tell the rest. He says:

"Great gaps were made through the ranks; but the cadet, true to his discipline, would close in to the center to fill the interval, and push steadily forward. The alignment of the battalion under this terrible fire, which strewed the ground with killed and wounded for more than a mile on open ground, would have been creditable even on a field day. They moved steadily forward for more than a mile beyond New Market. When within three hundred yards of the enemy's batteries, they opened with canister, case shot

and long lines of musketry at the same time. The fire was withering—it seemed impossible that any living creature could escape—and here we sustained our heaviest loss. The commander fell, but a cadet captain took command of the battalion and moved forward until they had gotten into the first line, when all took shelter behind a fence, and then, after a few minutes, with a shout, a fusillade, and a rush, the enemy fled and the day was won."

They had gone as far as the best troops in the army. There were none to guy them then. They had challenged the love and admiration of the veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia, and fifty-two of their battalion, of the two hundred and fifty composing it, killed and wounded that day, won them a place they can never lose in history.

I cannot tell you what it was that inspired those beardless boys to deeds of noble bearing and death. Whatever it was ran through the Confederate armies. These were the sons of the old South. Is it to be despised? Where shall brighter or nobler examples of heroism and sacrifice be found?

And may I not revert to the manner in which the war was conducted by the Confederates? To this I point with justifiable pride. It was a splendid race of men that built up the old South. They were the descendants of the Cavaliers. They, like other men, had their faults, but they cherished the glorious memories of a long line of ancestry who despised all that was contemptible, little, and mean; they were sticklers for the observance of the highest sense of honor; they built their lofty characters on the observance of the truth; they hated moral and physical cowardice, and their homes were the habitations of virtue, chivalry, and hospitality; but they were conservative; they were lovers of home and the devoted friends of civil and religious liberty. They believed in as little government as was consistent with the maintenance of law and order, and that whatever went beyond this was an infringement upon the liberty of the individual, destructive of that love the citizen owed the State, and tended to destroy the self-reliance and independence of the individual upon whose love, strength, and manhood rested the temple of free constitutional government. What contributions they have made to the betterment of mankind, and what inspiration they have given the great masses who have builded this wonderful country of ours!

The great Mississippian, the lawyer, the statesman and the General, as great in peace as in war, himself having borne a conspicuously brilliant and honorable part in the heroic struggle of which I speak, in an address delivered at the unveiling of a monument to the Confederate dead at Jackson, Miss., said of these men of the old South of whom I speak, that: "From among them came the statesman who wrote the Declaration of Independence; and, strange as it may sound in this day of universal freedom, it is said that all who signed the Declaration, except those from the State of Massachusetts, and perhaps one or two others, were slaveholders. From among them came the Father of His Country, the Father of the Constitution, and the greatest of all its expounders. At the head of the great armies, in the presidential office, in cabinet and court, and in all the nation's high councils, everywhere, in peace and in war, great Southern lights illuminate the annals of America, and shed upon our country's name its chief honor and renown. From the foundation of the government, through all the epochs of peace and arms, down to 1861, Southern statesmen and orators, Southern philosophers and judges, Southern pa-

triot and soldiers have enacted the brightest chapters of this country's history, and to them we are indebted for the fundamental sources of its present power."

The descendants of such men as these conducted the war on the Confederate side. Is it surprising that it was conducted on the highest plane of modern warfare? In no single instance is it recorded, even in the partisan histories already written, that ruin and desolation followed in the footsteps of its armies; nor that their marches were known by "pillars of fire by night and clouds of smoke by day," nor that the birds of the air could not follow them without carrying their rations. Sherman's march to the sea, as told by himself, and Sheridan's raid through the Valley of Virginia, as characterized by his own pen, find no counterpart in Lee's march to Gettysburg or Antietam, or in Morgan's raid through Ohio. No Confederate general ever recorded any boast of his cruelty to noncombatants, or felt a pride in making a Warsaw of any part of American soil. To emphasize these statements, I invoke your patience while I read an order issued by a man while in the enemy's country, whom I believe to represent the highest type of genuine and true manhood, to be found in all history:

"HEADQUARTERS OF ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
CHAMBERSBURG, PA., June 27, 1863.

"The Commanding General has observed with marked satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march, and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed greater fortitude or better performed the arduous marches of the past ten days. Their conduct in other respects has, with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as soldiers, and entitled them to approbation and praise.

"There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on the part of some, that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army, and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than our own. The Commanding General considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it the whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenseless and the wanton destruction of private property that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army, and destructive of the ends of our present movements. It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered, without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain.

"The Commanding General, therefore, earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property, and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on the subject."

Who could have written this order except Robert E. Lee?

Years after the war had closed, at a time, it is true, when its passions had not subsided, and bitterness in the hearts of people of one section toward their countrymen in the other

still lingered, in a spirit of splendid magnanimity, the victorious conqueror, the great Captain of the Union army, taught the grand lesson of forgiveness and fraternity in the imperishable words, "Let us have peace."

But this order of Gen. Lee was penned in the very midst of the furious struggle, when every heart was filled with resentment and indignation at the cruel outrages upon innocent and defenseless noncombatants and wanton and malicious destruction of private property, even the family portraits and heirlooms, and household effects essential to the comfort of the unprotected wives and children of the soldiers in the field. Contrast it with Sherman's march to the sea and Sheridan's raid in the Valley; with the wanton destruction by fire of the captured cities Atlanta, Columbia, Charleston; and finally with that order of that other Virginian, Hunter, by which the torch was applied even to the institutions of learning, and the building and library and apparatus, the accumulations of forty years, of the Virginia Military Institute, and the library and apparatus of Washington College, endowed by the Father of His Country, perished in the angry flames; or contrast it with the conduct of Butler in New Orleans.

In peace Grant gloriously triumphed over the passions engendered by war; but Lee, horrified by the heartless atrocities of the invading foe, in the midst of the enemy's country, with every opportunity for revenge, triumphantly rose above all the natural instincts of the human heart for revenge, to inculcate and to practice the teachings of the Saviour of mankind, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

Peerless, glorious Robert E. Lee! Glorious in prosperity—more glorious in adversity; glorious in victory—more glorious in defeat; resplendent in life—triumphant in death.

What a monument is this to the character of the Southern army!

One who followed Bragg through Kentucky could not have known by observation that an army had passed along the highway unless he had seen where it had camped at night, and not then because any fence had lost a rail or any orchard its fruit.

Is there not something in the history of a people like that worth preserving? May no lessons here be drawn for the elevation of mankind; no memories worthy of the children of the South? We must not forget that a large number of the survivors of that conflict have taken up their abode in the Silent City, and those who remain are admonished that white heads are the companions of failing memories. Whatever they shall do by way of fixing the true status of the Confederate soldier must be done in the near future, for

"To the past go more dead faces every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us;
In the evening's dust they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year."

May I permitted to trespass a moment longer? It is of the Confederate soldiers in peace I would speak. I cannot—nor would I if I could—portray the ceaseless chain of wrong and oppression which followed in the wake of the great "Civil War;" and it came upon a defenseless, desolated and impoverished land—a land rich in nothing but noble men and women and the precious memories of the glorious race from which they sprung and in the priceless heritage of high achievements.

If those who fell in battle could have spoken from their

graves, they would scarcely have envied the fate of the survivors.

Sir, if anything exceeds in constancy, in patience, in courage and fortitude, the Confederate soldier, who from 1863 to 1865, half-clad, hungry, and almost without hope of success, followed with weary but steady footsteps the tattered battle flags of the South until the star of the Confederacy went out, it was the same soldier who, for the decade that followed the war, in poverty and in want, disfranchised and despised, overrun by aliens and strangers, steadily and with a sublime constancy and devotion resisted wrong and oppression, turned his back upon place and power, while ignorance and dishonesty held high carnival, until, by the very logic of events, reason supplanted bitterness and passion, ignorance and vice gave way to intelligence and personal worth, and his long-deferred redemption came.

Did any other people ever face and overcome adversity as did the Southern people? The same spirit which gave her armies unity, power, and endurance followed the survivors back to the civil life to point the way to a new birth such as no other country has ever experienced. The South gave to her armies all of her male population, including beardless boys and gray-haired men, and they went from every walk, profession, and calling and station in life. Neither the bench, the pulpit, nor the institutions of learning were spared. All answered with alacrity and determination the call to arms. When it closed there were none upon whom to rely but the ex-Confederate soldier. He it was who took up the new problems which the changed conditions of his desolate land presented. Standing by the graves of his comrades, inspired by their noble deeds, chastened and disciplined by the horrors, self-denials, and sufferings of war, encouraged by the high achievements of his revolutionary sires, and loving to veneration the traditions of his ancestry, interwoven as they were with the history of his beloved South, undismayed but hampered by the prejudices and passions which war had left behind, he began the work of rebuilding her shattered fortunes and rehabilitating her dismantled commonwealths. But as the South had fought for the principle of local self-government and failed, so in the disjointed logic of the times she was to be denied its application in the reestablishment of her State governments. The South, yet unadjusted to its changed conditions, struggling under its burdens of misfortune and impending dangers, misjudged, misunderstood, and mistrusted, may have blundered in many things; and the great North, forgetting or ignoring the great qualities—the fidelity and honor, the genius for constructive statesmanship and good government which her fallen foe had always exhibited in war and in peace—gave rein to unrestricted passions and prejudices, alike harmful to itself and ruinous to the South.

It sent the carpetbagger, who, aided by those who had never exercised the simplest rights of citizenship, were expected to set up and administer such governments as were fit for a people who, for nearly three-quarters of a century, had, in the main, guided and directed the splendid progress and development of the great republic. I would not dwell, if time permitted, upon the riotous conditions into which a helpless and defenseless people were plunged by this characterless horde of insatiable cormorants who assembled at our State capitals, to blaspheme the very name of civil government, and plot schemes to oppress a fallen foe, that they might prolong their opportunities for peculation. This is not the time nor place, but it must be left to the future his-

torian, in the interest of truth and as a lesson to posterity, and as a warning to us all that there is no freedom where one man is permitted to govern others against their wills, to drag away the sheet that covers the rotten corpse of reconstruction. It fell, as in the nature of things it could not endure. Time gradually assuaged the passions of the war; commerce and business struggled under its withering influences and demanded better things; and the conscience of the great victorious North was stricken at the cruelties and follies and ruin it wrought; but a decade had passed, a weary, withering, blighting decade of misrule on the one hand, and patient endurance and long-deferred hope on the other. Again the ex-Confederate took up the burden of civil government. I think sometimes we forget the strong characters of those who, Moseslike, led us out of the wilderness of our woes. Few of them are now left, and their faces recede with the flying years.

They were ex-Confederates, true and tried. Some yet live, and to call names would be invidious; but we owe them a double debt of gratitude, and to their memories reverence and love.

With the South's overwhelming problem still unsolved, she has nevertheless, under the auspices of her own people, fallen upon safe and peaceful, if not happy and prosperous, times. Her sons and daughters have resumed their rightful station, and whatever the future has in store of good for her must rest upon the traits and characteristics of her people. She will be patient; she will be prudent. To all the knightly and queenly virtues she will hold fast, trusting in God and the future for the noble and good. The South will not despair.

I read the other day in one of Talmage's sermons these words: "There is a flower in Siberia that blooms only in January, the severest month in that cold climate. It is a star-shaped flower, and covered with glistening specks that look like diamonds. A Russian took some of the seeds of that flower to St. Petersburg and planted them, and they grew, and on the coldest day of January they pushed back the snow and ice and burst into full bloom. They called it the snow flower; and it makes me think of those whom the world tries to freeze out and snow under, but who, in the strength of God, push through and up and out and bloom in the hardest weather of the world's cold treatment, starred and radiant with a beauty given only to those who find life a struggle and turn it into victory."

These sturdy, venerable veterans, bearing the scars and wounds of battle in their bitterest days, like the snow flowers of Siberia, pushed their way up and out and through all the ice and snows of the cold winters of adversity, and, thank God! they stand for all that is strong and conservative and safe in government. Will their posterity do less?

Providence, as a kind Father, took by the hand our liberty-loving ancestors and guided them here. Generation after generation lived, ruled, and passed away, retaining the purity and freshness of virtuous power. Greed of gain and lust of power, culminating in plutocratic usurpation of all the branches of government, have never found favor or encouragement here. Our population, Anglo-Saxon still, has never been dominated by foreign elements ignorant and careless of the principles of our government and the practices of our fathers. We still have our splendid inheritance, except as modified—let us believe for the better—by war.

I believe, as I live, that if our institutions are to be preserved much, so much, will depend upon this goodly South

of ours. Our deepest concern should be for a better and more righteous national character. All the bounteous elements of earth and sky beckon us away from the base fascination of self which dishonors and destroys our country.

Let us invite all her people into paths of law and order, inculcating peace, and keep alive our sense of justice and human freedom, and let all our advancement and growth be characterized by such a recognition of the rights of man as shall make her people feel that the blessings of Providence are theirs under a government of just and equal laws.

May our beloved Southland build all her temples, not upon the shifting quicksands of selfish expediency, but upon the everlasting principles of right! Let us not forget that, in the great armory of Divine Providence, Justice forges her weapons long before her battles are fought; that in the everlasting courts of heaven every man must suffer the penalties of his disobedience, and all nations the penalty of injustice and wrong. Whatever may be our burdens or calamities, let us bear them with that courage and fortitude that becomes a just and a great people; and may our children and our children's children be inspired to walk along the very mountain ranges of an enlightened Christian civilization, always in the path of duty, and preserve and keep sacred the same great qualities that made their ancestry respected and beloved of mankind!

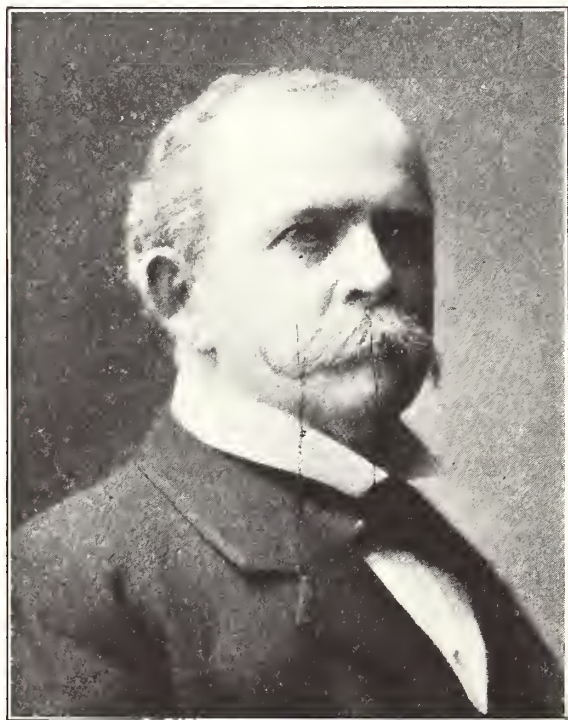
A SKETCH OF JUDGE ROGERS.

John Henry Rogers, soldier, lawyer, Congressman, and jurist, was born on a plantation near Roxobel, Bertie County, N. C., October 9, 1845, the third child of Absalom and Harriet Rogers, and grandson of William Rogers, a farmer and mechanic, who lived and reared a family of twelve children in Pitt County, N. C. His father was a wealthy planter before the war, but, being deprived of his slaves and everything but his lands, was reduced to poverty by that disaster. In 1852 the family, consisting of his parents, brothers, and two sisters, re-

moved to a cotton plantation in Madison County, Miss. He attended schools near his home until 1861, and, in addition to the ordinary branches and a little Latin and Greek, he acquired some proficiency in military drill.

This accomplishment he made useful at the outbreak of the war, when he was chosen drillmaster of those of his schoolmates who were over fifteen years of age; and in the following fall he acted as instructor of a company of home guards, although most of its members were between forty and sixty years of age. In March, 1862, he was mustered into the Ninth Regiment, Mississippi Infantry, at Canton, Miss., as a private. In the battle of Munfordville (Green River), Ky., he was wounded while charging the enemy's breastworks. He was subsequently in the battles of Murfreesboro (Stone River), Tenn., Chickamauga, Ga., Mission Ridge, near Chattanooga, Tenn., and Resaca, Ga. He was in the engagements before Atlanta, July 26 and 28, 1864, and was wounded at Jonesboro, Ga., in September, 1864. He fought at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, and at Nashville, Tenn., December 15, 1864. In April, 1865, although but nineteen years of age, he was promoted by special order of Gen. Johnston to the rank of first lieutenant, and he commanded Company F of the Ninth Mississippi Regiment until the capitulation of Johnston's army.

Returning home by foot, about one thousand miles, he began reviewing his studies, and entered Center College, Danville, in September, 1865, and the University of Mississippi in 1867, where he was graduated in 1868. He was admitted to the bar at Canton, Miss. After teaching a short time, he began his legal practice at Fort Smith, Ark., in February, 1869, and shortly after his arrival at that place entered the office of Judge William Walker. From 1871 to 1874 he was in partnership with that eminent lawyer; for the following three years he practiced alone, and then for five years served as first circuit judge of the Twelfth Judicial Circuit. This office he resigned, on account of impaired health, in May, 1882, and in the following November was elected a member of Congress, where he served in the forty-eighth, forty-ninth, fiftieth, and fifty-first Congresses. Throughout his public career he made few set speeches, but worked laboriously on committees, and took an active part in the daily proceedings. During the last six years he was a member of the Judiciary Committee, and especially devoted his energies to securing legislation amending the criminal laws of the United States, and reorganizing the Federal judiciary system. He was successful in securing the writ of error to persons convicted of felony, and witnessed the creation of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, largely the outcome of his own persistent efforts to have them established as a remedy for the congested condition of the business of the Supreme Court. The bill passed was, however, only a modification of his own plan of abolishing the Circuit Courts, and making the District Courts the great repository of original jurisdiction, civil and criminal, while the Circuit Courts of Appeal should be composed of the circuit judges then in office and two others to be appointed. Thus a stable court of three judges would be secured, and the supreme judges relieved of all Circuit Court duty. The Supreme Court of the United States would be a great constitutional court, but would retain limited supervisory control, as before, over the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, to the end that harmony of decision on questions of general law might be secured. Such an arrangement Judge Rogers still hopes to see established, and is encouraged by the fact that it has already been partially adopted in the Eighth Circuit, where four circuit judges now constitute the court.



JUDGE JOHN H. ROGERS, FORT SMITH, ARK.

In the fifty-first Congress Judge Rogers came prominently before the public as the opponent of the Speaker, his speeches assailing what he believed to be the arbitrary and oppressive conduct on the part of that official being published by the press throughout the country. Many of these speeches, in their biting satire and argument, were considered masterpieces of



MISS BESSIE ROGERS, FORT SMITH, ARK.,
Herald for Arkansas Division, United Confederate Veterans.

their kind. In the interest of his constituents he secured, while in Congress, the passage of a bill donating the abandoned United States military reservation adjoining the city of Fort Smith to that city in trust for the public schools, which have since realized a munificent trust fund from this source. He also secured the construction of a handsome public building for use as a post office and by the United States courts, and of a commodious prison, while through his efforts a United States Circuit Court was established at Fort Smith in place of a United States District Court formerly held there, which had Circuit Court powers, and exercised jurisdiction over a part of the State of Arkansas, and criminal jurisdiction over all the Indian Territory. Retiring from public life, after the fifty-first Congress, Judge Rogers practiced law at Fort Smith, in partnership with James F. Read, until November, 1896, when he was appointed by President Cleveland successor of Hon. I. C. Parker, late United States District Judge for the Western District of Arkansas. He is President of the Board of Education of Fort Smith. In 1895, on the occasion of his delivery of the annual address to the alumni of Center College at Danville, Ky., that institution conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.

Judge Rogers was married October 9, 1873, to Mary Gray, only daughter of Dr. Theodore Dunlap and Elizabeth Gray, of Danville, Ky. Four sons and one daughter are living, their first child, Theodora, having died at the age of two years.

It may be difficult to procure the list of universities and colleges to which Judge Rogers's address is to be sent. The VETERAN will appreciate suggestions. Col. V. Y. Cook, of Arkansas, makes liberal order for extra copies.

MY MOTHER'S LOOM.

BY LEONARD PASSMORE.

The following poem is dedicated by her son of Lange, Tex., to the memory of one of Georgia's noble daughters.

Within a low and dusty room,
Where heaps of rubbish lie,
There is an old and broken loom
Beneath my gazing eye.
Behold I feel upon my cheek,
A trickling, bitter tear;
Would you the cause, my reader, seek
Of silent weeping here?

In gloomy times, when stormy strife,
Swept o'er both North and South,
When Blue and Gray in battle rife
Both faced the cannon's mouth—
My mother sat with saddened brow,
And wove the threads she spun
Upon the loom before me now,
From morn till set of sun.

By labor were her children clad
In homespun warm, and fed;
For in the field, careworn and sad,
She labored for our bread;
But like the sunbeams after storm
In springtime's early days,
When father came home free from harm
The smiles played on her face.

He fought upon Virginia's fields;
Around him thickly flew
The whizzing balls; at last he yields
To those who wear the blue.
Half-starved and ragged, he returns,
Down-hearted in his gloom,
To those for whom he greatly yearns
In that dear place called *home*!

By gentle hand the wheel is turned;
The threads ere long are spun,
And with a care by patience learned
Are woven one by one—
But by one now, no longer sad,
From fears of sad alarm.
And so the soldier soon is clad
In garments strong and warm.

So was the past; and now I see,
In fancy's mirror bright,
In after years, what seems to me
A grander, nobler sight!
The past upheared before me stands;
My childhood I behold;
I see my loving mother's hands—
They're weaving threads of gold.

Yes, threads of gold that in my life
Unbroken now are seen,
Since labor, toil, and bitter strife
Have broken those between!
You wove, dear mother, in dark hours,
So generously and true;
A chaplet now of Memory's flowers,
I'll weave and give to you!

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

BY MRS. I. M. P. OCKENDEN, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

When bronze and marble shafts shall crumbling lie
In ages hence, in woman's heart will be
A folded flag, a brilliant page unrolled,
A deathless song of Southern chivalry!

The practical and beautiful thought which came from the brain of Miss Julia Garside, now Mrs. Welsh, and was executed by a call from Miss Sue H. Walker, both of Fayetteville, Ark., is worthy of all praise and deserves special mention in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The success of this call to unite in one grand organization of Southern women in a Confederation of Memorial Associations to meet in convention annually, under the protection of the United Confederate Veterans at their reunions, has surpassed the expectations of its most ardent supporters. The first reunion took place in Memphis, Tenn.; the next in Dallas, Tex.; the third in New Orleans, May 19-22, 1903.

The convention was held in the armory of the Continental Guards, where everything necessary for the comfort of the visiting ladies was provided, and the hall was beautifully decorated. The attendance was excellent. Fifty-seven memorial associations were represented. The interesting meetings were presided over by our graceful and most worthy President, Mrs. W. J. Behan. The minutes of these sessions will be condensed for the VETERAN as soon as obtained from the Recording Secretary.

The election of officers took place on the 22d, and gave general satisfaction. The list unanimously elected is given below: President, Mrs. W. J. Behan; Vice President for Alabama, Mrs. J. C. Lee; Vice President for Florida, Mrs. W. D. Chipley (reëlected); Vice President for Louisiana, Mrs. Alden McLellan; Vice President for Missouri, Mrs. Leroy B. Valiant; Vice President for South Carolina, Mrs. Alice Gaillard Palmer; Vice President for Texas, Mrs. Sterling Robertson (reëlected); Vice President for Arkansas, Mrs. J. D. Walker (reëlected); Vice President for Georgia, Mrs. A. Timberlake (reëlected); Vice President for Mississippi, Mrs. M. A. Stevens (reëlected); Vice President for North Carolina, Mrs. Garland Jones (reëlected); Vice President for Tennessee, Miss Minnie Ault (reëlected); Vice President for Virginia, Mrs. Shelton Chieves; General Historian, Miss Mary A. Hall; Recording Secretary, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. George A. Williams; Treasurer, Mrs. Gascoyne Wright.

The reëlection of Mrs. W. J. Behan to the presidency was unanimous, and was by acclamation in recognition of her ability and services during the past term. She makes an excellent presiding officer, and has steadily won friends, who are steadfast in their loyal affection to one who has served as truly as if a private in the ranks.

The retiring officers were reluctantly yielded, each having done her duty to the best of her ability. But while the reëlection of Mrs. Behan was a foregone conclusion, without a dissenting voice, for various reasons it was deemed best to pass the honors of the other offices to other associations. In some instances health was a consideration; in others, as in the case of Miss Sue H. Walker, Corresponding Secretary, so untiring, amiable, prompt, and true, the duties of another office prevented her acceptance of the compliment of reëlection.

A rising vote of thanks partly expressed the appreciation of the delegates for the great work that has been done by these

devoted women within the three years' existence of the Confederation. Very interesting reports were read or sent in by the delegates.

This convention, while devoted to business, was also a social success. Music was on every programme. "Dixie" was paramount, but all the dear old songs came in to move the heart. Words to "Dixie," written by an Alabama girl in 1861, were gracefully rendered by a lovely young woman from the Indian Territory. Many touching incidents took place, friendships were renewed, and new attachments were begun. The meeting of 1903 was one never to be forgotten.

Refreshments were bounteously served every day to the visitors, and on Saturday Mrs. Stonewall Jackson was the guest of the New Orleans Memorial ladies. At every plate was a souvenir cup embellished by views from New Orleans, holding a bouquet of sweet peas. After the luncheon, when the beloved Mrs. Jackson was the guest of honor, invitations were accepted to witness the parade from the grand stand of the Pickwick Club, prepared for the purpose. Nothing was omitted, and from that point of observation was witnessed one of the most touching and magnificent parades that has ever passed in review in this or any other country.

New Orleans surpassed herself in decorations for the setting of this brilliant panorama. Through the lines made in the crowds passed the handsome carriages, containing distinguished men and women—time-worn veterans bearing battle-torn emblems, beautifully dressed sponsors and maids, fine-looking officers, and grand old privates, representing every branch of the service, even to the tars who were

"The seamen of Confederate fame,
Who startled the wondering world;
For braver fight was never fought,
Nor fairer flag was never furled."

Six miles of this magnificent parade passed before us, raising their hats, caps, and swords to the women veterans of the South and to the daughters and granddaughters of the men whom we delight to honor. From one hundred bands came the inspiring notes of "Dixie." Women laughed and wept and waved their handkerchiefs. Only the sinking sun and purpling sky reminded us of the parting hour. In response to one of the club members, a lady said: "New Orleans gentlemen are the finest in the world; the Pickwick Club represents New Orleans gentlemen." Nor must New Orleans gentlewomen nor gentle children be omitted. During that passing of one of the most immense crowds ever assembled in that city the writer never heard an unkind word nor witnessed an act of rudeness. Fair, beauteous, graceful women; handsome, courteous, hospitable cavaliers, adieu!

At the regular business meeting of the organization the VETERAN was formally made official organ of the Confederated Memorial Associations. The editor was introduced and presented with the handsome memorial volume recently published and now on sale by the Association.

A GOOD LAWYER.—"You say that Col. —, the lawyer, lives in that house, Ephraim?"

"Yes boss; dar's whar Mister Col. — presides."

"And you tell me he is a good lawyer?"

"They aint no better that I knows on. When we niggers state the circumstanches uv de case, he jist shets one eye an' den he looks at you and he says, 'Blame yo' soul, nigger, ef you open yo' mouf 'bout dis heah case to anybody but me, I gwine kill you!' And den he's either sho' to win it or sho' to lose it."

GEN. EVANDER M'NAIR.

BY H. G. BUNN, COLONEL FOURTH ARKANSAS INFANTRY, C. S. A.

The subject of this sketch was born near Laurel Hill, Richmond County, N. C., April 15, 1820, and died at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. Dan Fairly, Hattiesburg, Miss., November 13, 1902, in his eighty-third year.

In 1821 his parents moved from the old family seat in North Carolina to Wayne County, Miss., and in a few years thence to Simpson County, of the same State.

At the age of twenty-two young McNair went to Jackson, the capital of the State, and for some years engaged in the mercantile business. Upon the breaking out of the Mexican war in 1846 he volunteered in Company E, of the First Mississippi Rifles, of which regiment Jefferson Davis was colonel.



GEN. EVANDER M'NAIR.

He served with that command during its term of service in that war, being promoted to orderly sergeant of the company before its termination. In such a regiment and in an army as limited as that was as to numbers this was no small compliment.

After the return from the Mexican war he resumed his business in Jackson until 1856, when he removed to the town of Washington, Ark., a community of wealth, culture, and refinement, where he reëmbarked in the mercantile business, and soon gained the confidence and esteem of that elegant people. Here, on August 11, 1859, he married Miss Hannah Merrill, of New York, a woman of rare culture.

On the breaking out of the war between the States he promptly raised and organized a battalion of seven companies of infantry, and immediately set out for Southwest Missouri to join Brig. Gen. McCulloch, then in command of the Confederates in that military district, and in August, 1861, reached the town of Fayetteville, in Northwest Arkansas, where there awaited to join his battalion another excellent company of one

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hundred men, from Calhoun County, in Middle South Arkansas, under Capt. J. B. McCulloch. Two other companies from South Arkansas were added in a few months, so as to form a full regiment of ten companies, which was then named the South Arkansas Regiment, until it was mustered into the Confederate service and reported to the War Department at Richmond, when it was named and numbered officially as the "Fourth Arkansas Regiment of Infantry."

He met the division of McCulloch at the little town of Mt. Vernon, a few miles southwest from the battlefield of Oak Hills or Wilson Creek, two or three days after the battle, and then, on the 17th of August, his battalion, as it was then, was mustered into the service of the Confederacy. He was from thence onward a part of the army of McCulloch, and after Gen. Van Dorn took command, on the 3d of March, 1861, was still a part of McCulloch's Division in the army as thus organized. He commanded his regiment in the battle of Elk Horn, and when McCulloch and McIntosh had fallen, and Col. Louis Herbert, of the Third Louisiana Infantry, the senior colonel, had been captured, in the early stage of the battle, he commanded the infantry of the division, and repulsed the enemy in front of the Confederate right. After the battle of Elk Horn the army under Gen. Van Dorn was hurried to Corinth, Miss., to reënforce Gens. Albert Sidney Johnston and Beauregard at that place, then concentrating to attack Gen. Grant at Shiloh. But Van Dorn's Corps, or Army of the West as it was afterwards known, did not reach Corinth until after the battle had been fought.

After the army under Gen. Beauregard had retreated from Corinth southward to Tupelo, Miss., the brigade of which the Fourth Arkansas formed a part, together with what was afterwards known as Ector's Texas Brigade, and another division under Brig. Gen. Pat Cleburne, were detached from that army and sent round to Chattanooga, thence to Knoxville, where Maj. Gen. E. Kirby Smith organized a force of 15,000 or 20,000 men, including these two divisions (which he styled his advance), and thence advanced rapidly over the Cumberland Mountains into Southeastern Kentucky. On August 30, 1862, Gen. Kirby Smith met the Federal force of several thousand men under Brig. Gen. Mansur, and later in the day under Maj. Gen. William Nelson, commander of one of Buell's divisions, in the second day of the battle of Shiloh. Mansur was driven back over a space of seven miles to the vicinity of the town of Richmond, where Nelson had brought up reënforcements and taken command. This army, variously estimated at 10,000 or 12,000 men, was attacked on its right center, just south of the turnpike road leading from the southeast, by McNair, then in command of the brigade, with a flank assistance of a company of most excellent sharpshooters from Brig. Gen. Preston Smith's Brigade, of Cleburne's Division, operating about the town cemetery, and utterly routed. Gen. Nelson was slightly wounded, and hurried from the field with his routed troops, who were headed off that day on the turnpike northwestward from Richmond, and mostly captured by Scott's Louisiana Cavalry on the following day (Sunday) while Gen. Kirby Smith was holding thanksgiving religious services at Richmond for this clean victory.

For the excellent management of his brigade in this battle, as well as for the gallant manner in which his troops broke the line of the Federals and put their whole force to the rout—in this battle, it is said, and was commonly understood at the time—Gen. Kirby Smith, who had been an eyewitness, promoted Col. McNair on the battlefield to a brigadier generalship, which accordingly was fully accomplished by the War Department shortly afterwards. After his promotion he was assigned to the

command of the brigade to which his old regiment belonged, Gen. Churchill having been transferred soon afterwards to the Trans-Mississippi Department and promoted to a major generalship, and continued in command of it until he was transferred, as will be stated further on.

He was in command of his brigade at the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., on December 31, 1862, the same at the time being one of the three brigades in the division of Maj. Gen. John P. McCown, in the corps of Lieut. Gen. W. J. Hardee. Afterwards he was with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in his efforts to relieve the beleaguered city of Vicksburg, Miss.; and still later, with his brigade, took an active and efficient part in the great battle of Chickamauga, where he received a painful flesh wound in the thigh, which, though not dangerous, incapacitated him for service in the field for a long time, and he was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department just before Christmas following. Upon recovering from his wound he was assigned to the command of one of the four brigades in Gen. Churchill's division, Gen. E. Kirby Smith being at the time in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Gen. Churchill's Division, composed entirely of infantry, was not engaged in any important battle after the assignment of Gen. McNair to it. From that time on until the close of the war active operations in that department were mostly confined to the rather spectacular cavalry campaign of Gen. Price into Missouri, known as the "Missouri Raid."

After the return of the scattered and much-demoralized cavalry from that movement there was little done, and military operations were mostly confined to movements here and there to receive supplies, and in preparation for the enactment of the final scene on the military stage.

After the downfall of the Confederacy, Gen. McNair remained only a short time at his home in Washington, Ark., and then removed to the city of New Orleans, like all Confederate soldiers, in search for a business that promised support to him and those dependent upon him, while he should watch with the natural anxiety growing out of such a situation the changing scenes about him.

Afterwards he resided for some time at Magnolia, Miss., where his noble wife died and was buried. Her husband and three children—Edward Fletcher, Myra Conway, and Maggie Merrill—survived her.

The General and his children then removed to the city of Hattiesburg, in the same State, and there resided until his death. Here the children married and prospered, and still reside, except that the son resides in Chatawa, Miss., near by. The elder of the daughters married Mr. S. C. Eaton, and the younger Mr. Dan Fairly.

The writer of this sketch was intimate with Gen. McNair, socially and officially, from the commencement of the war, in the summer of 1861, until the close of the year 1863, and takes pleasure in bearing testimony to his noble character as a man and soldier. He was then about forty years old, in manhood's prime, tall and straight, with light auburn hair and dark-blue eyes, neat in his person, dignified in manner, and yet one of the most companionable of men. He was the soul of honor, and could little tolerate smallness or meanness in others. The writer saw him but once after the war. It was ten or twelve years after its close, during a short business stay in Arkansas. In a correspondence about seven years ago he was in the most optimistic spirit, and expressed himself as happy in all his surroundings.

He was public-spirited in a high degree, and a Christian with the broadest charity of feeling toward other denominations of Christians. He was consequently beloved by all, and all freely

advised and conferred with him in all great moral and religious movements. He thus lived and died, loved and respected, the friend of all who knew him.

An honorable, Christian life, and a death befitting such a life, is an epitaph that can be written on the tomb of only the very best of earth.

BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM E. JONES.

BY THOMAS W. COLLEY.

Brig. Gen. William E. Jones was born on Middle Fork of Holston River, in Washington County, Va., May 9, 1824; and was killed in the battle of Piedmont, Va. on June 5, 1864. His father, Robert Jones, was an early settler, and his mother was Miss Edmondson, whose ancestors helped to subdue this wilderness. He grew up, surrounded by hardy pioneers, midst the picturesque scenery of this beautiful mountain region, with its clear streams of sparkling water. It was here that many of the heroes of King's Mountain lived. When the hour came for the display of military genius, it found William E. Jones ready to do his part.

Gen. Jones was educated at Emory and Henry College and at West Point Military Academy. Graduating from the latter place in 1848, the next three years were spent in Oregon as second lieutenant in the Mounted Rifles, U. S. A. Returning home on furlough in 1852, he was married to Miss Eliza Dunn. He left for his post of duty soon after his marriage, taking his young bride with him. The vessel on which they took passage from New Orleans was wrecked at Pass Cavallo, Tex., on March 26, 1862. In attempting to land from the wreck, the young wife was swept away from the arms of her husband by the angry waves, and drowned.



GEN. W. E. JONES.

Lieut. Jones would have shared the same fate but for the heroic efforts of his cousin, Thomas B. Edmondson. He returned to his command with a sad and broken heart. His wife's remains were recovered, brought back to Virginia, and interred at old Glade Spring Church.

In September, 1856, he resigned his commission and returned to his home, and in 1857 he visited Europe. Returning home, he spent four years on his beautiful estate on the Holston, where he devoted his time to its improvement. Before Vir-

ginia had seceded and severed her connection with the Federal government, he had organized a cavalry company composed of the bravest and best material that the mountainous region afforded. The men were mostly in their teens and were enthused with the spirit of their leader. He was elected captain, and in honor of his old command he named his company "The Washington Mounted Rifles."

After reporting for duty at Richmond and spending a few weeks at the Cavalry Camp of Instruction at Ashland, the company was ordered to the Valley of Virginia, and as Company L was attached to the First Virginia Cavalry, then in command of Col. J. E. B. Stuart. Here the company remained until the first battle of Manassas, arriving there on the night of July 19, and taking part in that heroic struggle. In September Capt. Jones was promoted to colonel of the First Regiment, with Fitzhugh Lee as lieutenant colonel. This position he held until the reorganization in April, 1862. In July following he was appointed colonel, Seventh Virginia Cavalry, Ashby's old regiment. In September, 1862, for gallant service at Orangeburg C. H., Va., he was promoted to brigadier general, and a brigade of cavalry was organized to cooperate with Stonewall Jackson in the Valley of Virginia. Soon after this Jackson's forces were withdrawn to reinforce Gen. Lee at Fredericksburg, and Gen. Jones was left in command of the Valley Department, where he remained through the fall and winter. His time was devoted to drilling his men, who were made of excellent material, but for the most part undisciplined. By the opening of spring these men came forth a well-organized, well-drilled, and well-equipped brigade. Gen. Jones had several brilliant skirmishes with the enemy during this period, and early in the spring made a successful raid into West Virginia. He was on this expedition thirty-two consecutive days and nights. He destroyed oil wells and machinery and 150,000 barrels of oil, besides other valuable property of the enemy. All this was accomplished with small loss to his command. He returned by way of Lewisburg, and was soon ordered to join Gen. Stuart at Culpeper C. H., Va. Shortly after his arrival the great cavalry battle of Brandy Station was fought, where Gen. Jones, by his eternal vigilance, rendered the service that saved the day.

The defeat of the whole cavalry corps was effected, and the loss of the battery of artillery, composed of sixteen pieces. I am informed by an eyewitness that at the time of the attack all the cavalry and artillery horses were loose and quietly grazing on the grass of that favored region, and the men were lying around perfectly unconscious of the impending onslaught of Sheridan's myriads of blue horsemen. Gen. Jones took the precaution to allow only half of his men to graze their horses at a time, and consequently had half of his men ready for immediate action, and rushed them into the fray and completely checked the serried ranks and gave time for the artillerymen to secure their horses and prepare for action. He served with the Army of Northern Virginia until September of that year, and, owing to a disagreement between Gen. Stuart and himself, he was relieved of his command at his own request. Soon after this, in October, 1863, he was assigned to the command of the Department of Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee, and in a short time he reorganized and disciplined the men in this department, and soon won some brilliant victories over the enemy.

Early in November he surprised and captured a force of some fifteen hundred of the enemy near Rogersville, Tenn., including all their wagons, ambulances, and equipments. He was with Longstreet at the siege of Knoxville, Tenn., and after the retreat from that place he surprised and captured Maj.

Beers, with his whole force of some six hundred men, four pieces of artillery, and their wagon trains and equipments, at Jonesville, Va. This was in January, 1864. He wintered his command in this section, and early in the spring Gen. Cook, with a considerable force, came through Tazewell County and on to Wythe County to destroy the Virginia and Tennessee railroad and lead mines. Here Gens. Morgan and Jones united their commands and gave him battle at Cloyd's Mountain, in Pulaski County. The Confederates were rather worsted in the battle by being vastly outnumbered, but the Federals were thwarted in their main design. After damaging the railroad to some extent, Gen. Jones hastily retreated to West Virginia about the 1st of June.

Gen. Hunter was on his celebrated burning and destroying expedition up the Valley of Virginia. Gen. Jones was ordered to hasten to that quarter and intercept him. He immediately embarked his small infantry force on the train and hastened to Staunton, Va., at which place he arrived late at night on June 4. He immediately marched down the Valley to Mount Crawford, and then across the country to Mount Hope or Piedmont, where he barely had time to form his lines when he was attacked by the advance of Hunter's army. The battle was fierce and hotly contested. At the critical moment, when victory seemed to shine on the Southern banner, Gen. Jones, from his place of observation, saw the confusion in the rear of the Federal army, their baggage, wagons, ambulances, etc., moving off down the valley. He exclaimed to his adjutant general and Gen. Imboden: "Now, if I had my cavalry to complete the victory!" Saying this, he rushed off at full speed into the hottest of the fray to encourage his men to greater exertion. He had scarcely arrived at his line of battle when he was pierced by a bullet and fell from his horse dead. All was soon confusion and riot. The heroic leader had fallen, and the men became panic-stricken and fled from the field in confusion. So ended the life and services of as brave and noble-hearted a man as Southwest Virginia ever produced. His remains sleep quietly by the side of his wife at Old Glade Spring Presbyterian Church.

THE MEANING OF LEE'S NAME.

A Southern woman, in *Kansas City Star*:

I have been interested in the press discussion of the proposals to place the statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee in the National Capitol as one of Virginia's two representative sons, and beg a little space in your columns to set forth the views of a Southern woman on this topic. Were Gen. Lee alive, he would be the first man to earnestly protest against the placing of any effigy of himself where it would offend any body of the American people. But he is dead, and his name is left as a sacred trust to the thousands who loved him.

If Virginia has any right in the councils of the nation, if she has the privilege to place the statue of any of her sons in the national halls, she has the just right to set there that of Robert E. Lee. If she enjoys the privileges of a State, she has the same right to determine who of her renowned sons shall represent her as other States, North, East, or West.

Virginia did not follow Robert E. Lee out of the Union; she seceded through no voice nor vote of his; he but obeyed her call to her sons and followed her behest. Had he but chosen to betray his State, he might have been the victorious commander of the Union forces, instead of the defeated leader of the Confederacy. He might sleep to-day in place of Grant in the nation's great tomb at Riverside, instead of in the chapel at Lexington. When Montgomery Blair, on behalf of the

United States government, at the beginning of the national struggle, tendered Lee the office of commander in chief of the Union forces, and Gen. Scott, his lifetime friend, reproached him with his defection, he replied in these memorable terms: "Slavery? Had I four millions, they were free! Secession is but anarchy, but I cannot raise my hand against my State."

Who of all her children sacrificed for Virginia as did Lee? Not Jefferson nor Henry; not Washington, even. Lee gave fortune and his beloved home at Arlington. His three sons imperiled their lives for her cause. He shortened his own life, and was soon followed by his devoted wife, lovely Mary Custis. Does Virginia owe aught to the memory of Robert E. Lee?

But it is not as a brilliant general, as a man of lofty character that his statue should find place within the Capitol walls. Lee stands for the whole South, as Lincoln for the North. By tacit consent the South lifts up Robert E. Lee to the world as her representative, and cries, "Estimate us by him"—the Bayard, the Sidney, the exponent of the nobility, the chivalry of the whole fair Southland.

Goes the ex-Confederate from Texas, from Alabama, to Washington, and wanders he among the corridors of the Capitol? Does he see in Virginia's space by the effigy of Washington (fittingly placed) the image of Jefferson, of Madison? He thinks, "Famous statesmen;" yet there is no emotion in his heart. To him they are little more than names. But comes he suddenly upon the statue of Lee, that gentle, modest, kindly face that won even his foes. Ah! the tears that he is not ashamed of come welling now. "It is our Capitol," he cries, "and one country now, for they have set our Lee up here, and we would die for it!"

But the G. A. R. veteran comes by, and he too pauses. "A spotless character," he says, "a gallant leader. But he was a rebel; he has no right here."

The Southerner, who stands with outstretched hand and face aglow, the word "brother" trembling on his lips, lets the arm fall rigidly, the accents die unuttered, and turns away an alien and a stranger once more.

Has the G. A. R. or any other body of men, whatever their claim on the consideration of the American people, a right to weaken the bonds slowly knitting together North and South? The veterans of the G. A. R. are swiftly passing to a land where all things shall be made plain. Would they leave to their children the legacy of a united or divided country? If you would have in this fair land no half-hearted Americans, honor Robert E. Lee and what he represents to the South in no grudging way.

Men may take the Southern hand; he who would reach the Southern heart must know the password is—the name of Lee.

Abraham Lincoln would right gladly have seen Virginia place the statue of Robert E. Lee in her gallery in the national Capitol. Will the G. A. R. be more narrow than he?

LEE AT ORANGE C. H.

W. G. Lockhart, Pine Bluff, Ark.:

"On page 116 of the March VETERAN I notice an article entitled 'Lee to the Rear.' I can fully indorse what Comrade Wheeler, of Maynor, Tex., has said. The Third Arkansas Regiment and First, Fourth, and Fifth Texas Regiments composed Hood's old brigade. I was a member of the Third Arkansas Regiment on the morning of May 6, 1864, after a forced march from Orange C. H. Hood's Division of Longstreet's Corps arrived near the battlefield, and formed in line of battle across the Orange plank road. Just before the order was given to advance, Gen. Lee rode out in front of the portion of the

brigade on the left of the plank road, and, taking off his hat, said: 'I want to lead the Texas Brigade in this charge.' All recognized the fact that Gen. Lee's life was too valuable to our cause to be exposed in this manner, and at once the cry arose along the line: 'Lee to the rear.' Bowing his head, he rode through the lines just as the order was given to charge. I do not remember the name of the man who took his horse by the bridle, turning his head to the rear, but think he was a member of the First Texas Regiment. I was also at Spottsylvania on May 12; and if an incident of this kind occurred there, I never heard of it. Truth only should go into history, and every member of the four regiments named now living will confirm what I have said. I hardly think a Confederate soldier could possibly forget an incident of this kind."

UNVEILING OF MARYLAND MONUMENT.

The monument for the Maryland sailors and soldiers who fought for the Confederacy was unveiled on May 2 at Baltimore. The monument is a tribute of the Maryland Daughters to the brave men of the State who distinguished themselves in the Con-

federate service by their courage and devotion, and the sculptor has embodied in the memorial the idea that "the South had as good a right as the North to be proud of the valor, fidelity, and patience of its soldiers, and that the day would come when the nation as a whole would regard the heroic deeds done by both the gray and the blue as a national heritage." That day has already come, as far as broad-minded men are concerned.

The unveiling exercises were most impressive. After the invocation by Rev. William M. Dame, State Chaplain for the U. D. C., little Miss Margaret Lloyd Trimble, great-granddaughter of Maj.



Gen. Isaac R. Trimble, and little Miss Nannie Young Hardcastle, the great-granddaughter of Admiral Franklin Buchanan, the one representing the army and the other the navy, advanced toward the monument to the plaintive strains of the old melody, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." As the little girls touched the ropes the canvas swayed and swung slowly to the ground, disclosing the beautiful bronze memorial, representing the young Confederate soldier wounded unto death, but supported on the arm of Fame. (See description on cover page of October, 1902, VETERAN.) Capt. Henry

Howard, orator of the day, was introduced by Maj. Gen. A. C. Trippe, Commander of the Maryland Division, U. C. V. Capt. G. W. Boothe, First Vice President of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland, presented the monument to the city on behalf of the Daughters.

GLORIA VICTIS.
TO THE
SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
OF MARYLAND
IN THE SERVICE OF THE
CONFEDERATE STATES
OF AMERICA.
1861-1865.

The sculptor of the monument, Mr. F. Wellington Ruckstuhl, occupied a seat near the officers and Board of Managers of the Baltimore Chapter, U. D. C., and when he was presented deafening cheers proclaimed the appreciation of the crowd for the part he had played in the event.

The story of the creation of the wonderful statue, "Gloria Victis," as told by the artist, furnishes many interesting details from the moment of its conception in the sculptor's brain up to the time of its acceptance by the Maryland Daughters after it was discovered by Mrs. Thomas B. Gresham, of Baltimore, in the New York studio of Mr. Ruckstuhl.

The artist recently said to a Baltimore reporter: "Like Lowell, I always leaned toward the men and causes 'almost great,' and all my life I have been haunted by the lines:

'Glorious 'tis to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
But he who knoweth how to fail has won
A crown whose luster is no less.'

"About fifteen years ago, while studying in Paris, where I spent about nine years, I quarreled one night with a Yankee sculptor for denouncing the men who fought on the Southern side during the Civil War. I told him some day the North would recognize the heroic valor of that fight and be proud of the men who fought it, and history would throw its crown of consolation toward the South, 'and some day,' I concluded, 'I will make a monument that will express the verdict of history.'

"From that time there floated vaguely through my mind the thought of the statue, and I seemed dimly groping for a tangible shape for the ideal in my thoughts.

"The inspiration came suddenly while listening to the music of Tannhauser at the Metropolitan Opera House about two years ago. The music and surroundings faded away, and the Southern group stood out boldly to my mental vision. I saw the Southern soldier, having fought to his last gasp, having thrown aside all military accouterments, even his sleeves rolled up in the desperation of a hand-to-hand encounter; I saw him falling, death-smitten in the struggle, and I saw also [here the artist, lost again in memory of the mental vision, sprang to his feet and flung out a protecting arm]—I saw the downward flight of Glory catching with outstretched arm the falling hero, snatching his form and spirit from the mire of oblivion and glorifying his cause in ages to come

"I made the first sketch of the group then and there," said the artist, sinking back again into his chair, "and showed it to the lady who was attending the opera with me. She was amazed that I took the matter so seriously, but I felt that the aspiration of years had taken shape."

PICKETT'S CHARGE.

The sunbeams flashed on Gettysburg,
And ushered in the day
That saw the serried lines in blue
Confront the ranks in gray.
They touched a banner rainbow-hued
With field of shining stars;
They lighted up a crimson flag
Crossed with silver bars.

The fire flashed on Gettysburg,
The wave of battle roared,
And hissing through the clouds of smoke
The hail of iron poured.
Along the ranks of faded gray
The gory gaps enlarge,
When down the order comes from Lee
For Pickett's men to charge.

A moment, e'er those grand brigades
Dare all that hellish brunt;
A moment, as the bugle calls
"The colors to the front!"
And fiercely flashed each Southern eye,
Nor reck they of the loss
Of life, as their flag goes waving by,
With its shining silver cross.

"March!" 'Tis the tramp of chivalry.
A shout! 'Tis: "Picket comes!"
The echoes cross that fateful field
O'er the thunder of the guns.
A double-quick to the line of smoke,
To close—a moment's stand;
Then, at the clarion sound of "Charge!"
In plunge the whole command.

Up to the mouths of the belching guns
That stand at the gates of hell
The bayonets shimmer like mimic suns
As they drive to the Southern yell;
While proudly topping the crest of smoke,
Held higher, ever higher,
Over the plain and up the slope,
Goes the cross on the flag of fire.

The storm of death strikes Gettysburg
Upon that fateful day,
As, reeling back from the belching guns
Come the shattered ranks of gray.
Over the plain and down the slope,
What's left of Pickett's men,
With the tattered rags of the crimson flag
Held high to the last—Amen.

To-day those sons of Gettysburg
Sleep 'neath the verdant sod,
We honor their names and deck their graves
With the lovely flowers of God.
The crimson flag with the silver cross
Is gently laid away.
But the heart of the South will cherish its loss
Forever—aye and aye.

—John R. Jones.

SAN ANGELO, TEX.—P. G. Benton was one of the 600 who went to Morris Island, and would like to hear from any of the others who were of this number. He belonged to Burns's Regiment, Missouri Infantry, Trans-Mississippi Department.

CAMP DOUGLAS.

BY J. J. MOORE, JACKSON, MISS.

I read in the *VETERAN* for January an account from J. M. Berry, of Salem, Mo., about his experiences in Camp Douglas. It brought vividly to my mind my own experiences in that place. On the 20th of July, 1864, after a little maneuvering, Featherstone's Brigade was put into the hottest part of the fight at Peachtree Creek. I was, with some others, taken prisoner. After the firing had ceased, and while going to the rear of the Yankee lines, I noticed a young officer with a flag of the Thirty-Third Mississippi. I believe he told me he belonged to the Twenty-Second Michigan. We had been "up against" Hooker's Corps. Next day we were taken to Marietta and from there to Chattanooga, crowded in box and stock cars. Our guard through Tennessee were soldiers who had been at the front, and were all right. At Nashville we were put in charge of a lot of hundred-day men. We made it through safely to Chicago without any trouble.

On August 1 we were marched into Camp Douglas prison. I wish I could banish from memory the horrors of that year of my life. I cannot and will not undertake to tell it all.

Before assigning us to barracks we were searched, and everything of any value taken from us. Then we were shown our limits and the rules of the prison explained. In all, there were sixty-four shacks, called barracks, sixteen rows, with four in each row and streets between. Across the ends and near the main gate there was a row of three small buildings, besides the sutler's store and express office. Around three sides of the prison square, between the buildings and fence, we were told was the dead line. Along the front side was a railing about ten feet from the wall which was also a dead line. Orders were that any prisoner passing the dead line should be shot without warning. The guards were posted along a walk near the top of the fence. We were told that the commander of the post was Gen. Sweet. The sutler inside was a brother-in-law of the commander of the post. I mention this that it may be seen how such a combination could and did conspire to starve the prisoners, compelling them to beg home folks for money with which to buy provisions, and a majority of us had to suffer all the pangs of hunger every day and night until it ended in release by death or expiration of the war. Prisoners whose homes were within Federal lines might write home for money. Under pressure of hunger, those who could get money from any source got it. They paid Nightingale, the sutler, twenty dollars a barrel for flour and twelve dollars a barrel for yellow corn meal. Of course no prisoner was allowed to have actual cash, but when a letter came with money in it he was given sutler's tickets for all or part of it. It was presumed the free use of greenbacks would have bought a pass through the gates.

Hunger any time is awful, and to starve in the midst of plenty seemed cruelty without excuse. The South has been severely condemned because of the suffering of prisoners at Andersonville, but those who fought on the side of the South and those who lived here during the war remember the scarcity of the bare necessities of life. Even corn bread sometimes was hard to get, and any kind of meat was a luxury. So while in the midst of abundance our Confederate soldiers who were in Camp Douglas hungered in the day and dreamed of good things at night. The Yankee

prisoners received such as our own soldiers got and such as our people at home had to be contented with.

In our barracks were crowded on an average about one hundred and sixty men. At one end of each house was the kitchen (?), and in that business end of the house there was, instead of a stove, a large kettle—I suppose of a capacity of about fifty gallons. We had the privilege of contributing our ration of meat (possibly as much as two or three ounces) a day to the kettle of soup which was dished out to us through the kitchen window into any old tin can we could get, and we thought we were lucky to get so much soup with our little piece of bread. We were at liberty to devour the whole thing at one standing or mince it through the day.

There was a beast called "Red Bill" who was meaner than the puppy that followed him. He went among the prisoners quite often, and always had a dog with him. It was said that some of the prisoners got the dog and had it cooked in their kitchen. I have no doubt of it. They thus took a little spite out of "Red Bill," besides getting some fresh dog meat.

There were speculators among the prisoners who would save from day to day small pieces of bread, and so finally accumulate enough to make a loaf. This they would sell and buy tobacco, which they would also sell. This process would frequently net the trader five dollars. There were ten or twelve thousand prisoners, among whom were some who could make very pretty finger rings out of gutta-percha and ornament with mother-of-pearl. These rings, as well as small files and knives, were smuggled in by the guards, who also sold the rings outside. The question might be asked, "Why didn't you all do something like that?" I don't know, neither do I know yet why there are poor people and rich people who all live in the same town. Those of us who were there know well enough that if our prison had worked itself into a prosperous community instead of being as it was, a herd of half-starved human beings, we would have been searched and stripped of anything found that would have made us comfortable. Looking back through the long avenue of time to the place where Camp Douglas looms up to our mental vision, we who were shut up there feel that it was our part of the burden. Starvation rations issued of the same kind all the time resulted at last in scurvy, and many there were who suffered all the agonies known of this loathsome disease. Only death could bring relief, and I saw several men die. An epidemic of smallpox broke out among us, and as many as twenty cases a day were at times taken to the pesthouse. I never knew of one coming back.

Morgan's mule was quite an institution in Camp Douglas. I suppose our keepers felt that they could indulge in sarcasm, and, having built a frame out of rough two by four scantling, such as we might call a horse, they dubbed it "Morgan's mule," and it was their pastime to pick up a crowd of the prisoners and compel them to sit astride that horse the best part of a day. The trestle was made about ten feet high and twenty feet long. I have seen it strung with poor fellows who had to sit there with no other support nearly all day. I remember about one man who by some means had constructed a ladder with which he expected to climb over the wall, if not killed in the attempt. Unfortunately, there were a lot of sneaks among us who were ready to spy and report any plans of escape. The man with the ladder was found out, and it was taken from him and set against one of the houses inside, and he was then made to

climb to its top, take a view of the surrounding country as far as he could, climb down again, then up for another look. This he was made to do all day long. Now, it may seem funny and may have been fun to the Yankees; but, as we say in these later days, "it depends on the angle of vision."



FRANK A. CRITZ, WEST POINT, MISS.

Judge Critz enlisted in the Confederate service at the age of sixteen under Gen. Wirt Adams. He was afterwards transferred to the command of Gen. Forrest, and served to the end of the war in Company I, Sixth Mississippi Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry. He was sergeant of the company. Judge Critz was extolled for his gallantry and devotion to duty. He participated in all of the sanguinary engagements of Forrest's command. After the war Judge Critz prepared himself by teaching school, and reading law at night. He graduated at the University of Mississippi, has had a successful career as a lawyer and business man, and is now a leading candidate for Governor of Mississippi.

CAMP BEN McCULLOCH'S GUEST.—When Gen. J. B. Gordon lectured early in March at Mt. Vernon, Tex., on the "Last Days of the Confederacy," he was the guest of Camp Ben McCulloch, and under the escort of Adj. Gardner was carried to the hotel, where many of his "old boys" rallied around him. When he had given each a hearty handshake, and some of his comrades were shedding tears of tender retrospect, the General, in his genial, wholesome manner, turned to his comrades and exclaimed: "Boys, if I had any more fighting to do, I would want every one of you with me again."

BLAINE VERSUS HILL ON LEE.

T. C. Thompson, U. S. C. V., Chattanooga, Tenn.:

"The intemperate language of the G. A. R. Topeka resolutions suggests a suspicion of some necessity for the fervid display of loyalty. 'The descendants of the late Rebels in arms' 'will *not* be silent as to their ancestry' or 'deny their lineage from such;' but they will write history, and that history will be the truth, and they will follow the biblical injunction to send light to the benighted for whom we 'descendants of Rebels' have the greatest pity and desire their early instruction.

"We must look beyond the mere passing of these resolutions, and charitably, if we can, find the reason for them. The ignorance of these people is due to the fact that the history of the American conflict which is being prepared by Northern writers is written to please their readers. So high a leader of thought in the North as James G. Blaine, in his 'Twenty Years in Congress,' devotes much space to an attempt to prove that Gen. Lee aided, abetted, and helped secession. This is not true. Mr. Blaine was too well informed a man to be ignorant of the facts, but he was never broad enough to tell the truth when the South was concerned. Senator Ben Hill, of Georgia, proved time and again on the floor of the Senate and in Senator Blaine's presence that the latter willfully misrepresented the people of the South by stating half truths, which are more misleading than whole falsehoods. Virginia seceded on April 17. On April 18, Hon. Francis Preston Blair, speaking for President Lincoln, tendered Gen. Lee the position of commander in chief of the United States army. He declined it, stating, though opposed to secession and deprecating war, he could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States. Two days afterwards he forwarded his resignation to Gen. Scott, writing that he was willing to occupy an equivocal position no longer. True, the people of Virginia did not have a chance to ratify the action of the Convention until May 24, but this was a mere formality; so history teaches us that Lee was forced to act by Lincoln's tender of office, and Blaine knew this. What influence Gen. Lee used was by letters to his sons and his friends, and in all of these he deprecated secession and expressed the hope that the Union might be saved. The truth of history is—and no one knew it better than Mr. Blaine—Lincoln, and not Lee, forced Virginia to secede. Mr. Lincoln's statement in his famous interview with Mr. Baldwin (a member of the Virginia Secession Committee, a strong Union man, who voted against secession March 17), followed by his written answer to the committee from the Virginia Convention, April 14, which was 'distinctly pacific, and in which he expressly disclaimed all purpose of war,' were so at variance with Mr. Lincoln's performances that April 17 Virginia seceded, with Mr. Baldwin signing the ordinance of secession, and he later wrote: 'There are now no Union men in Virginia, but those who *were* Union men will stand to their arms and make a fight which shall go down in history as an illustration of what a brave people will do in defense of their liberties after having exhausted every means of pacification.'

"As great as I believe Lincoln to have been, he misunderstood the temper of the Southern people. He forced Virginia to secede, and Mr. Blaine knew it. Can we but pity the poor Kansan who has been taught incorrect, misleading history by a man who personified greatness in the eyes of the Northern people? I say then, Mr. Editor, that it is full time that the descendants of Rebels, 'who are (*not*) ashamed of their ancestry,' now begin writing true history."

A RIFT IN THE WAR CLOUD.

BY OCTAVIA ZOLLI-COFFER BOND.

The poem is based on an incident of Gen. William Nelson's march south from Nashville in 1862, as witnessed by William H. Busbey, then a member of Nelson's command, and lately the managing editor of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. Mr. Busbey says: "Nelson's splendid division was marching at platoon front, occupying the full width of the turnpike. A carriage in front was ordered off the road and Nelson was impatient at the short delay. He was in the midst of his fuming when a staff officer rode up and reported that the daughter of the recently killed Confederate general, Zollicoffer, was in the carriage. Instantly the bugle sounded an order, and like magic the 10,000 men swung in one magnificent wave to the left, and the road was clear to the wondering woman in black who sat in the carriage. Gen. Nelson rode forward with uncovered head, offered his apologies, and then escorted the carriage along the front of his division."

Bold Northmen press southward with soldierly zeal,
With sternly set faces
And resolute paces,
In column as deadly and blue as their steel.

Naught stops the broad phalanx, and naught must detain.
No man may evade them,
Nor woman persuade them,
For orders are strict and their duty is plain.
See! Nelson, who leads them, is out for his prey,
Who brooks no excuses,
Who brusquely refuses
To parley of halt or to hear of delay.

"On! Onward!" he shouts as the ten thousand pause.
His white lips are fuming,
With rage he's consuming.
The turnpike is blocked, and he sees not the cause.

"A woman," they tell him, "alone and in black
In her carriage would pass us."
Fierce leaps Nelson's wrath as
He storms: "Let her turn through the fields or drive back."

"I *must* pass" is the Southerner's womanly plea,
Vain plea of emergency.
Bootless her urgency,
Orders are rigid, none dare to agree—

Till an aid-de-camp mentions her name in the ear
Of Nelson, the knightly,
Whose 'scutcheon shines brightly,
Shines brightest when enemy, helpless, is near.

Full bright now it gleams as, by knighthood impelled,
The chief doffs war plumage
In reverent homage
To name of a foeman death only had quelled.

Full fair the shield's shining as, honoring that name,
He doffs to the daughter
Of one who had taught her
To live for free Southland or die for its fame.

Still trailing the war plume, he hastes to explain:
"Tis a tribute we offer
To brave Zollicoffer,
The soldier all fearless, the man without stain.

With pleasure we yield to his daughter's desire.
Room there for her carriage!
Break ranks for its passage.
Sound bugles! Give orders as need may require."

Drums beat salutation, the trumpets bray loud;
While in grand evolution,
With swift revolution,
The column swings left. There's a rift in war's cloud
As past the blue cohorts the Southern dame moves,
Past battle flag lowered,
Past down-clanging sword,
Rides safe past the legions whose honor she proves.

Entombed, with hands folded, the proud Templars lie,
Knights-errant no longer
Make weak cause the stronger,
No longer, in tournament, free lances vie.
Still chivalry lives to this practical day,
Its soul yet surviving
In generous striving
To honor brave "blue," and enshrine martyred "gray."



"JACK" AND "FITZ."

BY MAJ. T. P. WEAKLEY.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee visited Belle Meade Sunday, January 18, 1903, during his stay in Nashville, Tenn., where he lectured for the benefit of the "Confederate Private Monument." It was arranged that he should visit his old friend, Gen. W. H. Jackson, who had been quite ill, and who was unable to drive into the city.

The two were classmates at West Point and served in the same regiment of cavalry in the U. S. army. Both resigned and volunteered for service in the Confederate army, and each rose to the rank of major general—Lee in the Army of Northern Virginia and Jackson in the Army of Tennessee. They saw each other rarely, but between them existed the warmest regard.

Owing to a prolonged illness, Gen. Jackson was unable to leave his room at the time of the visit for longer than a few moments; but when Gen. Lee approached the main entrance of the house, his old friend, leaning on the arm of his son, stood on the front steps, true to his idea of hospitality, and there they clasped hands and greeted each other with a deep emotion, as "Jack" and "Fitz." Thus they stood for some moments be-

fore entering the house, and no one dared to interrupt their tender greeting. Several hours were spent by these two gallant soldiers in talking over the boyhood days at West Point, the life of the old army, and the years of Confederate service, and manly tears were shed by both. Though the family and a few friends were present, the conversation was truly a duet. The two old friends were boys again, and they were "Jack" and "Fitz" as of old.

Seeming to forget his illness in the diversion of such retrospect, Gen. Jackson invited his visitor to the front of the house, where a photographer took their pictures.

When Gen. Lee, at parting, made a promise to come and spend some time at Belle Meade, his friend said in tender tones: "'Fitz,' you had better come quick."

FIRST MISSOURI BRIGADE AT FRANKLIN.

BY WILLIAM L. TRUMAN, GUYTON, GA.

The April VETERAN was most interesting indeed. The accounts of the terrible battle of Franklin, written by two of the boys in blue, was very much appreciated. It is not supposed that a private soldier knows much of any great battle in which he took part, but what he remembers is always interesting to his comrades, and sometimes valuable as history.

I will relate my recollections of the Franklin massacre. My battery, the First Missouri Artillery, was on the extreme right of our line next to the river. We did not fire a shot, nor did I hear any artillery-firing along our line. I was told our batteries had orders not to fire, because the women and children were in the town. The Federal works were very near the homes.

The battery followed close to our line of battle as it advanced to the charge. I could see the line for nearly half a mile. It was a beautiful sight. Several wide gaps were made by shells from a battery near the river on the enemy's left. They were soon closed as the line advanced. When it arrived in range of the Federal works I saw their pickets running in, and a sheet of fire came immediately from their breastworks. Our men then made a rush for the foe, and when within a short distance of their works, halted, fired, and turned back. When out of range they halted and quickly formed, but did not return to the assault. This was a surprise to me. I knew them to be brave, tried soldiers, and that it would require more than the fire of the enemy to cause them to turn and give up the fight on this part of the field. I did not learn the cause until next morning. The battle raged with great fury on our center and left until after dark. Considerable artillery-firing came from the enemy's works, but our two hundred or more cannons were silent, greatly to the sorrow of our cannoneers. Their hearts bled in witnessing the unequal contest of the brave infantry boys, and they could not help them.

My battery camped on the field. At daylight I learned the enemy had retreated, and I went to see what had caused our men to go back the evening before. When within fifty or seventy-five yards of the works the matter was quickly explained by seeing a brush fence made of osage hedge. It was indeed a formidable obstruction. It was impossible to get through it, and the only course left our men was to return. They were under heavy fire at close range from a concealed foe. I walked the breastworks toward the center and left of our line. At the end of the hedge fence another serious obstruction began and continued to the pike and as far beyond as I went, if my memory is correct. It consisted of sharpened fence rails placed in a deep ditch, at an angle of 45 degrees, as close as they could stand. The ditch was then filled with dirt and packed hard. I found it a hard matter to pull one up after an opening had

been made. They were about three feet high. It was full of gaps, from two to fifty feet or more, made by our men during the assault. I think about one-third were pulled up; the balance were firmly in position. I understand that our men stacked arms and pulled them up, and that too under a murderous fire from repeating rifles at close range. The only thought was to go forward. The casualties at this point were fearful. Hundreds had fallen before reaching there, but it was while halting and crowding through the openings that the great slaughter occurred. From that point to the enemy's works the ground was strewn with dead. Many hundreds lay dead in the ditch on the outside, and not a few inside among the Federal dead. Near the pike the enemy had utilized a gin house, barricading it. They used heavy timber for head logs to their breastworks. Those logs were shot almost to pieces. The Northern dead were nearly all shot in the head or face. There were quite a number of them near the old gin house, on either side of the turnpike, within their works.

The locust grove to our left center consisted of trees about four to twelve inches in diameter. Nearly every one was cut down by bullets from the enemy, and fell with their tops from their works. They were a mass of splinters from about two to twelve feet high. This will give an idea of the leaden hail-storm that our men passed through along the line of attack.

I saw quite a youth inside the enemy's works at this point, who had been shot in the forehead, which was quite black where the ball went in, showing he was right at the muzzle of the gun. In his haversack was about one pint of coarse corn meal, which was our usual rations of bread. I also saw a number of the enemy's dead outside their works to the left of the pike, by the cotton gin.



MISS GRACE McCULLOCH,
Sponsor Camp Sterling Price, U. S. C. V., of St. Louis.

Among the many noted brigades that were almost annihilated in this fight was the First Missouri. It left Springfield, Mo., in March, 1862, commanded by Gen. Little, who was killed at Iuka, Miss. It was about five thousand strong; nearly all were young men of the best blood of the State, and was noted for discipline and fighting record, of which it was justly proud. They were proud of the rule to be held in reserve until, when something had to be moved, they were called upon to move it. The battles of Elkhorn, Farmington, Iuka, Corinth, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, Black River, siege of Vicksburg, the Georgia campaign, including the battles around Atlanta and Alatona, had attested their courage under severe strain. The brigade on reaching Franklin was reduced to about eight hundred. They entered the fight at Franklin near the pike by the gin house, about eight hundred strong, and were so nearly wiped out of existence that less than one hundred answered roll call next morning. The First Missouri Battery belonged to that brigade, and followed it from Elkhorn to Franklin.

Why should this battle be fought under such adverse circumstances? I believe like the Catholic priest of New Orleans when he said in his prayer at the unveiling of the Jackson monument: "O Lord, thou hadst to remove Stonewall Jackson, that the war might end." It was necessary that their little unconquerable army, trained by the great General Joseph E. Johnston for a Waterloo with Sherman, must be destroyed that the war might end, and Franklin seems to have been the ordained place.

They fought, suffered, and died for the doctrine of State rights, which they knew the Constitution of the United States guaranteed, and had been sustained by decisions of the Federal courts.

SCALING THE WORKS AT FRANKLIN.

BY W. C. NEESE, SAFFORD, ARIZ.

I saw in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of March, 1903, a communication from Mr. Roland Gooch, Royse City, Tex., in which he asks for news of a lad who scaled the works at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., near the cotton gin. I am pleased to inform the gentleman.

At that memorable battle Col. Elijah Gates's Missouri Regiment covered that part of the works where stood the cotton gin. In the charge upon that almost impregnable place, Company H, Capt. Burns's, to which the lad belonged, covered the location of the gin. In our charge across the open field we were cut up so badly that when we reached the breastworks we were not strong enough to take them.

Nevertheless, the battle raged fiercely right across the works. We fought with pick, shovel, musket,

and saber, thinking to dislodge the Federals. In this terrible onslaught of Gates's indomitable heroes, the lad under review scaled the works, with his rifle in club musket form, endeavoring to beat down his assailants; but they laid hold on him, drawing him across to their side, during which time a ball struck his left arm near the shoulder, shattering it very badly. When in the midst of the enemy, some wanted to run him through with the bayonet, but one more humane took charge of him and gave him protection. This man, seeing he was only a boy and badly wounded, took his own blankets and spread them upon the ground beside the cotton gin and placed the lad upon them. After the battle was over I sought the lad, who was my brother, four years my junior. I found him as above stated, took him to the hospital, and cared for him until the army fell back from Nashville. Being appointed hospital steward, I remained behind to care for the wounded. There we fell into the hands of the enemy, were moved to Nashville, and placed in the "Zollicoffer Barracks." From there the lad was taken to Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio, where he was kept until May, when he was paroled and sent back to Missouri.

On his arrival in Missouri a gang of jayhawkers conferred with a view to forcing him to leave the State. The wife of the leader of the mob prevailed on them not to do so, telling them that if they did so "some would surely be killed, as they well knew who they would face." That night he slept with two good revolvers by his side; and if he had been molested, as sure as fate some of them would never have returned.

The next morning the lad started to Fremont County, Ia., a southwest county of the State, which was at that time called "Rebel Heaven," being mostly settled by Southern people who had been run out of Missouri during the war. He went to school there. In the fall of 1872 he married a lady of old Virginia blood.

The next spring he moved to Colorado, and soon afterwards he lost his wife. In 1874 he located in Graham County, Ariz., where he has since lived, a law-abiding, honored citizen. As County Treasurer he has served the people, and as a citizen he is honored and esteemed by all who know him.

At the battle of Franklin my brother, Thomas Jefferson Neese, was about seventeen years old. A good likeness of him, which was taken about two years after the close of the war, accompanies this sketch.



T. J. NEESE.

EXPENSIVE WAR SOAP.—In January, 1865, about fifty soldiers belonging to several cavalry commands were on their way back to their commands, going by rail from Opelika, Ala., via Columbus, Ga., reaching Milledgeville, Ga., and camping across the river from the town. We had been in box cars all the way, and were black and grimy from the smoke of the engine. Making inquiries as to who was the possessor of soap, we found a young man who had a cake, but he would not lend his cake, neither would he rent it, but he finally consented to wash the faces of my cousin and myself for fifty cents each, he to furnish the soap, towel, and warm water. The contract required that our necks, as well as our faces, be laundered. The job was well done, and we gladly handed over the fifty-cent shinplasters. Feeling somewhat "stuck up" over our recently acquired cleanliness, we went over the river to Milledgeville, to see the town and its good people. If the man who was fortunate enough to own a cake of soap is still in the land of the living, and communicates with W. A. Campbell at Columbus, Miss., he will send him a cake of "Cashmere bouquet."

PLEA FOR SHILOH'S DEAD.*

BY MRS. D. A. M'DOUGAL, SAVANNAH, TENN.

Shiloh Chapter bids me bring you fraternal greetings, good cheer, and Godspeed in your every undertaking.

Shiloh Chapter, located in Savannah, Tenn., has undertaken a work that appeals to every daughter of the South. Being situated within a few miles of the historic battlefield of Shiloh, it seems especially fitting that we should lay the foundation for a monument to the Confederate dead who fell on Shiloh's field.

This Chapter was organized with the avowed purpose of raising and collecting funds to erect this, and, while we are few in numbers as yet, we are united in purpose and full of zeal for the undertaking. Having put our shoulders to the wheel, we never expect to turn back until the sunlight flashes on "monumental marbles" commemorative of Southern valor on Shiloh's sanguinary field.

"We care not whence they came,
Dear is their lifeless clay
Whether unknown or known to fame
They died and wore the gray."

"They fell for us, and for them should fall
The tears of a nation's grief."

We have laid the foundation, and we ask the Chapters of this division and every other in the great U. D. C. organization from the States that had troops engaged in this battle to help us erect the superstructure. The battle of Shiloh, we all know, was the first battle of the great war by the Western army, and was most far-reaching in its consequences. It sent a thrill of awe and consternation from North to South and from East to West, for not only was it the greatest battle that had been fought in the war between the States, but the most terrible that had ever been fought on the American continent. The battles of Bunker Hill, of Concord, and of New Orleans pale into insignificance beside it; for the loss in killed, wounded, and missing on the Confederate side was more than ten thousand, while the Federal loss was more than thirteen thousand, including three thousand prisoners captured by the



SHILOH CHURCH AS IT APPEARED IN APRIL, 1862.

Confederates and carried with them on their retreat. These figures are simply appalling, still they give but faint idea of

the immense armies that met in battle array and waged so terrible a conflict for two days.

The area where this memorable battle occurred has been purchased by the United States government and converted into a national military park, which, with its stately monuments to the Union troops, graveled roads, and picturesque forests, has become a place of much beauty. We hope to achieve for the South a heritage to our people more enduring



THE SPRING BY THE CHURCH AT SHILOH.

than silken banners, and a souvenir for history that will last as long as the rock-ribbed hills.

The spacious and lovely park contains about 4,000 acres, including within its boundaries the terraced river bank and the cemetery where sleep 4,000 Northern soldiers. It also includes the site of the little log meetinghouse that received so fierce a baptism of blood and death. Had the little cracked bell of that old church tolled on till now, it would scarcely have finished its requiem for the dead who fell within its sound.

The area includes the famous "hornet's nest," where the heat of battle waxed most furiously, and where the dead fell thickest. It also includes the spot where the tears of the South might well fall in one vast downpour—where fell, mortally wounded, Albert Sidney Johnston. A noble oak points mournfully to the sky and speaks of a tragedy that changed the tide of the battle and rolled the gloomy waters of defeat over the Southern flag. It embraces many other points of interest, including the Shiloh Spring, whose cool waters slaked the thirst of the faint and wounded soldiers; also the celebrated "Bloody Pond" whose limpid depths on those dreadful days reflected not the usual April sky, but held in angry crimson solution the blood of brave Southern soldiers who charged through it again and again. In this vast park, so full of associations for both North and South, the landmarks of nature are left unchanged, and the landscape presents beauties of hill, valley, mossy dell, rivulet, and stream, every rod of which is consecrated ground because of the brave men who fought and fell in defense of our homes.

More than one hundred handsome and enduring monuments have been erected by the government and the Northern States to their dead upon this battlefield within the limits of this park. Over \$200,000 has been expended by the States of Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Pennsylvania, and Indiana—

* From an address delivered before the Tennessee Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Clarksville, May 6, 1903.

marble sentinels that speak eloquently to the patriotism of the States that erected them. Recently a large delegation from Indiana, including her Governor, Senators, the Hoosier poet (Riley), and many other distinguished citizens attended the dedication of their monuments in this park. To the oft-repeated inquiries as to "where are the Confederate monuments," we could only say: "Come again when two more springs have blossomed, and you shall see us dedicate one for all of our soldiers."

Daughters of the Confederacy, will you help us keep this promise? I hope that every delegate to this convention will, upon returning home, tell each Chapter of the sad vacancy in Shiloh Park, and appeal to them to devise ways and means to help us increase our fund during the coming year, so that



in two years we may entertain this convention and have you assist in dedicating a monument that will be the pride of the South.

Chickamauga and Stone River Parks have monuments erected by Southern friends to Southern heroes, and shall not this important one at Shiloh receive like honors? Shall we not erect one mausoleum to so many brave hearts who poured out their lifeblood on their country's altar? When I behold these Northern graves so diligently cared for I say, "It is well;" but when I see the rude hillocks overgrown with saplings and briars, where, uncoffined and unsung, but not unhonored, sleep my brave Confederate dead—some of them my own kinsmen after the flesh, and all of them my kinsmen after the spirit—I weep that it is so. There are nearly two thousand nameless graves of your dead as well as ours.

This park will speak to future ages of the greatness of this country and of its patriotism. Thousands of tourists now visit it yearly, and a stream of pilgrimage has already set in that will increase with the years; hence the urgency of this appeal. Shall these pilgrims find monuments only to the soldier in blue on the memorable field of Shiloh, where victory was thwarted only when, mid screaming shot and shell, the soul of Albert Sidney Johnston went up to God? Shall strangers look in vain for a memorial to the sons of the South? Shall they behold it not, and think that the bravest, truest soldiers on earth were cowards and unworthy to be thus remembered?

Daughters of the Confederacy, these things must not be. This park is on Southern soil and must not be neglected.

"Ye spirits of the glorious dead,
Ye watchers from the sky,
Who sought the patriot's crimsoned bed
With holy trust and high,
We build our altars where you fell
On many a verdant sod
With sabers pointing to the sky
And sanctified to God."

The monument we propose to erect is to be a tribute, a loving memorial from the Daughters of the Confederacy to Southern dead at Shiloh. Movements may be under way for particular commands, but ours is a separate and distinct work, by all the Daughters of the Confederacy, in memory of all who died for the Confederacy.

That the Savannah Chapter can only set in motion the wave which shall break on distant shores is self-evident, but to begin this work was a solemn obligation, and our Chapters should coöperate loyally. Our women watched and prayed and wept within sound of the roar of battle as it came floating down the breeze on that fateful Sunday forty-one years ago, while their husbands, fathers, and sons breathed the hot breath of battle, and the duty rests upon all who had loved ones there.

"Stoop, angels, from the pitying skies;
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned.

The holy memory of the just
Sends forth sweet fragrance from the dust;
The sod where lies the true and brave
Burst forth in blossom o'er his grave."

There on that lonely plain, when the storm of battle had passed, profane hands rudely shoveled the dead into narrow ditches and cast a few grudging handfuls of earth upon them, and they were left for the first rain to expose their bones to the elements. To-day, here and there among ferns and mosses, blooms that sad flower of mortality, a human skull, to tell the tale of the hero whose soul went back to God, and the upturning plow brings to light each spring poor, shattered bones strewn broadcast—these only to tell of the uncrowned heroes who died for Southern honor and for Southern right.

The Northern soldier sleeps his last sleep in lovely Shiloh cemetery, in the bosom of the Sunny South, his narrow home



TENNESSEE RIVER AT PITTSBURG LANDING, TENN..

carefully tended, watched over and beautified by the government of the United States. Loyal Southerners grudge not this watchful care—the bright buds and blossoms that adorn the rows of white headstones, the tall monuments of glistening marble, or the thousands of waving flags that make the earth a-flutter with stars and stripes on decoration day. I glory in the generosity of a government that tucks its sleeping children away in trundle-beds like Shiloh Park, and that keeps eternal watch over their slumbers.

Daughters of the Confederacy, it is yours to uphold this sacred trust. You can do for the memory of the Southern dead what the government has done for the Northern dead. Let the scene of conflict be forever marked by a monument telling of the deeds of those whose loyal blood soaked the bruised bosom of mother earth. The same red Southern blood that crimsoned the waters of the bloody pond flows in our veins, and shall we not perpetuate the bravery of these martyrs in the defense of our homes? On the anniversary of the battle of Shiloh the veterans of both armies meet in peaceful bivouac to honor the dead and cement the bonds of friendship between the living. Let them find ere many years that your offerings and your tears have crystallized into a monument worthy of those whose memory it honors.

The Angel of Peace, with folded wings, is yet within the marble block, waiting release by woman's fingers to keep watch over the fallen heroes on Shiloh's field; the polished shaft is yet uncut in nature's quarry that shall point heavenward from this battlefield at woman's command. She shall speak to marble, to granite, and to bronze, and there shall come forth stately columns, graceful shafts, and sculptured images in sweet memoriam. Daughters of the Confederacy, this charge is yours. Will you accept it?

The Tennessee swift flows beside
The city of the dead
Where Shiloh's heroes fought and died;
It guards their lowly bed.

There marble sentinels stand guard
Where Northern heroes sleep;
There hand of sculptor, song of bard,
Their lasting record keep.

Soft breezes waft sweet fragrance by
From glowing beds of bloom,
And orioles make melody
Above each grassy tomb.

By massive gates and walls of stone,
And trusted watchers' care,
The North still safely guards her own
Who sleep forever there.

But ah! those granite walls *outside*,
Forgotten and unknown,
There sleep the boys *for us* who died—
Our Southern dead, *our own!*

On Shiloh's field none braver fought
Nor loved their country more,
Nor truer hearts to service brought,
Nor nobler colors wore

Than Dixie's sons—her bravest, best,
The soldiers of her pride,
Who faced the foe at her behest
And for a just cause *died*.

And yet these sacred clods reveal
To-day a mournful sight,
Where still, in ghastly, mute appeal,
Their bleaching bones gleam white.

Scarce hid by mother earth they lie,
Unwatched, forgot, unkept,
And to the South for justice cry,
Neglected and unwept.

No marble tells their glorious deeds
Nor marks their resting place;
No granite shaft their story pleads,
Nor slabs their numbers trace.

No flowers bloom for them to-day—
Our boys in gray so brave—
And thorns and weeds, Memorial Day,
Conceal each crowded grave.

Shall we forget whose sons they were,
Though forty years have fled?
Shall our escutcheon bear this blur?
Shall we forget our dead?

O Southland women, true of heart—
The nation's diadem—
Go tell how well they bore their part
And rear a stone for them!

A gleaming shaft to tell their fame
And how they bravely fell,
With honor for each martyred name
From the South they loved so well.



THE LITTLE EVERGREEN TREE HERE ILLUSTRATED WAS PLANTED AT THE SPOT WHERE GEN. A. S. JOHNSTON DIED.

FEMININE FORTITUDE IN WAR TIMES.

BY GEORGE W. L. FLY.

In a late issue of the *VETERAN* I notice an account of the trials and dangers undergone during the war by a noble Confederate woman in reaching her afflicted husband. Say what we please about the heroism of our Southern men, all that we endured is far eclipsed by the heroism of Southern women. I need not dwell upon the risk they ran while alone they remained at home surrounded by thousands of slaves, nor of their hardships and labors in feeding and clothing themselves and children. In these respects their heroism is equaled only by the devotion of their faithful slaves, who deserve the greatest credit for their loyalty to their owners. Such a record as was made by our noble women and faithful slaves is unparalleled in the annals of history. Let our children and children's children have these lessons deeply instilled into their hearts and minds.

In addition to the heroism of our women in general, there are instances of remarkable courage and devotion that deserve special mention. Among these is this personal incident:

When Col. W. P. Rogers was killed, at Fort Robinet, near Corinth, I was taken prisoner. About two weeks afterwards I was released as a paroled prisoner at Vicksburg, Miss. I wrote to my wife in Gonzales County, Tex. This was in October, 1862. Owing to the difficulty in communicating, it was long before this letter reached her, and she had been wearing mourning for about six weeks, having been told that I was killed in battle. Receiving my letter, she determined to go to me. No one could dissuade her. With a pair of ponies and a good two-horse wagon she made preparations to start, with a negro boy as driver, a negro girl as nurse, and her three children, aged respectively six, four, and two years. When ready to start, my wife joined an old schoolmate, who was going with her husband and children to Mississippi. All who know the condition of the country at that time can readily form a very correct idea of the hardships attending a journey through Texas and Louisiana under such circumstances. Her traveling companions buried one of their children in Louisiana. Reaching Rodney, on the Mississippi River, they crossed and proceeded to Canton, from which place my wife and children came by rail to Vicksburg. I was then at Chickasaw Bayou, about eight miles above Vicksburg. Imagine my surprise on receiving a message that my wife was at a hotel in the city! I met her without delay, and arranged for her board near where I was stationed. There she remained about two weeks. At this time, about May 1, to meet the enemy who had crossed the river, I was sent twelve miles below Vicksburg, and my wife went to her father's home, near Starkville, Miss., where she remained until October. I was in the siege at Vicksburg. I could hear nothing from her, nor she from me. After the surrender of that place I was sent to Parole Camp, at Demopolis, Ala., and afterwards to Enterprise, Miss., where I remained until about the 1st of November. I then received orders from the Secretary of War to return to Texas, to aid in filling the ranks of my regiment, the Second Texas Infantry, and to return with it to Mississippi as cavalry. This we were not permitted to do.

To obey my orders was the all-important object with me. My wife would not consent for me to return without her. This presented a problem. The Mississippi River was then closely guarded by the Federal army and navy. For a man to cross alone was hazardous in the extreme; but to cross with a woman, three children, and two negroes was a fearful un-

dertaking, and the probability of obtaining provisions and forage presented a serious problem. But the necessity existed. The thing had to be attempted. Acting upon the principle that had ever actuated me, I determined to do the best I could and leave the results to Him who rules all things. I sold my ponies and wagon, and purchased two good mules and an old ambulance. Into this ambulance I placed my wife, children, and negroes with camping outfit and a supply of provisions sufficient for several days. On the third day out I was joined by Capt. Holder, of my regiment, and a Dr. Jordan, both of whom had been ordered across to Texas. Before reaching the Mississippi, we were joined by a citizen, a Mr. Harris, of Starkville, Miss., an old friend and schoolmate of my wife. With this company I finally reached the Mississippi River after many adventures. Reaching the river at Rodney, and finding it impossible to cross there, we remained in camp for three days, within three miles of the Federal forces at Rodney. After reconnoitering for three days, I determined to proceed to Bruinsburg, where Gen. Grant had effected a crossing. Here, taking our hack to pieces, we sent the bed across in one skiff pulled by four negro men, and the running gear on another. In the stern of each of these skiffs sat two men, Capt. Holder and the negro in one, and Dr. Jordan and Mr. Harris in the other. These managed the mules and horses. Thus everything went over except myself, my wife, children, and negro girl. These, with our camp equipage, remained until the return of the skiffs. These were all carried by the same means. During this time, it being 9 A.M. when we began crossing, a Yankee gunboat lay just above us around a bend of the river, and another just below around another bend. I anxiously watched the smoke of these two enemies. Across the river, we hastily put our hack in running order and left with all possible speed. We traveled sixteen miles that evening. With varied adventures, in four weeks we reached my home in Gonzales County, whence I soon after rejoined my regiment, reaching it at the mouth of Old Caney on January 6. For a soldier these would be small matters, not worthy of any serious thought; but for a woman and children I think such courage, fortitude, and devotion can hardly be surpassed.



MISS LAURA LESTER, DEMING, N. MEX.,
Sponsor for the Pacific Division to the reunion at New Orleans.

CONSCRIPTING ATLANTA THEATER IN 1863.

BY J. W. SIMMONS, MEXIA, TEX.

About July 1, 1863, Walthall's Mississippi Brigade was sent from the front of Gen. Bragg's army in Tennessee back to Atlanta. The boys claim we were sent back there to fatten up preparatory to making foot cavalry of us, to protect the flanks during the arduous Chickamauga campaign, which came on in September. We certainly enjoyed the outing, having been in the army for nearly three years and confined to army rations. Here we had access to the city markets—fruits, vegetables, and melons were plentiful and cheap. We fattened sure enough. In a few weeks we were different-looking men.

Our brigade was camped in the woods near the city. While there a few years ago at the big reunion I went out to look at my old camp ground, and found it covered with sky-scraping buildings.

I was a member of the brigade provost guard, being detailed from Company E, Twenty-Seventh Mississippi Regiment. This was composed of twenty-eight select men from the brigade and three commissioned officers. Our duty usually was to guard prisoners. On arriving at Atlanta, as there were no prisoners, we were told that our duty was to go in squads of four men with one non-commissioned officer, and assist the police at night only in keeping peace and order.

The first few nights a policeman was sent with each squad to show them the low dives and places where whisky was kept that soldiers were likely to frequent. Atlanta even then was an important railroad center, and the police had a hard crowd of soldiers to and from the Virginia army every night to deal with. Many were the funny scenes that came up while on this duty, and often a tough element to handle, but we had to do our duty, and were not afraid to do it without fear or favor.

One evening, about the first of August, the entire guard was called out, and told confidentially that we were ordered to conscript the theater that night. We were told to get our suppers early and make our way to the theater, two or three together, and by different streets, so as not to attract attention. To enter the theater before the crowd assembled and take our seats, two at each window and four at each door, and be careful not to attract attention until the play was over, then not to allow any man to escape until his papers were examined by officers, who would be there for that purpose. This we could easily do without drawing attention, as our officers had a standing ticket for a few of us to attend the theater every night with arms to keep order. We were delighted with this, for we knew the city was full of able-bodied men who ought to be in the army as well as us.

A theatrical company was having enormous crowds every night. The conscripting officers in the South at this date were sifting the earth for recruits for the army, which were badly needed at every point.

These officers had learned that there were a number of men who were subject to military duty who were hiding out in the city during the daytime and were slipping out to the theater at night with the girls. Many of these men had been in the army, had gotten home on some pretext or other, and had failed to return. They knew something of the hardships of war.

The play went through in good shape, to the delight of all, but we boys did not enjoy it as much as we did the anticipation of seeing dudish young men rudely taken from their best girls and marched to the barracks and then sent to the army.

When the crowd in exit reached the door, they found crossed bayonets. Then and there was a Babylonish confusion. Some attempted to escape by the back doors, but found bayonets closely guarding every exit. Some of the ladies fainted, some

screamed, some abused, and some said it was all right, that the men ought to be in the army. I was sergeant in charge of the guard at the main door, and had good opportunity to observe the confusion.

An officer mounted a chair and told the crowd not to be excited; that no one should be hurt, that these were war times, and the government had taken this plan to recruit the army; that it was a bright moonlight night, and the ladies could easily get home without escorts; that women, children, old men, and cripples would please pass out as rapidly as possible, and all men subject to military duty would remain until their furloughs, if they had any, could be examined by the officers at the entrance.

When the ladies and cripples had all passed out, the examination began. Some laughed and took it as a huge joke, others cursed and swore, but all were forced to submit. Some were found with credited leave of absence, many had furloughs long out of date, many claimed to have furloughs at home, but no man's word or any kind of evidence was taken. They were permitted to send home for their papers, provided they could get some friend to go after them; otherwise they went to the guardhouse.

It took several hours to examine all the papers, and when it was finished, they were all marched downstairs and started between bayonets to the barracks. We found we had a little over three hundred. Many had on officers' uniforms with the ranks of lieutenant and captain, and some few had the audacity to claim the rank of major. These were worn to throw the conscripting officer off his guard, and to give them better standing with the ladies who did not know any better.

As a general thing in our army a guard would not tease a prisoner, neither would the officers allow it, but under these peculiar circumstances I guess they thought it admissible, and the guards geyed these standing-collar gentry to their heart's content with such remarks as these: "Say, Mister, who went home with your best girl to-night?" "How will you trade that uniform for mine? It will become you better now." "How do you think you will rest to-night on the soft side of a plank?" "Do you think you will enjoy hard-tack and fat pork for breakfast?" "Where have you been keeping yourself lately?" "Come down out of that bee-gum hat. I know you are up there, I see your heels sticking out," and hundreds of other such remarks, such as no one but a soldier would ever think of.

It was some distance to the barracks. Some women followed us pleading for their friends, but no attention was paid to them, except that they were told in a gentlemanly manner that this was no place for ladies, and that if their friends had exemption papers to go and bring them and they would be released at once. Before we reached the barracks many of the friends and relatives of the prisoners overtook us, bringing blankets and soldier clothing for them. About three o'clock in the morning we turned them over to the guard at the barracks, and what became of them I do not know, but it was reported that they took the morning train under guard for the Virginia army.

The conscripting officer in charge called the guard to order, and complimented us for the soldierly manner in which we had assisted him in doing a good night's work for the government we all loved so well. He then dismissed us.

So far as I know, there are but two of those twenty-eight men now living, Lieut. Adams, who is a Baptist minister in Mississippi, and myself. I met him at the Dallas reunion, and we had a royal good time talking of army times, and this frolic in particular. The most of us were knocked out before the war ended, and the others have crossed over the river.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Clarksdale, Miss.—Whatever arrears I owe, please pay out of this ten-dollar (\$10) check, and then pay \$4 to the Sam Davis fund and credit the balance to the future. In having neglected my duty to you, I have reflected on myself. Your work cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. The appreciation in which I hold your work, the manner and tone of its doing, cannot be expressed in words. You are in reach of your splendid reward, for there is no other volume like yours, and it is written with so little that is mere coloring. I cannot remember any similar story where a people conquered in defeat. I know all that is best survives, but it is more of resurrection than a continuance. Walthall was a knightly leader among unpaid and starving soldiers, whose banners only went down in the smoke of battle, with overwhelming numbers in the great witenagemote of the nation. He was regarded by his friends and political enemies alike as the embodiment of every sentiment which ought to make the ideal statesman and soldier. Through him and many others like him, we came direct from the field to the forum. You tell us in your magazine how the battle goes, and you refuse to talk about a "lost cause." It can never be lost. If there is a great word that could strengthen and thrill you, I should like to say it. Your work, like the boy's amid snow and ice, carries that strange device, "Excelsior!" and it lives in many, many true hearts.

Dickens, Tex.—Dr. T. B. Love, Adjutant Camp John A. Green, writes that Comrade Nathan D. Johns, an old Confederate of his camp, who belonged to Arizona Scouts, commanded by Capt. James H. Tevis, attached to Gen. Tom Green's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department, wishes, on account of extreme infirmity, to apply for a pension. The pension law requires that he furnish two witnesses who can testify as to his service, and Comrade Johns asks the whereabouts of two of his old comrades who can make necessary proof of his service. Comrade Johns is worthy and needs his pension.

Augusta, Ga.—I do thank you most heartily for your kind proposition to send me the *VETERAN* until I can pay. Your conduct on the magazine has for a long time convinced me that your supreme purpose in publishing it has been to vindicate the South from the numerous agencies that have been employed to traduce her. And now, since you offer to send me other literature, I know that you are willing and anxious to disseminate knowledge through other books at a sacrifice to yourself. I do not feel that it would be right for me to assume additional obligations, small or great, but I hope soon to be in a position to order Gen. French's "Two Wars." I am very grateful.

Hope, Ark.—W. G. Lewis, Company E., Ballentine's Cavalry, is desirous of knowing if the soldier who was shot through both legs at the battle of Franklin and carried off the field by him, still survives that tragic night. Comrade Lewis says he took the soldier on his horse and carried him across the river.

Wills Point, Tex.—James A. Harris is interested in the discussion about the flag of the Thirty-Fifth Mississippi Regiment that was lost at Altoona, Ga. He wants to learn something about a man who was sitting outside the fort, nearest the railroad, destitute of wearing apparel. The man appeared to be about eighteen years of age, and had been shot through the hips. Comrade Harris was within three feet of him going in, but did not see him when he came out. George Carson carried the flag of the Thirty-Fifth Mississippi, and he is still living in Mississippi. Comrade Harris

wishes to correspond with members of the Fourth Michigan Regiment, as he desires to make friends with some of them.

San Angelo, Tex.—P. G. Benton was one of the 600 who went to Morris Island, and would like to hear from any of the others who were of this number. He belonged to Burns's Regiment, Missouri Infantry, Trans-Mississippi Department.

Adamstown, Md.—Comrade Edward Anderson, who was a member of Fifth Alabama, Rodes's Brigade, says that he was in the battle of Chancellorsville when Gen. Jackson was shot. He has noticed where a Georgian of the Fourth Infantry says that Gen. Jackson was shot on his left, and that it was the darkest night he had ever seen. Comrade Anderson says he was on the left of his Georgia friend, on a dirt road where Gen. Rodes was stationed, and that Gen. Jackson was, to his recollection, shot on his (Anderson's) left, between sunset and dark. He says he cannot agree with the statement of the Georgian in the *VETERAN*, because Gen. Jackson passed out by advance guard of pickets and gave orders to fire on any approaching object without halting.

Mascoutah, Ill.—Fred J. Scheve, an ex-Union soldier, has in his possession a Confederate flag upon which is inscribed: "Presented by the ladies of Woodbury." The name of Mrs. Dr. Wood also appears on the flag. It does not give the name of the State. This gentleman wishes to return the flag to the ladies of Woodbury, if he can find from what State it came.

Alva, Fla.—J. W. Williams writes: "I have never been able to attend a reunion, or even visit a Camp of Confederate veterans. I was not actively engaged in field service during the invasion of the Southern States, except in the last raid by John H. Morgan into Kentucky just before his death, and I can say that all the praise given to Col. Martin for bravery I can vouch for, as I saw him under as hot fire as any man sustained during the war, at Mt. Sterling, Ky. There were seventy men in the company I was temporarily with, and in less than ten minutes after the action began I was the ranking officer left, being fourth sergeant. I fired fifteen deliberate shots in that battle, and I don't believe I missed a single shot, as the distance ranged from twenty-five to one hundred yards. Lieut. McCreary was badly wounded, Bailey and Mitchell both captured. . . . Only seven out of the seventy returned with the command to Virginia."

Rockbridge Baths, Va.—I had thought of having it discontinued, but as I would miss its welcome appearance every month, I have decided to continue for the present.

Houston, Tex.—Circular letter received. No worthier cause could be selected by all our old Confederate veterans than to respond to the call of our "official organ."

Sumter, S. C.—In getting up subscriptions our motive was simply to spread the *VETERAN*'s circulation where it would do good and help a little to keep up the subscription list. If you wish to do so, we will let you send complimentary numbers to such persons as we may name. We would not accept any money for our work. We simply desire to have as many subscriptions sent in as possible, because we feel that the *VETERAN* should be in every Southern home. You will find inclosed check for \$4 for the additional list.

WAR POEMS.—Joseph T. Derry, Department of Agriculture, Atlanta, Ga., is preparing a series of heroic poems which deal with phases of the war between the States. He has just completed "Memories of '64," and this will be followed by "The Gathering of the Hosts" and "The Battle Tide's Alternate Ebb and Flow." "Memories of '64" may be had by sending order to the author.

THE CAPTURE OF THE KATYDIDS.

It was in April, 1865. The Confederate forces, Jackson's division of Forrest's command, had camped for a few hours on the Black Warrior, just across from the beautiful little town of Tuscaloosa, Ala.

These men were worn from months of fighting, foot-sore, poorly clad, and they were ill-fed.

Across the bridge from the town came a party of boys, evidently to visit the camp. They were fine young fellows and manly, but all under fifteen. They were trimly dressed in cadet uniform of gray cloth made in Georgia, and looked like "carpet knights" when compared with Jackson's weary veterans in their cheap, dingy gray jeans.

The soldiers seemed inclined to amuse themselves at the expense of the boys. One of them asked, in a jocular way: "Who are you fine fellows, any way, with your spick and span uniforms?"

"We are cadets," answered the young captain with some pride. "We haven't faced fire yet, but we are ready to do it."

A bantering laugh followed. One of the men exclaimed, jestingly: "Cadets! cadets! Katydids, you mean; much fighting you trim little fellows could do!"

The laugh went round among the soldiers. The nickname "Katydids" caused general merriment, and the boys returned to the academy very much offended.

There were no men left in Tuscaloosa excepting those who for some good reason could not bear arms. There were only women and little children, old men, and these cadets, for whom an effort was made to preserve in the military academy of the place the regular routine of drill and instruction. But the boys were often restless, sometimes insubordinate. There had been secret talk among them of joining Gen. Forrest. Some had lost fathers, some brothers, and all felt in their veins the fire, the enthusiasm, the contagion of war.

The next day after the visit to the camp across the river, the boys were out on the school campus, when suddenly a Confederate scout came rushing across the bridge. The cadets hurried down to the road just in time to catch the news. "The Federals are coming! the Federals! Gen. Cloxton!"

The rider hurried on and the cadets held a consultation. Louis Moore, the captain, spoke in decided tones. "Boys, we must defend the bridge! We'll bring out the cannon and defend the town at the cost of our lives! The time has come when we must fight for our mothers and our homes!"

A loud hurrah! Then followed a dash down the campus to the armory. In a few moments they came, returning twenty strong with the small academy cannon and a case of ammunition.

Suddenly a halt was called. A gray-haired professor came hurrying after them. He commanded, he threatened, but quite ineffectually. "We are soldiers!" cried the young captain. "We are going to defend the bridge at any cost!"

And then in good form they drew up in line of battle across the end of the bridge, with the school cannon, loaded and ready for action, commanding the narrow space.

Beyond, suddenly emerging from cover of the forest, appeared a party of Federals. Their leader held a field glass. He presently advanced a little, then drew nearer still and scanned the bridge and its youthful guard. Dropping his glass, he turned and galloped back.

"It's a handful of children, general!" he exclaimed with a quizzical smile, as he reached the commander; "just little lads like the one I left at home, but they are drawn up to defend the bridge like soldiers, sure enough!"

"Children?" repeated the general in a tone of astonishment. "Has it come to that? Well, the bridge must be taken. Give

the order to charge, but"—and the general's eye flashed ominously—"but tell the men not to harm a hair of their heads!"

A moment later the order was given. The Federal detachment advanced across the open space toward the bridge.

There was a flash, a roar, and the little cannon sent its best welcome whizzing into the ranks of the Federals. Again it fired. But now the corps had reached the bridge and, with a rush forward, overpowered and captured its brave young defenders without having unsheathed a sword or fired a gun. The general's order had been obeyed. Not one of the boys had been injured, but they found themselves in the hand of a powerful foe.

"Why didn't you fire?" cried the young captain hotly. "We haven't surrendered! we'll not surrender! We were here to be shot at, to die, not to be treated like a lot of girls!"

"We are not down here to fight babies," answered a burly, kind-faced soldier. "We were thinking about our own little ones at home."

At this juncture two officers rode up. Each leaned from his saddle, caught up a young cadet, and both galloped toward the town. Here quite a little crowd of women and children had gathered. The women were in tears, some were wringing their hands, others were already starting toward the bridge to intercede with the general.

But all now saw the two officers approaching in a gallop, and that each held a boy helpless under his arm. There was an awe-stricken hush when the riders dashed up.

"The mothers of these children—where are they?" exclaimed one of the Federals, smiling. "They are game little fellows, but defending bridges with a toy cannon against five thousand soldiers isn't exactly a safe amusement for them!"

The occurrence had occupied only a few moments. The fight was over and the town in the hands of the Federals.

No punishment was visited upon the young prisoners of war, and at this they felt much aggrieved. They considered such treatment most ignominious. The foe simply gave them into the custody of their mothers.

Somehow the Katydid story got out, and the name clung to the cadets, much to their annoyance. The old professor declared the boys never would have done such a foolhardy thing as try to defend the bridge had it not been for the sting of the "Katydid" sobriquet, but there never was any question regarding the fact that they were heroic young fellows.



COL. E. H. OWEN, LOS ANGELES, CAL.,
Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Pacific Division, United Confederate Veterans.

SOUTH CAROLINA REUNION.

The grand State reunion of veterans at Columbia, S. C., is chronicled in the annals of May next to the splendid gathering at New Orleans, and the welcome accorded the Palmetto devotees who journeyed to the State's capital was complete in every detail. It was estimated that 15,000 visitors were in the



MISS HALLIE HUNT AUSTIN, GREENVILLE,
Sponsor for South Carolina Division.

city; and yet they were all made comfortable, it being the paramount aim of Columbia's citizens to provide liberally for those who revered the occasion and the cause for which it was organized.

The best and most honored of the State's public men were in attendance at the convention, and from the steps of the capitol Gov. Heyward delivered the address of welcome. Just as the distinguished man commenced speaking, a shower drove many of the younger folks under cover, but the veterans stood their ground. The *Columbia State* published the incident as follows: "I am reminded by this shower and by the presence of the Georgians of an incident which happened on the Carolina coast," said Gov. Heyward to the eager listeners. "A Georgia corporal who knew nothing of tides stationed a private and forbade him to leave the post. When the corporal of the next relief came along he found the poor fellow standing in water up to his neck, with his gun held high in air. 'What the thunderation are you doing out there?' asked the corporal. 'I was told not to leave my post,' was the response, 'but say, haven't we had the dickens of a freshet up the river?'" Gov. Heyward declared that there had been a freshet of veterans this week, pouring into Columbia and refreshing and reviving by their presence the members of the days gone by. The little story and its application pleased the soldiers, who bared their heads to cheer, despite the rain. As Gov. Heyward stood at the foot of the steps of the Statehouse and gave South Carolina's godspeed to the veterans massed in front of him, on each side of the remnants of South Carolina's splendid battalions was a line of younger soldiers, on guard to prevent the profanation of the space reserved for the men who fought their way to immortality. Beyond the

martial scene and its conjuring influences the Confederate soldier on the monument stood at parade rest. Back of the speaker the faces and forms of children gave brightness to the picture, and the old 'Rebs' lived their lives anew in gazing on the young faces flushed with the happiness of having literally bestrewn with flowers the pathway of the army whose unprotected feet have felt the sharp flint on Virginia highways. Cheer after cheer rent the air as the veterans gathered before the stand, cheers for the Governor of their commonwealth, cheers for the children who will be the queens of Carolina principalities in the years to come."

Bishop Capers delivered the annual address to the South Carolina Division. He was a brigadier at twenty-eight, and before he was thirty he was made Secretary of State as one whose judgment might be trusted at the time when South Carolina needed strong men to bring order out of chaos. He was then a ministerial student, and is to-day the head of the Episcopal Church in South Carolina.

CAMP SUMTER CELEBRATION.

The thirty-seventh annual celebration of Camp Sumter, U. C. V., was held at Charleston, S. C., April 17th, and gray-haired men met to hold a treasured tryst with memory.

Capt. Charles Inglesby, the Camp's Commander, presided, and splendid and striking addresses were made by Col. James Simmons, Commander T. Grange Simmons, Capt. Charles Inglesby, Gen. S. W. Ferguson, and Rev. J. A. B. Sherer. The latter responded to a toast, "Teachers in gray, our monitors in every high and holy lesson for all the ages that are yet to be." The reverend speaker is Chaplain of the Washington Light Infantry and the son of a brave Confederate soldier. He said:

"*Mr. Toastmaster:* I read in a newspaper the other day that a man had asked a woman that old question in physics as to what will happen when an irresistible force encounters



THOS. W. CARVILLE, SPRINGFIELD, C. H.,
Major General South Carolina Division, U. C. V.

an insurmountable obstacle. Her instantaneous reply was: 'The man surrenders.'

"When your committee honored me with an invitation to

speak here this evening there were insurmountable obstacles to prevent my acceptance of their invitation. But I found myself besieged and assaulted by an irresistible force. And I am not alluding, believe me, to the seductive suaveness of the gallant captain in command of the company commonly known as the Southern Railway Company. To be perfectly serious, gentlemen, there is scarcely any other invitation in the world that I could value more highly than, or find so absolutely irresistible as, an invitation to address a Camp of Confederate Veterans, and Camp Sumter at that. I may add that never have I felt a deeper sense of inadequacy to the situation. But there is one thing I can do. I can stand here in the name of the younger generation of Southern men and pledge this gallant gray-haired man in the name of the Lord God of Hosts that we never shall forget those noble teachers in gray, our monitors in every high and holy lesson for all ages that are yet to be.

"Down here in South Carolina you are mighty proud of your forefathers. Up in North Carolina (where I used to

come from, though I am a Charlestonian now, heart and soul) we may not have so large and varied an assortment of forefathers as you have got, but we are mighty proud of our fathers, because every last one of them fought in the Confederate army; only a few old bachelors stayed at home.

"They were none too fond of warfare; possibly because they had the home training, so to speak. They betook themselves to the mountains, where they still abide and cast their votes with great regularity for Andy Jackson. You have heard of them. They are the famous 'mountain whites' that so distinguished themselves toward the close of the war, when they were forced into the ranks at the point of the bayonet. I have been indulging in all this byplay because I wanted to tell you a story, and didn't know exactly how to get up to it, being a minister instead of a lawyer. I think it is one of the very best stories I ever heard. A Connecticut man told it to me and vouches for its truthfulness. As I said, and as you know, these lank mountaineers were conscripted toward the close of the war, and thrown out in front of the line, so to speak, where they would be between the Tarheels and the deep blue sea—the deep blue sea pouring its tides of fire on them from the front, while the Tarheels were poking them up with their bayonets from behind. My Connecticut friend says that on one occasion one of these more lank than loyal soldiers was out on the line in this very unenviable position, a-crawling along on his hands and knees, dodging bullets that came 'ping' to right of him and 'pong' to left of him with a persistence which he found decidedly disconcerting. Finally he could endure it no longer. Rising to his feet—unfolding to his full length—he waved his arms above his head and vociferously shouted toward the Yankee lines: "A-stop yer shootin; there's folks here!"

"Gentlemen, this lean compatriot of mine spoke more wisely than he knew. There were folks there! Those ragged men in gray were men. They were the noblest types of manhood, I maintain, that this continent has ever produced. They left to the world most noble lessons to be learned; and that is the very highest achievement of the Confederate Soldier, outranking even his glorious feats of arms. Your toast this evening rightly calls them 'teachers in gray, our monitors in every high and holy lesson for all the ages that are yet to be.'

"Ask any intelligent child in this city what kind of men they were who fought for the South those terrific battles of the sixties, and he will tell you that, first and foremost, they were patriots. The child is right. May the time never come when he will answer otherwise, and call them 'rebels'—foul, dishonoring word! Never did truer patriots answer to the stirring bugle note than were those boys in gray who sprang from the plowshare to grasp the bayonet and follow their peerless leaders through stress of conflict and poverty and ragged suffering until at last, in the trenches around Petersburg, they grimly massacred the French language and called themselves 'Lee's misérables.' Patriots they were in very deed and truth, fighting with as lofty spirit and as worthy motive as ever filled the breasts of courageous men; patriots even when you set the highest standard of patriotism, which can be no other than the struggle for human liberty. The soldiers of the South did not fight for slavery; they fought for freedom. The right of a Church to be free made the wars of Cromwell. The right of a colony to be free made the war of the Revolution. The right of a State to be free made the war for Southern



MISS JESSIE LUCILE THOMPSON, SPARTANBURG,
Chief Maid of Honor South Carolina Division, U. C. V

independence—the right of a State to be free. The world has never known, nor will it ever know, a loftier patriotism than the patriotism of the soldiers of the South.

"But, gentlemen, what is patriotism? Have we ever stopped to define that word clearly to ourselves? Are we not disposed on occasions of this kind to indulge in 'glittering generalities,' rather than in sober reflection? Your hearts swell and thrill at the magic of that word, but do your minds instruct you why? You tell me that patriotism is love of country. That is true, and it is not true. It is not the clear truth. That definition is too large and too vague to be useful. What is a man's country? Is it his township, his county, his State or Territory, an aggregation of States and Territories, or the continent on which he lives? Sometimes it is one, sometimes another; but always there is the same reason and root for patriotism. And what is that? Well, it is the root of the word 'patriotism;' there you will find the truth, for words are indeed wonderful teachers when we will let them teach us. The word 'patriot' comes from the Latin word for 'father.' The Germans precisely express the original idea of our word when they call their country the 'Fatherland.' Patriotism, both in word and in fact, is bound up with the family. Love of country is based on nothing else than love of home. The family is the unit of the nation. The reason why you love the rocks and rills of this your native land is because it is your native land and the land where your fathers died. Patriotism is no longer a vague and abstract thing when we see that it consists in the love of home. Here is a definition that satisfies, carrying with it the conviction both of the heart and of the mind. Men go wild when they see the flag waving before them through the smoke of battle. Why? Because, though they know it not, that tattered emblem stands for a little spot, a thousand miles away, where the wife waits, with the babe against her bosom; where the children wonder when that man is coming home who to them, if to none other, is the best and bravest and wisest and strongest man in all the world; where the very cattle in the stalls, and the horses in the pasture, strive to articulate their pleasure when the voice of the master is heard; where the faithful watch dog, fiercely jealous of intruders, leaps in joyous welcome for just one man. And so the soldier fights for his country because it holds his home. Patriotism in its last reduction is home-love. And that is why the men of the South responded to the battle call with such glad eagerness—leaping to the embrace of the war god as a babe into the arms of its father; because they believed their homes were endangered, invasion was imminent; because the right of a State to be free meant to them the right of a home to be free and sacred. The first great lesson which the hand of the schoolmaster in gray writes high upon the tablets of his learning children is the lesson of the love of home. He was willing to wade through blood for that, and battle with fire, and sleep out on the bare, wet ground, or else sleep beneath the touch of its cold surface-damp forever; because if his home could not be kept from profane alien touch, then to die were better both for him and for them he loved.

"My friends, this word 'home' is the distinctive glory of the Anglo-Saxon race. No language but the Anglo-Saxon language has such a word. The Orientals and the French and all the other peoples of the world speak of a 'house' or a 'lodging place,' but they have no such word as home. And I tell you that when that word loses with us its wondrous sweetness of unfathomable meaning, when 'home'

means less to us than it does now, when it no longer stirs the deepest emotions of the heart, when manly tears no longer flow unbidden at the singing of that simple, matchless song of Payne's, 'Home, Sweet Home!'—no other people have such a song as that—why, in that day the glory of the Anglo-Saxon race will have perished, because it will have lost its hold upon the magic 'open sesame' which has unbarred the gates of glory and of grace before it since Hermann first fought for his wife and child and home against the Romans.

"Now if the first great lesson of the teachers in gray was patriotism, the second, no less vital, was manliness. They fought as patriots, and they fought as men. They gave full proof of their manhood upon a hundred battlefields. But 'peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war;' and the regal, final touch of manhood upon the Southern soldier came in the way he met defeat. There was sorrow in his heart, but there was no bitterness. With eyes suffused with tears he pressed the knightly hand of his beloved 'Uncle Robert' there at Appomattox; and from that moment the war, so far as he was concerned, was over. He had appealed to the final arbitrament—that of the sword—and its decision had been against him. He accepts that decision as sincere and final and banishes from his heart henceforth all bitterness. As one of them said to some of his comrades who talked of leaving the South, 'You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife, and raise a crop; and if the Yankees fool with me any more, I'll whip 'em again;' or, as Bill Arp said, 'Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I'm going to work.'

"Gentlemen, I challenge the world to produce a spectacle of manliness surpassing that of the Southern soldier in his hour of defeat. Before, he had been every inch a man; but now he is a king amongst men. I hold that the supreme achievement of Anglo-Saxon civilization was the cheerful spirit of that foot-sore man in gray as he turned toward his



MISS MARGUERITE J. GARLAND,
Maid of Honor, Army North Virginia Department.

devastated farm, 'with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right,' as God gave him to see the right, 'to bind up the nation's wounds, . . . to do all that which might achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.'

"The tattered schoolmaster in gray—God bless him!—has thus taught us for all time the two fundamental lessons of home—love and manhood. When the war was closed he not only rebuilt his demolished home, but he protected it from the ruthless invasion of the carpetbagger and the hideous specter of a threatened race equality. His monitions bid his descendants evermore to be on guard against all insidious invasions of our precious home life, whether in the guise of pernicious literature that would corrupt the morals of our youth by destroying, for example, the inviolable sanctity of the marriage tie; or in the guise of a pernicious license, which masquerades as liberty, but is in reality lawlessness, whereas law is the very corner stone of home. His manhood serves to teach us, on the one hand, to let the dead past bury its dead; but on the other hand, never to sacrifice principle for policy or moral health for material wealth. He is loyal to the Union, every whit; but God forbid the day should ever come when he or his descendants will 'crook the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning!' Teachers in gray? Look, for glowing illustrations of what I mean, on that superb leader of the boys in gray, the peerless chieftain of the Confederacy, the first American, Robert E. Lee. If the war between the States had accomplished nothing else, it were worth all the fire and blood and tears of those terrible four years that the children of the South might have set high before them on the everlasting pedestal of fame, where he may be seen and studied of all, that sole and splendid teacher in gray, our sublime monitor in every high and holy lesson for all the ages that are yet to be. He taught the two great lessons of patriotism and manhood by every action of his stainless life. Patriotism? Yes, he loved his home. Therefore, when in April, 1861, Francis Preston Blair, the authorized agent of President Lincoln, offered him the command of the Union forces with the words, 'I come to you on the part of President Lincoln to ask whether any inducements that he can offer will prevail on you to take command of the Union army;' Lee answered, 'If I owned the four million slaves, I would cheerfully sacrifice them to the preservation of the Union; but to lift my hand against my own State and people is impossible.' He yielded his glorious services freely to his State and to his people for the defense of their homes, although he afterwards wrote to a confidential friend that he 'never believed we could, against the gigantic combination for our subjugation, make good our independence, unless foreign powers, directly or indirectly, assisted us.' When his belief had at last been verified, he said: 'If all were to be done over again, I should act precisely in the same manner. I could have taken no other course without dishonor.' There is the very acme and perfection of patriotism.

"The war ended, what did he do? He accepted the result like the glorious, gallant gentleman that he was. As an intimate friend bears witness: 'Every word and act of his exerted an influence tending to heal up sectional animosities, to force compliance with the governmental policy and to inculcate all the indispensable qualities of good citizenship.' Writing to a friend in New Orleans, Lee says: 'The interests of our State are the same as those of the United States.

Its prosperity will rise or fall with the welfare of the country. The duty of its citizens, then, appears to me too plain to admit of a doubt.'

"Declining offers of an annual salary of \$10,000, he took the presidency of Washington College at a salary of less than one-third of that sum, that he might indeed become a teacher and lead the young men of the South even as he had led their fathers in war, to recognize and obey the beauty and the dignity of law. To this principle he was ever as true as the needle to its star. Splendid patriot! Matchless embodiment of manhood! Supreme teacher of the South through all the shining years! 'Vanquished, he was yet a victor. To honor virtue is to honor him. To reverence wisdom is to do him reverence. In life he was a model to all who live. In death he left a heritage to all. One such example is worth more to earth than the stained triumphs of ten thousand Cæsars.'

"Forth from its scabbard, all in vain—

Forth flashed the sword of Lee!

'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again;

It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,

Defeated, yet without a stain,

Proudly and peacefully!"

SOUTH CAROLINA WOMEN IN THE CONFEDERACY.—In a few weeks an interesting and valuable volume will be presented to the public published by the South Carolina State Committee, U. D. C. It is conceded that the women of this State bore a heavy part of the burden of the war by sustaining home resources while the men were at the front. A partial list, numbering one hundred associations in which they worked, is evidence of the activity throughout South Carolina, and further shows that there was one soul, one spirit of self-devotion and denial, which made them a unit in effort. Since 1898 the State conventions have put into the field two committees—one to collect historical data, and the second to edit and publish the chronicles of the work of the women in the war period. The diligence and success of the first committee, together with the industry of the second, results in the issuance of the first part of the book, recording the daily ministrations to the soldiery, the practical skill in domestic economics, the unconscious heroism, indomitable will in privation, the commercial and manufacturing development which are well portrayed in the narratives of the grandmothers, mothers, wives, sisters, and relatives of many who now represent the present and future strength of South Carolina. Scarcely a family throughout the State but will proudly recognize and claim the record of their domestic circle among these patriots of splendid nationality. The book will appear in attractive covering, Confederate red, with white lettering, under the title "South Carolina Women in the Confederacy." The Southern women uphold the dignity of the Saxon race, and Mrs. Thomas Taylor, of Columbia, S. C., Chairman of the Publishing Committee of this book, which promises to be so valuable, is a splendid type of the woman whose virtues shine in war and peace alike.

UNWARRANTED CURIOSITY.—A venerable negro approached the ticket office in a Southern railway station and informed the agent that he wanted to buy a ticket.

"To what point?" queried the agent.

"Dat's my business," indignantly responded the negro. "You white folks is always tryin' to find out everything about we niggers."



Rest, sunlit shafts, in holy light,
About the sacred tomb;
O softening shadows of the night,
Fall lightly in the gloom.
For he who lies beneath the sod
Loved with a proud devotion
His country well—next to his God!
His be the patriot's portion.

MEMBERS OF BOWLING GREEN (KY.) CAMP, U. C. V.

Bowling Green Camp, U. C. V., has sustained a great loss during the past year in the passing away of six of its worthy members: Comrades J. D. Galloway, J. S. Barlow, W. H. Grubbs, W. H. McIntier, William Wyatt, and William Ford. Recent resolutions of the Camp express in manly terms of tenderness the esteem in which these noble comrades were held.

MEMBERS OF CAMP 7, U. C. V., RUSTON, LA.

T. B. Finley was born in Talladega, Ala., March 6, 1843. He enlisted in Company S, Twenty-Eighth Louisiana Regiment on May 10, 1862; was in the battles of Franklin, Yellow Bayou, and Mansfield, serving in the Army of Tennessee and the Trans-Mississippi Department. Comrade Finley died at his home in Ruston, La., February 2, 1903. He filled worthily offices of honor and trust in the Parish of Lincoln, serving as deputy sheriff for years, and at date of death was sheriff of the parish. J. H. Madden, born in Hempstead County, Ark., August 3, 1836, died in Simsboro March, 1903. He enlisted in Company C, Second Louisiana Regiment, in April, 1861. Comrade Madden was held in high esteem by his fellow-citizens, and was true to every trust. He served in the Army of Northern Virginia. Both of these comrades were true and fearless Confederate soldiers, and shed their blood for their principle. What more can be said of them for the edification of surviving comrades? And yet it is not alone as soldiers that Comrades Madden and Finley are commended to the esteem of men, for it was not alone as soldiers that those who knew them loved them best. It was rather for the modest good sense and for the warm, honest hearts that beat beneath their tattered gray uniforms—hearts that never brought a blush to the cheek or a tear to the eye of a soldier.

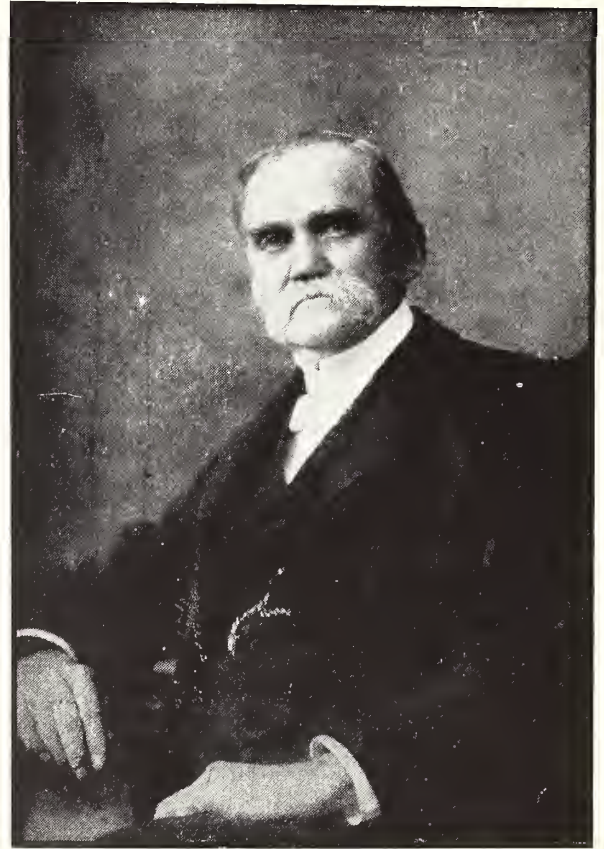
MEMBERS OF CAMP JENKINS.

Within the last month Camp Jenkins, of Parkersburg, W. Va., has lost two of its most useful members. The first to go was Capt. William H. Mayberry, the adjutant of the Camp, who died in the 58th year of his age. Major Marcellus Clark passed away April 12, in his 74th year. Both of these veterans served in the Thirty-Sixth Virginia Regiment. Both were valiant soldiers, upright men, and useful citizens. Maj. Clark was also a veteran of the Mexican war. Both of them located in Parkersburg after the war. Capt. Mayberry was associated with a prominent law firm at the time of his death. Maj. Clark entered the employment of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, and for more than thirty years was a faithful

and efficient official of that company until he was retired on pension on account of age. It was one of his dying requests that his family should continue to subscribe for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as long as any of them survived.

JOHN M. HUDSON.

The solemn words went forth on Friday, April 24, that John M. Hudson, the venerable head of the press department of the Methodist Publishing House at Nashville, Tenn., had suddenly passed away. To every man and woman who heard the sad message the moment became as holy as the hour of prayer, for those who knew John M.



JOHN M. HUDSON.

Hudson were inevitably led into an immediate contemplation of the majesty of immortality, when reflecting on his entrance into eternal life. The companions who knew him best loved him best, and those to whom the privilege of a better acquaintance was denied through circumstances were always conscious of a loss to themselves. His genial manner seemed the outward expression of that courtesy of heart which must ever be the seal which proves the gentleman.

Quiet, gentle, loving to his family, and faithful in the discharge of every duty, those who love his memory may carry through the waiting days of separation the assurance of the illumined page that will bear his fair record in the unerring book of life.

CHARLES EDWIN REESE.

Dr. C. E. Reese, a descendant of revolutionary ancestors, whose uncle, David Reese, was one of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration, died at Lowndesboro, Ala.,

April 25. Enlisting in the Forty-Fourth Alabama Infantry, he was detailed for duty in Selma, and served there as surgeon until its close. He was a friend of the poor, a kind and loyal husband, and a devoted and gentle father.

BENJAMIN BLOOMFIELD.

Maj. B. Bloomfield died suddenly on March 17, at Opelousas, La. He was born in New Orleans December 30, 1824, and was educated in that city. When the war between the States began he was a member of the famous Washington Artillery, but was appointed quartermaster of the Second Louisiana Infantry, with rank of captain, and assigned to Gen. Magruder's staff, then on the Virginia peninsula. He was afterwards promoted to quartermaster general of the army of the peninsula, with the rank of major, in which capacity he served through the operations of 1861, the siege of Yorktown, and the seven days' battle before Richmond. When Gen. Magruder was transferred to Texas, Maj. Bloomfield was sent with thirty-two pieces of artillery and three hundred and ten men to follow Magruder. He took his command to Vicksburg by rail, and from there by boat to Alexandria, La., and thence marched overland to Niblett's Bluff, where he constructed a road three miles long across a swamp in order to reach the Sabine River, which he crossed on flatboats. Then, impressing a railroad train, he took his guns and men to Houston and reported to Gen. Magruder, and was ordered to San Antonio. But before he had proceeded far in that direction he was recalled to Houston and his artillery sent to Galveston, where it had a prominent part in the capture of the Federal boats and the re-establishment of Confederate control there. He continued on duty in Texas throughout the war, and made a worthy record as an officer at headquarters.

Maj. Bloomfield was one of the organizers of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 14, when the United Confederate Veterans' Association was first started, and always took a deep interest in its welfare, being elected adjutant of the Camp on its organization, which responsible office he filled for several terms with marked ability. He leaves two sons and three daughters to mourn their irreparable loss.

EDWARD TROUP RANDLE.

The gentle spirit of Edward T. Randle passed into eternity early in April. He was a beloved resident of Union Springs, Ala.

Col. R. M. Sands, of Mobile, pays the following beautiful tribute to his old comrade:

"Edward Troup Randle was my comrade, friend, fellow-soldier, and fellow-officer during the time intervening between April 23, 1861, when the Third Alabama was organized at Montgomery, till the 12th of May, 1864, when, at the Wilderness he was disabled by the loss of an arm in one of the bloodiest struggles of the war. I knew him as a gallant, fearless soldier, who won his way from the ranks to the captaincy of his company by gallantry, devotion to principle, and the esteem of his brothers in arms. During those years, when the close tie that welded us together—a tie even stronger than that of blood kinship—that of fellow-soldiers in a war of four years' duration; when we stood side by side, daily offering our lives upon the altar of our country's sacrifice, he was my friend; and to that brave, honest, true, noble, and accomplished gentleman the homage of my love, respect, and admiration has not been dimmed nor diminished by the forty years that have passed. . . . We had been shoulder to shoulder at Seven Pines, in the seven days' fighting from Mechanicsville to

Malvern Hill, when the old Third, with the Army of Northern Virginia, crossed the Potomac and planted the stars and bars on Maryland's hills, at Fredericksburg, at Spottsylvania, Gettysburg, and in the Wilderness.

"Whatever may be said now of the South and the Confederate soldier, his aspirations and his deeds, history will speak its unalterable decree that he has never been surpassed for courage, for genius, for dash, for endurance, and for devotion. His own people already give him the praise, and have said, 'Well done;' and the outside world, which knows him by his deeds, has said: 'How wonderful!' Those deeds crown the brow of his children, and will crown his children's children with immortal wreaths of glory. The truth of his greatness will surely be told in the coming years, because the greatest instinct in nature is a desire for the truth, and when truth has once been well planted, it sticks and stays forever. We have no fear that it will not be told, but when a noble comrade like Edward T. Randle leaves us, we are reminded of those facts and love to recite them.

"We owe it to ourselves and to our children, we owe it to justice and to truth, that the sacrifices made and the glorious deeds done should not perish, but should be handed down as a heritage to our children and to mankind.

"We naturally turn our faces to the past, and in doing so there rises before us a land as fair as any that ever spread to view before human vision. That was the land of the Confederate soldier, the land of true men and of modest women.

"Let us, therefore, not forget the past and the memory of the heroic deeds of those who are so fast disappearing from earth."

Fades his calm face beyond our mortal ken,
Lost in the light of lovelier realms above;
He left sweet memories in the hearts of men,
And climbed to God on little children's love.

SAM L. MAYS.

At a regular meeting of Alonzo Napier Camp, No. 1390, U. C. V., Waverly, Tenn., April 6, 1903, resolutions were adopted in regard to the death of Comrade Sam L. Mays. He joined the army in 1862 as a private in Capt. W. W. Hobbs's company, Col. Alonzo Napier's cavalry battalion. Col. Napier was killed at Parker's Cross Roads, in West Tennessee, on the last day of 1862. A short time after this battle this battalion and Cox's battalion were consolidated, and formed the Tenth Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, Forrest's old brigade. He was a member of Company E of said regiment. Comrade Mays was a brave, true soldier, and always at his post of duty. He was in all the battles in which the command was engaged, until he was wounded in a battle near Chattanooga, Tenn., on Tuesday, September 22, 1863, just after the battle of Chickamauga, in which his left arm was shot off, permanently disabling him from further field service. In his death the Camp has lost a beloved and devoted member, the community in which he lived a good citizen, and his family a kind husband.

W. T. Porch, W. W. S. Harris, W. S. Traylor, Committee.

B. M. SWAIN.

B. M. Swain died at his home near Trenton, Tenn., April 9, 1903, aged sixty-one years. He was a native of Weakley County, Tenn. At the breaking out of the war he joined Company —, Thirty-First Tennessee Infantry, served with it (in the Army of Tennessee) until the close of the war, after which time he made Gibson County, Tenn., his home. He died a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Trenton, Tenn., leaving a wife and four children.

DONALD MALCOLM McDONALD.

On the morning of March 4, 1903, Maj. D. M. McDonald, a Missouri pioneer, died at his home in St. Joseph at the advanced age of eighty-nine years. Maj. McDonald was the worthy descendant of a long line of distinguished ancestry, and the fair page of his family history received a rich increase of dignity in the record of its splendid son who has just ended an unusual life of manly usefulness.

Maj. McDonald was born in Devenport, England, December 13, 1813. He was of Scotch Highland blood, being descended on his father's side from the family of Clanranald McDonalds, from which sprang the famous Marshal McDonald, of Napoleon's army. On his mother's side he is a lineal descendant of the family of Campbell of Argyle, who are the hereditary Dukes of Argyle.

His father's ancestors fought with Bruce at Bannockburn, and the clan was regularly engaged after that in every rebellion against the Scotch and English governments down to the last rebellion in 1745, which resulted in the utter breaking up of the clan system at Culloden.

Maj. McDonald was born in the reign of George III., and also lived in England in the reign of George IV. His mother's brother, John Campbell, was in the English navy, serving against Napoleon, and was on the vessel *Bellerophon*, which brought Napoleon to England a prisoner in 1815. His mother took him on board the vessel and pointed Napoleon out to him.

Arriving in America in 1832, the family settled in Pennsylvania, where Maj. McDonald remained until the year 1837, when he emigrated to Missouri. In 1839 he went to Pennsylvania and married Miss Jane E. Clawwater, returning to Missouri and settling at Liberty. He at different times lived at Barry, Plattsburg, and Stewartsville, and during the period preceding the Confederate war held several government, State, and county positions of trust and confidence.

In 1855 he went as first sergeant of a company under Gen. Atchison to Kansas, to fight the abolitionists, and was present at Waukrush, where Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, was captured.

At the breaking out of the war between the States Maj. McDonald was residing at Stewartsville, and in June, 1861, he joined Col. John T. Hughes's command as a private in the Confederate service. He was then promoted to different staff positions under Col. Hughes and Gen. Slack, but in the battles of Carthage, Lexington, and Wilson Creek took a rifle and fought in the ranks as a private soldier.

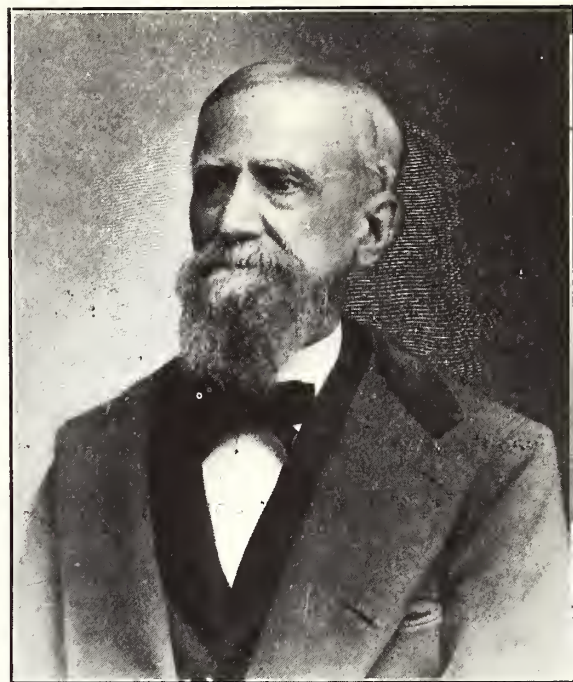
After the battle of Pea Ridge, in which he was engaged, he enlisted as a private soldier in the regiment commanded by Col. Gideon Thompson, and later was placed upon the Colonel's staff as quartermaster; but, following his old habit, he took his Sharp's rifle and fought in the ranks at Independence and other engagements of the command. Later he was promoted to Gen. Jackman's brigade staff, with the rank of major, and served until the close of the war.

Maj. McDonald fought as a private soldier in every engagement of any importance west of the Mississippi, with the exception of Lone Jack. He was in the engagements at Carthage, Lexington, Wilson Creek, two fights at Independence, Pea Ridge, Helena, Newtonia, and others through Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas. He was with Price on his raid through Kansas and his retreat through the Indian Territory.

When Gen. Smith decided to surrender the forces in the Trans-Mississippi Department, Maj. McDonald was one of those who refused to go to Mexico, having made up his mind to return to his family, although warned that his life would pay the forfeit. He went to Shreveport, La., and surrendered,

took the oath of allegiance, and was paroled on the 15th day of June, 1865, by Gen. Canby.

Maj. McDonald removed his family from Stewartsville to St. Joseph, Mo., in 1865. His wife is eighty-two years of age,



DONALD MALCOLM M'DONALD.

and together they enjoyed a blissful married life covering the unusual period of over sixty-three years. The children of this union are: W. A. P. McDonald, Maj. Clay C. McDonald, Miss Kathleen McDonald, and Mrs. J. E. Barrow.

Wrapped in a tattered battle flag, the noble veteran of many wars was borne to his last resting place by his aged Confederate comrades.

—
DR. C. C. CONWAY.

Mrs. W. P. Johnson, Historian Malvern Chapter, No. 431:

"I have been requested to place in the 'Last Roll' of the VETERAN a sketch of the life of my Confederate uncle, Dr. Charles C. Conway, which came to a triumphant close February 16, 1903, at his beautiful home, Retreat, on the banks of the Rapidan River, Orange County, Va., at the age of sixty years. His sacred remains rest among other noble soldiers in beautiful Hollywood, Richmond, by the James, with the little Confederate flag that he loved so dearly placed upon his breast. He was the fourth child and only son of William H. and Marion Glossell Conway, born April 6, 1843. He was converted in camp and confirmed in the trenches before Richmond with many other soldiers, by Bishop Johns, of the Episcopal Church. He was married in 1871 to Miss Elizabeth Sutton Jones, who survives him with three daughters, one son, and a grandson who bears his honored name with the pride of a Virginian. Two sisters also survive him, Mrs. Oscar Stuart Fitzhugh and Mrs. Henry Fitzhugh Thornton, who were ever the recipients of his tender care.

"Dr. Conway early evinced a love and knowledge of surgery, and the number of poultry and animals on his father's plantation with landaged legs became conspicuous, he having collected most of his little sufferers from the neighbors, who never regretted trusting them to his skill and care. When

only twelve years of age he sewed on the finger of a negro girl. In after years this woman took pride in showing the crooked finger which her young master had restored to her hand. These small beginnings increased in skill on the battlefield and in the hospital. Leaving a medical school, he enlisted in Company A, Seventh Virginia Infantry. After the war closed he graduated an M.D. from the Washington University, Baltimore. With rare gifts of mind and heart, he became an accomplished physician and surgeon, in a sense idolized by his patients. He ministered to rich and poor alike, money being no consideration in the path of duty, and yet everything he touched prospered.

"He was in the principal battles of his brigade on Virginia and Pennsylvania soil.

"A paragraph from one of his war letters to my mother (his sister), dated February 16, 1862, states: 'I am writing to you under disadvantages in a smoky hut by a pine knot fire, while the snow is drifting in. But I keep well and am ready to reënlist. We have double duty to perform now. Thursday I was out getting logs and helping to build the surgeon's hut. Yesterday out in all that snow getting wood, came back with my overcoat stiff frozen and ice all over my hair, and am detailed to go out again.'

"Missing his train, after a leave of absence, he swam the James River at Rocketts, below the city, when he was seized with cramps and was picked up more dead than alive. But he 'reached camp in time to answer at roll call.' Many a time in after life he swam the raging waters of the variable Rappahannock for the sole purpose of relieving the suffering and needy.

"An eyewitness says he was in the front rank at Gettysburg when Pickett's heroic men made the glorious charge on Cemetery Hill, and so intent was he that he did not hear the order to fall back. He was left almost alone, and fell down behind a dead horse, several passing over him. One brutal fellow attempted to thrust his bayonet through him, when another with more feeling pushed it aside. While lying there a Minie ball struck him in the heel. The Yankees dragged him and others of the wounded into a graveyard, where they remained a day and a night. He often told me of the kindness of the enemy to the wounded there. Here it was that one with an arm wound brought water and poured on his foot while he set the arm of the Union soldier. He was taken to a hospital in Baltimore, where he hid under his cot to prevent the Yankee surgeon from amputating his foot. Dr. Conway asserted afterwards that many amputations were made that were entirely unnecessary. He was lame a long time, and tried to get into the cavalry service—bought a beautiful horse and sent his application to Gen. Kemper to sign, who replied in his positive way: 'He is too good an infantry soldier for me to give him up.' My uncle had it in his power years afterwards to issue a like command to the general, then ex-Governor of Virginia. Dr. Conway had the honor of being one of his attending physicians during his last illness. The dear old general being very restless and fretful, he did not want to do as my uncle advised him, who gently reminded him of the past by saying: 'General, remember what you always told us boys during the war.' 'Obey, sir,' said the doctor. 'You are subject to my orders now, and I hope you will obey.' After that he had no further trouble with his distinguished patient. While Dr. Conway was a patient at Baltimore hospital, a devoted aunt, Mrs. J. W. Eno, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., sent her generous-hearted husband to visit him and other Southern prisoners. After put-

ting a roll of money under each pillow for their immediate needs, Mr. Eno, in the honesty of his Union convictions, spoke of them as 'misguided' by being in the 'Rebel army;' when Dr. Conway quickly replied, 'Well, if we are young, we are following Gen. Robert E. Lee, and he is old enough to know the side of right and justice.'

"Like 'Chinese Gordon,' Dr. Conway at all times and everywhere gave his strength and skill to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his courage to his country, and his heart to God.

"With eyes serene and fearless, and his feet upon the 'Rock of Ages,' he entered the shadowed valley which leads to everlasting life. If all those to whom he spoke a kindly word, and for whom he did kindly acts, were gathered together, it would be a vast multitude; and if each of those who were made happier by reason of his life could cast one leaf upon his grave, he would sleep now beneath a wilderness of foliage."

T. L. LANIER.

At Waverly, Tenn., on April 4, many friends of Captain T. L. Lanier assembled to pay a last tribute to one who in life was patriot, soldier, friend. The death of this brave man, strong in spirit always, in spite of physical weakness, was a source of much sorrow to the members of Camp Alonzo Napier, 1349, U. C. V., of which he was the faithful commander.

Capt. Lanier was born in Lincoln County, Mo., March 1, 1841, and at the beginning of the war enlisted as a private in Company G, Second Regiment, Missouri Infantry Volunteers, under Price. He was afterwards promoted to first lieutenant of his company, and a little previous to the siege of Vicksburg was promoted to captain, and after the fall of Vicksburg was transferred with his company to the Army of Tennessee.

He was wounded at the battle of Corinth, and at the battle of Franklin, while leading his company, fell, his body pierced by seven bullets of the enemy, and was borne from the field by two comrades, who were the only ones of his company who were not killed or wounded in that battle.

His devotion to the interests of the VETERAN will not be forgotten.

WILLIAM H. HEARD.

Dr. W. H. Heard died at his home in Arkansas City, Kan., April 2, 1903. He was formerly a resident of Newport, Ark., and the citizens of both the towns in which he had lived universally mourn his loss. He was born in Chicot County, Ark., in 1840, and spent his boyhood on a farm.

When the war between the States broke out, he was attending school at Georgetown College, in Kentucky. When the call for volunteers was made he laid down his books and shouldered a musket, fighting through the entire war as a member of Company D, First Arkansas Regiment. He was wounded several times, but never seriously, and for a long time was one of the famous Whitworth Corps of Sharpshooters, belonging to Cleburne's Division. On the retreat at Franklin he was captured, and spent six months as a prisoner in Camp Douglas, after which he was taken to New Orleans and exchanged.

During his long and useful career as a citizen of Jackson County, Dr. Heard held many positions of honor, but was never an aspirant for any political office save that of county treasurer, which he filled to the entire satisfaction of his constituents.

AUGUSTUS EMMET MAXWELL.

Judge A. E. Maxwell, Florida's eminent jurist and statesman who died at Chipley, Fla., May 6, was born at Elberton, Ga., 1820.

He was educated in Alabama and at the University of Virginia. After an extensive practice and continued service to the State of Florida, both as its secretary and attorney-general, he became a member of Congress in 1853, serving with distinction until 1857. On the secession of the State of Florida he was elected Confederate States Senator, and served from '62 to '65.

With the passing away of Judge Maxwell, Senator Vest, of Missouri, becomes the last living Confederate Senator.

The death of Judge Maxwell removes one of the most stalwart and interesting characters in the history of the South; and the people of Pensacola, in whose midst he had lived since the war, and to whom he had ever proven a valued citizen and friend, will long mourn his loss.

A. G. BOBO.

On February 19, 1903, the soul of Comrade A. G. Bobo passed into the land of peace, where he will again enjoy companionship with those noble sons of the South who have preceded him. A. G. Bobo was born in Floyd County, Ga., March 19, 1839. At the age of twenty-two, when the war began, he enlisted in the Confederacy with Company E of the Eighth Georgia Regiment of Infantry. This regiment was assigned to the Army of Virginia.

Comrade Bobo was wounded in the left hand at Gettysburg. He was also wounded in the right arm during the battle around Richmond. This maimed old hero was a conspicuous actor in the ranks of the chivalrous army of the South in the great war drama. At its close he returned to his desolated home in Georgia, but soon went to Montgomery County, Miss., and in 1867 married Miss Maggie Fair, the daughter of Richard Fair, a Mississippi planter, and in 1868 he, with his family, migrated to Hood County, Tex.

Comrade Bobo was an exemplary member of the Baptist Church, and was one of the charter members of Joe Wheeler Camp, No. 581, U. C. V., of Cresson, Tex., serving as first lieutenant since its organization. A widow, five daughters, and two sons survive him.

DR. LUCIEN McDOWELL.

Tribute by Milford Overley, lieutenant Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A.:

"Dr. Lucien McDowell died at Flemingsburg, Ky., December 4, 1902, in the seventy-third year of his age. The grave has closed over a good citizen, a Christian gentleman, a comrade tried and true. He was warm-hearted and generous, always ready to help where help was needed, and especially where the needy ones were Confederates or their families. He died as he had lived—loyal to his comrades and to the principles for which he had fought and bled. Comrade McDowell was born in Fleming County, Ky.; graduated at the University of Louisville in 1849, and married the following year. He practiced medicine in Kentucky seven years, and moved to Chillicothe, Mo., in 1856. He enlisted in the Confederate service as surgeon of a regiment under Gen. Jeff Thompson, Price's army, in 1861; served faithfully and well with the gallant Missourians, and was wounded in the battle of Pea Ridge. He was subsequently transferred to the department east of the Mississippi River; had charge

of a hospital at Vicksburg during the siege of that city, and was there wounded. He remained in the city to care for the Confederate sick and wounded two months after the surrender. After that he was transferred to the cavalry under Gen. N. B. Forrest, and followed that peerless chieftain through all his trying campaigns. He was at Fort Pillow, at Brice's Cross Roads, and in nearly all subsequent engagements, acting as Gen. Chalmers's division surgeon a portion of the time. Dr. McDowell stayed till all was over, till the starry cross went down forever; but he did not surrender, he was not paroled, did not take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, but, bidding adieu to his comrades who were waiting to be paroled, he rode away, with his face toward his 'Old Kentucky Home,' where he met the wife and children from whom he had been separated for four long years. At Flemingsburg, the home of his childhood, he began anew the battle of life. He was penniless but not friendless. For thirty-seven years he practiced his profession with success, but never neglected the poor."



RICHARD J. MALLET,

a former member of Company C, Third Mississippi Infantry; Featherstone's (Mississippi Brigade, Loring's Division, who died at Jackson, Miss., March 7, 1903, a sketch of whom appeared in the April number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

BATTLE OF NEW HOPE CHURCH.

W. H. Rees, Rienzi, Miss. (Company A, Thirty-Second Mississippi, Lowry's Brigade), writes:

"In the *VETERAN* for December, 1901, Comrade W. R. Campbell, of the Fourth Louisiana, persists in claiming for Quarles's Brigade equal credit with Lowry's and Granbury's Brigades for the brilliant victory of New Hope Church, May 27. That Quarles's Brigade did partially participate in that engagement, as did also the Fifteenth Arkansas and a small body of cavalry, is admitted, but that the main battle was fought and won by Granbury's brave Texans and Lowry's gallant Mississippians and Alabamians is put beyond controversy by all the historical documents and facts bearing on the same.

"Let us seek the truth by going to the official reports. These are the best authority in matters of this kind, and when appealed to should be conclusive. Gen. Cleburne, the commanding officer in this engagement, while mentioning in complimentary terms not only the part taken by Quarles's men and the Fifteenth Arkansas but also by the knightly Walthall and his Mississippi brigade, gives the undisputed honors of the day to Lowry and Granbury.

"The attack was made by Woods's Division of Howard's Corps on Granbury and Lowry. Gen. Cleburne in his official report says that the first assault was made on Granbury's Brigade, and was repulsed with great slaughter; that the Texans reserved their fire until the enemy approached within twenty or thirty paces of their lines, exclaiming as they came, 'Ah! d— you, we have caught you from behind your logs!' The enemy then swung around Granbury's right and repeated the assault in Lowry's front, with the same result. Gen. Cleburne, in the conclusion of his report, says that 'in these repulses Granbury and Lowry saved the right wing of the army.'

"The report does not fail to mention the part acted by Gen. Quarles's men in terms of generous praise. No doubt they did all the fighting they had opportunity to do, and did it well, but that old Pat Cleburne, 'a chevalier of the Army of Tennessee' and the 'Stonewall of the West,' fought and won the battle of New Hope with Lowry's and Granbury's brigades cannot be denied. It has passed into history.

"One more fact. Nearly all the enemy's dead (more than seven hundred) were found in Granbury's and Lowry's front. It is said that so many dead 'Yankees' were never seen on the same space of ground. Comrade B. L. Ridley, of Stewart's staff, in writing of this brilliant achievement says: 'Granbury and Lowry, of Cleburne's Division, in one volley left 770 Yankees to be buried in one pit. Had a Tamerlane been there, a pyramid of human skulls could have been erected at New Hope. Lieut. R. C. Stewart and I went the next evening to see the dead in front of Granbury's and Lowry's line. Had Ahmed, the Turkish butcher, seen it he would have been appalled at the sacrifice.'

HUMOROUS STORIES AND INCIDENTS.

The following amusing incident is copied from an old file of the *Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle and Sentinel* of 1863: "One of the drummers of the Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment is notorious for straggling on the march. Whether advancing or retreating, he is said to be always in the rear. In Gen. Jackson's famous retreat from the Valley of the Shenandoah, after whipping Banks, old Smith got some miles behind, and while sitting on the roadside, solitary and alone, resting and eating his beef and biscuit, he observed a full regiment of Yankee cavalry advancing. He jumped out into the woods,

and as the Yankees came near he thundered away on his drum, beating the long roll with terrible vim. As this was the signal for an enemy at hand, and to form line of battle, the trick was successful. The Yankees, supposing that there was an infantry regiment lying in the thicket, faced about and skedaddled in the regular Bull Run style. The drummer replaced his drum, came out in the road again with his beef and biscuit in one hand and his drumstick in the other, and resumed his marching with his usual equanimity."

A FRIEND IN NEED.—Comrade W. A. Campbell writes that Mr. Mosby, a veteran of Columbus, Miss., was wounded at Murfreesboro, Tenn., captured, and taken to Nashville, where with many others he was put in the penitentiary, then used as a Federal prison. Among the prisoners was a Confederate who had lost all his clothing except his under garments; and, as it was rumored that all of the prisoners would soon be sent North, he was much troubled over his dilemma. One day a young lady of Nashville visiting the prison either saw or heard of this young soldier's condition, and, leaving, she returned in a short time. She told the prisoners to turn their backs, and, taking off a pair of trousers she had smuggled in, she said: "Give these pants to that young man, and tell him to wear them as I did to get them in here." The lady may yet be living; if so, she will be glad to know that her kindly deed has been remembered all these years.

ONE PLACE LEFT FOR GEN. GRANT.—At a recent meeting of Confederate veterans in Richmond, many amusing tales were told. One of them was how Gen. Grant got the worst of it at the hands of a Southern woman. The *Baltimore Sun* tells the story: While Grant was in Charles City County an old lady sent one of her grandchildren to ask him where he was going. "Tell your grandmother," said Gen. Grant, "that I am going to Richmond or Petersburg, or heaven or h—l." In a little while the boy returned and said: "Grandmother says you cannot go to Richmond, for Gen. Lee is there; you cannot go to Petersburg, for Beauregard is there; you cannot go to heaven, for Gen. Jackson is there." Gen. Grant very readily saw that only one place was left to him in case he wanted to go somewhere.

WHAT JOHN ALLEN DID.—Ex-Congressman John Allen, known as "Private Allen," because, according to his own statement, he was the only private in the Confederate army, was standing on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, watching the Grand Army of the Republic parade, says the *New York Times*. With him were two ladies. As the multitude of Grand Army men swept by Private Allen was visibly impressed. After several hours had elapsed, Charles A. Edwards, Secretary of the Democratic Congressional Committee, came along. Allen greeted him, stopped him, and said: "Edwards, how long has this parade been going along?" "Four hours and a half," replied Mr. Edwards, after consulting his watch. Mr. Allen heaved a sigh, turned to the ladies, and said in a tone of melancholy pride: "Just see what I held at bay for four years."

"A RECONSTRUCTED" CONFEDERATE.

He is tall, strong, and erect, gray-haired, fiery-eyed, soft-voiced, and gentle of manner. He fought through the four years' war with the energy, dash, and courage for which he was famous, and at the end—when the South surrendered—faced that situation with as much heroism as he had displayed in battle.

After nearly forty years of the new régime, our veteran considers himself "reconstructed," although he always votes with

the "Solid South." On the whole he accepts the situation philosophically, and he gave his only son Godspeed when he answered his country's call for the Spanish-American war and marched away in the uniform of blue. We who love our veteran best know, however, that behind the closed door of his heart the *ruined* cause is deeply, tenderly, solemnly enshrined, and will be for aye. We regard the sentiment with reverence and silence, as when you walk softly in the presence of sacred dead. Though so fiery-tempered and quick-spoken, like the men of his kind and vicinity, he is very gentle and tender to the young; so he is at his best when in the society of the little ones, who have for him that "perfect love which casteth out fear."

The grandchildren of a man of this type were dressed for a Decoration Day celebration to be given at school some time since. They wore white, gayly adorned in ribbons of red-white-and-blue. Each little girl had a plant to carry, and they were full of excitement and joy at the prospect of the celebration before them. "O grandpa," said the youngest child, "we are going to have a splendid entertainment at school to-day. We are going to sing 'America,' 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' 'Tenting To-Night,' and 'Rally Round the Flag, Boys.' We are taking flowers for the soldiers' graves, and we are going to salute the flag, grandpa, this way." And she saluted.

He was looking with interest and love at his darling, enjoying her pleasure and excitement, when his expression changed and softened, his dear face quivered just an instant, and he spoke very softly and gently: "Sing them all, my baby; take your flowers and salute your flag, but when you have finished it all ask your teacher to let you sing 'Dixie' and the 'Days of Auld Lang Syne,' for grandpa."

PAYMENT OF DUES TO NEW ORLEANS URGED.

Maj. Gen. B. W. Green, commanding the Arkansas Division U. C. V., sends out an appeal to brigade commanders, staff officers, and Commanders of Camps as Circular No. 1, in which he appeals for payment of assessments, which are: On major generals, \$8; brigade generals, \$5; and upon all staff officers, regardless of rank, \$2.50—to be paid immediately. He asks that staff officers remit to Gen. William E. Mickle, 824 Common Street, New Orleans, \$1 for their commissions and \$2.50 to meet this assessment. He asks also that Commanders of Camps transmit at once to the same address the usual *per capita* tax for each name on the muster roll of their respective Camps.

He appeals to comrades, saying: "We cannot ignore this call made by our beloved Commander, who has never before made a direct assessment upon the officers of the association. He would not do so now but for the absolute necessity which exists."

[This appeal is still appropriate.—Ed. VETERAN.]

Official notice has been issued by Gen. Gordon, through his Adj. Gen. Mickle, that the committee to determine the place for the next U. C. V. reunion will meet in Louisville during the fall. In the interim notice is given that all cities applying shall have due consideration.

PAT CLEBURNE CAMP, WACO, TEX.—At the last annual election of officers for Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 222, Waco, Tex., the following were chosen: Captain, Dr. J. C. J. King; Lieutenants, Hon. S. P. Mills, Dr. W. L. Tucker; Adjutant, W. T. Coleman; Quartermaster, John Moore; Chaplain, Rev. Frank Jage; Surgeon, Dr. D. R. Wallace.

AFTER APPOMATTOX.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH, CASSTOWN, O.

It was after Appomattox,
And our banners had been furled—
Those torn and tattered banners
That had waved before the world.
Nevermore amid the battle
Would they float with pride and glee,
For our arms were stacked forever
In the final camps of Lee.

All was over—might had conquered,
And our bugles now were still.
Nevermore would growl our cannon
On the plain and on the hill.
We had borne our flags to glory,
Prisoners of war were we,
But the years would tell the story
How we'd fought with Robert Lee.

Oft we thought of comrades sleeping
On the war fields far away,
While we stood a sorry remnant
Of that mighty host in gray;
And our hearts grew sad and tender
'Neath the battle-riven pines,
When we saw our gallant chieftain
Ride the last time down the lines.

How we eager crowded round him,
How the tear drops dimmed each eye;
While we listened, awed to silence,
As he spoke his last good-by;
And we, watching, wept like children
As he slowly rode away,
And from that immortal moment
Dearer grew the coat of gray.

Ne'er again before the foemen
Would our cherished banners fly;
Ne'er again would Lee, the matchless,
Lead us on to victory.
There were fields of fame behind us,
And the future lay before,
And throughout our darling Southland
There was many a darkened door.

Years have passed since Appomattox,
And the veteran's hair is gray;
But he's proud to tell his children
That he battled till that day;
And in life's immortal gloaming
Sweeter grows the memory
That he followed Southland's banner
And the plume of Robert Lee.

MOBILE AND OHIO RAILROAD SOUVENIR.

The Mobile and Ohio Railroad had an attractive advertisement on the cover page of the Easter number of the *St. Louis Mirror*, which appealed to thousands of patriotic Southerners. The page is brilliantly illuminated with reunion announcements and with pictures of R. E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, and Generals T. J. Jackson, Beauregard, and J. E. Johnston. Ten thousand facsimile reproductions were made for framing and to be sent free to all applicants.

DEPRESSING LETTERS ABOUT THE VETERAN.

From a large number of recent letters the following notes are copied along with a multitude of good ones:

North, S. C.—Please stop the VETERAN, as I do not care to take it longer.

Holder, Fla.—Your letter received, and will say I don't want the CONFEDERATE VETERAN any longer, and am sorry that you sent it to my address any longer than I paid for it.

Webb City, Mo.—Will say that when I gave comrade subscription the understanding was it would stop after the first year. Don't care to have it any longer.

Ridgeway, Va.—I received your letter to-day in regard to the VETERAN, and I authorize you not to send it any more.

McAdams, Miss.—I received your letter. Will say I ordered the VETERAN stopped. I wish you every success.

Clarksville, Tenn.—I will thank you to discontinue my subscription.

Suffolk, Va.—I have decided to discontinue the VETERAN. Should I decide to take it hereafter, will advise you to that effect.

Bessemer, Ala.—I don't wish to take the VETERAN any longer than I subscribed for.

Shepherdstown, Va.—Your letter to hand. I ordered the VETERAN stopped through your agent, but it continued, and now I again ask that it will be discontinued.

Washington, N. C.—Replying to your letter will say that when I subscribed for the VETERAN it was with the distinct understanding that when the subscription expired it was to be discontinued.

Hillsboro, Tex.—I do not desire the VETERAN any longer. I only subscribed for one year, which time has expired. You can stop same.

F. R. Noe, South Beebe, Ark.—Desires that some one send him Morgan's "War Song." He writes that Comrade R. Thrasher, of Baxter County, Ark., who belonged to the Forty-Third Mississippi, Col. Moore's regiment, is confined to a chair. Comrade Thrasher says: "Tell my comrades that I am patiently waiting for my summons to cross over the river."

O. H. P. Catron, of West Plains, Mo., had the misfortune to lose his Cross of Honor while attending the reunion at New Orleans. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning it to him at above address.

D. T. Runyan, of Elizabethtown, Ky., wants the address of any member of Company B, Fortieth Georgia Regiment.



MISS JESSIE M'FARLAND, PORT LAVACA, TEX.,
Sponsor for Camp Sutton 1404, U. C. V.

CONFEDERATE PATRIOTISM.—On February 7, 1864, John T. Bryan, of Company M, First Georgia Regiment, got a leave of absence from his captain, F. A. A. Hill, for forty-eight hours, and got home on the 6th of February, 1864, after an absence of over four years. His father demanded if he had a furlough, to which the negative was given. He then demanded of the son why he was there, who replied that he had leave of absence from his captain. The father had not even said "Good morning." The leave of absence was handed him, and he perused it carefully to see that it was correct. Not till then did he embrace the son and give him a father's welcome.



MEMBERS OF JOHN SUTHERLAND CAMP, RIPLEY, TENN.

THE RINGIN' ROLL OF "DIXIE."

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

The old brigades march slower now—the boys who wore the gray—

But there's life an' battle spirit in a host o' them to-day!

They hear their comrades callin' from the white tents far away,

An' answer with the ringin' roll of "Dixie!"

They feel the old-time thrill of it; the battle plains they see;
Again they charge with Jackson, an' face the fight with Lee;

An' the shoutin' hills are answered by the thunders of the sea.

When they rally to the ringin' roll of "Dixie!"

The battlefields are voiceless, once wet with crimson rain;
O'er unknown graves of heroes wave golden fields of grain;
But phantom forms—they leap to life, and cheer the ranks again,

Far-answerin' to the ringin' roll of "Dixie!"

Beat drums, the old-time chorus; an', bugles, blow your best;
And wave, O flags they loved so well, above each war-scarred breast—

Till they vanish down the valley to their last, eternal rest,
Still answerin' to the ringin' roll of Dixie!"

"TWO WARS," BY GEN. S. G. FRENCH.

Extracts from comments concerning the book:

His story of high-pressure steamers racing on the Mississippi, and the adventures of a trip by river from Fort Smith, Ark., to Natchez recall a condition of things hardly imaginable at the present day.

Marrying a young lady of Mississippi and resigning his commission in the army in 1853, Capt. French settled down to the quiet life of a prosperous cotton planter.

But the secession of Mississippi and the great war soon broke up this peaceful scene. And now the narrative takes on a sterner interest. Gen. French was of Northern birth, but it is plain that the South had not a more devoted adherent. This peculiar relation to the struggle gives the book a special value for the historian.

Commissioned a brigadier general in the provisional army of the Confederate States in October, 1861, French served in various capacities with zeal and efficiency till his appointment as major general to command a division of the army under Gen. J. E. Johnston in Mississippi. The strongest military interest of the book will be found in his narrative—mainly from contemporary notes—of the part played by his brave division, gallantly led, in J. E. Johnston's famous Georgia campaign and in the battles of Peachtree Creek, Allatoona, and Franklin, under Hood.

In the painful period of reconstruction, we see Gen. French struggling with indomitable courage to restore his ruined Mississippi plantation to something like profitable production. Here the story is full of distressing interest, and as rich in material for the historian as the records on which Mr. Thomas Nelson Page is said to have laid the impregnable foundation of "Red Rock."

"ON THE FIELD OF HONOR."

The Express, Los Angeles, Cal.: "Mrs. Annah Robinson Watson, who is a native of Louisville, and the author of several beautiful and clever books, has written a boys' book entitled "On the Field of Honor," which has been published by the

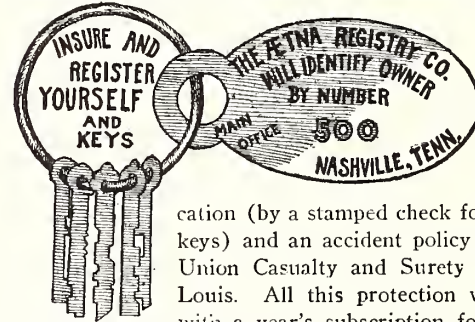
Sprague Publishing Company, of Detroit. Each chapter contains an account of brave boys who were in the war between the States, and the story of their adventures and deeds. Boys will read these true histories with much pleasure."

The *Times*, New York, N. Y.: "'On the Field of Honor,' a new book of stories of young American heroes by Mrs. Annah Robinson Watson, author of 'A Royal Lineage,' etc., is the second volume in the series of books for American boys. Mrs. Watson's latest volume presents incidents of the Civil War, and the stories told are true. Mrs. Watson says that the book 'is distinctly a flag of truce, it is free from partisanship and purely American.'"

Henry A. Lyman, New Haven, Conn., says of this book: "It should have influences for the molding of good and lofty sentiments in the minds and hearts of the young men of the present and future generations. The somewhat difficult task undertaken has been generously handled."

VALUED PREMIUM OFFER.

The VETERAN has arranged to furnish a \$1,000 policy of accident insurance as a premium to new subscribers. The Ætna Registry Company, of Nashville, by underwriting for the Union Casualty Company, of St. Louis, offers excellent registration. It combines personal identification



(by a stamped check for the recovery of keys) and an accident policy for \$1,000 in the Union Casualty and Surety Company, of St. Louis. All this protection will be furnished with a year's subscription for \$1.25, and free for two new subscriptions by any old subscriber who sends renewal at the same time. This accident insurance for \$1,000 costs \$1 per year. It pays \$7.50 per week for five weeks of disability by accident, if it occurs while riding as a passenger on a railroad train, street car, boat, elevator, or any public conveyance, and the principal sum is paid for accidental death. In writing for policy send name, address, occupation, age, sex, whom to notify in case of accident, beneficiary, and address of the latter.

The key check feature is of value in some instances. On the occasion of the death of J. R. Florida, of Nashville, on a railroad in Georgia, the calamity was so great that the identity of the body was established through the little check to his key ring, found in the debris. The company paid Mrs. Florida the \$1,000 in full.

Capt. John W. Morton, Secretary of State for Tennessee, wrote the Ætna Registry Company on August 29, 1902, saying: "Dear Sirs: I am in receipt of draft for \$25 to cover my indemnity for mashing my fingers on the train recently. I hold Policy No. 2950, and my key tag is No. 2977, issued through the Ætna Registry Company."

Subscribers are furnished with a metal fire- and water-proof label for attaching to their key rings. This label has stamped on it in plain letters: "One Dollar Reward for the Immediate Return of these Keys to the Ætna Registry Co., Nashville, Tenn." It also bears a number which is registered with the full name and address of the subscriber in the company's books. The reward of one dollar is paid by the company, and when found the keys are returned to the owner free of cost, no matter in what part of the country they may have been lost.

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO SAM DAVIS MONUMENT FUND.

Tilden, Mrs. G. I., Mobile, Ala..	\$ 1 00	Richards, T. W. T., Los Angeles,	
Pettus, J., Louisville, Ky.....	1 00	Cal	\$ 1 00
Spurr, Maj. M. A. Nashville,		Pirtle, John M., Los Angeles, Cal.	1 00
Tenn.	1 00	Settles, W. T., Los Angeles, Cal.	1 00
Lankford, A. H., Paris, Tenn....	1 00	Woodward, S. K., Los Angeles,	
Kirby, Dr. J. L., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	Cal.	1 00
Ritter, William L., Baltimore, Md.	2 00	Blackstock, N., Los Angeles, Cal..	1 00
Cayce, Newman, Columbus, Miss.	5 00	Steele, Francis H., Los Angeles,	
Crane, B. D., Fort Smith, Ark....	1 00	Cal.	1 00
Crank, William H., Houston, Tex.	1 00	Elliott, J. M., Los Angeles, Cal..	1 00
Ware, J. L., Honey Grove, Tex....	1 00	Higgins, Miss Eliza B., Los An-	
Williamson, Jesse, Dallas, Tex....	1 00	geles, Cal.....	1 00
Smith, Moab Stephen, Austin,		Pickett, J. C., Tuckahoe, Ky.....	1 00
Tex.	1 00	Portlock, Tapley, Knoxville, Tenn.	1 00
Smith, Mrs. Sarah E. D., Austin,		Lewis, Jack, Glasgow, Ky.....	1 00
Tex.	1 00	Beard, W. E., Ellis Mills, Tenn..	1 00
Smith, John Thompson, Austin,		Sterling Price Auxiliary Chapter,	
Tex.	1 00	No. 596, U. D. C., Bozeman,	
Smith, Walter Selon, Austin,		Mont.	2 50
Tex.	1 00	Jarrett, Dr. M. L., Jarrettsville,	
Smith, Mortimer Julius, Austin,		Md.	1 50
Tex.	1 00	Lee, W. R., Charlotte, N. C.....	1 00
Smith, Quintus Cincinnatus, Aus-		Lee, D. P., Charlotte, N. C.....	1 00
tin, Tex.....	1 00	Camp Sam Davis, Rogers Prai-	
Gilman, Miss Nellie, Nashville,		rie, Tex.....	5 00
Tenn.	1 00	Tondee, Capt. W. H., Lumpkin,	
Yancy, John H., Louisville, Ky....	1 00	Ga.	1 00
Howdeshell, S. S., Prathersville,		Herndon, John F., Georgetown,	
Mo.	1 00	Ky.	3 00
Currie, Mrs. H. A., Omega, La....	1 00	Bryson, Barrett, Gallatin, Tenn....	1 00
Champion, S. A., Nashville, Tenn.	10 00	Bryson, George G., Gallatin, Tenn.	1 00
Kollock, Miss Susie, Clarksville,		Bryson, Ford, Gallatin, Tenn....	1 00
Ga.	1 00	Bryson, Hattie H., Gallatin, Tenn.	1 00
Daggett, C. B., San Diego, Cal....	5 00	Bryson, Robert H., Gallatin, Tenn.	1 00
Field, A. C., New York City.....	3 00	Bryson, Richard A., Gallatin,	
Schaub, J. L., Lagrange, Ga.....	1 00	Tenn.	1 00
Hall, W. E., Carthage, Mo.....	1 00	Bryson, Tandy A., Gallatin, Tenn.	1 00
Brunner, J. H., Hiwassee, Tenn..	1 00	Hall, Rev. F., Murfreesboro, Tenn.	1 00
Confederate, Savannah, Ga.....	3 00	Long, Mrs. Lemuel R., Mt. Pleas-	
McCaw, David, Columbia, Tenn..	1 00	ant, Tenn.....	1 00
Jones, Hon. S. C., Rockville, Md.	1 00	Long, Miss Maude, Mt. Pleasant,	
McKinney, J. W., Watt, Tex.....	1 00	Tenn.	1 00
Williams, Mrs. D. H., Gainesville,		Long, Miss Annie, Mt. Pleasant,	
Ala.	1 00	Tenn.	1 00
Martin, B. M., Jackson, Tenn....	1 00	Tipton, Mrs. Jonathan, Knoxville,	
Matthews, Sam Davis, Fort		Tenn.	1 00
Worth, Tex.....	1 00	Given, Miss Lucy D., Knoxville,	
Hunt, T. A., Elkin, N. C.....	1 00	Tenn.	1 00
Jones, Mrs. L. H. W., Shreveport,		Finegan, Mrs. Lucy C., Knoxville,	
La.	2 00	Tenn.	1 00
Willingham, Mr. and Mrs. J. W.,		Gibbons, J. R., Bauxite, Ark.....	1 00
Chattanooga, Tenn.....	1 00	Wyatt, H. C., Los Angeles, Cal...	1 00
Whitsett, W. H., Richmond, Va..	1 00	Kelly, George B., Los Angeles,	
Withers, Ed, Lamar, Mo.....	1 00	Cal.	1 00
Ellis, Capt. W. H. H., Bozeman,		Brusle, C. A., Plaquemine, La....	1 00
Mont.	1 00	Dodson, W. C., Waco, Tex.....	1 00
Paget, H. H., Ridge Springs, S. C.	1 00	Wallis, Mrs. R. S., Rockdale, Tex.	1 00
Ward, John Shirley, Los Angeles,		Lewis, R. F., Pittsburg, Tex.....	1 00
Cal.	1 00	Kirby-Parrish, Mrs. Lulie, Nash-	
Thorpe, S. R., Los Angeles, Cal..	1 00	ville, Tenn.....	1 00
Nolan, George N., Los Angeles,		Stover Camp, Strasburg, Va.....	10 00
Cal.	1 00	Hayden, J. T., Chicago, Ill.....	1 00
Howell, R. H., Los Angeles, Cal.	1 00	McCorry Chapter, U. D. C., Jack-	
		son, Tenn.....	5 00

Little Rock, Ark., Miss Annie M. Lyons, 50 cents; Clarksville, Ga., Miss Lollie C. Kollock, 50 cents, Miss Louise B. Kollock, 25 cents, Edward C. Kollock, 75 cents; White Hall, Va., J. A. Harden, 50 cents.

The most notable additions to this fund since last publication are the contributions from Dr. Quintus Cincinnatus Smith, of Austin, Tex., for his father and mother, three brothers and himself, he being the only surviving member of the family; from Comrade George G. Bryson, of Gallatin, Tenn., for his seven children; from John Shirley Ward and other comrades at Los Angeles, Cal.; and from Stover Camp, U. C. V., of Strasburg, Va. These contributions are all acknowledged with thanks.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Richmond, Va., requests: "Please see that this mite (\$1) is added to the Sam Davis monument list. No hero of our war between the States is more admired and venerated by me than the noble boy who gave his life for honor and loyalty."

The True Heart Stands Sentinel.

BY JANIE S. BASKIN, SAN ANTONIO.

The Plains of Peace are silent
Where sleep our deathless dead,
And none there were who heard them
Meet there with noiseless tread.
Still burn the mystic camp fires
Amidst the ranks in gray,
While undisturbed they sleep there
Till dawns eternal day.

And is there none to guard them
Through all the passing years—
The men in gray who slumber,
Crowned with a nation's tears?
Aye, bravely are they guarded,
The true heart watches well,
And to the listening ages
Their glorious deeds shall tell.

They rest in peace together,
A sleep that knows no dreams,
Save through the hours of darkness
The brighter future gleams.
True heart, keep watch above them,
Let naught despoil their fame,
Guard well the priceless treasure,
A true and honored name.

Defeat has oft its triumphs,
Hearts, sing your sweetest songs,
And give to them the glory
That to their name belongs.
Live that your lives may echo
The sound of deeds sublime,
So shall ye guard their memory
Through all the length of time.

T. A. Mattox, Leonard, Tex., wants to know if Ed Douglass, who was a lieutenant in Freeman's Battery, is still living.

J. W. Trowbridge, Anderson, S. C., writes that he would like to hear from Samuel T. Watson, Riley Sands, or any member of Company E, First Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, A. N. V., in which he served.

M. R. Tunno, Savannah, Ga.: "Can some comrade give me information of — Bledsoe, of Tiptonville, Tenn., who was a detailed man in ordnance department at Columbus, Ky., and who was wounded at Shiloh?"

Ben R. Hargroves, of Sulphur, Ind. T., makes inquiry for his brother, Robert B. Hargroves, who was a member of the First Texas Cavalry, Barnhill's regiment. He has not heard from him since 1873, and he was then in Texas.

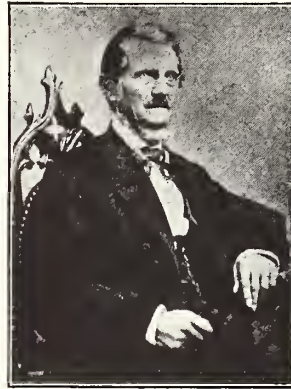
R. R. Hancock, of Auburn, Tenn., asks for the address of Henry Ewell Hord, whose article on the Third Kentucky Regiment, Buford's Brigade, appeared in the December VETERAN, or of any members of this brigade who are now living.

R. H. Bellamy, of Fort Mitchell, Ala., writes that he picked up in a street of Montgomery during the State reunion in November a Confederate Cross of Honor, on which was the name of I. I. Walker. Will forward to him on receipt of his address.

Val. W. Hardt: "Knowing you to be ever ready to oblige a comrade, who aware that many Federal soldiers read your valuable periodical, I would kindly ask through your columns if there is any Federal living who was behind that large brick building to the left of the pike, and opposite the old gin during the battle of Franklin. If so, would appreciate an answer through your columns."

G. R. Christian, Antelope, Tex., writes of one of the boys he knew during the war who, "after being wounded in a battle on the border line of Missouri and Kansas, in 1862, could not load his gun. Still he would go into the line of battle with his comrades. The boys often said to him, 'Logue, you go back to the rear; you can't carry a gun,' to which he would reply, 'No, but I can take off a wounded man.' Now that was the kind of stuff the Southern boys were made of."

Miss Katie Leachman, Wellington, Va.: "In reply to inquiries made by Mr. George E. Nissen, Salem, N. C., in October VETERAN, I would like to state that the Confederate dead of both First and Second battles of Manassas are nearly all buried on a hill near Groveton, Va. This cemetery is owned now by the Bull Run Chapter, U. D. C. It has lately been inclosed with a handsome iron fence cemented in granite. There are five hundred or more Confederate soldiers buried here who for some time lay out on the commons, as a simple board fence that inclosed it has long since disappeared. Every grave was once marked with plain board headstones, but not one of them remain. Only one of all the five hundred is marked. This is in marble and the emblem of his State—the Palmetto tree—waves over him in Virginia. We hope in time to raise a monument in memory of them all."



N. D. COLEMAN.
(Sketch wanted.)

Col. M. F. Taylor, San Simeon, Cal., wants to know where he can procure a copy of Von Borck's "Life of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart."

A. F. Southworth writes from Huntington, W. Va.: "Last August I visited the battlefields of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Spottsylvania for the first time since the close of the war. Everything yet looked familiar to me. I visited 'Bloody Angle' at Spottsylvania, where I was taken prisoner on May 12, 1864, with Carter's battalion of artillery, of which I was a member. I also visited the McCooley House, at he Angle. It was the worst wrecked building by bullet and shell I ever saw. Two days before I was there the keeper of the house unearthed a skeleton which, from buttons found near, must have been that of a Confederate soldier, and which goes to show that the bodies of many Confederates were yet on these battlefields. I

would like to get any information possible about any members of Reece's battery, which was in our battalion."

SETTLERS AND HOME SEEKERS.

On the first and third Tuesdays of each month to and including April 21, 1903, the Mobile and Ohio Railroad will sell one-way settlers' tickets to points south, southeast, and southwest, including Mobile, Ala., at one-half of the regular one-way fare plus \$2. On the same days home seekers' excursion tickets will be sold to same territory at rate of one fare plus \$2 for the round trip. Ask your nearest agent or John M. Beall, A. G. P. A., M. & O. R. R., St. Louis, Mo., for further particulars.

NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

This work, which is a complete history of the North Carolina troops in the great war of 1861-65, is now ready in five large octavo volumes of over 800 pages each, a total of 4,100 pages. The histories were written and the work edited entirely by participants in the war, without charge for their services, and the engravings were furnished by friends. The State furnished paper, printing, and binding, and owns the work, which it is selling at cost. For the above reasons, the book is being sold at the marvelously low figure of \$1 per volume.

There are over one thousand fine engravings of officers and private soldiers, including all of the thirty-five generals from North Carolina. Also thirteen full-page engravings of battles, and thirty-two maps. The indexes are complete, and embrace over seventeen thousand names. It is a magnificent work, telling the story of the finest soldiery the world has seen.

The edition is limited. Now sold at \$5 for the set, or \$1 per volume. When the edition is exhausted the set will doubtless sell readily at a very high price. Persons purchasing the books must pay express or postage. Express within the State, on single volumes, 25 cents; postage on each volume anywhere in the United States, 34 cents. Also Colonial and State Records at \$3 per volume. Send order and money to M. O. SHERILL, State Librarian, Raleigh, N. C.

MARK TWAIN ON JOHN HAY.

Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens), a Missourian by birth, who has kept younger by his energy, humor, and good will than most of his fellows, at the age of sixty-seven celebrated his birthday on the last Sunday of 1902. A de-

lightful assembly of celebrities in New York participated. A reporter, in giving an account of the ceremonies, states that the toastmaster at the conclusion of other matters, said, "Let Mark Twain loose;" and Mark Twain let himself loose for about thirty-five minutes. He was never brighter, he was never more sardonic, he was never sweeter, he never more successfully brought humor and pathos into closer or finer relationship in all his life. He simply reveled in reminiscence, characterization, and gratitude. Hardly a suggestion can be made. The full report of his address would be impossible, because the stenographer was so carried away by the words that he threw down his pencil, threw back his head, and took it all mentally in.

Here is an illustration: He said about Secretary John Hay: "More than fifty years ago both of us were barefooted boys, getting stone bruises, and not breaking the Sabbath more than once a week, out West. And now look at us. He has been poet, author, soldier, diplomat, orator, historian, and is now Secretary of State. And I—I am a gentleman. It is given to every American to become what he is fit for."

And this he also said: "There are 54 men here. Of them, 39 are my dear personal friends. They know me and I know them. Of the remaining 15 I am confident that I can borrow money."

And he said very much more, closing with a splendid tribute to his wife as the best of consorts, the truest of friends, the kindest of critics, and adding: "Her heart, my heart, our single heart, you will find full of love and memory for you all. My birthday will be Sunday, and hers—God bless her!—was Thursday."

MORGAN'S ESCAPE FROM CAMP CHASE.

A "Thrilling Story of War Times," by Capt. L. D. Hoekersmith, will begin in Glenn's Graphic at Madisonville, Ky., this month. It is an account of the escape of Morgan and his men from the Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary in November, 1863. It is said that only one other man living, Capt. Jake Bennett, engaged in that hazardous undertaking of cutting out of the Ohio penitentiary.

Capt. Hoekersmith planned and executed the escape. No other man ever knew so much of these plans as Capt. Hoekersmith. The story will be a serial of this wonderful escape. The

story will run through perhaps ten or twelve numbers of the Graphic.

This paper will be sent three months for two new subscribers to the VETERAN or for a renewal and one new subscriber.

IN MEMORIAM.

Furled are the banners,
Our heroes are dead;
Faded the echoes
That followed their tread.

Hushed is the music
That wakened their day;
Silent the dirges
That bore them away.

All through the Southland
We've laid them to sleep,
Buried our loved ones
Adown in the deep.

Some on the summit
Of mountain and hill;
Some in the valleys,
All peaceful and still.

Others are lying
With loved ones at home;
Thousands we weep for
Whose graves are unknown.

Sacred the twilight
That shrouded each stone;
Mothers have knelt there
And sorrowed alone.

Ave Marias
And prayers have been said;
Crushed and forsaken,
Our tears we have shed.

Lay down your garlands,
Place laurel wreaths there—
Purest of flowers
And all that is fair.

Cherish forever
Their resting place green;
Weep in your hearts
For the army unseen.

Sing, O ye poets,
Of our soldiers in gray;
Monuments raise ye
Above their cold clay.

Hushed are the cannon;
They faced them, nor fled.
Peacefully sleep ye,
Confederate dead.

LOUISE CARY PAGE.

THE OLYMPIAN MAGAZINE.

The February issue of the Olympian Magazine is the second number of this flourishing, new, illustrated monthly, which has met with a most flattering reception at the hands of the press and

the reading public. The following is the table of contents: Frontispiece, A Dutch Head, by W. Brantley Smith; Matthew Clinker's Adventure, by Julian Hawthorne; An Incident in the Greek Revolution, by Herbert Cushing Tolman; Aunt Amy, the Runaway, by T. H. Brewer; The Race that was Already Won, by John Trotwood Moore; The Rose's Secret (poem), by Madison Cawein; A Modern Quest for the Holy Grail, by James Henry Stevenson; Aunt Cynthia's Visitation, by Genella F. Nye; The Charleston Tea Story Revised; A Mirage of the Desert, by Holland Wright; In the Passing of a Night, by E. A. Sears; Drift of Things; Among the Universities and Colleges; Amateur Sport.

The Olympian is remarkably fortunate in securing the services of such well-known and talented writers. Among these are Charles Egbert Craddock, John Trotwood Moore, Julian Hawthorne, Madison Cawein, Edward Van Zile, Joseph Altsheler, Lynn Roby Meekins, Sara Beaumont Kennedy, Will T. Hale, Ingram Crockett, Herbert Cushing Tolman, and others.

Subscription \$1 a year, 10 cents a copy.

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References are cordially given by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and the Nashville daily press.

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Read the Confederate Mining Company's ad. in this issue.

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Your Brother's Faults.

Pardon your brother's faults, man,
And ask that he forgive;
Could human sin no pardon win,
No mortal soul might live;
No need of heaven, were none forgiven,
For none could reach its doors.
Pardon your brother's faults, man,
And bid him pardon yours.

Look into your brother's eye, man,
And bid him read your own;
One-half the strife of human life
Is born of guile alone!
Deceit creates full half our hates,
And half our love it stays.
Look into each other's eyes, men,
And meet each other's gaze.

Wool Bunting Battle Flags.

The VETERAN has secured a fine supply of flags of desirable material and fast colors, 2x3 feet, for Camps at the low price of \$2 each. This would be a nice present for any Camp. It would be furnished free with ten subscriptions to the VETERAN.

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A Strong Statement.

Rev. N. B. Hogan, Springfield, Mo., writes that Capt. James Warden, who lives at No. 1360 N. Jefferson Street, Springfield, has a copy of "Was Jeff Davis a Traitor?" He says: "It is the strongest defense of the South I ever read, and I have always understood that it was practically suppressed by our enemies. At any rate, it is out of print, and by all means should be reproduced and given wide circulation. This is in answer to a note in the October VETERAN."

In reply to the same inquiry, Capt. S. T. Kingsbery, of Valdosta, Ga., writes that in the Davis Memorial volume by Dr. J. William Jones is an article on this subject, embracing articles by Hon. B. J. Williams, of Massachusetts, and others. Dr. Jones also alludes to the book as having been written by Dr. Albert Taylor Bledsoe. The VETERAN has the memorial volume for sale at \$1.

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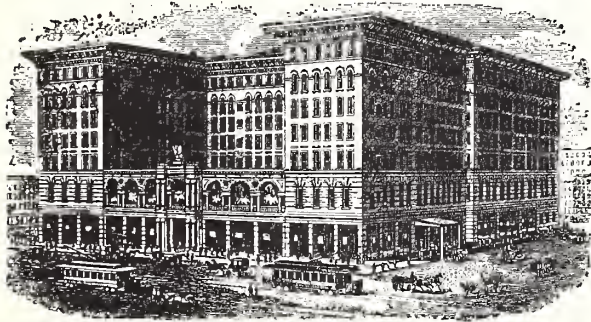
States, and the reconstruction period, as well as a powerful vindication of the South by one who was born, reared and educated at the North, but whose convictions and sentiments early led him to cast his fortunes with the Confederacy, and is, therefore, of especial historical value and interest to the people of the South. The book has been highly praised by many distinguished men, and extracts from many reviews of the work will be sent on request.

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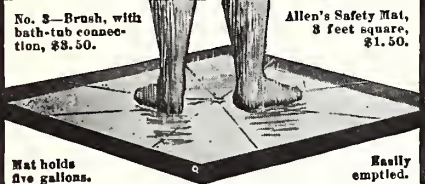


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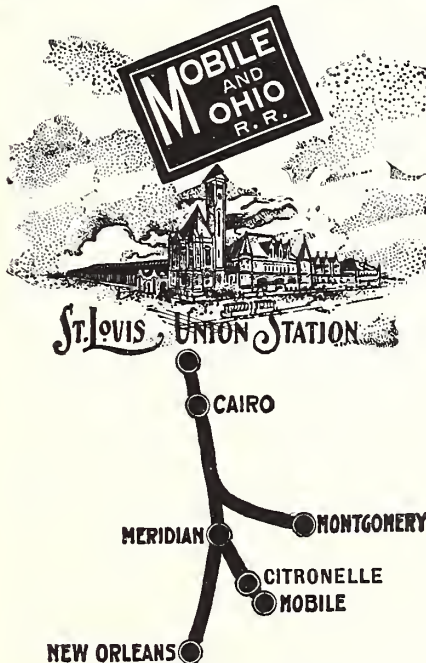
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sore throat, pimples, copper-colored spots, ulcers on any parts of the body, hair or eyebrows falling out, it is this secondary blood poison we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. For many years we have made a specialty of treating this disease with our **MAGIO CURE**, and we have \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty.

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Angus Nicholson, of Milton, Santa Rosa County, Fla., has a sword which came from some vessel in the United States Navy. On the handle is "U. S. N." in raised letters. On the blade is engraved "David H. Rauden, Ensign, February 17, 1862." There is another inscription which cannot be made out, the word commencing with the letter "N." Inquiries about it can be addressed as above.

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It is thought by many that the price of the stock will be advanced to \$5 per share before August 1. The report of the manager and expert will justify this advance.

***Address R. W. CRABB, TREASURER,
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Confederate Veteran

HOOD'S VIEW POINT OF FRANKLIN.

There is doubtless to every Confederate veteran some particular place and event in connection with his service in the army that remains more vividly than all else.



LIND TREE BY WHICH GEN. HOOD VIEWED THE BATTLE AREA.

Hood's view of Franklin in the late afternoon of November 30, 1864, is that to the editor of the *VETERAN*. He has long desired to present that scene to his readers. The picture was made from Winstead Hill, a little to the left of the Columbia pike, facing north, and some two and a half miles from the courthouse in Franklin. The pike view ends at the Carter residence, which is hidden by a clump of trees. The cotton gin was across the pike, say seventy-five yards. The locust grove, so nearly "shot away," was to the rear of the Carter house and about as far.

The writer could hardly have been more central in the carnage, as he was posted on the side of the Federal breastworks and fired guns as they were handed to him by his brigadier general, O. F. Strahl, who was first shot in the neck, and then killed while being carried to the rear. That identical place is about sixty yards to the

left of the straight stretch of the pike at its most distant point in the picture, and as far south of the Carter house, the garden only intervening.

The picture of the field of carnage is now dotted with shocks of grain. The McGavock grove is in the distance to the right, while the impregnable fort, from which much damage was done, is situated across the Harpeth River. It is well preserved still.

The writer stood there where the artist makes the exposure, and the view takes in practically the same area as Gen. Hood did on that fateful November, thirty-eight and a half years ago. At that time there was hardly any undergrowth. The point is on the slope of the hill toward Franklin, and Gen. Hood, after a few minutes' inspection with his field glasses, rode back toward his staff, having gone over the crest of the hill alone, and, meeting an officer, also on horseback, he (Hood) said, "General, we'll make the fight," and the two clasped hands fervently.

The landscape includes by far the most fatal fighting area to Confederates that occurred during that great war.

Reports in the war records are that the Confederates lost in killed, 1,750; disabled, 3,800; and prisoners, 702—a total of 6,252. Other reports give the losses greater, while that of the Federals was but little over 2,000. In comparison the Confederates lost about three times as many, an unparalleled proportion to the Federal loss.

The area covered in this small picture will interest all of the survivors of that awful event. The writer advanced across the broad plain (from where this picture was made) as the right guide of the Forty-First Tennessee Regiment, Cheatham's Division, about seventy-five yards to the left of the pike, and much of the time by the side of Gen. Strahl, who went in on foot, having *given his horse away that day* to Chaplain (afterwards Bishop) Quintard. The memory of his sad face will never be effaced. It was as if he knew he was marching to his death!



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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important. Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application. The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

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SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

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Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. } VOL. XI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1903.

No. 7. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

THE GRAY PARADE.

BY DUDLEY M. WATSON.

In the soul of the multitudes lining
The route of the Gray parade
There throbbed a love inclining
To reverence. Undismayed
By the years they were bending under,
By the hopes that are long since dead,
The veterans marched to a thunder
Of cheers that were timed to their tread—
Marched to a rhythm of heart beats,
Through a lane of tears unshed.
To the strains of "Dixie" they trod the streets
Beneath the flags they bore
Through the battle's brunt, straight to the front,
In the valorous days of yore.
And never a man but was stronger
For their passing, and never a soul
But was lifted and bettered the longer
It looked on the splendid goal
That was won so well by the Host in Gray—
The goal of duty well done.
And deeply the prayer welled upward: "May
My race be as well run!"

Commenting upon the New Orleans parade, the *Picayune* states:

"The old soldiers, inspirited by their great numbers, the fine weather, and the enthusiasm of the admiring spectators, marched with a precision and vim that would have done credit to young men. The martial music, the uniforms, the waving banners, and other warlike accompaniments undoubtedly revived old war-time memories, and many an old grizzly veteran felt that he could parade with the youngest. The proof of their ability was the accomplishment of the feat itself; and it is worthy of note that, despite the route was fully four miles long and every participant had to be afoot for the best part of four hours, there were no cases of prostration from heat or fatigue. . . .

"Somewhere between eight and ten thousand were in the procession, including the State militia and visiting military. While the active military made an inspiring show, all interest centered in the marching veterans. It was their day, and the enthusiasm of the multitude was reserved for them. . . .

"There will be veterans of other wars, in all probability, but there will be no new Confederate veterans—men who

braved the toils and dangers of the most terrible war of modern times, and yet have received no official rewards. It is probably because of this fact, as well as the valor of the deeds they performed, that these grizzly old warriors have the first place in the hearts of the Southern people. The world will never see their like again; and as their ranks diminish, the reverence felt for the survivors will increase. Such sentiments as these animated the spectators yesterday and helped to make the occasion one of the most memorable in the history of this city."

DISCOURTESY TO GEN. WHEELER DENIED.

An article thoroughly adapted to the brewing of false impressions and creating feelings such as the better element, both North and South, have struggled for thirty-eight years to subdue, emanated from the brain of an Atlanta correspondent after the close of the reunion at New Orleans in regard to discourteous treatment of Gen. Joseph



MISS EUGENIA JAMES,
Sponsor for Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., New Orleans.

Wheeler. The article was widely copied in the North; and it seems most unfortunate that an immediate denial was not forthcoming, as this hero of many wars would have been accorded an eager hearing by any press agent in the United States. Though tardy, a most satisfactory letter appeared from Gen. Wheeler dated Cleveland, O., June 13, in which he said:

"During the three days I was in New Orleans, and until I left at 9 o'clock on the night of the 22d, I was the recipient of a constant accumulation of courtesies, and I left with my heart filled with gratitude for the bountiful attentions—and, I may say, ovations—which had been showered upon me. During those three days and during my visit to New Orleans at Mardi Gras the kindness and attentions which I received touched me very deeply and will be pleasant memories to the last day of my life. During those charming days I met many dear old friends whom I had not seen for years. I traveled more than 3,000 miles for the pleasure of being at this reunion. I went for the purpose of meeting my old soldier comrades, and I also had a special desire to secure the adoption of a resolution thanking the Secretary of War for his successful effort which aided very much in the enactment of a law to print the name of every soldier of the Confederate Army. For years I had conferred with Gen. Ainsworth upon this matter, and had devoted much effort in urging that printing the names of all Confederate soldiers should be regarded as an essential part of the rebellion records, and that without these names the work would be very incomplete. I felt thankful to Secretary Root, and I was certain my brave old Confederate soldiers would be glad to join me in expressing thanks to him; and I am grateful to them for complying with my request and adopting the resolution in the very words as prepared and introduced by me. They also adopted a resolution which I prepared and introduced, which was necessary for the successful prosecution of the work by which the names of Confederate soldiers will be perpetuated for all time.

"Another purpose of my visit was to renew my efforts for our disabled and suffering comrades by urging all Confederates to make special demand upon the lawmaking power of their respective States for enlarged appropriations for this good and almost sacred purpose.

"I did not leave New Orleans abruptly, nor did I lock myself in my room. During the day and evening my room was almost constantly occupied by devoted friends, and much of the time was filled by these welcome visitors. The door was only locked when I was asleep in my bed.

"I did not have a vestige of any kind of uniform at New Orleans. Like nearly all army officers, I have never worn any uniform except when on duty."

The survivors of the War between the States have settled all questions pertaining to the great conflict, and are deeply engrossed in the duties of life that pertain to peace. The long delay in the appearance of the denial was the more deplorable because of the extensive circulation for partisan purposes of a similar sensation occurring during the Charleston reunion. The recent misrepresentation was so false that it should have been repudiated at once; and the correspondent should not only be exposed, but prosecuted.

The editor of the *VETERAN* denied the outrageous charge in the *Nashville American* in the next issue after his return from the reunion in the following manner:

"S. A. Cunningham, editor of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*,

returned from New Orleans on Sunday night, having spent all of the past week there. He discredits the reports about Gen. Wheeler being offended, refusing to be interviewed, and leaving the city on account of the failure to be provided with a horse in the parade.

"Gen. Wheeler was treated with the utmost cordiality, and was as much at home as any member of the convention. He was called from his seat on the platform to explain the law established by Congress in regard to the muster rolls of Confederates for which an appropriation was made.

"A very similar sensation was created in connection with his being neglected at the Charleston reunion, and many people will recall the explanation that he was not offended. His best friends well know that he would cheerfully have marched in the line with his old soldiers and the 'web-foots' of the sixties rather than have created this sort of sensation again. If he had been purposely neglected by the officials, he knew that the veterans were true to him, and he would not have parted from such congenial companionship.

"Gen. Wheeler was not the only one neglected who had at least equal merit to consideration from the management of the parade. The handsome programme stated that Dr. J. William Jones, Chaplain General of the body, and Judge George L. Christian and their wives were to occupy a carriage; the chaperon and maid of honor for Florida, after waiting to the last moment, had to hire their own carriage; the gifted daughter of Admiral Raphael Semmes, the most worthy and conspicuous representative of the navy, was not provided with a carriage; and many other persons who deserved consideration failed to receive it, but no such discourtesies were intended."



MISS MARY ARMISTEAD JONES, RALEIGH,
Sponsor for Sons of Veterans of North Carolina.

The great are those who look not
For slights from friend or foe;
Who know full well
How time will tell
The truths that men should know!

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The hospitality extended the Sons of Veterans at the reunion was a proof of the universal approval of the organization.

The convention was called to order by Temporary Chairman J. T. Nix, Commandant of Camp Beauregard. After a few introductory remarks, in which he alluded to the Sons of Veterans as the pride of the city and the South, Chairman Dix introduced the Rev. John Caldwell, who delivered the invocation.

COMMANDANT NIX'S ADDRESS.

The address of welcome on the part of Camp Beauregard was then presented by James T. Nix, as follows:

"Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The week hasn't days enough, the day hasn't hours enough, and the hour hasn't minutes enough for me to express the unbounded, royal welcome of Camp Beauregard, the city of New Orleans, and the State of Louisiana for the veteran fathers and mothers and their sons and daughters. In the name of Camp Beauregard and every Camp in this State, I welcome you. The press, our veteran Mayor Capdevielle, the city fathers, the merchants, lawyers, doctors, mechanics, policemen, and all citizens of this great city welcome you. You shall have the divine right of kings, who can do no wrong, while you are within our gates. Our police have the 'tip.' Your Confederate badges and emblems will be a token, like the blood on the doorposts of Egypt, and will cause the angel of death to pass you unharmed. We cannot express half the welcome that our hearts dictate for the veteran who said when he left home:

"Git my old knapsack, Mary, and my uniform of gray;
Git my battered helmet, Mary; for I'll need 'em all to-day.
Git my canteen an' my leggin's; reach me down my rusty gun;
For I'm goin' out paradin' with the boys of '61.

"Now I am ready, Mary. Kiss me; kiss your old sweetheart good-by;
Brush aside them wayward tear drops—Lord, I didn't think you'd cry!
I ain't goin' forth to battle—cheer up, Mary! Sakes alive!—
I'm just goin' out paradin' with the boys of '65.'

"Our sugar refineries, cotton mills, rice mills, lumber mills, and all our factories stop their great machinery long enough to give you a grand welcome; our unsurpassed schools, colleges, and universities echo their harmonious welcome; our churches of every creed toll their bells in one grand anthem and happy welcome; the great Father of Waters welcomes you with the whistle of all the myriad steamers and palatial ships on its bosom in the mighty harbor of our city.

"Our very streets—Clio, Calliope, Euterpe, Erato, Melpomene, Polymnia, Terpsichore, Thalia, and Urania—transformed into the goddess muses, whose names they bear, dance and sing you a song of welcome; the bunting dances, the flags wave, and the bands play your welcome. The flowers bloom prettier, the birds sing sweeter, and the sun shines brighter for your coming.

"To all cavaliers we say that we are here to kindle no smoldering strife, but are here to honor and welcome men like the Gracchi of Rome, who, although they had even their memory proscribed by the Roman Senate and the people were forbidden to mention their names and their mother, Cornelia, was not allowed to wear mourning for

them after they had been brutally assassinated by the direction of the Senate and one of their persistent friends had been fastened in a chest with vipers, were afterwards called by that very Roman people, when allowed to speak, 'the sword and shield of Rome.' So we say that our Davis, Lee, Jackson, Gordon, and Confederate veterans were the sword and shield of constitutional law and liberty. We say to those who wore the blue: Honor and idolize, if you please, your Lincoln and Grant, who held the States together by an iron hand with the arm of war; but deny us not the right to honor our Davis and Lee, who wore the sword and shield of constitutional law and liberty, both for you and for us. O, do we know how closely Jeff Davis has been made to represent us? How ineffably so, when the chains were forged for his hands and feet! Then think how truly he represented the Southern spirit when he struck with all his strength the man who attempted to put



HON. JAMES T. NIX.

these chains upon him, although a prisoner in the very jaws of death and without a friend on earth who could come to his aid. His spirit is here to-day to welcome you. Too blest would we be if that history-repeating story of the Gracchi could apply to us in having our veteran mothers, like Cornelia—who, although she had the most illustrious of all Romans, Scipio Africanus, for a father—say that it was not her pride to be his daughter, but that she felt blessed by the gods in being the mother of the Gracchi, who were her only jewels. O, that the mantle of the veterans, like that of Elijah, could fall on us!

"About this hour on a beautiful May morning just thirty-eight years ago I saw a wounded Confederate veteran com-

ing in the distance. An exclamation brought the mother, brother, and sister to the scene; but the mother, overcome with joy, fainted and was unconscious for hours. We extend to you the welcome that the soldier received on his return to his home and loved ones from the field of battle.

"Mrs. Stonewall Jackson and Mrs. Kirby-Smith, we welcome you and all the heroic, patriotic women of the South, and wish to say:

"The maid who binds her warrior's sash
And, smiling, all her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear drop hangs and trembles;
Though Heaven alone records the tear
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

"The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep and wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word—
What though her heart be rent asunder?
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle—
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle.

"The mother who conceals her grief
While to her heart her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on freedom's field of honor.'

"Our sponsor, Miss Augustin; her maids, the Misses Flotte, Girault, and Carter; the sponsors and maids of all the other Camps and Brigades of this State, and all the ladies of this city and State, who are as beautiful as ocean's fairest gems, as brilliant as the stars of heaven, as pure as the thoughts of an angel, and as warm-hearted as a lover's dream, bid you welcome, welcome—a thousand welcomes."

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

A casual observer at the New Orleans reunion would have commented on the enthusiasm of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans when they met with their venerable sires, and yet the proper estimate of the extent of the enthusiasm at the annual convention can better be determined by a glance at the various sessions at which a large attendance of representative Southerners participated. As a proof of the sincerity and earnestness of the Sons, their meetings were harmonious, full of vigorous purpose, and practical in the inauguration of plans for the future growth of their splendidly conceived organization. These evidences, combined with manly veneration for the green graves of their hero sires, deference to the survivors, and chivalric determination to sustain the ideal of Southern manhood for Southern womanhood, leave no room wherein to doubt that the organization of United Sons of Confederate Veterans will faithfully guard the sacred archives of a glorious past upon which high ideals for a worthy future may be built.

The action taken by the Sons relative to their disapproval of receiving contributions from any but men for the monument to the women of the South illustrates their determination to pay the entire debt to the heroines of the

South as far as in them lies the power to discharge this holy obligation.

In the history of the recent convention letters of gold should record the dramatic moment in which the policy of the Sons was defined in the decision that no future subscriptions should be received from women toward the erection of the monument to the South's mothers, wives, and daughters. This act may be taken as a refutation of the modern charge that "sentiment takes wings when money appears;" for the reports of the meeting show that a large sum was volunteered from many prominent Daughters, and as quickly, though courteously, refused by those who would blush to admit to future generations that the Sons of Confederate Veterans countenanced the erection of a monument to Southern Daughters by the Daughters themselves.

The Daughters have raised monuments far and near to the valiant heroes who sleep under Southern skies, and the noble work goes on under their zealous direction. The Sons proudly claim their right to embody in granite the expression of that ideal which stands in their lives for the gentleness, steadfastness, purity, and holiness of Southern womanhood.

OFFICIAL PROCEEDINGS.

Looking to a change of the Constitution broadening the membership, during the third day's session, Col. S. A. Crump, of Macon, Ga., proposed an amendment; but in accordance with the By-laws the amendment cannot be voted on until the next convention.

Col. Crump's amendment was to Article IV. of the Constitution, and proposed that those eligible to membership should be (1) all male descendants of those who served in the Confederate Army or Navy and were honorably discharged; (2) all male descendants of women who rendered aid or comfort to the Confederate forces; (3) all nephews and male first cousins of those mentioned in Clauses 1 and 2, provided there was good and honorable reason for their direct male ancestors not having been in the Confederate Army or Navy; (4) all male descendants of those mentioned in Clause 3; (5) all male descendants of men who, not having enlisted in the Confederate Army or Navy, were employed in the Confederate Government and served it in some other important capacity, or were retained out of such service by their respective State or municipal authorities and rendered service to such State which prevented service in the land or naval forces of the Confederate Government.

Chairman Mann, of the Memorial Committee, opened the discussion by proposing a resolution recommending a one-dollar per capita tax for the benefit of the Monument Fund, which resolution was adopted.

"Whereas the United Sons of Confederate Veterans have undertaken as one of the principal objects of their confederation the loving task of erecting a memorial to the women of the Confederacy, and it is desired that every Son in our organization shall have some part in this labor of love; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we urge and recommend that each member of our confederation contribute before the next reunion at least one dollar, and that each Camp levy an assessment and collect, or raise in such other method as it may deem proper, not less than one dollar per capita before said time.

"Resolved, further, That the Commander in Chief be, and he is hereby, directed to communicate this resolution to the respective Camps and to the Department, Division, and Brigade commanders, with directions to said commanders to do all in their power to see that the same is carried out."

Another motion by Chairman Mann to have the moneys in the special fund left at the conclusion of the year's work devoted to the Memorial Fund was defeated. The motion was voted on, but, on reconsideration, was lost.

Contributions were then taken from the delegates for the fund. The following subscriptions were taken: Camp 110, P. J. Gilford, \$25; Dr. Harry Stone, of Galveston, through Mrs. Stone, \$10; W. H. McLelland, of New Orleans, \$10; William Barrow, Camp 133, \$5; Camp Dick Taylor, No. 125, \$25; W. A. Collier, \$1; Mrs. Rosenberg, for Charles Macgill Drewry, \$10; E. H. Richardson, New Orleans, \$125; Camp 431, \$25; Camp 291, \$50; Camp 378, \$25; Camp John B. Hood, No. 50, Galveston, \$25; Camp 285, Pensacola, \$2.

The total contributions amount to \$261. The Memorial Fund question was finally closed.

W. A. Collier, Chairman of the Historical Committee, reported as follows:

"The work of this committee embodies the highest duties of this Association. The committee has been hampered by lack of means. We need about one hundred dollars a year to carry on the work. My predecessor alluded to the text-book question. It is intended by this committee not only to carry this on, but to issue a report of general conditions in the South.

"The Historian of the organization should be instructed to coöperate with the Historian of the Veterans and see that monthly meetings are held between Sons and Veterans' Camps, at which Veterans should read papers, and provision be made to have these papers preserved among the historical data.

"It is suggested that every Camp take steps to secure a home which may be thrown open for social purposes."

The report was approved and ordered spread on the Minutes. It was also ordered that one hundred dollars be appropriated for the work of this committee.

W. P. Lane reported for the committee appointed to confer with the Veterans as follows:

"The committee appointed for the purpose of a conference between the United Confederate Veterans and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, with a view to the closer association of the two confederations, having met and exchanged views, submit their unanimous report:

"1. That there shall be appointed a standing committee of five members of the United Confederate Veterans and a like number from the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, to be selected by the respective Commanders in Chief, to be known as the joint committee on coöperation between the Veterans and Sons; and it is recommended that the several Divisions appoint similar committees.

"2. That at all the reunions of the United Confederate Veterans the United Sons of Confederate Veterans shall have the full privilege of the floor, but without the right to vote; that particularly at the opening or welcoming ceremonies the Sons shall be seated with the Veterans, and the Commander of the Sons shall respond to the address of welcome as well as the Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, and that the Veterans have similar privileges at all conventions of the Sons; that Divisions of the United Confederate Veterans be authorized to extend similar courtesies to the Sons at all Division Reunions.

"3. That at all parades the Sons shall be the special escort to the Veterans.

"4. That the Camps of the United Confederate Veterans shall be authorized to enroll in associate membership the Sons, giving them for each Camp such privileges of membership as such Camp may determine; provided, that such

Son is a member of some duly organized Camp belonging to the United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

"5. That the Sons be urged to uniform themselves in historic gray, but in so doing to omit from such uniforms all designations of military rank, and that they be urged in the designation of their officers to use no military titles.

"6. That all Camps and all officers of the United Confederate Veterans be earnestly recommended to assist in every possible manner in the organization and support of Camps of Sons, and that the Veterans see to it that in all Confederate gatherings and celebrations the Sons shall be given prominence. They are the heirs of the Veterans and must, by association with them, be taught the glorious heritage that belongs to them."

Some discussion ensued as to whether the adoption of the report would change the Constitution. As a result, Mr. Sanders, of Louisiana, moved that the report be received and filed.

On motion of Judge Haughton, former Commander in Chief of the Sons, it was decided to appoint a committee to carry out the recommendations of the report.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

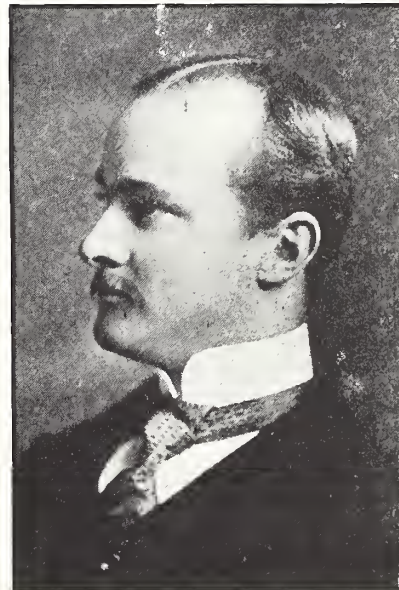
Judge Haughton, of St. Louis, presented the name of Wm. McL. Fayssoux, saying that he was qualified in every respect, and that he came from a long line of loyal ancestors. His male relatives on both sides, Judge Haughton said, gave their money and blood in support of the Confederate cause. His father opposed Farragut when he approached New Orleans. His Division has been well represented, and much of the smoothness with which the present convention has been conducted has been due to him. If elected to

office, the Sons will have an officer brave and true. He then put in nomination the name of Wm. McL. Fayssoux, of New Orleans.

Dr. Buckner, Commander of the Trans-mississippi Department, seconded the nomination, as did I. J. Stockett, of Fort Worth.

Mr. Fayssoux was elected by acclamation.

Mr. Fayssoux was then escorted to the platform by Messrs. Daniel, of Mississippi, Tisdall, of Texas, and Owen, of Alabama. After being presented by



WM. M'L. FAYSSOUX.

the Commander in Chief, he spoke briefly in appreciation of the honor conferred upon him. He then took a seat beside Commander Stone upon the stage.

For the office of Commander in Chief of the Army of Northern Virginia, E. P. Cox, of Richmond, nominated Division Commander Kearfott, of West Virginia. This was seconded by the present Department Commander, Jesse Gathright, of Kentucky. James Mann moved to close the

nominations. Mr. Kearfott was then elected by acclamation.

John D. Nix, of Louisiana, nominated Wm. G. Daniel, of Mississippi, for the office of Commander of the Army of Tennessee. The nomination was seconded by J. A. Collinsworth, of Tennessee, Greenwood, of Texas, Bee and Kirk, of Indian Territory. Division Commander Owen, of Alabama, nominated W. O. Payne, of that State. The nomination was seconded by Peter Lindenstruth, of Florida.

The Adjutant General called the roll and the vote was found to be: Daniel, 391; Payne, 341. Before the result was announced, Mr. Payne's name was withdrawn and the election of Mr. Daniel was declared unanimous by acclamation.

W. P. Lane, of Fort Worth, nominated N. R. Tisdall, of Texas, for Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department. The seconds of this nomination were numerous, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Indian Territory being among them. Mr. Tisdall was then unanimously elected.

CONFEDERATE ARMY AND NAVY SURGEONS.

The Association of Medical Officers of the Confederate Army and Navy closed its sessions at the reunion with the gratifying encouragement that the attendance was larger than on any previous occasion. Dallas was justly proud to register one hundred and forty-nine out of the four hundred members, and the enrollment at New Orleans increased to one hundred and fifty-six.

The members were enthusiastic in their expressions of satisfaction, and much was said of the Committee on Arrangements "for the excellent and unparalleled manner in which everything was done for the interest, comfort, and enjoyment of every member of the Association; also to the staff of the Medical Department of Tulane University for the use of their magnificent halls and rooms in which the meetings were held." Special praise was accorded the Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, Dr. E. S. Chaille, Dean of Tulane University, and his efficient assistant, Dr. H. B. Gessner. The ladies of the C. S. M. A. and the U. D. C. of New Orleans, who daily served luncheons to the Confederate surgeons, under the direction of Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, were the recipients of praise that compensated them for the untiring services they so gladly rendered.

Amid much applause Dr. Stanford E. Chaillé was unanimously elected President. For satisfactory reasons Dr. Chaille declined the honor conferred upon him. The Association then nominated Dr. John R. Gildersleeve, of Virginia. This distinguished scholar was unanimously elected, and he received the gavel from two of the former Presidents, Dr. Cowan and Dr. Keller, the resigning President, Dr. Kerr, vacating the chair to the newly elected President. The Vice Presidents elected were: Dr. J. D. Croom, of North Carolina; Dr. W. E. Brickell, of New Orleans; Dr. F. R. Calhoun, of Georgia; and Dr. J. M. Holloway, of Tennessee. Dr. Deering J. Roberts was again elected Secretary.

MEDICAL OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION.

In extending the welcome of New Orleans to the Association of Medical Officers, Dr. Gessner introduced Dr. Stanford E. Chaillé, of New Orleans, extracts from whose speech are copied here:

"Medical officers of the Confederacy, sons and friends of the veterans of the South, a relic of the Old South greets you with a cordial regard.

"A few summers ago, while galloping slowly along a Southern road in company with an ex-Confederate officer of commanding military presence, two little schoolgirls passed. One lovingly said: 'See, see the old Confederate general!' 'How you know?' said the others. 'Why, look, just look at him, and can't you hear the trumpets blowing?'

"No years have stamped so indelibly your brains as the years of our Civil War, the memories of what you then thought and felt, saw and heard, and a glance at you veterans suffices to awake memories more vivid and accurate than a schoolgirl's imagination could invent.

"Wherever in the South you may have been, you heard the trumpet, the fife, and the drum; for in every city and village patriots gathered, you among them, not to assail any man's rights, but to defend their homes from invasion. The nearer you moved to the front, the louder and fiercer resounded the blowing of trumpets, the piping of fifes, and the rattle of drums. And when at last the battle came, you heard the brazen blast of many bugles and the throb of many war drums mingled in tumultuous uproar with the tread of infantry, the tramp of cavalry, the whirl of artillery wheels, the creak and rumble of wagons, and the clanking of arms. Listen, and you can still hear volleys of musketry, buzzing balls, shrieking shells, and the roar of cannon. Look, and you can still see the battle flag of the South moving steadily forward and the stars and bars of the Confederacy triumphantly waving over exulting patriots. Listen again, and can't you hear the yells of victory and the glad strains of 'In Dixie Land I'll take my stand, to live and die in Dixie?' So often did you hear this music, under such varying emotions of grief as well as of joy, of depression in defeat, and of exultation in victory, that even to this day your every nerve thrills and your every muscle quivers when you hear the same old strains; and you are tempted to renew the old yell of fierce exultation in victory and of still fiercer defiance in defeat whenever you hear the welcome music of 'Away down South in Dixie.'

"So furious was the conflict, so loud the tumult of our battles, that the ferocious uproar resounded around the earth, and the fame of the dauntless courage and of the sublime fortitude of the heroic patriots of the South—who lost all save honor—will linger long in song and story.

"But, while your armed comrades were dying for the South, where were the noncombatant medical officers of the Confederacy? Close by their sides, whether sick, wounded, or dying; whether on the bare ground, in tent, in hospital, or on the battlefield. How close you clung to your suffering comrades, let this small fraction of the woeful truth testify. The war record of only a small portion of the graduates of the Medical Department of Tulane University has been traced. Yet of this fraction of this one medical college, twenty-four died or were permanently disabled by wounds received, and thirteen were killed in battle. Medical officers still living incurred like risks.

"With rare devotion did you cling to your posts of duty; with aching hearts did you witness the blood-stained crowd streaming in steady current to the rear of every battlefield; witness the sufferings of the sick, of the mutilated, and the dying—to all of whom you hastened with prompt and welcome aid and comfort.

"Never can you forget the unselfish and uncomplaining fortitude with which our brave and beloved comrades endured their misfortunes, even surpassing the dauntless courage displayed in battle. How very often it seemed that the worst wounded were the loftiest ideals of soldierly manhood, the choicest sons of the South, the rightful inheritors of the souls

of Washington and of his illustrious compatriots of the Revolutionary War! How constantly did their gentleness, affection, and gratitude for the mere discharge of your duty remind you of the truth of the old lines:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring!"

How often were your hearts wrung with pity and anguish and with dread lest our Southern land should be bereft of the 'breed of noble bloods!'

"In a field hospital, close to the rear of a battlefield, and crowded with the recently wounded, I witnessed a scene eloquent of the unconquerable valor of Southern patriots. A Confederate regiment was passing, and wounded soldiers, with hands or forearms freshly amputated, rushed to the front gallery and waved their mutilated arms, clothed in bandages red with their own oozing blood, and shouted words of encouragement to their advancing comrades and yells of defiance for the enemy.

"Of such valorous young manhood were your heroic dead. Although time and sorrow have grizzled the hair upon your heads and creased your faces with furrows, your hearts still quiver with the memory of those who were the dear friends of your youth, brothers in love, often brothers suckled at the sacred bosom of the same valiant mother, cherished comrades whose blood reddened the soil of our country in such copious streams that the old South is to you a holy land. A merciful God must have welcomed these gallant braves, ever ready, when not on duty, for a frolic or a fight, eager to reverence and defend all of womanhood and to kiss every darling girl, and yet prompt to meet death with a glint of steel within the eyes and a smile upon the face. Shades of boyhood's friends, beloved comrades of our youth, whose blood was shed for our defense, we veterans, lingering relics of your past, lovingly salute you!

"Although woefully deficient in medical and surgical supplies, there is convincing evidence that in victory and defeat you did your duty as well as did your comrades. They killed more of their foes than were killed by these, and you saved the lives of more captured Federals than were saved of captured Confederates.

"In spite of the valiant discharge of trying duties, the Confederate army was forced to learn the old, old lesson recently taught the brave and patriotic Boers. . . .

"Recall the awful years of reconstruction, when the sole comrades you envied were those dead on the field of battle, when to live was a far more grievous fate than to have died for Dixie, when by outrageous taxation you were robbed of the scanty products of your toilsome poverty; when your rights as pardoned prisoners of war with restoration to citizenship were desecrated; when you, the descendants of a long line of freemen, you who had during four of the bloodiest years in history proved that the sons of your forefathers had not degenerated, you who had given such daring to the Army of the Confederacy that even its victors had trembled, you, even you, were made subservient to your own black slaves, led by those hyenas of the North called carpetbaggers and by those buzzards of the South called scalawags. Would to God we could forget that behind these villains and their ignorant, venal followers stood the victorious soldiers of the United States, and that over them all flaunted the flag that could never have existed but for the valor of our sires, the flag crimsoned with their blood shed for liberty, independence, and a fraternal union! In those woeful days it seemed to Confederate patriots that hell had disgorged all its fiends to devastate the South, and that Satan had at last vanquished God. Then the tor-

turing iron of humiliation seared your souls, and then the 'Solid South' was born that still survives.

"But slowly, very slowly, you began to realize that all men of the North were not animated by hatred, malice, and revenge, that there were some who loved justice, loved the South, and were incensed at the outrages inflicted by the victors on the vanquished. It is a source of just pride to recall that the first manifestation by any prominent class of men of the justice and mercy of God and of the charity of Christ issued from those whose lives are dedicated to the service of humanity, the men of the medical profession. In 1869 there assembled in New Orleans the American Medical Association, bringing with it from Northern homes proffers of sympathy, encouragement, influence, and aid; led by him who was the worthy leader of our profession. For he was the nation's greatest surgeon, and a man unsurpassed for nobility of character and for a patriotism broad enough to clasp in loving arms the patriots of the Confederacy. This great and good man was Samuel D. Gross, of Pennsylvania, whose memory should be cherished by every son of the South.

"Another ray of hope came, in 1872, to New Orleans and the South, for it proved that the unconquerable spirit that sustained the Confederacy still lived, that surviving Confederates and their sons could still strike a deadly blow for their right as freemen to openly purchase and to wear arms for their own defense. On the bank of the Mississippi, at the foot of the street you are now seated by, stands Liberty Place, where a scanty number of patriots promptly drove the armed mercenaries of the carpetbaggers into the near-by customhouse, where, under the folds of the stars and stripes, they cowered for protection. Sixteen patriots were killed in giving this needed lesson to the United States. The lesson thus taught was that the reconstruction governments, based on carpetbaggers, renegades, and ex-slaves, were flimsy houses of cards that the crook of the fingers of a few patriots would topple to the ground but for the support of the army. Therefore, that these governments were not the strong, civil governments hoped for by a revengeful Congress, but the very worst of all military governments, one executed by selfish scoundrels, sustained by millions of semi-barbarians who cared much for license, nothing for liberty, and who knew naught of the patriotism that passionately faces death to secure the rights of freemen.

"And so, at last, justice, sound policy, and some fear that the Lion of the Confederacy, exhausted by starvation and bleeding wounds, was regaining strength and might, in desperation, renew his dreaded roar in battle, regained our ancestral rights as freemen. For in this State, in 1876, a Confederate veteran, grievously mutilated and permanently disabled in battle (Gen. Francis T. Nicholls, now Chief Justice), became the Governor of Louisiana. Then hope, confidence, and progress revived, after fifteen of the most trying years that any patriots ever endured.

"By the healing hand of time the Confederate veteran has been delivered from the passion and prejudice of youth; by familiarity with adversity he has been guided to sympathy for the misfortunes and the mistakes of all others; by experience of his own errors and frailties he has been trained to tolerate those of others; and by the restoration of his rights as freeman and by the regain of hope and prosperity he has been rescued from wrath and restored to magnanimity. Hence it is the Confederate veteran who teaches the divine lesson, 'Malice toward none, charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives you to see the right.' And it is the Confederate veteran, with patriotism in his soul and in his every fighting

muscle, who hopes to unite with all his former foes in the refrain:

'Fold up the banners! smelt the guns!
Peace rules. Her gentler purpose runs,
A mighty mother turns with tears
The pages of her battle years—
Lamenting all her fallen sons.'

"In this city stand both the Confederate Memorial Hall and the Soldiers' Home, where unfortunate veterans find a welcome shelter. At one end of this very street stands the monument at Liberty Place, to commemorate the sixteen patriots who died to defend our rights openly to bear arms; and at the other end is to be found one monument to Confederate dead and another in memory of that princely gentleman, accomplished soldier, and great commander, Albert Sidney Johnston. Here lived for a time those noble patriots and able leaders, Gens. Braxton Bragg, Leonidas Polk, and Joseph Wheeler; and here died those unsurpassable patriots, Hood, Beauregard, and our revered Jefferson Davis. Towering over all other monuments, stands erect the statue of that peerless type of the Confederate soldier, 'on whom the Lord God Almighty laid the sword of his imperishable knighthood,' that beau ideal of a nation's commander, Robert E. Lee. Every one of these monuments is an answer by the men of New Orleans to the ignoble souls, steeped in malice and revenge, who hoped to 'make treason odious,' men too mean and petty to fathom the nobility of spirit that has gloriously resulted in the fact that, the more Davis, Lee, and our other famous patriots have been belied and reviled, the more they have been beloved and revered throughout the South. To denounce such men and their followers as traitors glorified treason and converted the foul word into a badge of honor.

"As a member of your profession and as the representative of the Tulane Medical Faculty, a majority of whose members is still composed of Confederate veterans, I bid you twice welcome, welcome to our city, welcome to this building, a princely gift for the good of the medical profession and of the public from the generous hearts and hands of Prof. T. G. Richardson, a Confederate surgeon, and of his noble wife, as staunch a Southern patriot as her husband.

"Having served first as a private, then as a surgeon in the field, and afterwards in hospital, then as a captive and pardoned Rebel, and finally as a free citizen, I have shared the same duties and the same joy, grief, despair, and hope that you have experienced; and I therefore tender you many, many welcomes, streaming from the depths of a comrade's heart—a comrade who, because an eyewitness, profoundly honors your unsurpassed devotion to principle and to duty."

May 22 Dr. Cliné was unanimously elected President of the Association but, because of other imperative duties, was forced to decline.

C. S. M. A.

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS AT NEW ORLEANS, MAY 19-22, 1903.

We'll keep the story of that wondrous Past,
For which the Veterans fought, while Time shall last;
Ages will roll—thrones, empires pass away,
But poets still shall sound the deathless lay
And sing the epic of the Knight in Gray.

MAY 19, 10:30 A.M.

The delegates registered and received badges at the Centennial Grounds Armory. From thence they proceeded to Christ Church, where was held a beautiful service in memory of Hon. Jefferson Davis, the only President

of the Confederate States of America. This was the solemn opening of the Reunion by the C. S. M. A., and was a harmless tribute upon the bier of the most unique figure of the nineteenth century. The old colors floated everywhere. The bands played, and the historic city echoed and reëchoed the old story.

An address of welcome to the veterans, delivered by Mrs. W. J. Behan at the Auditorium, in behalf of the C. S. M. A., was one of the numbers on the programme. Cries of "God bless the women!" rent the air. "I'm going back to Dixie!" was sung by the inspired multitude. The ladies withdrew, leaving the veterans to themselves for a business session.

From 3 to 6 P.M. there was an interesting reception given by the Memorial Associations of the city at the Soldiers' Home, to all visitors. At 8 P.M. there was a social rendezvous at the St. Charles Hotel, Col. Blakeley, mine host. Theaters were open and free entertainments to the fortunate wearers of the badges of the U. C. V., C. S. M. A., U. S. C. V., and the U. D. C., and the press.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 9:30 A.M.

The C. S. M. A. was called to order in the Continental Guards' Armory, by Mrs. Alden McClellan, of the Convention Committee. Prayer was offered by Rev. Father Lantton. A poem, composed by Mrs. Virginia F. Boyle, was read by Miss Outland, with musical accompaniment.

An address of welcome was given by Gov. Heard for the State. Mayor Capdeville followed in behalf of the city. Music made pleasant intervals. Gen. Levert represented the U. C. V.'s of Louisiana, and Mr. Charbonnet the Sons of the State. All city organizations were presented, vying amiably in cordial greetings. Mrs. Freret welcomed the visiting memorial ladies in behalf of the New



MISS SUSANNE ROBERTS, SPRINGFIELD, MO.,
Maid of Honor Missouri Division, U. C. V., New Orleans Reunion.
Miss Roberts has twice been chosen as Sponsor for the State.

Orleans Daughters of the Confederacy. The address of welcome by Mrs. M. L. Graham for Louisiana was followed by Mrs. A. McClellan, introducing Mrs. W. J. Behan, the beloved President of the C. S. M. A., whose timely remarks were frequently interrupted by applause. Dear old tunes were rendered by fair young performers.

The roll of the States was then called. The minutes of the last meeting at Dallas, Tex., were read by Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Rec. Sec. Following adjournment, luncheon was served at the Armory to the members and guests. Business was suspended for the services by the U. C. V.'s in memory of "Our Winnie, the Daughter of the Confederacy," and the comrades who have answered the long roll since last Reunion day, followed by prayers for the living. "The Vacant Chair" was sung, and the sad sound of "Taps" closed the solemn hour.

A short business session was held at 2 P.M. Various invitations were extended to the C. S. M. A. A beautiful feature of the convention was the daily programme executed by an orchestra of lovely girls.

The reading of reports was initiated by a call from the Chair for Alabama, first in alphabetical order. The Secretary of the L. M. A., a delegate from Montgomery, Ala., read the annual report, paying an affectionate tribute to the President, Mrs. M. D. Ebb, and her associates. Next in order came the report of Mrs. D. H. Williams, of Gainsville. Adjournment was followed by a trolley ride around the city. A grand ball was given in the Auditorium at night.

No more brilliant scene was enacted than the beautiful gathering of Confederates to honor Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, who received with Mesdames E. Kirby Smith and Braxton Bragg, Mrs. W. J. Behan assiting with other distinguished ladies.

Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Hayes, and young Jefferson Hayes Davis, the last of the noble line, were remembered, and many a heart sent the wireless message of a loving sigh.

THURSDAY, MAY 21, 9:30 A.M.

After the usual prayer and other preliminaries, the reading of reports was continued. Fifty-seven associations were represented by delegates or letters. On motion, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was made the official organ. S. A. Cunningham, the editor, accepted the selection in his own brief but kindly manner. A friend and confrère stated to the convention that "he deserves and is entitled to the rank of colonel, accompanying three stars on his collar, but he wears no sign of rank and prefers to be *Mister*."

By request, Miss Carolyn Tennent, a fair maid of honor from the Indian Territory, read "Dixie," written in 1861 by Ira M. Porter, of Greenville, Ala. This was followed by "Dixie" from the young ladies' orchestra. The change of words to the inspiring old air was quietly discussed, but no action was taken. The Committee on Badges was requested to meet at the noon recess.

Upon adjournment another beautiful luncheon was served by Mrs. Jno. D. Richardson and her able assistants. Mrs. Stonewall Jackson was the guest of honor. A welcome was tendered standing. Refreshments were tastefully served, and at every plate was a memory cup. The decorations were red and white sweet peas.

At 2 P.M. the gavel announced the resumption of business. The Committee on Badges selected two out of

many designs, and these were voted upon. By a majority of two a handsome design was adopted: a wreath of stars, through which is thrust a Confederate flag. Thereafter, the approach of Gen. J. B. Gordon being announced, every member arose to her feet as he passed up the central aisle, the clapping of fair hands expressing but mildly the tide of feeling that greeted him. As well expressed by Mrs. Behan, the presiding officer, "Gen. Gordon needs no introduction. We know him as our commander in chief." An interesting incident took place. The General was requested to bestow upon Miss Estelle Hodgson, of the Junior Memorial Association, of New Orleans, the gold medal offered by "The Jefferson Davis Memorial Committee," in recognition of her industrious and patriotic achievement in selling the greatest number of Davis buttons. The offer was made to the children of every State, and this young patriot bore off the palm by a sale of nearly two thousand. Gen. Gordon's remarks are long to be remembered by the happy recipient. This was the prologue to an affectionate eulogy on Southern women of war and Southern women of peace, who so devotedly cherish the memories of the past. The dear representative hero of that precious past closed with an eloquent indorsement of the proposed monument to Southern women who were the inspiration of every hero of the sixties. As he passed out of the hall, it was through a column of smiling—aye, tearful—women who wished to clasp that good right hand that led the charge in many sanguinary battles.

Adjournment was then ordered for the patriotic celebration by the Junior Memorial Association at Lee's Monument at 5 P.M., in which nearly every child in the city took part.

Again balls, teas, receptions, outings, boat rides on the river or the lakes in and around the magnolia-crowned city.

FRIDAY, MAY 22, 9:30 A.M.

The session opened with the Lord's Prayer, in which all united. Reports of committees were in order. Messages of congratulations or of regrets were received. Invitations were extended.

At the election of officers for the ensuing year, in recognition of her invaluable and untiring services so devotedly given to the cause of memory which is the cause of the C. S. M. A., Mrs. Alden McClellan being in the chair, Mrs. W. J. Behan was reelected president by acclamation. The compliment was accepted with emotion and a renewal of assurances that her best energies should be given to the noble organization. The election proceeded. It seemed to be the understanding that some changes were necessary, owing to conflicting duties and resignations. Mrs. I. M. P. Ockenden said that such changes being suggested on the democratic principle of rotation in office, without any reflection upon present incumbents, she would nominate Mrs. J. C. Lee, her colleague from Montgomery, for Vice President from Alabama, in recognition of her as the niece of the gallant Gen. Lomax, the widow of Dr. J. C. Lee, the Vice President of the L. M. A. of Montgomery, and as one of the trio of brave women who made the first Confederate flag raised west of the Mississippi River. Mrs. Lee was elected unanimously with the hearty concurrence of Mrs. D. H. Williams, retiring Vice President, on account of ill health. Mrs. Alden

McClellan was then elected for Louisiana, Mrs. L. B. Valiant for Missouri, Mrs. Alice Palmer for South Carolina. The reëlections were as follows: Mrs. Sterling Robertson, Texas; Mrs. J. D. Walker, Arkansas; Mrs. Timberlake, Georgia; Mrs. Stevens, Mississippi; Mrs. Garland Jones, North Carolina; Miss Ault, Tennessee; Mrs. Shelton Chieves, Virginia.

Mrs. J. C. Lee put in nomination Mrs. Ockenden for Historian. The latter received the motion with thanks, but declined in favor of Miss Mary A. Hall, of Georgia, who was chosen. Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson was unanimously reëlected Recording Secretary. Miss Sue H. Walker was reëlected Corresponding Secretary, but declined. Being requested to reconsider, it was explained that she had been appointed State Commissioner to the World's Fair at St. Louis. Mrs. Geo. A. Williams was then selected for the office, and Mrs. Gascoigne Wright was made Treasurer, Mrs. Julia Garside Welch resigning. A vote of thanks was given the retiring officers for their efficient service, and the new appointees accepted their positions.

Mesdames A. L. Dowdell and Hervey Jones, representing the U. D. C., asked the floor, and Mrs. Dowdell requested the coöperation of the C. S. M. A. in the proposed adoption of appropriate words for the tune of "Dixie." Considerable discussion followed, a few clinging to the old minstrel song, but it was generally admitted that a choice was desirable between the various better versions already written. Nothing definite was done, the matter being before the U. C. V., subject to the action of a committee. The report from the Committee on Resolutions, composed of Mesdames Lizzie Pollard, of Arkansas, Elizabeth Lyle Saxon, of New Orleans, and C. W. P. Brock, of Virginia, was read by Mrs. Pollard. This embraced thanks to the city of New Orleans for cordial, unstinted hospitality in the entertainment of the C. S. M. A., and the sympathy of this Association was extended to the absent members, on whom bereavements or sorrows in any form have fallen. The ably-written document was unanimously adopted. The doxology was sung, and the convention adjourned to meet, God willing, at the Annual Reunion of Veterans in 1904.

ADDENDA.—Honors were lavished upon the trio of distinguished women, comrades of Stonewall Jackson, Kirby Smith, and Braxton Bragg—heroes all.

Among the many who deserve special mention are the pages—the handsome boys in Confederate uniforms, and the graceful little women in Confederate colors, who were untiring in the service of the C. S. M. A.

Mrs. W. J. Behan and her associates of the C. S. M. A. were special guests of the Pickwick Club, and occupied a fine position from which to witness the grand parade which occupied the hours from 2 to 6 P.M., and covered the space of several miles.

No unpleasantness was observed in that vast throng, perfect order and good nature reigned supreme—but alas, one sad event took place! An old veteran who was too feeble to march appeared in the ranks; he dropped out unnoticed, save by a few, and was carried in an ambulance, by the vigilant hospital force, to an infirmary—only tired! On Saturday morning he was—at rest! Upon his breast lay the Cross of Honor, and in his pocket his name and address at Emory, Tex.

It was good for us to meet together. The fair city

honored the men and women of the glorious past, and bound to herself those recipients of her hospitality by a torrent as resistless as the grand old river which brings the rich largess of a continent to her flower-strewn sands, where the glittering crescent lies under the bonnie blue sky.

MONUMENT, GREENVILLE, ALA.

An important event occurred in Greenville, Ala., in the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of Butler's Confederate heroes on June 3. Its erection is the work of Father Ryan Chapter, U. D. C.

The exercises began with a prayer by Rev. Eugene M. Stewart. Thirteen young ladies, dressed in white, with red sashes with the names of Southern States inscribed, went through a drill exercise, and at the close formed a circle around the monument. After a short recitation by Miss Leila Shanks, they unveiled the shaft, and simultaneously "Dixie" was begun by members of the Chapter, taken up by the girls around the monument. The beautiful poem written by one of Alabama's most gifted and patriotic daughters, Mrs. I. M. P. Ockenden, was used.

Mrs. Ockenden, née Ina Maria Porter, resided in Greenville, Ala., in 1861, and in that year wrote the words to the air of "Dixie," which were also read at the meeting of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association during the reunion. Her name and that of her illustrious father and Christian mother are linked with many noble deeds of mercy and charity in the four years of the Civil War. Mrs. Ockenden has a warm place in the hearts of Butler's citizens.

Hon. C. E. Hamilton, in an elegant introduction, presented the orator of the occasion, Hon. B. H. Screws, of Montgomery. Though in the open air, all heard him distinctly and every sentence fell like music. When he concluded, there was a feeling of disappointment that the address was not even longer. It was the universal verdict that no orator in the State could have more thoroughly charmed his audience.

MRS. OCKENDEN'S POEM.

In Dixie cotton loves to grow,
With leaf of green and boll of snow;
Here waves the golden wheat and corn—
In Dixie Land, where I was born—
Away down South, in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South, in Dixie.

In Dixie sweetest roses bloom,
The jasmine yields its rare perfume;
And here the sea breeze haunts the South,
With orange blossoms in her mouth—
Away down South, in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South, in Dixie.

In Dixie Land we love to give
With generous hand; we love to live
With cheerful light and open door.
What matter if the wind does roar?
The heart is warm in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South, in Dixie.

The Dixie skies are bonnie blue,
And Southern hearts are warm and true.
Let there be love throughout the world;
The pure, white flag of peace, unfurled,
Floats away down South, in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South, in Dixie.

In Dixie Land 'tis sweet to rove
Through piny woods and sweet gum grove.
And hark! The rebel mocking bird,
With sweetest song you ever heard,
Sings away down South, in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South, in Dixie.
In other lands 'tis sweet to roam;
But Dixie Land is home, sweet home;
And Southern maid, with simple song,
Loves dear old Dixie, right or wrong—
God bless the land of Dixie!
Away, away, away down South, in Dixie.

ABOUT PROPOSED NEW WORDS FOR "DIXIE."

Mrs. W. W. Carter, President of the Florence (Ala.) Chapter, U. D. C., writes:

Please correct an error in the June VETERAN concerning new words for "Dixie." The "appeal that the patriotic lines reprinted be universally adopted in the South" is a mistake, as the version referred to has only been adopted temporarily by the Florence Chapter, U. D. C., the originators of the movement.

At the convention of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., in Tuscaloosa on May 12-14 the movement to adopt new words for "Dixie" was unanimously indorsed as Alabama Division work, and a committee was appointed to attend the reunion in New Orleans in the interest of this work. At New Orleans the Sons of Veterans, in convention, unanimously indorsed the movement and appointed a committee to act with the Alabama committee to select a version to be used by the entire South, their action to be submitted to the veterans for indorsement at the next reunion. Only one stipulation was made—that the version adopted should preserve the original chorus in correct English, not negro dialect. The chorus is the only part of "Dixie" known and loved in our dear Southland. During the war our soldiers sang different versions to the music. It was not the words they loved; it was the music. Emmett's words are almost unknown, others being used in preference. To quote from the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, "The children of Atlanta are singing one version of 'Dixie,' those in Mobile another, those in Savannah another, those in New Orleans another;" and we can add that in Florence and Livingston, Ala., still other versions are sung.

How much wiser if one version could receive the indorsement of all our Confederate organizations and be sung by our entire South as a national song to the inspiring strains of "Dixie," which thrills every Southern heart with patriotism! To select this version is the appointed work of these committees, and we ask the hearty coöperation of the entire South in this noble and patriotic effort. The committee appointed by the Alabama U. D. C. Convention for this work consists of Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Opelika, Chairman and retiring President of the Alabama Division; Mrs. Harvey E. Jones, Mobile; and Mrs. M. W. Camper, Florence. The committee appointed by the Sons is not reported in full, but Mr. Thomas M. Owens, Montgomery, is a member of it.

HONORING MOTHERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

T. E. Stanley, Company G, Sixteenth Alabama Infantry:

I have just returned from the reunion at New Orleans, and, like many of my comrades with whom I have exchanged ideas and impressions, I believe that the time has come when the "old soldiers" should speak a word for their wives and sweethearts of long ago.

I heartily agree with our commander, Gen. J. B. Gordon, in his utterances relative to the appointment of sponsors and indorse all he says about these "noble young women," and I trust that I fully appreciate the ennobling and elevating influence of their presence. The "beautiful custom" of selecting our daughters to fill this post of honor is one in keeping with the chivalrous spirit of the soldiers of the Southland. The veterans would not rob them of one joy or pleasure which they deserve, and in every instance will gladly pay homage to their unrivaled beauty, purity, and grace. Their presence lends a charm and sweetness to our meetings which cannot be dispensed with. What soldier's heart does not thrill with just, ecstatic pride when he feasts his eyes upon these young queens of ours? To say "they are just like their mothers" is to pay them the highest tribute that woman could receive. Yet, my comrades, in the splendor, beauty, and magnificence of our gatherings it seems to me that the admiration and elevation of our daughters is greatly in excess of that public and united homage we owe to the mothers of the South. Are we not neglecting them? What post of honor is reserved for them? We doff our caps to our gay young sponsors, but we do not defer, as we should do, to the gray-haired mothers, the wives of the private soldiers. Are we not lowering the standard of our manhood when we fail to yield to them, in our public gatherings, the honor, love, and reverence they so richly deserve? If woman is to be revered for her unselfish devotion to her country's cause, then I say the gray-haired women of the South—the girls and sweethearts of the "sixties"—are entitled to unstinted reverence from us, as will be their memories from generations yet to come. I refer to those women I shall name the "mothers of the Confederacy." The women who guarded your homes while you faced the enemy in the field; the women who endured, without a murmur or complaint, the long, weary years of privation and hunger, and whose hearts were burdened with sufferings yet untold; the women whose fair hands never ceased to toil, and who, in spite of murder, fire, and rapine, clung with determined devotion to you, to your convictions, and to their country's cause—these are the women who saw and participated in the great war, who gave up their sons, husbands, brothers, and sweethearts in defense of home and of honor.

Are we "veterans?" What are they? Wherein did our service exceed theirs in point of time, heroism, or patriotism? I believe if, like Saul, we slew our thousands, they, like David, slew their tens of thousands.

We point with just pride to our empty sleeves and forget that under the same sod which covers our "good right arm" there lies, perhaps, the warm heart of a Southern woman. We shed our blood, but for every drop of it we should remember that her heartstrings snapped with a torture indescribable. Since she shared our sorrows and misfortunes, why not make her the recipient of our public honors? Why not have some gray-haired sponsors whose service and sufferings entitle them to the honor? Why not let the "old boys in gray" pay homage at her court and let her daughters be her "maids" and her sons the cavaliers? The opportunity to appoint our sponsors will soon be past. These noble women—"mothers of the Confederacy"—are rapidly disappearing, and I feel that they should no longer be so neglected. Is there any reason why they should not now be given these posts of honor? Is it that "society" demands grace, culture, and charm of manner in them? If so, then, indeed, they have the requisite qualifications. The most brilliant courts of the old world never possessed

a womanhood equal to, or endowed with, such charm of manner as belongs, without effort, to the Southern girl of the "sixties," and the appointment from among them to any and every post of honor would be hailed with delight by many of the "old veterans" as a just, but long-delayed, recognition of a class and type of womanhood never to be seen again.



MRS. MAGGIE JOHNS. MRS. G. W. BYNUM. MRS. M. B. CURLEE.

Mrs. Maggie Johns, Sponsor for A. S. Johnston Camp at New Orleans reunion, and President of the U. D. C., at Corinth, is the widow of Capt. Johns.

Mrs. G. W. Bynum, Matron of Honor, is the wife of Maj. G. W. Bynum, Eleventh Mississippi Cavalry.

Mrs. M. B. Curlee, Matron of Honor, is the widow of Lieut. Col. W. P. Curlee, Eleventh Mississippi Cavalry.

These "young" ladies all passed through the war at and near Corinth, Miss., with all of its hardships and horrors, and are now active, patriotic workers in the U. D. C.

MONUMENT TO THE WOMEN.

The following unique report from Gen. A. P. Stewart on the progress of the fund for a monument to the women of the South was submitted at the New Orleans reunion:

"At the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans held in Memphis, Tenn., in May, 1901, a resolution was offered by the undersigned to the effect that during the ensuing twelve months every veteran able to do so would contribute at least one dollar toward a fund for appropriately memorializing the Southern women of the Confederacy. The resolution was adopted unanimously, and with great enthusiasm. Several persons immediately threw their silver dollars on the platform, and, much against his wishes, the undersigned was appointed to take charge of the contributions and act as treasurer of the Southern woman's memorial fund. The total amount handled upon that occasion was \$7.50, all in silver. The names of the contributors, with a single exception, were not given.

"Some months afterwards a letter was received from a gentleman in New Orleans, informing the undersigned that on some former occasion the Commander of the U. C. V.'s had appointed a committee of sixteen gentlemen, of which the writer of the letter was chairman, to take charge of the whole business of memorializing the Southern women. It was claimed that this committee had a right to appoint the treasurer and control the fund. By correspondence with Adjutant General Moorman, it was learned that such a committee had been appointed, and that it had the right to name its own treasurer.

This post was finally offered to the undersigned, who declined it, however, because he did not wish at this time of life to be involved in a financial affair that would probably require several years for completion. Some one else was then appointed treasurer by the committee.

"In the meantime some contributions to the fund were received, a correct statement of which is here given:

"May 29, contributed by several persons at Memphis reunion, one of whom was J. C. Houston, of Meridian, Miss., \$7.50; June 5, Charles F. Ritter, Covington, Ky., \$1; June 10, J. W. Minnich, Grand Isle, La., \$1; June 12, Mrs. Clara Buckingham Downs, Chattanooga, Tenn., \$1; August 20, Camp No. 2, Louisiana Division, Army of Tennessee, \$100; September 3, Maj. John J. Hood, Meridian, Miss., \$1; December 18, C. H. Lee, Jr., Falmouth, Ky., \$5; June 4 to May 7, 1902, Alex P. Stewart, Chattanooga, Tenn., \$100. Total, \$216.50.

"As it was received, this money was deposited at four per cent interest in the South Chattanooga Savings Bank, now the Hamilton Trust and Savings Bank, and July 1, 1903, will amount to \$231.72.

"As the whole of this sum, with the exception of \$16.50 and the interest, was contributed by Camp No. 2 of New Orleans and the undersigned, unless this convention orders otherwise, a check for the full amount due from the Hamilton Trust and Savings Bank will, on July 1 next, be sent to Camp No. 2, with the request to hold it until it can be invested in the proposed memorial, and my connection with this enterprise will come to an end.

"In my judgment, it is our sacred duty to perform this work. The world never produced a more noble, heroic, self-sacrificing race of women than the Southern womanhood of the Confederate era. If the Southern soldier made the Confederate armies immortal and covered all this Southland and their respective States with imperishable glory and renown, it is due to the fact that he sprung from such motherhood. We will prove ourselves unworthy of such motherhood if we do not perpetuate in some endearing memorial the unsurpassed womanly and Christian graces and virtues of our women. And it would be a happy thing if some plan can be devised that will effect this object and at the same time benefit the living.

ALEX P. STEWART."

INQUIRY ABOUT CONFEDERATE FLAGS.

Mrs. D. H. Williams, of Gainesville, Ga.: "Will some one, through the VETERAN, please give a correct and truthful history of our Confederate flags? There is so much confusion in regard to the different changes and the causes attending them that I think it due the rising generation of our beloved Southland to be fully and truthfully instructed in all things, small as well as great, regarding our 'War for the Constitution and Southern Rights.'" Answer to Mrs. Williams's request has been published several times in the VETERAN. The front page for March, 1903, has the four flags illustrated. The first is the stars and bars (red, white, and red stripes), with seven stars in a blue field. Some of these flags had thirteen stars. This flag was adopted by the Confederate Congress in Montgomery, Ala. The next was the battle flag, the cross with thirteen stars diagonally. This "battle flag" is well known. Later the Congress at Richmond directed the addition of white extension on the end and at lower side of the battle flag. That was objectionable, as there was too much white, and the final legislation was to add a red strip to the end of it. The two of the four flags that should be preserved are the "stars and bars" and the battle flag.

MONUMENT TO GEN. F. A. SHOUP.

At Sewanee, Tenn., there was recently dedicated a splendid granite monument to Gen. F. A. Shoup. The abstract of address by Bishop Gailor which follows shows him to have been especially fitted to pay the tribute:

"I feel that it is a high honor to be permitted to speak to you to-day over this grave, not only because Dr. Shoup was one of the truest and noblest spirits that ever blessed Sewanee with his devotion, but because he was a Confederate soldier, who, to the day of his death, was not ashamed nor afraid of the principles which for four years he had gallantly defended upon the field of battle.

"Let me say first of all what he was in this University, and what his influence meant to us younger men who had the privilege of his friendship. He was, above all things, a man whom Christian discipleship had trained to the utmost delicacy of thought and feeling. I do not believe that we ever had a more perfect gentleman. To-day the memory of his personality, of his fine chivalry, of his contagious humor, his rare intelligence and abounding sympathy, comes over me like a breath of air from the Elysian fields. Long before I ever lived at Sewanee or knew Sewanee Dr. Shoup's great and noble-hearted enthusiasm was to me a joy and inspiration.

"I remember, when we laid the corner stone at Thompson Hall, now occupied by the Medical Department, that Dr. Shoup made the address—and he spoke most lovingly of Prof. Dabney, and quoted Wordsworth's lines:

I have lived to look on nature,
Not as in the hour of thoughtless youth,
But as hearing oftentimes the still
Sad music of Humanity, etc.

And everything he said about Dr. Dabney might with truth be said about himself. He lived on a high plane. He was a man of ideals; his nature shrank from the vulgar methods of the common world. He was a brave and true and noble and gentle and God-fearing spirit, whom it is a privilege to have known and loved.

"I said that he was a Confederate soldier and never ashamed of what he fought for in the great war. He often said to me that our young men are growing up with wrong views on this subject, and they are being tempted to be disloyal to their fathers. Well, over his grave to-day, and in loyalty to him, as one of those young men, I want to say what the young men of the South, whom I know, think upon this subject. We think that the honor we show to-day to the life and service of a brave soldier of the Confederacy is a duty, a privilege, and an opportunity. First of all it is a duty.

"*It is a duty*, because the men who fought and died for the Confederacy fought and died for their country. No selfish motive prompted them; no base and sordid end appealed to them. They gave their ambition, their service, their all for their native land. And to commemorate that sacrifice, to honor that heroism, to teach our children to hold in deathless reverence that supreme unselfishness is a duty which only the base-minded will refuse to recognize, because he is too dull to understand.

"*It is a privilege* for us younger men to honor the Confederate soldier. We live in a greedy, money-making age, where our finest deeds of heroism, on bloody fields and sloping decks, are sullied with vulgar scheming for pecuniary reward, and when patriotism has almost become a marketable commodity.

"Whatever may be said of the Confederate soldiers they were not mercenaries nor adventurers, but true patriots; and to honor them and recount their deeds of unselfish heroism is to honor ourselves, and to create year by year a fresh inspiration of patriotism.

"Finally it is *an opportunity*—an opportunity to tell again the history of our country, and to tell the truth about the men whose cause has added a real share of glory and honor to the story of the republic. Over this grave we may challenge the record and demand the facts. Gen. Shoup, like very many other prominent officers in the Confederate armies, was not born in the South, and had absolutely no interest in the contest except that of deep conviction. He had been offered the position of com-



(Inscription on the Monument.)
FRANCIS ASBURY SHOUP,
MAR. 22, 1835—SEPT. 4, 1896.
BRIGADIER GENERAL C. S. A., 1861-5.
PROFESSOR IN UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH,
1869-1896.

mander in chief of the militia of the State of Indiana a few months before the war broke out, and he might easily have been a major general or a lieutenant general in the armies of the Union; but he acted with Gen. Lee, by the dictates of 'his inexorable and pure conscience,' and he never regretted the choice he made.

"Ah! my friends, as we stand with our faces to the new day, with our backs to the gloomy shadows where all the bitterness and controversy of the past is buried; proud of the present and confident of the future of our country, let us gladly remember the glorious chivalry, the unselfish devotion, the honest patriotism, of the soldiers of the Confederacy, whose love and courage crowned the American name with great renown, and handed on to their children a heritage of immeasurable and imperishable glory."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

INTERESTS OF TEN DOLLARS IN THE VETERAN.

While responses to suggestions for perpetuating the VETERAN have been withheld or delayed, evidently through delicacy of friends, it is now announced as a perfectly satisfactory plan by the management. Every subscriber strengthens the sentiment of perpetuity, and the proposition seems as fair as could be adopted. Ten dollars pays for a life subscription so far as the publisher is concerned, and then that interest is of value in proportion as the success of the VETERAN is maintained. Since this plan has been proposed friends have sent in on subscription account three, four, five, and six dollars, showing their hearty good will and confidence—not referring to the ten-dollar offer. Remittances of ten dollars on the terms indicated are most gratifying, and the amount may be increased to \$100—not more—and for every ten dollars a free subscription will be given to any address available to second-class postage—all but Nashville and abroad.

Corporate papers will be secured when a suitable number have enlisted to justify a widely diversified charter membership, but then the publication will be conducted under a lease, the payment being only all liabilities of the publication and the free subscriptions indicated. Comrades are urged to enlist Sons of Veterans in this matter, and daughters of the Confederacy are commended to make at least one subscription, so as to have the VETERAN free for every Chapter.

A multitude of comrades have expressed solicitude for the work. All such who can afford to do so are requested to make this ten-dollar subscription. Subscribers in arrears who may be inclined to do so can remit what they owe to July, 1903, and then the ten dollars would pay *ad infinitum*, with the residuary interests indicated.

Col. A. G. Dickinson, of New York, who has not been excelled by any Confederate in gratuitous service to his comrades, writes: "I shall be glad to take some interest in it when you are ready; should be willing to invest one hundred dollars in the enterprise.

Col. William L. DeRosset writes from Wilmington, N. C.:

"I feel that I am not doing enough toward helping your publication, and conclude to send you check for \$10 as my mite toward the subscription to organize the ownership, etc. I do not do this for the purpose of an investment,

but simply to place myself on a paying basis as a subscriber, which will, I believe, cover the rest of my natural life. Our people owe you a debt of gratitude which I feel can never be repaid! The magnificent publication which you have been getting out for at least ten years has nobly fought its own way to the front, and why any veteran fails to become a regular subscriber I cannot imagine.

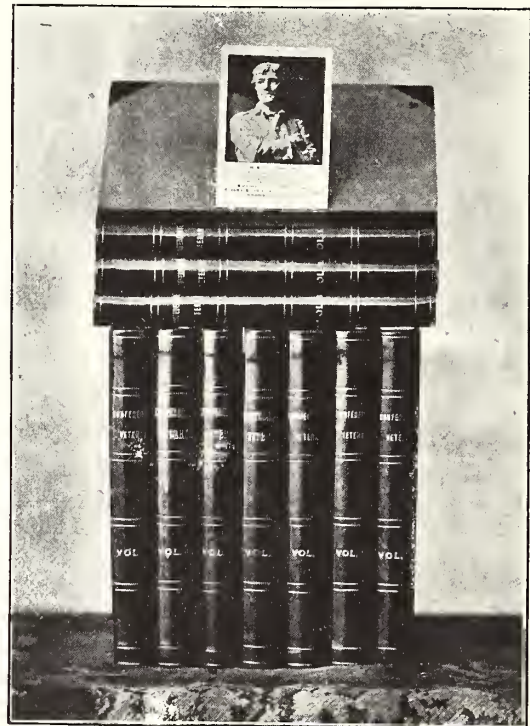
I would not be without it for any

consideration. It has been a great disappointment to me not to have been able to go to either Memphis, Dallas, or

New Orleans, being prevented in two cases by physical disability, and in the last by official Church engagements which I could not turn over to another. Well, my friend, I want to shake your hand once more before I 'cross the river.' Of all the strangers I have met at reunions, grand old Moorman and yourself meet best my views of straightforward, honest, enthusiastic Confederates. Now one is gone, but I hope you will long be spared to keep up the cause until it is well taken in hand by the Sons."

Col. DeRosset has done well his part in the U. D. C.—was the Major General, North Carolina Division, in its organization. Col. DeRosset had subscribed for his two sons also, and wishes to be informed about renewals.

COMPLETE FILES OF THE VETERAN.



K. F. Peddicord writes from Palmyra, Mo., June 27, 1903:

"I send you here—with photo of ten bound volumes of the VETERAN. No greater monument could be erected to the memory of Sam Davis, the VETERAN and the Confederate soldier, than this work you have so faithfully builded by your untiring devotion and love for your comrades. The entire ten (10) volumes are beautifully complete from 1893 to 1902 inclusive, without a missing page, and are prized beyond price."



COL. DEROSSET.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT CAMP CHASE, OHIO.

A report of the proceedings at Camp Chase, Ohio, on June 11 will be the more appreciated as published there, so that of the *Columbus Dispatch* is copied verbatim:

"A small concourse of people gathered at Camp Chase Thursday afternoon, and with bowed heads stepped quietly within the inclosure where 2,260 Confederate soldiers lie sleeping, and strewed flowers on the graves of the men who wore the gray.

"The ceremonies attending the memorial service were simple but pathetic in the extreme. The Daughters and Sons of the Confederacy walked side by side down the long rows of markers and tenderly laid tokens of love, in the form of floral pieces, upon the mounds covering all that is mortal of men who died while prisoners at Camp Chase.

"Here and there were representatives of the side which also suffered and which honored its dead at Green Lawn but a few days ago. Some were there to show respect and help perpetuate the memory of some father or son who fought on the side which he thought was in the right. Other scarred veterans were there to be observed and prove that they had long since fought the war of 1861-65 and could honor brave men who fell on either side. Only a few attended out of mere curiosity.

"The members of Robert E. Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, under whose auspices the ceremonies were conducted, took a principal part. As the clear, soft, and sweet notes of 'Nearer, my God, to thee' were played by the Fourth Regiment band, wreaths of moss and green leaves, entwined with fragrant magnolias from the Southland, were laid on the earth beneath which the bodies of prisoners were placed forty years ago.

"Each lot was remembered, not only with its bouquet of beautiful roses, carnations, snowballs, but with a tear, a tear dropped by the faithful. The generosity of the South in answer to the appeal of Gen. Gordon made it possible to decorate every grave in a fitting manner. Flowers started to arrive Wednesday, and came in boxes from every State south of Mason and Dixon's line. Not only were flowers sent, but money from Chapters too far away to send flowers and have them arrive in good condition.

"The money was used to purchase a large wreath made of carnations and roses, which was placed under the memorial arch with the famous Camp Chase bowlder for a background. Near the arch a speakers' stand accommodated the chairman of the day, Commander Shields, of the Confederates; Rev. John Hewitt; Gov. Nash; officers of the Daughters of the Confederacy, including Mrs. Wooster, of Cincinnati, the State President; Mr. Al G. Field; and Col. William H. Knauss.

"Following the decoration of the graves, addresses were delivered by the gentlemen named above and Mrs. Wooster. The Chapter sang several selections, and the band carried out a short programme between the talks.

"The principal address was by Rev. John Hewitt. He said: "Beneath the sod whereon we stand lie the bones of 2,260 men who died as prisoners of war within a few hundred yards of the place where they lie. They were called "Rebels" because they dared to submit to the arbitrament of arms the settlement of a question which the framers of our national Constitution left open, or at least stated in such terms as to leave room for more than one interpretation. It was a question on which some of the greatest minds in the republic had honestly differed for more than half a hundred years; a question which important changes in national conditions forced to a settlement, and in doing so compelled brothers to face each other

in a conflict, the stubbornest, the bloodiest, and the most stupendous known to history.

"This is not the time or place to discuss the merits of the questions then at issue. Suffice it to say that from our point of view it was settled in a way which requires us to admit that in the adjustment of governmental policies sometimes "might makes right."

"Hence, in coming here to strew flowers on the graves of our comrades, it would be irrelevant to reopen the question of State rights or to indulge laments over a "— cause."



REV. JOHN HEWITT.

It remains to us only to recognize the valor and to perpetuate the memory of men who formed a part of an army that will forever hold the first place in the thoughts of those who measure soldiers not by the victories they won but by the manner in which they fought.

"Less than five years ago Great Britain, influenced mainly by commercial reasons, flung an army of well-nigh 300,000 men against the republics of South Africa, and wiped them from the political map of the world. But to-day there is not a soldier of any rank among the living or the dead of that army to whom the world accords a higher meed of honor for patriotic service than to those who went down to their graves in defeat and now sleep the sleep of peace on their own soil.

"The two cases are nearly analogous. If our national Constitution had so clearly defined the relations of the several States to the Federal government that no difference of opinion in regard to them could fairly have arisen, then those who took up arms in defense of the doctrines of secession might justly be scorned as rebels undeserving of such honor as we accord to those whose ashes lie in this inclosure. But when we remember that their rights, as they had good reason to understand them, were threatened; that they were honest in believing that the terms of the Federal compact left them free to withdraw from the Union; that it was not war they sought, but peaceable secession; that when they did take up arms it was not to invade sister States, but to protect their property, their homes, and their firesides; and especially when we remember that through four long years, against fearful odds both in numbers and material resources—even fighting in regard

to these against the world—they set an example of endurance, daring, and military prowess which won for them undying fame and compelled an astonished world to adopt a loftier ideal for the emulation of its soldiery—I say when we remember these things we do not hesitate to lay votive offerings where such men sleep and to bless God for land that can produce—aye, and reproduce—such spirits. Let it be well understood, therefore, that in observing such a ceremony as that we are now engaged in ex-Confederates do not still contend for the cause which brought on the war between the States. On the other hand, guided by convictions of duty as strong as those which prompted them to take up arms, they accept the decision rendered by their defeat, they bow in loyalty to the flag by whose stripes our national dissensions were healed; but they cannot, will not, forget that the agreement on which our Union now so firmly stands was written in the blood of brothers.

“It was with such a thought in mind, as we have reason to believe, that some eight or nine years ago a veteran of the Union army ventured to establish the custom of decorating these graves with flowers from the Southland. Each year since we have followed him hither, glad of the opportunity thus given us of doing honor to the memory of our dead comrades, while quondam foes, now our friends, forged chains of charity, stronger than hooks of steel, to bind North and South in an indissoluble union of magnanimous Americans.

“The climax of our friend's kindness was reached when last year about this time this monument, which reminds us that our Confederate comrades were Americans, was unveiled, and when the sacred duty of continuing this annual ceremony of decorating their graves was fittingly transferred to the mem-



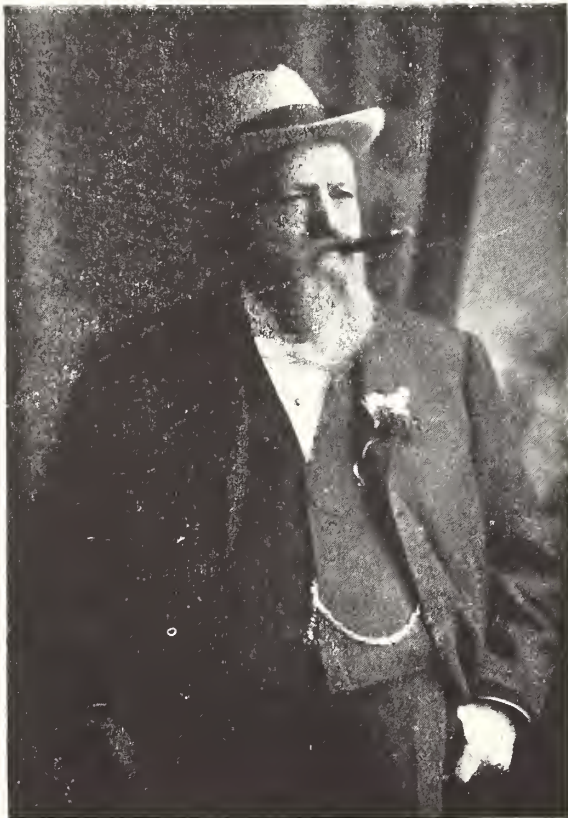
AS PREPARED BY COL. KNAUSS ORIGINALLY.

bers of our Camp and of the R. E. Lee Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

“So that this is the first time we have had charge of the ceremonies here. It seemed best for many reasons, and more in keeping with our thoughts about those who sleep here, that the quiet of their slumber should not be disturbed, on the one hand, by holiday decorations, or, on the other hand, by reviving the notes of discord which filled the air when they were dying. We remember where we are—that our lot in life is cast amongst those who cannot sympathize with us without courting criticism from people who are prone to misjudge; that the mother earth in whose embrace the bones of our brothers lie locked in the prosperity of the government against which we fought; that the flag which floats over us is the pledge of our unreserved loyalty; and that the peace we enjoy is the perquisite of good faith with our neighbors.

“Hence we have prepared no printed programmes; we have imported no far-famed orators; we have planned no parades; neither have we ventured to invite any who were on the opposite side in the war, lest we should seem to be asking them to compromise their principles. It suited our feelings better to come here quietly, lay our floral offerings first at the foot of this fitting monument to our dead in grateful recognition of the generosity of those who, though not on our side in the struggle of forty years ago, yet place a higher value upon American manhood than upon sectional differences, and then tenderly distribute them where they may speak of a new and better life morally, spiritually, and politically for all. But this does not mean that those who have come without special invitations are not welcome. On the contrary, they are doubly welcome, and we cannot adequately express our appreciation of the motives that prompted them to come.

“We take their coming to mean that they believe in a union of American hearts as well as of American States. And especially in the case of Union veterans, that they are glad to accord to us the same privilege which they themselves enjoy—namely, of emphasizing by outward acts their respect for the



COL. W. H. KNAUSS,
Gratefully remembered by millions.

memory of men who shared with them the same hard tasks and bitter experiences that patriotic duty seemed to impose upon them. We do not understand that in so doing they yield a principle, but that they help to heal a nation's wounds. I remember how, when the war was raging, each side cared for the other's dead and wounded found upon the field. Neither side thought it was indorsing the other's cause in doing so then. Why should it be different now, after forty years of well-kept faith in each other's pledges? Let the spirits of Grant and Lincoln and Lee and of thousands who have followed them to their graves answer.

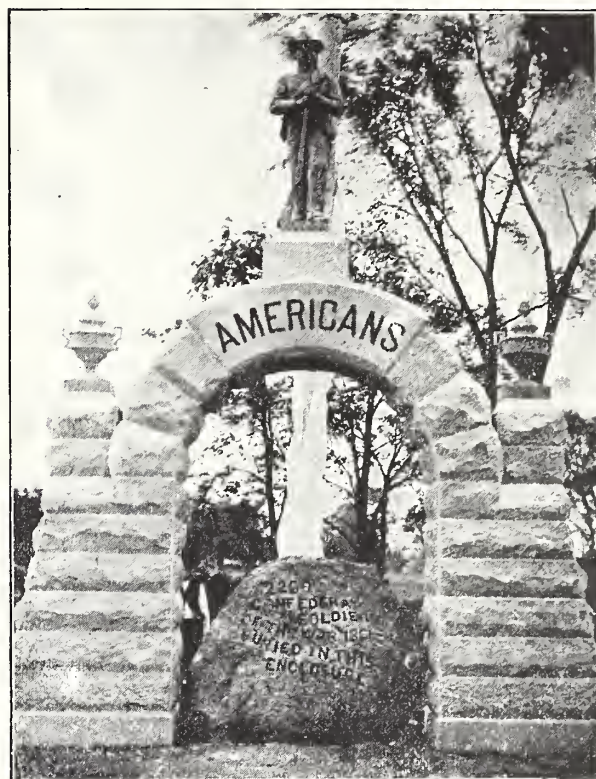
"In our dear Southland many Union soldiers lie buried in inclosures like this, where Southland soldiers scatter flowers on behalf of loved ones still living in the North, who cannot perform the tender duty themselves. The idea doubtless harks back to the days when it was the custom to bury suicides at cross roads. It was against the law to bury them in consecrated ground. But at every cross road there was a shrine or symbol of the redemption. The act, therefore, really signified, we dare not bury them with the faithful, but we will lay them beneath the shadow of the cross in order that with the faithful, it may be, they will have a share in the mercy and kindness that flow through it from heaven.

"Have the hearts of men so changed since then that there is less room in them now for the Godlike attributes of mercy and kindness, even toward enemies whose bodies lie moldering in the dust?

"O, my friends, forgiveness of our enemies is indeed a large doctrine, but it is also a brave one. Tell me the height of the sky, the source of the wind, the origin of the light, the limit of love, and then I will tell you where forgiveness begins and where forgiveness ends, but not till then.



HON. W. H. HARRISON, OF CINCINNATI,
Who gave the arch and statue above.



MR. HARRISON'S GIFT AT CAMP CHASE.

"According to the Great Teacher, and according to our experience, there are cases where forgiveness is a sarcasm, and there is one case where it is an impossibility—namely, blasphemy against the spirit of love, which refuses to give, and therefore can never receive the same.

"It is no question of casually overlooking things, of ignoble weakness incapable of anger, or a few easy expressions which neither mean nor cost anything.

"It is a splendid virtue taught of God, imbibed at a mother's knee, constantly relearned at each round of life's ladder, and after a harsh period of analysis restored again through the mist of tears.

"It helps the world more than aught else to begin again, it arches gulfs and spans spaces, it collects fragments and reunites particles, it heals wounds and joins in one fold a scattered flock, and on the ashes of a pitiable past it erects the fabric of a fearless future. It revives the best of what is gone, covering what should be forgotten in a merciful eclipse. It restores self-respect when almost honor is lost, and makes life worth living once more after a period of quasi death. It raises the downtrodden, and brings a light into every darkness, and by the sense of it unites the living with the dead, though its message is a silent one, and the broken links are joined afresh without the sound of aught but the throbbing of the human heart.

"We know that none can be forgiven except those who are worthy of forgiveness, but none can withhold forgiveness when once the eyes are lowered and the hand is clean.

"Comrades and Daughters, move quietly among the graves of our honored dead. Lay tenderly upon them these flowers from our Southland. They are freighted with messages of love from widows and orphans and sisters and sons, to husbands and fathers and brothers who preferred death to the

ignominy of submission without passing through an Antietam, a Bull Run, and a Gettysburg.

"Inhale with the fragrance of these flowers the odor of sacrifices offered on the altar of honest convictions, that the standard of American manhood may never be lowered by the thought of defeat or disaster. Sing the old camp songs once more, and, if they will, let those who once withstood us on the firing line join in, and repeat, on a larger scale, that affecting incident of the war long ago, when assembled thousands in opposing camps one night after a furious battle united in singing "Home, sweet home." So shall be fulfilled in this age the ancient Scripture prophecy: "I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back." So shall our common country prosper and be happy under "The Stars and Stripes." And so shall the nations far and near perceive that the blood of our martyrs was the seal of our Union.'

"Col. William H. Knauss, in his address, which was very short, briefly reviewed the ceremonies attending the memorial services during the past nine years. When he first took up the work of decorating the graves the cemetery was in a deplorable condition. By the assistance of Senator Foraker and others a stone wall was built about the graves and the lots kept in good condition afterwards. It was through his influence that the arch was constructed at the cemetery as a memorial to the men who died there.

"Col. Knauss read the address he delivered the first time the graves were decorated. Among other things, he said:

"In a true spirit of Christian charity place these flowers and flags upon the graves of these dead soldiers, in token, not of respect to the part they played in the war, . . . but of the broader, higher, and Christian principle which teaches forgiveness to those who have sinned against the grandest nation on earth.

"In their hearts beat the same desire for right, love of home and God, and I tell you, if we can judge from their living comrades, we know that if they were alive to-day they would love the old flag. They would touch elbow with us in protecting our national standard, that will ever be for love of country, home, humanity, and liberty.

"These symbols of purity we offer at these lowly graves, these flowers, these flags, and many future generations emulate the unselfish devotion of even the lowliest of these dead soldiers!"

"Gov. Nash spoke briefly and extemporaneously. He said that what we all should do now was to create and foster an affection for the government as it now exists, and that honoring the soldiers on both sides who fought in the Civil War for the brave deeds they did was one of the best ways to do this.

"Mr. Al G. Field, the minstrel, who made a liberal donation of money to provide flowers for the graves, spoke at length, wherein he said:

"The momentous events that led to our assembling here to-day are buried in the past. The bitterness and hate engendered by the stirring events of the eventful days of 1861 and 1865 are gone and forgotten.

"The triumphs and defeats of the great Civil War in America live only in the history of a united country. And to-day with pardonable pride all true Americans boast of the daring deeds performed by the brave men arrayed on either side in that gigantic struggle, for the mammoth proportions of America's Civil War astonished the world.

"The cause and effect of our family feud are questions that this great country has disposed of to the satisfaction of all her people. The cost of the war of the rebellion in a pecuniary

way has been more than repaid by the advancement and progress of the country. But the precious lives sacrificed, the flower of American manhood—the bravest of the brave, the inheritance of their courage, will ever perpetuate America's greatness. Their loss cannot be atoned for by any earthly gains.

"For thirty years before the war of the rebellion, slavery cast the shadow of the coming struggle. Forty years after that war its only inheritance not disposed of is the so-called race problem, a problem that, if permitted to do so, will solve itself; but if theorists and reformers persist in confounding this so-called race problem with social equality, it will never down.

"The agitation of social equality is the factor that makes the so-called problem an issue. Leave the negro to himself. With the aid of the white man, with the acquisition of experience and knowledge, he will work out his own salvation.

"In token of our sincerity, many who wore the uniforms of blue are first and foremost in the sacred work of decorating the graves of those who wore the gray, covering the last resting place of their one-time opponents with sweetest flowers from their own Southland, honoring the memory of the fallen foe, cementing the bonds of friendship and love between the living. No more sacred duty was ever performed by brave men and fair women.

"The bravery of men in war will always be most conspic-



GOV. NASH (OF OHIO), WHO HAS TWICE HONORED OUR DEAD.

uous in the history of their lives, yet I doubt not if the Christian burial, the filial devotion shown his mother, the blameless private life of Robert E. Lee will not live longer in the hearts of his countrymen than his most brilliant military exploit. I doubt not that the kindly nature and magnanimity of Abraham Lincoln will be cherished recollections after his most notable political achievement has passed from our minds, for love and sympathy will rule the world. War and hate, bitterness and strife, may hold sway for a time; but the better nature of man will eventually prevail. The man who cherishes hate, the man who lives to hate, is beyond human aid. Commend him to God, as his is the only power that can make him a useful member of society, even in these strenuous times.

"The sweetest, simplest sermon ever delivered is comprised in two little words, 'Jesus wept.' The depth of tender sympathy expressed in those two little words are a sermon in themselves. Jesus was called to that little home in Bethany, whose door had always swung wide with welcome for him, when the clouds were lowering on the outside, when the days were darkest, when the storm waged the fiercest—when persecutors assailed him, peace was always found within that humble home. Now, however, the angel of death had entered the family circle and closed the brother's eyes. Appreciating the anguish in the hearts of the sisters, Jesus wept in sympathy with them. The God-man who held the wind in the hollow of his hand, he who could command wind and waves, entered into sympathy with those who were aggrieved, and, my friends, it is a good sign of the times when sympathy moves the multitude to assemble on occasions of this kind to pay loving tribute to the memory of the dead.

"The only differences existing between the men who fought under Lee and those who fought under Grant is their rivalry to outdo one another in their loyalty and devotion to their common country, and their love for the one flag floats over us all, and under its ample folds lives a happy, prosperous, and united people."

FLOWERS IN ABUNDANCE.

"Boxes of flowers were still arriving Thursday afternoon from the South, while the services were in progress. The Daughters of the Confederacy had not expected such a profusion of beautiful wreaths and cut flowers, and were greatly surprised.

"Among the very expensive floral donations from Columbus people was that sent by the West Side Business Men's Association. It was placed conspicuously against the memorial arch."

The cash contributions amounted to \$269.35, of which sum Mr. Al G. Fields contributed \$100. The list, largely from the United Daughters of the Confederacy, is as follows:

CHAPTERS U. D. C. DONATING.

Black Horse Chapter, Warrenton, Va.
Johnstone-Pettigrew Chapter, Raleigh, N. C.
J. H. Lewis Chapter, Frankfort, Ky.
J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Fayetteville, N. C.
Winnie Davis Chapter, Pittsboro, N. C.
Selma Chapter, Selma, Ala.
Barbour County Chapter, Eufaula, Ala.
Paducah Chapter, Paducah, Ky.
Arthur Manigault Chapter, Georgetown, S. C.
William Dorsey Pender Chapter, Tarboro, N. C.
Southern Stars Chapter, Lincolnton, N. C.
Nashville Chapter, Nashville, Tenn.
Frank Cheatham Bivouac Chapter, Nashville, Tenn.
T. N. Waul Chapter, Hearne, Tex.
John B. Gordon Chapter, Thomasville, Ga.
L. S. Ross Chapter, Bryan, Tex.
Molly Ford Reagan Chapter, Palestine, Tex.
Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, San Francisco, Cal.
Richard Hawes Chapter, Paris, Ky.
Cedartown Chapter, Cedartown, Ga.
Tom Barrette Chapter, Ghent, Ky.
G. B. Anderson Chapter, Hillsboro, N. C.
Lawson Botts Chapter, Charleston, W. Va.
Turner Ashby Chapter, Winchester, Va.
"Last Cabinet" Chapter, Washington, Ga.
Dr. Basil C. Duke Chapter, Maysville, Ky.
A. M. Waddell Chapter, Kinston, Lenoir County, N. C.

Judah P. Benjamin Chapter, Oxford, O.
R. E. Lee Chapter, Wheeling, W. Va.
Bell Battery Chapter, Edenton, N. C.
Chapter Camden, Ark.
Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter, Alexandria, Va.
Sterling Price Chapter, St. Joseph, Mo.
Cape Fear Chapter, Wilmington, N. C.
William B. Bate Chapter, Nashville, Tenn.
Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Abingdon, Va.
Lexington Chapter, Lexington, Ky.
New Berne Chapter, New Berne, N. C.
Henrietta Morgan Duke Chapter, Georgetown, Ky.

CAMPS SUBSCRIBING.

Mr. Emil Keisewetter, Columbus, O.
R. A. Smith, No. 24, U. C. V., Jackson, Miss.
Mr. J. W. Anderson, Covington, Ga.
Stonewall Jackson, Charleston, W. Va.
Alabama Division, No. 2, New Orleans, Ala.
J. Ed Murray, No. 510, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Sterling Price, No. 31, Dallas, Tex.
Tom Smith, Suffolk, Va.

OTHER SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A donation from Mrs. J. H. Smalling, whose father is buried at Camp Chase, Johnson City, Tenn.; also Mrs. Robertson, of Watauga.

Mr. U. S. Ray sent from De Queen, Ark.
Mrs. Davie L. Worchester, Cincinnati, O.
Mrs. Thomas P. Auschritz, Fort Washington, Pa.
Mr. J. M. Ray, Brigadier General commanding Fourth Brigade, North Carolina Division.
Mrs. William C. Turpin, Macon, Ga.
Mrs. E. John Ellis, of Louisiana.
Alma Springs Sanitarium, Alma, Mich.
Jeannette C. Wright, Secretary U. D. C., Tappahannock, Va.
Forbes Bivouac Association, Clarksville, Tenn.
Total amount, \$269.35.

UNITED STATES SOLDIERS TO WEAR GREEN.

The uniform of United States soldiers is happily changed from blue to green. Orders were recently issued by the Uniform Commission of the War Department, which prescribed a new uniform for officers and men. The chief change will be the adoption of olive drab as the uniform color.

The selection of this color for the service uniforms was made because it is considered the one best calculated to render troops invisible when in contest with an enemy. Blue will be retained for the dress uniforms. The new service coat is to be tight at the waist and loose at the chest, the regulations providing that it shall be at least five inches in excess of the chest measurement. The trousers are to be loose to the knee, tight below the knee, and laced from the knee to the shoetops.

The new dress uniforms of the officers will include two innovations. The lettering "U. S." is to be taken from the collars, and pins representing the coat of arms of the United States substituted.

The suggestion that green be adopted as the color for service uniforms was made, it is understood, by an officer shortly after the close of the war between the States. The opposition to his plan was very pronounced then, chiefly because of the large amount of sentiment which attached to the army blue. Now, however, it is recognized that the change will be wise. It was recommended by Gens. Corbin, Young, and Wood after their trip abroad. Uniforms of this color were worn by the British in their war with the Boers.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE AT SHELBYVILLE.

W. L. Frierson, now of Chattanooga, addressed the Memorial Assembly at Shelbyville, Tenn., upon invitation of the Daughters of the Confederacy on our Memorial Day, June 3:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: In this era of good feeling it is difficult for those of us whose lives began after the close of the great war to realize the bitterness of the passions and the deep sense of long-continued wrongs and injustice which introduced into history the Confederate soldier and resulted in a Confederate cemetery in almost every Southern community. But the stirring scenes and stern events of those days must ever remain vivid in the memories of those of you whose comrades rest in these graves.

"Looking back, in the light of history and tradition, to the course of events which gave rise to the Southern Confederacy, I am convinced that no more solemn, dramatic, or impressive scenes were ever enacted in any deliberative assembly than transpired in the Senate of the United States when the Southern Senators, among the ablest members of that body, arising one after another, solemnly announced that the States whose representatives they were had formally withdrawn from the Union; maintained, first in deliberative argument and then in passionate eloquence, the right and the necessity of the States to take this step; and, in sadness but in the spirit of grim determination, renounced their allegiance to the government they had loved so long and served so faithfully.

"The intensity of the impending struggle was obvious when Jefferson Davis, the great, scholarly, and high-minded Senator from Mississippi, delivered his farewell address to the Senate. Calmly, dispassionately, and in sorrow, he stated the grievances of the Southern States. With the tongue and logic of a master he asserted their constitutional right to peaceably withdraw from a government which they felt denied them the protection of their rights and the justice due them as sovereign States. Then, that the motives of his people might not be misunderstood, he said: 'We but tread in the path of our fathers when we declare our independence and take the hazard. This is done, not in hostility, not to injure any section of the country, nor even for our own pecuniary benefit, but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited and which it is our sacred duty to transmit unshorn to our children.'

"More tersely, more defiantly, the fiery and eloquent Toombs, of Georgia, recounted the demands made by the Southern States of the North as the condition of their remaining in the Union, and said: 'We have demanded of them simply, solely—nothing else—to give us equality, security, and tranquillity. Give us these, and peace restores itself. Refuse them, and take what you can get.'

"I have quoted the language of these eminent men of that day to illustrate the spirit in which the bonds of the Union were broken and to show what was the cause for which the Confederate soldier braved the dangers of battle and endured the hardships of war.

"The action of the Southern States in withdrawing from the Union and the determination of the Federal government to resist their withdrawal made up the issue which was submitted to the arbitrament of arms. That issue was whether a sovereign State had the constitutional right to peaceably secede from the Union when its people believed the Federal government had ceased to be equal and just.

"It is immaterial to the fair name of the Confederate soldier whether he fought, as he asserted, in defense of the constitutional right of secession, or whether, as maintained by his Northern brethren, he was engaged in revolution. All concede

now that he fought because he believed that he was denied his rights, because his dauntless spirit taught him that submission to the rule of a government which he felt was unjust and oppressive would be cowardly, unmanly, servile, and slavish. If it be said that this is revolution, then we accept the term, and say that the right of revolution, or resistance to long-continued injustice, is God-given and above all constitutions. Its brave and honest exercise, wherever men love liberty, is called glorious. Hence whether the people of the South were engaged in constitutional secession or in revolution, their course was equally honorable, and the long, fierce struggle they maintained was equally without the taint or suspicion of dishonor. We hold in highest honor the veterans of the war, whether they be called secessionists or rebels.

"But the direct issue upon which the war was fought was secession. I have no purpose to enter upon any discussion of that question. I may, however, say, without fear of offending any, that it was then an open question and one which could never have been peaceably settled in any forum of debate. And while we are not yet convinced that the Southern statesmen were overcome in the debates, or that, as a matter of proper constitutional construction, the right of secession did not then exist, we now say, without reservation, that, by the verdict of the highest tribunal known to man or nation, that right is gone.

"The constitution to which you, veterans of the war, swore allegiance when you returned to the Union, and the only constitution which those of my generation have ever sworn to support, is one in which there has been written, in your blood and that of your comrades, a provision that the right of secession shall exist no more forever. That provision has been accepted in good faith by the people of the South.

"There are no fairer, no prouder pages in any history than two which your deeds have helped to write into the history of your country. The first is that which contains the brief, eventful record of the Southern Confederacy. The second is that which tells the story of the heroic struggle in peace in which the survivors of that government battle with prejudice and injustice to retrieve their broken fortunes and to rehabilitate their country, and from which they emerged still loving the conquered banner, still feeling that their cause was just and right, offering no apology, and inexpressibly proud of their deeds of valor, but true as the truest and wholly devoted to their reunited country.

"And so it is that, loyal citizens of this great American republic, we to-day make our annual pilgrimage to the silent city sacred to those who, within the short span of less than half a century, bore arms against that republic. Proud and devoted adherents to our Federal government, we come here from time to time to do honor to men who gave their lives in brave but unsuccessful resistance to the power of that government. And why is this? We need not ask that question when a President of the United States, himself a gallant soldier in the Union armies, has said that 'in the evolution of sentiment and feeling, under the providence of God,' the time has come when the nation should have a part in caring for the graves of Confederate soldiers. William McKinley declared that 'every soldier's grave made during the unfortunate Civil War was a tribute to American valor.' And he but uttered the sentiment which dwells in the heart of every intelligent, brave, and truly patriotic citizen in the nation. He but stated a fact recognized by the civilized world. He rendered the truthful verdict of impartial history.

"This is the measure of praise and honor which, in an age when the rule seems to be that only success commands respect,

is accorded by friend and foe alike to soldiers who failed. Successful arms have always brought honor and renown. The people have always received with triumphant acclaim the victorious soldier. But it is the peculiar renown of the defeated Confederate soldier that, within so short a time, he who followed the banner of the Southern Confederacy and he who conquered it are held by a reunited country in equal honor.

"This fair glory resting upon the quiet sleepers in these honored graves cannot but mean that theirs was a cause which commands the respect of those who were its foes and is worthy to be cherished by those who suffered for it in tenderest, proudest love.

"And so we come here, and should come from year to year, because there is no source from which we can draw more of the inspiration to valor, manhood, fidelity to duty, and devoted patriotism than from the record of the gallantry, the patient suffering, and the wonderful spirit and endurance of the Southern armies.

"We bring our children here, not to teach them disloyalty to the government under which we live, but to teach them that the war was made necessary by the fact that for many years a great question had divided the nation, and that while it remained unsettled the republic stood upon an uncertain and unsteady foundation. We would have them know that it was not so important that the right of secession should or should not exist as it was that the question should be settled one way or the other. We would tell them that the republic is to-day great and strong, and the perpetuity of the Union assured because the war settled that question. We would have them feel that by right of the blood and lives of their fathers, sacrificed in a struggle which made possible its permanent and peaceable existence, this government is theirs and worthy of their love.

"The Confederate armies were not made up of hirelings or men who fought because they loved war, but of men of a proud lineage, the highest type of the Anglo-Saxon race, of men who fought to defend their homes and to maintain rights which men of spirit everywhere hold dearer than life itself. There has never been in all history an army whose average soldier was the equal of the average Confederate soldier in all that goes to make a man and a soldier.

"We are here because we love the history of our country, because we are proud of the deeds of valor done by our fathers, because we can have no richer heritage than that the blood of Confederate soldiers courses through our veins. We are here, impelled by every tie of love, gratitude, and admiration, to honor those whom not to honor is to dishonor ourselves.

"And now I trust I may, without any breach of the proprieties of this occasion, say a word to those of you who, like myself, were born after the Confederate soldier had passed into history. We do well to join with these old veterans who bring flowers to the graves of their comrades. But more, much more, is incumbent upon us. Forty-two years have elapsed since, in the pride and vigor of manhood, they put aside the avocations of peace, laid the plans and aspirations of their lives upon the altar of their country, and, at the behest of the old Volunteer State, took up arms to defend the State's honor and sovereignty, the most superb army that ever marched upon a battlefield.

"Thirty-eight years have been counted out of the span of time since they straggled back to their homes and neglected fields, overcome by the force of numbers and unlimited resources, tried in the fires of adversity, sickened at the constant sight of death, sorrowing over the loss of those they loved, four of the best years of their lives gone, their posses-

sions destroyed, the health of many impaired, here an arm, there a leg or an eye left behind, depressed by bitter disappointment, and everywhere feeling the gloom of impending new disasters and dark uncertainty.

"The youngest soldier who served in the Confederate army is now past the meridian of life. He who enlisted in '61 at twenty-eight has reached his allotted three score and ten. With each recurring year there are fewer of them to come here, and those who come bring whiter hairs and more of the infirmities of age. Twenty years from now the youngest of them will be near to four score years, and but few will remain. Yes, ten years from now they will be but a straggling band, with feeble bodies, weary, faltering footsteps, and dimmed eyes, nearing the grave. Soon the only roll call of Confederate soldiers must be on another shore.

"These men maintained the honor of their State on the battlefield. They bore the brunt of the dark days of reconstruction; they were its backbone through that trying ordeal. The State owes them a debt of gratitude, and has but little time in which to pay it

"The duties and responsibilities which the merciless march of time is forcing from their shoulders are falling upon ours. If our State is to do justice to these highest and best claimants upon her bounty, we must see that it is done. The time has come when every man who has an honorable record as a Confederate soldier and who is in indigent circumstances should receive a liberal pension. The sentiment of our people is that this duty must and will be discharged, even if the State's bonded debt must wait for payment while her bountiful resources are used to pay the higher debt which she owes to those who were her stay and her staff in her hour of need.

"Tennessee has a proud history. No State has had a better. Since her entrance into the sisterhood of States, her people have kept her fame bright and fair. Let us see to it that it may not be said that the first stain of dishonor was placed upon her escutcheon in our day by permitting these her war-worn veterans in their old age to suffer neglect for the want of her generous bounty."

MARYLAND CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Will Invite the U. C. V. to Meet in Baltimore in 1905.

The annual meeting of the Maryland Division, United Confederate Veterans, assembled in Baltimore on June 27. There was a large attendance of delegates, representing the following Camps: Alexander Young, of Frederick; James R. Herbert, Franklin Buchanan, Arnold Elzey, Isaac R. Thimble, of Baltimore; George H. Stewart, of Annapolis; Charles S. Winder, of Easton; James Breathed, of Cumberland. Gen. Andrew C. Trippe presided, with Adj. D. A. Fenton, of Herbert Camp, Secretary.

Gen. Trippe congratulated the members on the good work done in the past year. He congratulated the Daughters of the Confederacy on the accomplishment of their labor of love in the erection of the beautiful monument lately unveiled on Mount Royal Avenue, and complimented the Veterans on their fine parade on that occasion.

The matter of enlisting the Sons of Confederate Veterans in the several Camps of the State was warmly advocated, the United Confederate Veterans having, since the former meeting, conferred that privilege.

Gen. Trippe referred to the harmony and good will existing among Confederate bodies in Maryland and predicted an enlarged influence for the organizations in the future.

Officers for the ensuing year were unanimously elected as follows: Major General, Andrew C. Trippe, of Baltimore;

Oswald Tilghman, of Easton, and John F. Zacharias, of Cumberland, were elected, respectively, to command the first and second brigades.

A communication from Rev. J. W. Jones in regard to increasing the Battle Abbey Fund from \$200,000 to \$300,000 was read. The matter was debated and finally referred to a special committee for future action.

Gen. Tilghman urged upon the Camps the necessity of collecting the names of Confederate veterans, so that lists could be forwarded to the Secretary of War for preservation in the archives of the government. Under the recent Act of Congress, Wm. L. Ritter was selected to take charge of the work.

A special committee of three members from each Camp, with the Major General as Chairman, was requested to take action looking to inviting the United Confederate Veterans to meet in Baltimore in 1905.

Baltimore was selected as the next place of annual meeting at the call of the Division Commander.

Following the close of business the delegates and members present enjoyed the hospitality of Gen. Trippe and Gen. Tilghman.

PRESENTIMENT OF DISASTER IN BATTLE.

Reading recently a remarkable case of presentiment brought to my memory one of forewarning that came to a member of Company G, Eleventh Virginia Infantry, during the great war. Will. H. Shearer, of Terry's Brigade, Pickett's Division, had just returned from North Carolina, where they had participated in the capture of Plymouth, "Little Washington," and the investment of Newbern. We had barely gotten into the intrenchments south of Manchester ahead of Gen. Ben. Butler on May 12, 1864, and were placed under command of Gen. Braxton Bragg on May 15. Gen. Beauregard came over from Petersburg and took command. He at once arranged the preliminaries subsequent to bottling Gen. Butler. Extra ammunition was issued, and everything was in readiness for the bottling process.

About 5 o'clock on the evening before, Comrade Shearer approached the writer and requested his company to Gen. Terry's headquarters. On the way Shearer said: "John, you know that I have been in every skirmish and battle that our company has been in, and I have never gotten a scratch. There is going to be a hot, hard-fought battle to-morrow, and there will be details made for the hospital and to bury our dead, and I feel that I am going to fill one or the other. I want to make a bargain with you. It is that if you get wounded or killed, I will take care of you. If you are wounded, I will take you back to the field hospital; and if you are killed, I will put you where your body can be found. If I am detailed on either of these duties, you will do the same for me."

I tried to get such thoughts out of his mind by ridiculing the idea. I told him, besides, that I didn't see how we could make such an agreement. "That is why I want to see Gen. Terry—to get his permission," said Shearer.

We walked on to the General's tent, and Shearer told him of his presentiment. His earnestness so impressed the General that he finally said: "Well, go on; and if any trouble comes, I will get you out, if I can."

We went into the fight early the next morning—May 16, 1864. Shearer's position was on the extreme right of the company, and I was very near the extreme left. We had fired only a few rounds, when I found that Shearer had come from his position on the right and was fighting

by my side. We had fired but a few shots, when he was struck and fell. I helped him up, and found that he could, with my assistance, walk. Putting his arm around my neck and I placing my arm around his waist, we managed to get back to the field hospital. His wound was pronounced by Dr. John R. Ward, surgeon of the Eleventh Infantry, serious, but not necessarily fatal. I left him and went back to my place in the line. I have not seen Shearer since. I heard some years ago that he was a journalist in Montgomery, Ala. If he is still living, I should like very much to hear from him.

John B. Omohundro was born on January 13, 1841, in Amherst County, Va., and enlisted in the Davidson Battery at Lynchburg in April, 1862. He served with Humphrey Marshall in Kentucky and with Longstreet in Ten-



JOHN B. OMOHUNDRO.

nessee. He was transferred from Tennessee to the Army of Northern Virginia at Richmond in the fall of 1864, and was in the battle of Gaines's Mill, Cold Harbor, and Drewry's Bluff. He was sent across the James River to Petersburg with A. P. Hill's Corps, and served in the trenches until April 1, 1865, being in the Crater blow up. His command evacuated Petersburg on April 2 (Sunday morning) and marched and fought to Appomattox, where it surrendered on April 9. Comrade Omohundro received his parole there and returned to Lynchburg, his home and the place of his enlistment, reaching there on April 10. He now lives in Whitesboro, Tex., engaged in the hardware and furniture business with two of his sons, and would be gratified to hear from any comrades of Davidson's Battery.

J. A. Norton, No. 904 4½ Street, S. W., Washington, D. C., is anxious to locate the grave of John Little, who served in Company K, First Texas Volunteer Regiment, under Capt. Burton. He was wounded at the battle of Second Manassas, lost a leg, and died within two days. He was buried by his comrades and the grave marked, and it is hoped that some of them can now give the information desired for the benefit of his only sister.

SOUTHERN MEMORIAL DAY IN ARKANSAS.

Miss Sue Walker, Fayetteville, Ark.:

June 3, the birthday of Jefferson Davis, having been adopted by the United Confederate Veterans at the Dallas Reunion as the day for paying tribute to the Confederate dead, the Southern Memorial Association of this place observed the day with appropriate ceremonies, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. For days the leaden skies and incessant downpour threatened to preclude any exercises at the cemetery; but the Committee on Arrangements, with a courage worthy of the women of the early sixties, worked on.

The morning of the 3d dawned cloudy, but by 9 o'clock the mists had cleared away, and the noise of wheels could be heard in all directions bringing in the loyal Confederate veterans and their wives and children from country and neighboring towns. The procession, headed by the University Band, moved from the Public Square at 11 o'clock sharp. Col. Vance, of Springdale, was marshal of the day.

The ceremonies at the cemetery opened with music by the band, followed by a few earnest and touching remarks from the presiding officer, Dr. W. B. Welch. A most beautiful and appropriate prayer was offered by the chaplain, Rev. R. Thomsen, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was sung by the entire assembly. At the first notes of the dirge the veterans solemnly marched to the monument, where evergreen wreaths were given them to decorate the graves of their fallen comrades. A wreath tied with the Confederate colors was placed upon the corner of each white marble marker. Roses and other flowers in abundance scattered over the graves by matron, maid, and toddling infancy made a picture long to be remembered. The veterans lingered long in this beautiful service, until the soul-stirring notes of "Dixie" called them to the stand to listen to the eloquent address by Col. Charles Coffin, of Walnut Ridge. The ladies of the Southern Memorial Association were most happy in their selection of an orator. An earnest, fluent, and forceful speaker, Col. Coffin held his audience with wonderful ease. So great was their interest and attention that they failed to notice that Dame Nature had begun anew her copious weeping; and when the speaker protested that he would not longer keep them exposed to the elements, cries of "Go on!" and "We want to hear you!" compelled him to continue. His tribute to the great leaders was eloquent, but far more touching was his praise of the private soldier and the comradeship existing between officers and men when off duty. The women of the Confederacy received highest encomiums, and the members of the Southern Memorial Association at this place felt that their "S. M. A." badge was a royal insignia after listening to such words of commendation. The earnest attention of old and young, quietly listening in the pouring rain, was a tribute alike to the speaker and the cause. After a solemn benediction by the chaplain, the large crowd dispersed, with ardor undampened, in spite of the rain.

The ladies of the Southern Memorial Association were the recipients of many congratulations on this day. They have recently had all the original sandstone markers in the cemetery replaced by white marble—a work of much time and labor in securing funds.

Our monument is one of the handsomest in the South. It was erected by the Southern Memorial Association in 1897, and was unveiled on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their organization. The association is incorporated; the cemetery is well kept and cared for; and last, but not least,

to this association belongs the honor of conceiving the idea and of organizing the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, composed of all the memorial associations of the South, which held its fourth annual convention at the New Orleans Reunion on May 19-22.

DEAD ANGLE, OR DEVIL'S ELBOW, GA.

H. K. Nelson, Homer, Ky.:

Comrade Kearny, of the Sixth Tennessee Regiment, seeks information concerning "Dead Angle." I was not a member of the Sixth, though of the same brigade, and was at "Dead Angle," or "Devil's Elbow," as it was sometimes called. My recollection is that "Dead Angle" is southwest of the Kennesaw Mountain. Our works made a short elbow, and I suppose that from this and the deadly conflict there it derived its name. We had built good breastworks, but I think we did not put up the *chevaux de frise* which Comrade Harmon speaks of till after the assault—perhaps that night. The enemy formed a line of battle under the brow of the hill, and a more gallant charge was never made. I think it was Jeff. C. Davis' command. It was late in June—perhaps the 27th. We reserved our fire till they were in a few yards of us, when we opened with a full line of infantry and an enfilade fire of artillery. They rushed right up to our works. Their colors were repeatedly shot down, but each time they were taken up. Finally the ensign stuck their colors on the works, but failed to get them away and our boys got them. At last, finding that they were "up against the real thing," as Cheatham's boys were there, they fell back under the brow of the hill and began to fortify. We could hear them at work, as they were only a few yards distant.

The next evening Gen. Cheatham sent out a flag of truce that they might bury their dead and take care of their wounded. We talked with the Yankees, moved some of their dead that lay against our works, swapped canteens with them, traded them tobacco for coffee, and one of our boys who had left his pocketknife on a large stone a few days before, where he had killed and dressed a sheep, was lucky enough to get it back from the Yankee who had found it. One of the Yankees during the armistice came up to our works. Reaching up and taking hold of a string in the *chevaux de frise*, he said: "I would not like to eat fodder out of that rack."

Having intrenched themselves under the hill, the work of advancing slowly began. They filled cracker boxes with dirt and kept them in front of them to protect their scalps, and worked day and night, digging and throwing the dirt behind them. When we evacuated the "Dead Angle," they were in about sixty feet of us. It was rumored the day before we evacuated that Gen. Cheatham had ordered hand grenades and troughs, that we might roll the missiles into their works; but we did not get them.

I do not remember the "turpentine balls" which Comrade Harmon speaks of, but recall the "false fight," as we called it. We had to keep videttes out at night a few feet in front of our works, with orders for them to discharge their guns and jump into the works if the Yankees should advance. So we had a man on vidette one night—a good soldier, too—who imagined he heard the Yankees coming and fired off his gun, and into the ditch he tumbled. The whole command rose, and the "false fight" began. For a few minutes the musketry roared and the artillery boomed, but soon we found that it was all a false alarm. But, unfortunately for the Yankees, they had their wagon trains driven into an old field across the hollow from us, and

about two or three hundred yards distant, for the purpose of issuing ammunition and "grub." The next morning, to our surprise, we could see men, horses, and mules killed, and wagons upset or turned over, and everything in evidence of the "false fight."

At dawn of the morning before we evacuated at night, a Yankee approached our works, holding in one hand a coffeepot and in the other a tin cup. He came right up and mounted the works, looked first to the right and then to the left, and instantly changed the coffeepot and tin cup each to the other hand. We supposed that it was a signal to his friends that we had not evacuated, as they were expecting us to do.

During our fighting there (for it was kept up every day) a Yankee shot his ramrod at our line. It struck a sapling, breaking it in two, and one piece about eight or ten inches long stuck through the leg of one of our boys and had to be pulled out.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

BY KATHRIN HADEN, NASHVILLE, TENN.

A phase of civilization, unique and incomparable, a feature alone of the southern section of the United States, has passed away—the old social fabric of the South! Not, however, without leaving its impress upon the posterity of that section which, down the long vista of future ages, will be seen and heard and known of men. It was this civilization, with its large heredity of revolutionary heroes, which gave the greater number of statesmen to frame and to dispense the laws of the United States, and which developed the youth of this land, from generation to generation, into that type of manhood which stood for all that was chivalrous and noble at the opening of hostilities between the States—the Confederate soldier!

Let us picture him as he stood for the first time in rank and file. He may have been the pale scholar, called from his books and from his pen to serve his country in her time of need; or perhaps the rude mountaineer, fired with zeal for his country's cause; or yet a boy in his early teens, whose serene brows and clear young eyes had known no weight of thought or care, eager to cast his lot with the soldiers. Filled with the enthusiasm of the hour, his manly form garbed in the gray which reduced him from his individuality to a part of a machine, yet a machine so potent, so disciplined, and so heroic under the tremendous odds against it, that the world stood aghast at its movements. He proudly took his place in the ranks, pledging his young manhood and all the energies of youth, health, and strength—nay, even life itself—to a cause which from his cradle he had regarded as right and just. He marched away from the quiet precincts of the home he meant to defend into the valley of fire and blood.

The pitiful stipend from his country's meager exchequer was no incentive to the enthusiastic volunteer of the Confederate army. The army of the North had many brave and patriotic men, but it also contained tens of thousands from the fresh foreign element too lately grafted into citizenship of the great republic to feel the depth of patriotism which fired the breasts of the native born. Mercenaries they were, who followed the Union's flag for the Union's gold.

To follow this typical soldier through the vicissitudes of campaign after campaign for four memorable years were too great an undertaking for this brief paper. It is enough to say that his experiences were calculated to develop all the nobler instincts of his nature or to risk a moral bankruptcy—the former, his reserve force; the latter, depriving him of all moral integrity to aid in retrieving his broken fortunes when

confronted with desolation and humiliating defeat. Whatever the awful effects of camp and army life in moral and physical relaxation may have been, he was ever the soldier, true, patriotic, and brave, and the Phoenix of progress and prosperity which has risen from the ashes of burned-out hope bears witness to the measure of inherent manhood left in the overpowered but unconquered Confederate soldier.

In order to preserve for posterity every record bearing upon the heroism of those who wore the gray, it behooves those who are interested to gather from every available source such information as may prove of use in preserving those records. It is upon this plea societies are founded in their interests and monuments are reared to perpetuate their memories.

After vindicating the soldier who has died for a righteous cause and after honoring the veteran who is passing, these witnesses must give valuable testimony to integral Southern ancestry when our own type of the purest American character, as found in the Confederate soldier, is lost in the tidal wave of immigration and amalgamation which dim future years must bring.

The value of these things, so precious to the South, can be determined only by the priceless treasures in kind which have come down to us from the days of the Revolution, and the sacredness in which they are held. It is especially of the old veterans of the Confederate army this paper treats.

It is a matter of ethical history that a people of agricultural countries are of kindlier instincts and gentler manners than those accustomed for generations to the clang of machinery and the whirl of the spindle. As Cincinnatus of old, who left his plow to rescue and relieve the Roman consuls, was no less a soldier and patriot than the youth bred under the shadow of the Roman eagles, so the gentle race of Southerners were no less tremendously in earnest in valor and patriotism when they left their agricultural pursuits to form an army, unprecedented in courage and fortitude, in defense of their beloved South. In addition to his intrepid character, when he swore allegiance to the Southern cause, our beloved veteran had youth. O ye who stand to-day upon the threshold of old age must know in its deepest sense the magic in that word!

Those who slept in nameless graves at the end of that struggle were preserved in immortal youth, but the soldier who emerged from the transforming influences of that fierce conflict was aged in experience and bereft of the freshness of his early manhood, many, blighted and battle-scarred, to walk no more in the joyous paths of youth. Truly do the mills of the war god grind exceeding small!

He is an old man now. The fires of life burn low upon the altars of his heart. While many of his comrades, by reason of fewer years or more favorable environment, are still in the full vigor and strength of manhood, the aged and infirm are in the majority and bear him company.

Our veteran of the gray loves to dwell upon the past, and to recount to sympathetic ears the story of camp and march and battlefield is to him the last and best beloved indulgence of his quiet life. A new fire lights up his gentle face, a gleam long since lost comes back to his eye, as when in reminiscent mood he relates the varied and thrilling experiences of four years, never to be forgotten as a Confederate soldier. Then let us cherish and comfort him, ever tender and gentlest to him who has survived all earthly ties, and the wreck of home, disabled by disease and by wounds that will not heal—and there are many such wounds. It is not long that he shall abide with us, and with his passing the world shall not look upon his like again.

HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY WILL HENRY THOMPSON.

This is the fortieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, July 1 to 3, 1863. The forces engaged during this three-days' battle were on the Federal side about 93,500 men, while the most reliable estimates place the Confederate troops on the field at about 70,000. The official report of the United States War Department gives the losses as follows: Confederate—Killed 2,592, wounded 12,709 prisoners 5,150; total 20,451. Federals—Killed 3,155, wounded 14,529, prisoners 5,365; total, 23,049. The battle of Gettysburg began at 9 A.M. on Wednesday, July 1, and ended on the evening of July 3, 1863. Gen. Lee started on his retreat southward early on the morning of July 4.

Will Henry Thompson, Southern poet, was born in Calhoun County, Ga. After serving in the Confederate army throughout the Civil War, he removed to Indiana with his elder brother, the late Maurice Thompson, known as an author and naturalist, who, besides verses and books on natural history, published "The Story of Louisiana," etc. Both practiced law at Crawfordsville, Ind., whence Will Henry Thompson emigrated to Washington Territory, taking up his residence at Seattle.

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield;
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And thro' the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs,
The voice that rang thro' Shiloh's woods,
And Chickamauga's solitudes—
The fierce South cheering on her sons.

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A khamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled;
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee;
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day—
The reddest day in history!"

Brave Tennessee! Reckless the way.
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South

Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennessean set
His breast against the bayonet!

In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost

Receding through the battle cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to ruin's red embrace.

They only heard fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sunburst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand;

They smote and fell who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium;

They smote and stood who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope,
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill!

God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement,
Where floats the flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.

A mighty Mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

COURAGE.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumults and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed
That God's love doth bestow—

Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall,
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

Dark skies must clear; and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound his voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding; let me be.
I must be glad and grateful to the end.

I grudge you not your cold and darkness; me
The powers of light befriend.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

The Richmond (Va.) *News* reports that the Jefferson Davis Memorial design is to be the joint creation of E. V. Valentine and W. C. Noland, the former to do the sculpture work and the latter the architectural part. It says the cost of the memorial is not to exceed \$60,000, and the matter is left entirely to the artists as to the form, though it is understood that it is to be a colonnade, with a figure of Mr. Davis inside, either standing or seated, and probably with two or more allegorical figures for ornamentation.

The final selection of the site will be made by the Executive Committee, Advisory Board, and the artists. There is a strong sentiment in favor of Twelfth and Broad Streets, the location first selected for the arch, as it is in an historic portion of the city, and from that point the river, Church Hill, and the West End can easily be seen. Many of the people and school children constantly pass there, and it is considered especially desirable.

The Confederate Museum, the house formerly occupied by Mr. Davis—Gen. Robert E. Lee's old home—now used by the Virginia Historical Society; the Capitol Square, with its monuments and historical associations; St. Paul's and Monumental Churches, three large hospitals, and the city hall—all are within a stone's throw of this location.

Should the memorial be placed at Twelfth and Broad, the car tracks could be laid to go in a circle around the colonnade, or whatever form of memorial is selected.

At a meeting of the Association Mr. Noland submitted the sketch of a proposed memorial which was made sometime ago, and the general idea was acceptable to the ladies, it being a colonnade with figures inside. The two artists will make a sketch of the proposed memorial and send to each director a copy. If the ladies have any suggestions to make, they will express their opinion, and a complete design will be submitted at the meeting of the Monument Association which is to be held Tuesday, November 10, in Charleston, S. C. All that is left for the ladies to do at this meeting is to accept or decline the design. If they accept, it will be submitted to the convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, which will meet the next day in Charleston. If the design meets with the approval of that body, work on the memorial will be commenced at once.

There is now about \$62,000 in the treasury, not counting the \$3,000 invested, for the building of a memorial, says the *News*, but the Association will not go over \$60,000. The surplus is to be held in reserve for incidental expenses which will necessarily arise.

The central committee gives notice that no more public appeals will be made for the monument, though any one desiring to make private subscriptions can do so.

Mrs. Davis has not been notified of the change in the plans, and probably will not be until some design is accepted. Mrs. William J. Behan, a member of the Association and President of the Confederate Memorial Association, as was Mrs. Davis, was opposed to the arch, and also to the location at Twelfth and Broad Streets.

Many of the ladies were in favor of competitive designs; but when the vote was taken it stood five to five for one artist or for competitive designs, so Mrs. S. Thomas McCullough, the chairman, cast the decisive vote. When the question of location was considered, and several sites were objected to, Mrs. Augustyne T. Smythe, of Charleston, rose and offered the battery of Charleston for the site, saying that the South Carolina city would be willing to tear down several houses to have the honor of the memorial.

The selection of Mr. Valentine and Mr. Noland, both of Richmond, to submit the design for the memorial was received in Richmond with delight. Mr. Valentine's fame as a sculptor is recognized all over the country. The recumbent statue of Gen. Lee in Lexington and the statue of Thomas Jefferson in the Jefferson Hotel are of his work. He was recently given the commission by the State to prepare a statue of Gen. Lee for the Statuary Hall in Washington.

Mr. Noland finished his studies abroad, as did Mr. Valentine. Several years ago his design of a memorial to Jefferson Davis was one of the three accepted by the Veterans, but it called for an expenditure of \$150,000.

Outsiders accept what is done in Richmond, but it is singular that Monroe Park, which was donated as a consideration for locating it in Richmond, is ignored by the committee, which included city officials, and which had agreed that the name of the park should be changed from Monroe to Davis; and then, as is well known, the corner stone was placed there in the presence of more Confederate veterans than will ever assemble in Richmond again. It is extraordinary that all these things seem now to be overlooked, while the fact remains that the park selected is for ages to come quite central to the city and the great railroad to Washington, connecting with all lines from the South, passes in fine view of the spot where now is the corner stone with its sacred collection, placed there in the presence of a multitude who have crossed over the great river and have answered here at the last roll call.

"KATYDIDS" WHO WERE NOT CAPTURED.

BY SAMUEL WILL JOHN, CADET CAPTAIN COMPANY B, ALABAMA CORPS CADETS, 1864-65.

Knowing your earnest desire that only the "truth of history" shall appear in your pages, I was surprised and mortified to read on page 281, June number, the article, "The Capture of the Katydids"—surprised that you did not detect the utter improbability of the tale as there told, but were imposed upon; mortified that any one claiming to be a veteran or a lover of the cause for which they fought should have been so unmindful of the truth as to write such a string of transparent falsehoods.

The first false statement is in the title, for the "Katydids" were *not* captured. It is true that State Captain Murfee and Cadets King and Kendrick were severely wounded in the skirmish with a part of a Kentucky regiment of Croxton's Brigade, had in the streets of Tuscaloosa about 1:30 A.M. April 4, 1865, and had to be left in the hands of kind friends in the city; but the enemy did not take them, nor interfere with them in any way; *nor did they capture one cadet.*

Jackson's Division of Forrest's Corps did pass through Tuscaloosa the afternoon of March 26, 1865, and bivouac near the city that night. The citizens and the corps of cadets gave Gen. Forrest a "reception" on his arrival in Tuscaloosa; but this did not interfere with the very rapid march of the division, which left very early next morning, marching eastward from Tuscaloosa.

Jackson's Division had been in camp for several weeks in Mississippi and West Alabama, and when they passed through Tuscaloosa were well mounted and clothed, and I saw no evidence of their being "foot-sore" or "ill fed."

None of the cadets went across the bridge while Jackson's men were there, for every officer and cadet of the corps was in his place when the corps gave Gen. Forrest a military reception, and they then returned to the university for supper and studies.

The name "Katydid" was *not first* applied to a cadet by

Jackson's men. They had been called "Katyids" and "Kildees" for years before that time; nor did I ever know a cadet to be offended by being called by either name, as neither had any offensive signification whatever.

I was a cadet from September, 1862, to April, 1865, and know that there never was an instance of *insubordination* in the corps in that time. On the other hand, the drill and discipline were well-nigh perfect.

No Confederate scout gave any alarm "next day after the visit to the camp across the river."

The cadets *did not hold a consultation*. Louis Moore was not a captain, nor do I remember a cadet of that name. As the corps was then organized, there were four State captains—Poyner, Smith, Murfee, and Massey. They were officers of the university, engaged in giving instruction in military tactics and academic studies, and were paid salaries, as were all other officers, professors, etc., of the university. The three cadet captains were Ross, Brady, and John, who were all cadets, receiving instruction under the faculty, and were in every sense of the term students.

There were *no cannon* at the university at the time, for the three field pieces belonging to the university had been turned over to a Confederate artillery officer, who was then in Tuscaloosa on furlough or detail, and who at the urgent request of the Confederate "commandant of the post" took charge of these guns and all the harness and equipment belonging thereto and placed them in a livery stable in Tuscaloosa, where the enemy found and took them on their first dash into the city, and when the cadets, more than a mile away, knew nothing of their movements.

No "gray-haired professor hurried after them;" nor did he or any one else command them to desist or threaten them.

They did *not* have a cannon with them, nor did any cadet fire a cannon at the bridge or at the Yankees.

The colloquy detailed by this imaginative writer as occurring between the Yanks and cadets *never took place—not one word of it*.

Nor did any Federal officer *catch* up a cadet and gallop off with him toward town. Neither were there women and children present; nor did any Federal officer ask for the mother of a cadet who was *held under his arm on horseback*.

No punishment was visited upon "the young prisoners of war," for there were no prisoners taken by Croxton's men from the ranks of the corps of cadets as previously stated.

Neither did "the old professor" declare the boys never would have done such a foolhardy thing had it not been for the sting of the "Katyid" sobriquet.

The cadets were all in their accustomed places, attending recitations, on Monday, the 3d of April, and the battalion held "dress parade" as usual that afternoon.

About 12:25 on the morning of April 4, Dr. Garland, the President, whose residence was across the Huntsville road, in front of the campus, was heard running over the gravel walk toward the guardroom, shouting: "Tell them to beat long roll. The Yankees are in town!"

As the drum corps slept in the guardroom, it was but a moment when that last "long roll" for that corps was rolling out on the night air, and there was hurried forming of the three companies; and these went on to the "color line" at a "double-quick," when the commandant, Col. James T. Murfee, took command and moved the battalion at a "double-quick" off the campus in the direction of the city, and then ordered Capt. John H. Murfee to take a platoon of Company C and deploy it in front and move as fast as possible through town and on toward the bridge.

As soon as the skirmish line had gained a little distance to the front, the battalion followed at a "double-quick" till it had arrived opposite the girls' college, when we saw the flashes and heard the shots of the battle then going on between the two skirmish lines about the brow of the hill, across the street leading from the business part of the city to the bridge.

The battalion was then moved as fast as it could run into a position in the rear of our skirmish line, where it was formed in line of battle.

On the skirmish line, it being so dark that a man could not be seen more than ten steps away, Capt. Murfee gave the command to his platoon to lie down, and then cautioned them to fire at the "flashes" of the enemy's guns, and, notwithstanding the enemy were veterans, armed with Spencer magazine carbines, while the cadets had never been under fire before and were armed with muzzle-loading Springfield rifles, the enemy soon fell back across the bridge with a greater loss than they had inflicted on the cadets.

Soon after the enemy retired, they permitted a Confederate officer who had been married that night and whom they took prisoner from the side of his "bride of an hour" to return to her home in our lines, and from him our officers learned that Croxton's Brigade, about fifteen hundred men, were formed on the opposite side of the river, with the field pieces they had taken from the stable "in battery," so as to rake the bridge and every foot of the approach to it.

Dr. Garland and Col. Murfee deemed it unwise to attempt to take the bridge or to hold the town with only two hundred and fifty rifles (no artillery), and ordered the corps of cadets to return to the university.

I had command of a platoon of Company B deployed as skirmishers on the left of the battalion and about a block away, and, as the university was to the east, or right, of our position, this platoon naturally became the rear guard. I marched it through the main street about two o'clock on the morning of the 4th of April, without seeing or hearing anything of the enemy, and on arriving at the university found that the corps had broken ranks and been ordered into their rooms to pack their knapsacks and get blankets and were coming out and forming as I reached the campus. Immediately after my arrival the battalion was formed and marched away eastward on the Huntsville road, till we came to the bridge over Hurricane Creek, where we halted till near sundown, when we resumed the march for Marion. Every officer and cadet of the corps, except the three wounded, was in his place and kept in ranks till we reached Marion.

While lying near Hurricane bridge, the servants who waited in the mess hall came to us with the food that had been cooked the night before, in trays, and this was our only meal that day.

While lying near that bridge that day we saw the smoke from the burning university buildings and heard the explosions from the destruction of our reserve ammunition, which we were unable to carry with us.

I have made this account of that skirmish, a mere skeleton or outline, to show how very different the truth is from that account of "The Capture of the Katyids," which never took place.

The sketch called "The Capture of the Katyids," as appearing in the June number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, was published first, some years ago, in a child's magazine. It was written from items furnished in a conversation with Confederate Veterans, discussing from memory occurrences of the Civil War. These items were believed to be entirely

correct and were incorporated in the sketch as presenting a spirited incident of the times. The writer is not a veteran, but one who is quite as incapable of reflecting in any way upon those who fought for the cause that failed as had she borne arms. She is dowered with the blood of the truest patriots of the South, those of this and earlier generations. She could not consciously set forth or relate events except as supposed to have occurred.

The final returns of history as a faithful presentment of any age cannot be secured until all reports are in and all sifted; it is inevitable that until this is accomplished mistakes will be made. There is some compensation in the thought that each mistake corrected brings nearer the ultimate perfection of all records.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT MT. JACKSON, VA.

The Mt. Jackson Chapter, No. 132, has erected a handsome monument "to all Confederates" at Mt. Jackson, Va. It was dedicated on June 4, 1903.

In August, 1897, Mrs. James H. Williams, President of Shenandoah Chapter, Woodstock, Va., planned the organization of our Chapter. In the following September we organized, with fourteen members, which is now doubled. The same officers have been continued, except that of Secretary, which has undergone several changes. Every member has worked toward the erection of this monument, and at last our hopes have been realized and a handsome monument stands in our cemetery, surmounted by the statue of a Confederate soldier. He looks down pathetically, with head uncovered in respect to his fallen comrades.

On June 4, a lovely day, an address of welcome was read by the mayor. A long procession left the Public Square and, following the drum corps, marched solemnly to the cemetery. After a dirge by the band and a prayer by Rev. H. Ditzler, the monument was surrounded by a bevy of

girls, daughters of the members of the Chapter, and was unveiled by Miss Sophia Rinker, who repeated these words: "To the heroes that lie buried here and to all Confederates I unveil to-day a tribute to your brave and noble deeds." Then the master of ceremonies, Robert J. Walker, Esq. (son of Col. Samuel Walker, of the Tenth Virginia Regiment, who was killed in battle), made a beautiful address, after which he introduced Rev. G. W. Finley, D.D., of Augusta County, Va., and that noble Confederate soldier gave us a stirring oration of pathos and humor, history and poetry, artistically blended. God bless the Confederate soldier who dares to say: "We knew we were right!" Capt. James Bumgardner, of Staunton, was then introduced, and again we were entertained by one who knew and felt that he spoke of an honored cause. Capt. Bumgardner was accompanied by his charming daughter. Col. E. E. Stickley, of Woodstock, made a short address in tribute to the work of the ladies. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. E. L. Folk, after which the Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and the bands marched to the hall where lunch was served.

The ladies of the Mount Jackson Chapter served lunch at their homes to Chapters and to invited guests. Two members of the Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter, of Alexandria, were present and were given a hearty welcome. Among our other guests were Mrs. Lelia Russell Peachy and her granddaughter, little Miss Emily Beatty, of Washington, D. C., the daughter and great-granddaughter of Dr. A. Russell Meem, the surgeon in charge of large hospitals established here at Mt. Jackson much of the war. He died at his post of duty, in Harrisonburg, Va., some months before the surrender. Mrs. Peachy and the Misses Pennybacker, with several other ladies here, were the first to care for this cemetery, with the help of several ex-Confederate soldiers, Capt. J. T. Adams being among the number. Those were hard times; still, a fence was put around the cemetery and these heroes were remembered for a number of years by floral tributes. Some of these ladies moved to distant States and some were taken to heaven. Many years went by and the cemetery was almost forgotten; a feeble effort was made now and then, but not until the Mt. Jackson Chapter was organized did the work show for itself. Through many hardships this Chapter has come off victorious. It stands well with the United Daughters. Its aim hereafter is to continue its work and to let nothing be undone that will aid the cause.

Many thanks we owe and extend to our Advisory Board for their extreme kindness all through our trials and difficulties; also to all that contributed to our monument fund, those from a distance as well as those from our own community. The Sons of Veterans and citizens we thank most heartily for their efficient aid in forming themselves into committees and arranging for the unveiling ceremonies. No debt rests upon our monument, and each member of Mt. Jackson Chapter has an equal share in all its glory.

The officers of this model Chapter are: Mrs. Monroe Funkhouser, President; Mrs. Lelia R. Peachy and Mrs. James Coffman, Vice Presidents; Miss Cary Funkhouser, Secretary; Mrs. R. R. Rinker, Treasurer; Mrs. L. H. Rinker, Historian.

The other members are: Mesdames R. L. Apperson, H. S. Wunder, S. P. Lonas, J. S. C. Murphy, May Wine, S. E. Colton, M. E. Newman, Maria Calvert, W. H. Burkett, J. H. Hepner, J. H. Tisinger, C. L. Bowman; Misses Bessie C. Funkhouser, Mattie Rinker, A. M. Samuels, Margarette Funkhouser, M. M. Pennybacker, Elizabeth Brooke, Margaret Rinker, Beulah Newman, W. H. Snapp, Minnie Snapp.



MT. JACKSON MONUMENT.

CONFEDERATE ROSTERS FOR MISSISSIPPI.

The movement for a complete list, or roster, of the volunteers of each county in the Confederate service has been most excellently carried out in Wilkinson County. The difficulties of such a task at this remote date may well be imagined as great. But it was undertaken by Mr. W. C. Miller, Mayor of Woodville, and his completed work may well form a model for other counties. In a brief preface to a pamphlet print of the various county companies he says: "My information in compiling the list of men enlisted in the Confederate service from Wilkinson County is derived from records, reports, certified publications in old newspapers, and from members of the different companies."

The success with which this compilation has been made in Wilkinson should encourage every county in the State to undertake the labor, and without delay. The figures of this list will cause amazement to the readers of the future, of the extent of the drain of war between the States upon the manhood of the South. And even with the names before them, it can scarcely be believed by those of a generation later than 1860 that the war vortex was so insatiate and exhausting as it was. Reading these figures, it must be remembered that Wilkinson County was but a sample of the whole. They indicate that estimates in bulk have under instead of over stated the truth of the percentage of soldiers to white population. The county had a total population in 1860 of 15,933, with 2,779 whites—men, women, and children. Three companies of infantry were organized and sent to the front in Virginia the first year of the war. After Shiloh another was raised for the western army. Their full aggregate strength, officers and privates, was 591. In addition there are the names of sixty who served in companies raised in adjoining counties and parishes. This forms a total of 651, or nearly a fourth of the entire white population.

But this does not tell the whole story. As the war progressed and the call came for more men, three cavalry companies, with 186 members, were raised. These were composed of older men and boys—what Gen. Grant, with such deadly aptitude called "robbing the cradle and the grave." Here we have a round total of 837, nearly a third of the total white population, under arms. At this ratio Mississippi would have had in the Confederate service about 100,000, instead of 85,000, as commonly computed. To arrive at an approximately exact estimate of the whole State, every county should set about getting up a list of names as thoroughly as Wilkinson.—*Vicksburg (Miss.) Herald*.

GEN. G. W. SEARS—A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

BY R. N. REA, BRUNETTE, LA.

While there have been recorded in public print countless deeds of heroism and fortitude of the Confederate soldier, in my humble opinion none has surpassed that of Gen. Claudius W. Sears at the battle of Nashville, during Gen. Hood's Tennessee campaign. As I have never seen any reference to it in print, it gives me pleasure to save it from oblivion, and hence I write the VETERAN of that gallant old Confederate soldier and his faithful horse Billy. I was present when it occurred.

The Federal forces had succeeded in turning the right and left wings of the Confederate army. Sears's Brigade occupied a central position, and when his command yielded to the inevitable it passed under fire from front, right, and left. After extricating his command from this position, Gen. Sears rode to a small eminence, in order to get a better view of the enemy. He removed his field glass from its case, and began

his inspection. While seated upon his horse and with the glass to his eyes, the enemy fired a shell at him. It carried away one of his legs below the knee, and it also killed his horse. The General was a man about sixty years of age, the ground was frozen hard and was covered with deep snow, and it seemed the coldest as well as the saddest day I had ever experienced. No surgeon was near to administer to his pressing need; everything was in confusion, and in the midst of all the sad surroundings and heartrending scenes of a fierce battle the grand old hero stood upon one foot, and, with tears running down his cheeks, like a child, exclaimed: "Poor Billy! Poor Billy!" He did not seem to notice his own sad condition, but his whole attention and sympathy were directed toward the faithful steed which he had ridden during the entire war.

An ambulance was secured to carry him off the field, and, after making him as comfortable as possible, we bade him adieu, never expecting to see him again. Many of us never did. They say "fortune favors the brave." In this case it certainly did, for he recovered and was for many years professor of mathematics at the University of Mississippi. His son has presented his portrait to the Historical Committee of Mississippi, to be placed in the Hall of Fame at Jackson. There are few who are more worthy of this distinguished honor, and Mississippi in honoring him honors herself.

A WAR-TIME STORY.—"When I got into the town of Spartanburg, S. C., in the closing days of the Confederacy, I realized that our cause had failed, and my idea was to get out of the country, cross the Rio Grande, and join the Liberal faction in Mexico," said Col. Philip B. Thompson, of Kentucky, in a chat with friends at the New Willard, says the *Washington Post*.

"I was feeling very hungry when I struck the town in the early morning hours, and made up my mind that I'd ask the lady of the first house I struck that had any appearance of prosperity to give me a bite of breakfast. I picked upon an aristocratic brick mansion, and, putting on a bold front, marched up to the front door. In answer to my knock a well-dressed negro butler came and civilly asked my business. I told him I wanted a word with his mistress, and pretty soon a very handsome lady, elegantly attired, came and listened patiently while I told her that only the pangs of hunger drove me to ask a breakfast.

"'I will willingly ask you in to eat,' said she, 'if you can put up with our poor fare. We have scarcely anything ourselves, and I am ashamed to invite you to the table; but if you are so hungry, perhaps you can put up with what we have.' I was ushered into a spacious dining room. The table was spread with snowy linen cloth; there was plenty of silverware, the real thing, and more cut glass than I had ever seen.

"But what do you suppose the meal consisted of? A single item—a plate of corn bread. Not a blessed thing besides this bread—no meat, no coffee, no milk, not the suspicion of another dish. I ate a good-sized chunk of the bread, and, on leaving, heaped blessings on the head of my benefactress; but I've never ceased to wonder at the paucity of that breakfast menu as so oddly contrasted with the fine home and its luxurious furnishings."

HE CAME FROM ALL THE STATES.—At a dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, says the *New York Tribune*, Joseph L. Barbour, formerly Speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives, told this story to illustrate the

"cosmopolitan spirit in which the Irishman becomes American:"

"There was an Irishman connected with the sutler's department in the Civil War, who fell asleep on the battle field after Bull Run. A party of Confederate scouts saw him, and, as he had no uniform, their leader prodded him awake and asked: 'Who are you? Where do you belong? What's your name?'

"'Begobs,' says Pat, rubbing his eyes, 'them's too many questions, and be yure leave I'll be afther askin' yez the same.'

"'We're McClellan's men, just from Washington.'

"'I knew yez ware, gentlemen, and I'm thot same.'

"'Oho, that's where we've caught you! Put him under arrest, men! We belong to Beauregard's army.'

"'Thin ye lied to me, an', suspectin' that same, I told yez the same thing yez told me,' retorted the Irishman, promptly. 'Now give me the truth, an' I'll do the same by yez. What State do ye come from?'

"'From South Carolina.'

"'So do I, an' from all the other States, begobs; an' that's where I'm thinkin' I've got the best of yez. Yez don't think I'd be sich a fule as to come all the way from Ireland to belong to wan State, do yez?'"

DIDN'T KNOW HIMSELF.—Congressman Jenkins, of Wisconsin, who recently introduced a measure looking toward the governmental seizure of the coal mines, was talking about the vanity that inflates some men when they achieve success in life.

"In my boyhood," he said, "I remember how a man from my town was elected to a minor political office, and got so puffed up about it that he would hardly speak to any one on the street.

"One day a blacksmith who had electioneered for this man entered his office and extended his hand; but the other failed to see his hand, and said: 'I don't remember you, sir.'

"The blacksmith looked around. Half a dozen men were present, and to these he remarked: 'Gentlemen, this here reminds me of the mayor that they elected once in my wife's town. They elected him more for a joke than anything else—an old ragpicker to the mayoralty. They made him buy a frock coat and a white tie and plug hat, and they persuaded him to ride around in a fall-top buggy. It was a change, I tell you.

"'Well, his wife met him at the house door on his first day in office, and he passed her by without looking at her. He was grand, you see, in his plug hat and white tie; but she had on only her working clothes, and her sleeves were rolled up. 'Why, James,' she says, nearly crying—'why, don't you know me, James?' 'How can I know you, Mary?' says he—'how can I know you when I don't know myself now?'

"'There are other men besides that rag-picker mayor,' the blacksmith added, 'who don't know themselves;' and he grinned at his embarrassed audience and walked out."

HE WENT RIGHT ON.—The author of "Personal Recollections and Experiences in the Confederate Army" gives an instance of soldierly wit ever ready to wipe out a defeat.

The march to Sharpsburg was one of the severest ever made by infantry troops, about thirty miles in fourteen hours. The river at Shepardston is over half a mile wide and full of shoals.

A gallant little Irishman, belonging to the Eighteenth Mississippi, never flinched for a moment, and was one of the sixteen who crossed the river. He was a short man and brave as a lion. In crossing, he held his gun, cartridge box, and shoes on his head, to prevent them from getting wet. When within twenty yards of the shore, he called back: "Boys, I'm over dry shod!"

At that moment he slipped into a deep hole and went under, head and ears, gun and all. Then, as he rose, he continued, quietly, as if merely finishing his remark: "After I get on some dry clothes."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

INEVITABLE "EYEWITNESS."—The late John T. Crisp was a participant in the battle of Westport. He liked to describe engagements from his point of view, and he never failed to interest his auditors. Sometime ago, while seated at a "round table" in a down-town café, he gave free vent to his wonderful imagination in the presence of Richard Gentry and others who were at the scene of the battle at the time it raged the fiercest.

The "Colonel" told of the way his company had charged the enemy, of how the Federalists were put to flight, and of how he himself had been in the forefront of the bloody battle.

Gentry, who was a member of Crisp's company, finally interrupted a beautiful piece of word-painting about the horrors of war by saying: "Now, Colonel, you know you ran like — on that day. I was running with you, and you kept ahead of me until we were out of range of the Union guns. Yes, sir, you ran, sir; by gad, sir, you retreated, sir, and I retreated with you."

Crisp calmly looked at Gentry for a moment, and then exclaimed: "I never told a good war story that some eyewitness did not jump up and spoil it."

FEELING BETTER.—One Sunday Dr. Ducachet arose feeling wretched. He called an old colored servant to him, and said: "Sam, go around and tell the sexton to post a notice on the church door, saying that I am too ill to preach today."

"Now, massa," said Sam, "don't you gib up dat way; you can get 'long all right."

The argument resulted in the minister's starting off. The services over, he returned looking brighter.

"How you feel, massa?" said Sam, as he opened the door.

"Better—much better, Sam. I am glad I took your advice."

"I knowed it! I knowed it!" said Sam, grinning. "I knowed you'd feel better when you git dat sermon out o' your system."—*Christian Work*.

ATTENTION, WALTHALL'S BRIGADE!

At an enthusiastic meeting of some of the survivors of this heroic command held at Mississippi Headquarters during the reunion in New Orleans, it was decided to make as complete a roster as possible of the surviving members of that brigade. This can be done only by each member sending in as many names of survivors as are in his knowledge. This work is in the hands of Rev. E. A. Smith, chaplain of the brigade, who was a member of Company A, Twenty-Ninth Mississippi Regiment. He resides at Brewton, Ala. Send Comrade Smith the names, carefully designating company, regiment, and present post office address, also giving officers of company and regiment.



MISS IRENE RUSSELL, ATHENS, ALA.

One of the most amiable and attractive graduates of Ward Seminary this year is the young woman whose picture is given above. She graduated in music, both instrumental and vocal, under Miss Coldwell and Mr. Starr, taking a three years' course. She was assistant as Superintendent of Practice in the school, and also President of its Y. W. C. A. A more perfectly rounded character never carried a diploma from that noble institution for the education of women. Miss Russell has ambition to teach, and the procurement of her services would be fortunate for any community or school.

REUNION IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

Gen. R. B. Coleman, Commander Indian Territory Division U. C. V., in General Order No. 101, sets forth that the city of Durant, in the Choctaw Nation, has selected the 6th, 7th, and 8th days of August next as the days for holding the second Territorial Convention or Reunion of all the Camps and organizations of Confederate veterans of the Indian Territory. This order states:

"All brigade Commanders are earnestly requested to urge the formation of new Camps in their brigades and to urge all existing camps to the importance of the meeting, and to send a full delegation as representatives to said convention.

"All Commanders of Camps are earnestly requested to raise the standard of their Camps to their full membership.

"All Confederate veterans, soldiers, and sailors in the Indian Territory are urgently requested to form into Camps and send delegates to the convention, and those not belonging to Camps are urgently requested to attend the Reunion and become members of some Camps.

"There will be, as in the past, one lady sponsor and chief maid of honor appointed to represent the Indian Territory Division, who will be entertained by the city of Durant. The pleasant duty and honor of this appointment will fall to the lot of Brig. Gen. William E. Gentry, commanding the Creek and Seminole brigade. The Commanding General being in perfect accord with the past precedent of each brigade and Camp selecting and being



NEW BUILDINGS OF CUMBERLAND UNIVERSITY.

CUMBERLAND UNIVERSITY ALUMNI.

The Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., desires to place on file a short sketch of the life of every alumnus of the institution, either dead or living. Especially are they anxious to know the war record of her many sons who fought in the Confederate Army. The rank of general was reached by W. B. Bate, Robt. E. Houston, John C. Carter, and Robt. Hatton. We are informed that there is also a Gen. Cox, of North Carolina. Whether other men reached the rank of general we are uncertain. If any old veteran knows of other former students of Cumberland University who reached that rank, the university will be delighted to have such information. We desire to know not only the number of generals, but are anxious to know the number and rank of all other officers, together with rank and file, sent out from the university. When this information has all been placed on file, it is the purpose of the university to publish a catalogue containing all its alumni, with the leading facts of each life.

Any information of any Cumberland University son, or suggestion as to source of such information, will be most thankfully received. Send all such information to Rev. P. Marion Simms, Registrar, Lebanon, Tenn.

Geo. F. Miller, of Ingersoll, O. T., inquires for Samuel Miller Jackson, the youngest son of the late Dr. Alexander Jackson. He says his father helped to rear Dr. Alec Jackson in old Virginia.

represented by each a lady sponsor and as many maids of honor as may seem proper, would urge each brigade Commander to appoint, to represent his brigade, a lady sponsor and as many maids of honor as desirable, and would urge each Camp to be represented by a camp sponsor and as many maids of honor as desirable.

"Business of great importance will come up for consideration by the Convention, covering the three great principles of the organization—viz., Historical, Benevolent, and Social.

"The Commanding General bespeaks for this the greatest gathering ever yet convened in the Indian Territory."



And then we know some blessed day,
When earthly visions pass away,
Awaiting God's behest,
No more o'erwhelmed by wave or wind,
United with our dead we'll find
The mount on which to rest.

Quite a number of notices of deceased comrades and Daughters—mothers of the Confederacy—are necessarily held over for subsequent issues.

MEMBERS OF CAMP WINNIE DAVIS, WAXAHACHIE.

Waxahachie, Tex., records the death of three members of Camp Winnie Davis, No. 108, U. C. V., who were members of Parsons's Texas Brigade.

William A. Calfee was born at Greensburg, Ky., in 1838, and in 1859 he became a resident of Waxahachie, where, in 1861, he enlisted in Company H, Twelfth Texas Cavalry. As regimental bugler he served throughout the entire war on the staff of Col. W. H. Parsons.

Dr. R. P. Sweatt was born in Wilson County, Tenn., in April, 1830, and moved to Waxahachie in 1852, enlisting in Company C, Nineteenth Texas, in April, 1862. He was soon promoted to the rank of assistant surgeon of Parsons's Brigade. He died on November 21, 1902, and was buried by Waxahachie Lodge, No. 90, F. and A. M., of which he was Master in 1865.

Abraham Allen Kemble was born in Warren County, Ky., in 1826; and while he was yet in his prime he moved to Waxahachie, where, in April, 1862, he joined Company C, Nineteenth Texas Cavalry. He was soon promoted to the Quartermaster's Department, with the rank of captain, and served in that capacity until the surrender in 1865. He was an able lawyer, possessing a judicial mind of unusual ability, and he was noted for the clearness and incisiveness with which he presented his case.

WILLIAM CROSHORN—NATHAN HURST.

On May 13 and 14 two worthy citizens passed away at Lone Mountain, Tenn.—William Croshorn, aged seventy, and Rev. Nathan Hurst, aged seventy-five years. Both men enjoyed the respect of the district in which they lived, and both were veterans of the War Between the States. They were valiant soldiers, and were ever faithful to the memory of the cause for which they fought so bravely.

W. F. BOWERS.

On March 17, 1903, at Ityville, Ark., death called Comrade W. F. Bowers. The war record of this noble man was one which should be treasured with pride by those who mourn his loss; for, as a member of Company G, Eighteenth Arkansas Volunteers, he did gallant service in many engagements, being on duty during the war in Mississippi, Louisiana, Missouri, and Texas. In spite of the suffering which he endured up to the time of his death, he was proud of the wounds which he received during the struggle that placed him among the South's brave heroes.

LOUIS TURNER BASKETT.

After a lingering illness, L. T. Baskett passed away at Memphis, Tenn., on December 27, 1902. He had been commander of Camp Hugh A. Reynolds, No. 218, U. C. V., Greenwood, Miss.; and his record indicates that he was as brave a man as ever defended the right or resented a wrong. He was identified with many movements for the betterment of society, and his friends could always find him in the front ranks fighting for principle. In every sphere in life—as citizen, soldier, and office holder—he performed his duty with a devotion and fidelity known only to his kind. During the war he was a member of Company I, Twenty-first Mississippi Regiment, under command of Capt. B. G. Humphreys. He was in seventeen battles; was wounded five times, and only retired from service when his wounds incapacitated him for duty.

AMBROSE HOWSE.

Comrade A. Howse, a native of Rutherford County, Tenn., died at his adopted home, Leger, O. T., on March 14, 1903, in his sixty-seventh year. In 1861 Comrade Howse enlisted in the Forty-Seventh Tennessee Regiment. He served in the battles of Shiloh and Corinth, and for gallant service was promoted to the rank of captain, and commanded Company G, Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry, sharing the hardships with Forrest's men to the close of the war. In 1865 he returned to his devastated home in Gibson County, Tenn., where he remained until 1871, when he removed to Johnson County, Tex. In 1891 he moved to Greer County, O. T., where his family still reside.

Comrade Howse was elected captain of Altus Camp, No. 1417, U. C. V., at its first meeting, and was reelected annually up to the time of his death. Quoting the language of G. H. Kennedy, adjutant of Altus Camp: "Greer County has lost a good citizen, the Methodist Church a zealous worker, and the U. C. V. a faithful comrade."

MAJ. JESSE TAYLOR.

Maj. Jesse Taylor died at the Soldiers' Home, near Nashville, on Monday, June 1.

He was born at Lexington, Tenn., seventy-one years ago, and was by birth a soldier; his ancestors before him having



MAJ. JESSE TAYLOR.

participated in the wars of his country, and his father, Jesse Taylor, being with Gen. Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, in 1815.

Maj. Taylor was sent to the naval academy, at Annapolis, by appointment of his uncle, C. C. Williams, then in Congress from his Congressional District (Col. Williams being the grandfather of Hon. John Sharpe Williams, of Mississippi). His

career at Annapolis was a brilliant one, and he graduated with honors in the class with Geo. S. Dewey and others.

He remained in the United States navy until just before

the breaking out of hostilities between the States when, against the earnest protests of Admiral Farragut, under whom he was serving, he resigned and came home. He entered the Confederate service promptly. It is said that Admiral Farragut was so struck with young Taylor that he offered to send him from American waters and keep him there until the close of the approaching war if he would not resign.

With him both of his brothers joined the Confederate army, and remained in it as long as there was any fighting to be done.

He joined the artillery branch of the service, and served with gallantry in every engagement in which he participated. At Fort Henry he was second in command, and much of the credit of that splendid defense is given to him. The Confederate Military History elaborates this fact. He "possessed the art of fighting," and in him were so developed the life of soldier and sailor that in the more practical affairs of this life after the war, measured from a monetary basis, he was not a success. He was big-hearted, brainy, courteous and considerate, and a true friend.

MRS. LUCY WHITE HAYES.

Another of the remarkable women of Tennessee is added to the "Last Roll" properly in the VETERAN. Mrs. Lucy White Hayes, the widow of J. Addison Hayes, died after a brief illness at the Nashville home of W. L. B. Lawrence, of pneumonia. She had been spending the winters for some years with her daughter, Mrs. Lula H. Lawrence, in Florida, and as usual had come to Tennessee for the summer. Mrs. Hayes was ready to visit her daughter, Mrs. A. E. Garrett, near Carthage, Tenn., when the fatal illness attacked her. Two of her sons, summoned from their far-away homes, J. Addison Hayes and W. O. Hayes, arrived from Colorado Springs, Col. Mrs. Lawrence had already arrived from Orlando, Fla., and Mrs. Garrett was accessible in her Tennessee home.



MRS. LUCY WHITE HAYES.

so that all were present except Capt. Richard Hayes, of San Antonio, Tex.

Much space might be given to the beautiful life of this noble woman. She was the daughter of Wm. V. Taylor, of Memphis, Tenn., granddaughter of Judge Leonard Henderson, who was Chief Justice of North Carolina for some forty years, great-granddaughter of Dick Henderson, of the Transylvania Company (the most conspicuous corporation that had existed in its time).

Mrs. Hayes maintained the exalted characteristics of her illustrious progenitors. She kept abreast of the times in all things. She was fully conversant with the political and literary outlook, and was conspicuously bright and cheerful, hiding her own sorrows and sympathizing with others in their troubles. She was gentle, considerate, generous, a devoted mother, a loving friend, and a devout Christian. Some very significant remarks made in her last hours illustrate the trend of her thoughts. She said: "I hear the little birds—they are calling me—they will miss me. Tell Sallie to take courage and comfort. Tell them to get ready for the trip. I see it all now—I see it all." Her last words were: "I love everybody from everywhere." In her fourscore and one years she had been a blessing to the generations.

As evidence of the prominence of her family in this city, two important streets bear the names Addison and Hayes. It is recorded, too, in this connection, that her son, J. Addison Hayes, is the son-in-law of Jefferson and Varina Howell Davis, their grandchildren being hers also.

JOHN T. CRISP.

In April, 1903, Col. J. T. Crisp, one of the most interesting characters in the public life of Missouri, died at his home in Independence, aged sixty-five years. At the outbreak of the war Col. Crisp enlisted with Gen. Shelby's Brigade. He served through the entire war, and at its close went to Independence, where he resided from that time. His declining years meant no diminution to his energy; and though he would climb to the House of Representatives with great effort, his arrival did not mean that he had come to rest. It was seldom that he failed to rise to the occasion, and he was ever equal to the situation.

DR. S. S. SCOTT.

Dr. S. S. Scott died at Erlanger, Ky., on May 22, 1903. His birth occurred in Owen County on December 12, 1820. Robert M. Scott, the father, was a man of much prominence and influence; while his father came to America from Belfast, Ireland, about 1790 and became a teacher in Lexington, Ky.

Dr. Scott was appointed a cadet to the West Point Military Academy, but an accident to one of his hands made him ineligible for further service.

In 1850, through correspondence with Theo. O'Hara, Dr. Scott raised two hundred and twenty-five men for an expedition to Cuba, and embarked from New Orleans on April 14 of that year. These, with twenty-five other men, made the Kentucky Regiment in the first Lopez expedition, with Theo. O'Hara as colonel, T. T. Hawkins and William Hardy as majors, and Dr. Scott as surgeon. The expedition was a failure, and the regiment sailed for Key West, Fla.

At the opening of the Civil War, Dr. Scott took the side of the South. In 1860 William L. Yancy, at his request,

came to Kentucky and delivered a speech at Florence. He used every exertion to induce Kentucky to go with the South; and, failing in that, he went to recruiting for the Confederate Army, and raised the greater part of Capt. A. J. Medari's company of Col. Roger Hanson's regiment. He served as a private in that company, but was engaged most of the time in recruiting up to the fall of 1861. He then reported to Dr. David Yandell, medical director at Bowling Green, and was appointed surgeon to one of the hospitals there, but was soon after made surgeon of Maj. Phifer's battalion of Arkansas cavalry.

He was elected, without his knowledge, as a member of the famous "Council of Ten," the legislative body of the "Provisional Government" of Kentucky, to fill the place of Gen. George B. Hodge. He remained with the "council" until after the battle of Shiloh, still holding his position in the medical service. He was subsequently ordered to Eastern Kentucky, and became surgeon of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, under Humphrey Marshall, with which he remained in the capacity of surgeon, brigade surgeon, surgeon of division, and for a time medical director of the Department of Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee, until Col. Giltner marched to Mount Sterling to surrender in 1865. He then, with a small party, joined Gen. Breckinridge in North Carolina, and was among the last to surrender.

He returned to Kentucky after the war and resumed the practice of his profession. He had graduated in the Medical Department of Transylvania University in 1842 and from the Medical College of Ohio in 1853.

In politics he was a straight-out Jeffersonian Democrat, and in 1877 was one of the electors on the Tilden ticket, receiving nearly two hundred votes more than any other district elector in the State.

Several years ago he moved to Erlanger and resided with his son, Robert J. Scott, who, with his wife, gave his father the tenderest care in his declining years.

Dr. Scott was a man of great strength of character and never forsook a friend nor abandoned a cause in which he had such faith as he maintained in the Confederacy.

JOHN W. BENNETT.

Capt. J. W. Bennett, a naval veteran of the Mexican War and the War Between the States, died at his home, The Heights, near Sykesville, Md., on June 27, 1903.

Capt. Bennett is survived by a widow and six children. His widow was a daughter of the late Commodore Charles Lowndes. The children are: Misses Ellen Lowndes and Harriet Gibson Bennett and Messrs. Charles Lowndes, Pennington Tilton, B. Bladen, and Francis Lloyd Bennett.

Capt. Bennett was born in Talbot County, Md., in 1822, and was appointed midshipman in the navy in 1840. After seeing sea service, he entered the Naval Academy and graduated with the first class from the institution in 1846. He immediately secured an appointment, serving under Commodores Conner and Perry in their naval operations against Vera Cruz and in the land operations against Tuxpan and Tabasco. Being transferred to the flagship Mississippi, he was taken with yellow fever. When he recovered, he was made acting master of the Spitfire, which position he held until the Mexican War ended.

Returning to the United States, he was engaged in coast-survey work, especially on the "Outer Diamond Shoal," off Cape Hatteras. The winters of 1848 and 1850 were spent on the Raritan in the West Indies. He was on the Susquehanna when she made her trip to Japan and the East In-

dies. When Commodore Perry reached Japan, Capt. Bennett was navigating officer of the Susquehanna, and was discharging that duty when the squadron entered Yeddo Bay for the first time.

Capt. Bennett was on duty in the Naval Observatory at Washington when the crisis which precipitated the War Between the States arose. He was ordered to join an expedition setting out under the command of Admiral Rowan; but as he suspected it was aimed against the South, he asked the Navy Department to change his orders or accept his resignation. He did not go with the expedition, and a month later was notified that his name had been stricken off the navy rolls. He immediately went to Richmond, asked for an appointment in the Confederate Navy, and received it in one hour. He reported to Gen. Beauregard, at Manassas, to take part in the intrenchment work, and in the subsequent battle commanded two of the eight batteries in the intrenchments at headquarters.

Capt. Bennett's first assignment in the Confederate Navy was to the Nashville, Capt. Pegram, which was fitted out to carry Confederate Commissioners Mason and Slidell to England. The commissioners went by another ship, but the Nashville went straight to Southampton, England. In the entrance to the British Channel she captured the American merchantman Harvey Birch, removed her valuables, and burned her. The Nashville was the first vessel to carry the Confederate flag into British waters. After an ineffectual effort by the United States ship Tuscarora to capture her, the Nashville ran the blockade and reached the harbor of Beaufort, N. C.

Capt. Bennett went from the Nashville to the Gaines, which was beached in the battle of Mobile Bay, the crew escaping to Mobile in small boats. The command of a naval battery called "Buchanan" was his charge until he took command of the new Nashville in the defense of Mobile. The city having been evacuated, the fleet retired up the Tombigbee River; and while at Demopolis, Ala., news was received of the surrender of Gens. Lee and Johnston and the assassination of President Lincoln. Capt. Bennett returned to Maryland by way of New Orleans and Norfolk and settled at The Heights.

S. D. STOCKMAN.

Capt. S. D. Stockman, who died at Covington, La., in July, 1902, was one of the most widely known Confederate soldiers in that State. The following brief war record will be of interest to his old comrades:

Capt. Stockman was born in Elizabethtown, Ky. When the Civil War broke out, he was a resident of Natchez, Miss.; and in response to the call of Gov. Pettus for volunteers, he entered the service, joining the Natchez Light Infantry, Company A, First Regiment, Mississippi Volunteers, Gen. Reuben Davis's Brigade, which was ordered to the assistance of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Bowling Green, Ky. After serving his time, he reenlisted, and was elected second lieutenant of the Natchez Southrons, under command of R. A. Inge, and was mustered into the service on March 8, 1862. His company was ordered to Corinth, Miss., and there assigned to duty as Company B, with Col. Robert A. Smith's Tenth Mississippi Regiment, in Chalmer's Brigade of infantry. In April, 1862, he was appointed commissary of the Tenth Mississippi Regiment, with the rank of captain. In November of the same year he was transferred from his regiment and assigned to duty at headquarters of the Army of Tennessee. In June, 1863, he was commissioned captain in the regular army by the

Secretary of War, and held the position of depot commissary of the Army of Tennessee successively on the staffs of Gens. Bragg, Joseph E. Johnston, and Hood. When Gen. Hood's army was ordered to North Carolina, Capt. Stockman was assigned to duty with Maj. W. H. Dameron, State commissary for Mississippi, with whom he remained until the close of the war. On May 8, 1865, he was paroled at Meridian, Miss., and returned to Natchez, where he lived until his removal to New Orleans in August, 1876.

Capt. Stockman was one of the original members of the Association of the Army of Tennessee, and was its treasurer from May, 1877, to January, 1883. He was elected vice president of Camp No. 2, U. C. V., in 1889, serving out his full term. His health failing, he gave up business and moved to Covington, La., in 1901, where he died.

His son, George D. Stockman, served in Cuba as second lieutenant of the Second Louisiana Volunteer Infantry.

MRS. STELLA P. DINSMORE.

One of the saddest reports that has ever been received for "Last Roll" is that of Mrs. Stella P. Dinsmore, a leading, active member of the Joseph Wheeler Chapter, U. D. C., at Sulphur Springs, Texas. She was ever diligent for the success of the VETERAN and its work. Although born in Iowa, March 8, 1856, she was taken by her parents to Texas in 1859; and on December 29, 1875, she was married to J. H. Dinsmore, whose brilliant career as a lawyer was accelerated by her offices as his wife. In the education of their four children, two sons and two daughters, Nashville has a proud share. Mrs. Dinsmore was enterprising and prominent in social life and active in all charitable demands that surrounded her. She was a diligent member of the Methodist Church, a member of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions and of the Woman's Texas Press Association.

Her greatest zeal was in behalf of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. From a sketch furnished by Mrs. Kyle Bass the following extracts are made in a sketch of her life in connection with the U. D. C.:

"Dear friends, it is with sad hearts we meet here to-day to offer our tribute of love and regard for the memory of our loved President. We, her coworkers in the U. D. C., fully realize what a void, never to be filled, her death will leave in our Chapter. From the time she organized the Joseph Wheeler Chapter, July 1, 1898, until her death, May 30, 1903, she gave her time and ability to the advancement of the cause she loved. She attended all the State conventions and was in close touch with our Division officers. She was appointed on a number of important committees and was largely instrumental in raising money for the Albert Sidney Johnston monument to be erected at Austin. In two years from the time of our organization the Joseph Wheeler Chapter numbered on its rolls seventy-four members, owing to her untiring efforts and wise, politic management. The State Division showed its appreciation of her work by electing her its Third Vice President. This convention was held in Austin; and among so many gifted women it was, indeed, an honor to be selected for this position. That she filled the office ably was shown by her reelection at the next annual meeting, which convened at Corsicana. She was four times elected as our delegate to the general conventions.

"When the sad news of Mrs. Dinsmore's death flashed over the wires to our Division President, Mrs. Cone Johnson, her reply was: 'The entire Division will mourn the loss of one so loved.' During the period of two and one-

half years in which Mrs. Dinsmore officiated as President of the Joseph Wheeler Chapter, our meetings were generally held at her home, where she welcomed us with true Southern hospitality. It is, indeed, hard for us to realize that never again will she be in our midst, never again will we hear her voice greet us.

"On January 2, 1903, it was our privilege to elect her our



MRS. DINSMORE.

President for the fourth time. In unison with the members of the Chapter, she wished, above all else, to erect a monument in our city commemorative of the dead heroes who wore the gray. Her last work of charity was to interest the Chapters and Camps throughout the State in the donation of rocking-chairs to the invalid soldiers in the Home at Austin. Her efforts met with the most gratifying result, and many a feeble old man tottering on the brink of the grave will realize that 'she hath done what she could.'"

CAPT. W. H. ROBERTS.

On June 5, 1903, William H. Roberts, of Guernsey, Ark., answered the last roll call and crossed over the river to rest under the shade. He was the son of John W. and Parnelia Roberts, and was born in Eufaula, Ala., August 22, 1845. He was being educated in the private schools of Columbus, Ga.; and thence, May 7, 1861, when a boy of sixteen, he joined the Confederate army, becoming a member of Company I, "Georgia Grays," Fifth Georgia. He was in the battles of Corinth, Miss., Atlanta and Columbus, Ga., and many others. In 1865 he surrendered with his company at Columbus, Ga., where he had enlisted four years before. Entering the service as a private, he came out a captain.

On his return Mr. Roberts found his widowed mother destitute from the results of the war, and, bravely assuming the responsibilities of manhood, he gave her the tenderest care and support.

On November 26, 1862, Mr. Roberts married Miss Alice Phillips, of Ophelia, Ala., and they had two sons and two daughters. The eldest daughter had died.

In February, 1877, Mr. Roberts came to Hempstead County, Ark., and engaged in the mercantile business. He was a quiet, unassuming gentleman, devoted to his family and home; was for many years justice of the peace and postmaster at Guernsey, where he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all.

In his life Capt. Roberts joined the Methodist Church. He was baptized in infancy by the lamented Bishop J. O. Andrew, of Georgia, his great uncle.

DR. W. B. STROUP.

Comrade E. A. Paden sends a copy of resolutions by Ben. T. Duvall Camp, U. C. V., Fort Smith, Ark., passed at a regular meeting of the Camp, October 9, 1902:

"Whereas it has pleased the great Creator of the Universe to remove from earth's trials and sorrows our beloved comrade and color bearer, Dr. W. B. Stroup, a tried and faithful officer and member of this Camp, it is meet that we place on record our appreciation of his many virtues as a friend and of his earnest and valued services to his profession.

"Dr. Stroup was born in Georgia in the year of 1836, and died in Fort Smith, Ark., August 26, 1902, at the age of sixty-six years. He received his medical education in Macon, Ga., and during the Civil War he was surgeon of Edwards's Battalion, Georgia Cavalry. He subsequently engaged in the practice of his chosen profession in the city of Macon for a few years, and then removed to Arkansas, settled in Franklin County, and engaged in the drug business in connection with his practice.

In 1885 he moved to Fort Smith, where he was actively engaged in the practice of his profession until his death.



DOCTOR STROUP.

Full of energy and earnestness in his professional work, he clung to duty long after the germ of disease had numbered his days among us. May his example of courage and cheerful submission inspire us along the pathway of life, and his manliness and friendliness ever receive our most profound appreciation and respect!

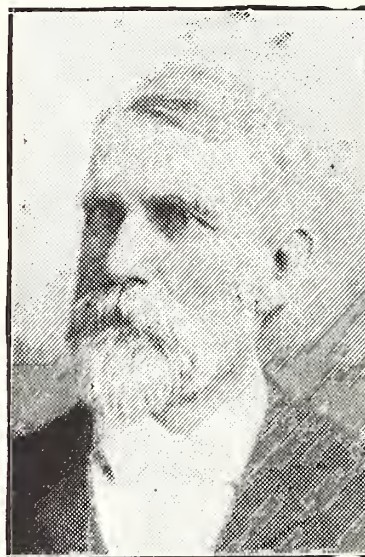
"Be it resolved, That, by this sad event, our Camp has lost one of its most honored members; the medical pro-

fession, an earnest and progressive professional gentleman, a genial and best friend. Dr. Stroup's devotion to the memory of the South's cause never wavered. He was not only a member of the Ben. T. Duvall Camp, U. C. V., of this city, but was also a member of the Association of Confederate Surgeons. He was a man of fine literary attainments and was fond of the poets; but his love of scientific literature made him a student in many branches of science outside of his chosen profession, and his mind was a rich storehouse on a wide range of topics.

"Resolved, further, That, bowing to the will of Him who gave and who now hath taken the spirit of our friend from the pangs of disease and suffering and purified it for the life beyond, we hereby express our heartfelt sympathy with his bereaved family and aged mother."

The report is signed by J. S. McCorkle and C. C. Cook, committee.

JAMES G. AYDELOTT.



JAMES G. AYDELOTT.

Mr. Aydelott was an active, public-spirited citizen and took a lively interest in every enterprise that had for its object the advancement of his State, his county, and his town. His was a most genial disposition, and he was kindly of heart and charitable. He was a prominent Mason, an Odd Fellow of distinction, a Knight of Pythias, and a member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen. He was active in politics, although never seeking office, and was a member of the Democratic State Committee. He had been a resident of Coffee County all his life, except during the years he gave to the service of his country as a Confederate soldier. There survive him wife, daughter, and three sons. He died Monday, June 22, 1903.

Rev. J. R. Loyd, ex-chaplain of Camp Hardee, of Birmingham, Ala., died at his home near that city on November 16. He served the Confederacy as a member of the Fifty-Second Virginia Regiment.

Surrounded by a large assemblage of admirers and friends, John Turnbull Purves, a gallant Confederate veteran, was recently laid to rest at Girod Cemetery, New Orleans, La.

J. G. Miller, a former Tennessean, died in Forney, Tex., during the closing days of February, aged sixty-seven years. He served throughout the war in Company C., Eleventh Tennessee. Mr. Miller's friends in his early home, as well as those of the home of his adoption, remember him as an admirable citizen and a loyal friend.

WHY WE SHOULD ORGANIZE CHAPTERS OF U. D. C.

Maj. F. M. Mumford delivered an address at St. Francisville, La., in behalf of the West Feliciana Chapter, U. D. C., June 18, 1903.

As it is necessary for all things to have a beginning, it is seemingly one of my duties, as the senior officer of the veteran organization here, to call the ladies of this parish together for the purpose of organizing a local Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. This has long been the desire of our veterans, and we are glad that our hopes are at last being realized. I have been asked the questions: "Why do you organize Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy? What good can they do?" I don't know that I can better answer these questions than by reading from the address of Dr. John Lloyd, the gifted author and chemist, of Cincinnati, O., delivered before the Tennessee State Eclectic Society, on May 6, at Nashville, Tenn. After a lengthy discussion of his theme, he makes a glowing tribute to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. (See page 248, June number.) Here seems to be the work of one of the Daughters of the Confederacy, a noble Southern woman, who in devotion and love for our cause has molded the heart of the Northern man that she loves and no doubt causes him to speak the kind words that I have just read you. All of you have a mission, and you all have a duty that you owe to the Southland. By being a Daughter of the Confederacy you can best fulfill that duty, which the old veterans have bequeathed to you. Use the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as your text-book; carefully read the pages of this little volume every month, and you will never ask the question: "Why do you wish me to become a Daughter of the Confederacy?"

Our thin, gray line grows thinner every day, and it will not be many years before there will be none to answer the roll call; but it is gratifying to know that we are leaving behind us the Daughters of the Confederacy, and that when the time comes that the last name shall be called some noble woman of the Southland will step to the front and answer like the French Sergeant did when the name of Napoleon's grenadier, Latour d'Auvergne, was called; she can salute the whole world and answer: "Dead on the field of honor." And although this last survivor will not die on the bloody field of battle, she will die on the field of honor, as her last duties will be devoted to work on the pages of history, which will yet teach to coming generations the justice of a cause that failed and the rightful vindication of a people that was overpowered, but not conquered; overwhelmed by numbers, but covered by a glory that the world applauds and by a heritage that the South will ever be justly proud of.

And to the Daughters of the Confederacy we shall soon consign all that is and that shall be left of us. We especially ask of you to take in charge and care for the monument that we have erected to West Feliciana's Confederate dead. Keep the sod green around its base, and on Memorial Day (June 3) of each year let loving hands scatter beautiful flowers as offerings and expressions of gratitude to our heroic dead. There is nothing more fitting or appropriate than these silent symbols as an offering of the Southern heart and as a testimonial of our faith in the purity and devotion of the Confederate soldier who died for the integrity of our Southland. The flowers of the field form a connecting link between the living man and the lifeless earth. They can receive the homage of admiration without vanity, and they can suffer the coldness of neglect without complaint. Thus the flowers seem to be appointed our

companions and comforters in all the changing scenes of life. If you would beautify the resting place of the loved and lost with the most expressive symbols of life and immortality; if you would consecrate anew all the Confederate monuments with offerings of purity from God's most glorious work, you can choose nothing better than flowers.

With gentle prayers and woman's love,
Strew them gently; select the best
And, with the blessings of our God above,
Place them where the soldier is at rest.

Monuments are being erected all over the South; they are lasting object lessons, teaching us not to forget. The surviving veterans, whose hearts are filled with memories of the past, implore you, with tearful eyes, not to forget. Daughters of the Confederacy, you, in your turn, must teach the coming generations of the Southland not to forget; and then in the years to come the Southern youths will, in the forum and in debate, repeat from Kipling's immortal "Recessional:"

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

W. C. Curry, a member of Company A, Eighteenth Alabama Infantry, wishes to hear from any member of that company or regiment. Address him at Rockport, Tex.

A Camp of Sons of Veterans was organized at Staunton, Va., on June 9, and given the name of the beloved J. E. B. Stuart. W. S. Kerr was elected Commander; V. R. Christian, Lieutenant Commander; H. S. Gilkeson, Adjutant; Dr. Roller, Surgeon; Rev. W. N. Scott, Chaplain; B. F. Kennedy, Color Sergeant.

The officers elected by Wm. E. Jones Camp No. 709, U. C. V., at Abingdon, Va., recently are: J. H. Hagy, Commander; John G. White and C. F. Keller, Lieutenant Commanders; Thos. K. Trigg, Adjutant; Thos. W. Colley, Quartermaster; Dr. R. J. Preston, Surgeon; Theo. M. Clap, Paymaster; Rev. Isaac Baker, Chaplain.

W. E. Redwine, Redwine, La.: "Why does not some one gather information, while it can be done, of the many acts of devotion and daring of the noble women of the South during the great war and publish as 'The Heroines of the South?' Many acted as scouts, spies, guides, and did other things that should be preserved in history. Can you not call upon all who have personal knowledge of these acts to send the accounts to you?" The *Charleston News and Courier* published a fine series of papers on this subject a quarter century ago. It was published in a book, but is understood to be out of print."

During the reunion at Dallas a veteran named Bell, supposed to have been from Virginia, fearing that his watch and chain might be stolen, handed them to the manager of a restaurant for safe-keeping until he should ask for them. He has never called for his watch and chain, and publication having been made in the Dallas city papers, and the attention of the Commanders of the Virginia Division called to the matter without response, Sterling Price Camp, No. 31, directed publication in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in order that our comrade may have his valuables restored to him. Address Col. O. Steele, Adjutant, Dallas, Tex.

The Monteagle Assembly for Health, Comfort, and Culture.

Knowledge of and interest in the Monteagle Assembly, known as the "Southern Chautauqua" in the beginning, is widespread in the South. Fascinating memories of the scenery and the moral and healthful atmosphere of its earlier years are not recalled without remembrance also of dust and inferior accommodations for guests. But Monteagle is of age now. Its twenty-first annual session is on, and the delights of the place will gratify every friend of the wisely managed institution.

Capt. M. B. Pilcher, General Manager, who has conducted twilight prayers every season for eighteen years, and whose interest in the place exceeds that of "summer home," has happily had the helpful coöperation of the President, J. W. Thomas (President of the splendid railroad that supplies four trains each way every day but Sunday), so that Monteagle is transformed in many respects. Maj. Thomas always succeeds in anything he undertakes.



MRS. M. B. PILCHER.

Capt. Pilcher, being asked of the conditions this year, spoke of having enlarged the main sewer of the place, which is a fine improvement, and of the improved roadways and walks. As an evidence of his merit in managing such enterprises, Capt. Pilcher was elected manager of the Nashville Tabernacle, delightfully remembered by a multitude of veterans.

The amazing changes at Monteagle, however, are through the Ladies' Association, under the

direction of its President, Mrs. M. B. Pilcher. These enthusiastic officials in the good accomplished there have spent the greater part of six months, the first half of this year, in charge of laborers in perfecting and beautifying the place. The park area is very attractive, splendid curbing girds the walks, and the public improvements will induce owners of homes to see to it that by another year the mountain top will blossom as never before.

The programme for this season, July 2 to August 26, promises rare treats, and the magnificent new auditorium will doubtless be a resort of much profit as well as pleasure. Daughters of the Confederacy who attended the convention there last season from many of the States, and recall the delightful, joy-out event, will be disappointed that, while the programme designates August 7 as U. D. C. and W. Y. C. A. Day, only a half hour is named for U. D. C. "conference and addresses." Such a limited time would deter any except those who happen to be present from taking an interest. The error must have been unintentional, as there was no finer event in all the weeks of 1902.

CHARACTER OF THE ORGANIZATION.

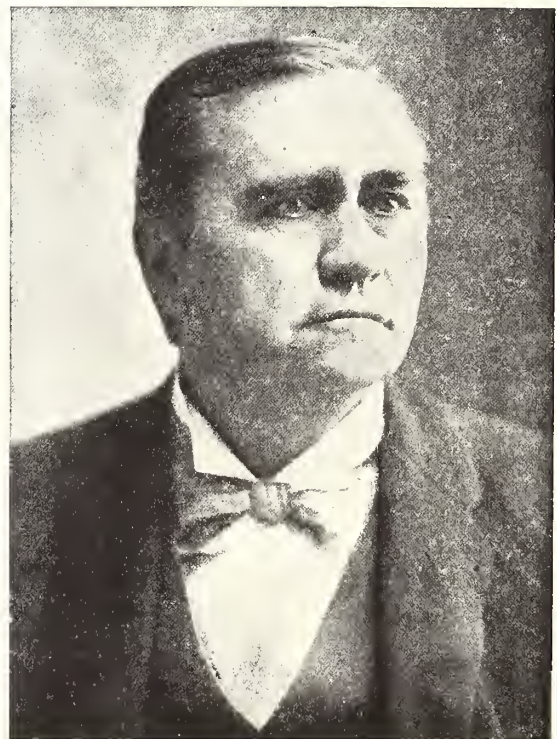
Monteagle is a Christian organization, governed by a Board of Trustees chosen from the life members, each evangelical



MONTEAGLE HOTEL.

denomination represented in the membership being entitled to four trustees, if so many are members. Any one may become a life member on application, if approved, and the payment of twenty-five dollars. There are no shares or stockholders. All income of every kind, beyond meeting the necessary expenses of maintenance, is devoted to the improvement of the property or the widening of the privileges and opportunities which it gives. The sale of lots goes to the lessening of a rapidly decreasing obligation incurred in the purchase and first improvement of the property.

The Monteagle Assembly has been maintained on high lines in education and morals throughout its history. It is at the same time a restful resort for nonparticipants in this matter.



MAJ. JOHN W. THOMAS.

Confederate Veteran.

The Little Man Next Door.

I ponder now and ask how shall
I think one thought the more?
My eyes are watching all the while
The little man next door.
He's old and poor, with trembling head;
His hair is white as snow.
From early light till dark'ning night
He potters to and fro.

He trims his plants with shaking hand,
Or stays a tender slip;
He holds communion with himself
With eager, murmur'ing lip.
"I like hydrangeas," once he said,
"I've had this many years;
Then I was young and full of hope"—
His eyes were dim with tears.

My lilies, too, I planted here
Near thirty years ago:
I like their fragrance and their bloom,
Their whiteness like the snow.
I planted some, these years ago,
Over my boy that's dead;
They write the grave is overrun,
And white from foot to head.

But Mary loved the roses best—
She was a rose in life.
I planted all these flowers for her;
She was a faithful wife.
Yes, yes, I see some little face
Each time I break a spray;
Sometimes the boy that's gone to war,
The girl that's far away.

But where they go, or where they stay,
God sees them just the same.
I feel impatient now and then,
Until I breathe his name."
He smiles and hands me up a rose—
I know his heart is sore—
A lesson in humanity,
The little man next door.

—S. M. O'Malley.

Southern Railway Officials.

TRIBUTE TO THOSE WHO WIN SUCCESS.
S. H. Hardwick, General Passenger Agent of the Southern Railway, at a convention of the Southern Railway Agents' Association in Savannah, Ga., said in regard to those who had won success, his subject being in regard to "What We Do Not Know."

"What we do not know is the measureless sympathy of the men who have climbed the highest.

"We look about throughout the broad land, and we see, almost as an invariable rule, that the men who are at the head of the great railways of this country started as poor boys. This is conspicuously and gloriously true of our own great road. They know what we know of the hard lines of frugality and trial in early

life. They know of the anxious mothers whose support they were. They know of the self-sacrifice which our service requires, of the putting away of boyish pleasures and companionship that the manly burden might be bravely borne. Such men can never forget, nor can they ever withhold true and helpful sympathy from every truly deserving boy and man following after them. Such men know that their days are diminishing, and they know full well that the work of continuing and still further advancing the success of the great railroad work is dependent upon the young men of the proper make-up, closely following after them."

Good Shopping Free of Cost.

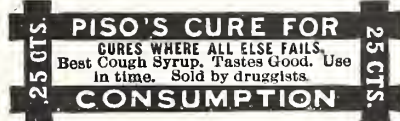
Mrs. M. B. Morton, of 625 Russell Street, Nashville, Tenn., has varied experience as Purchasing Agent, and her small commissions are paid by the merchants, so that her services are absolutely free to purchasers.

An efficient purchasing agent is posted in latest styles and "fads" and the most reliable dealers. Mrs. Morton supplies household furnishings, wardrobes in detail, jewelry, etc. She makes a specialty of millinery.

References are cordially given by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and the Nashville daily press.

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Under special escort. Pullman train with wide vestibule cars, drawing-rooms, compartments, parlor, library, music room, and the largest dining car in the world (now building), and the famous open top car Chililitli, the only observation car that really and truly observes. Leisurely itinerary with long stops, including three circle tours in the tropics and the ruined cities in the South of Mexico. All distasteful personally conducted features eliminated. Exclusiveness and independent movement assured. Tickets include all expenses everywhere. Address the American Tourist Association, Reau Campbell, General Manager, 186 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., and agents of the Iron Mountain Route, or H. C. Townsend, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo., R. T. G. Matthews, T. P. A., Louisville, Ky.



Have you ever noticed, neighbor—but I think you have, maybe—
That the color of your glasses tints the things you chance to see?
If the glass is clear as crystal, all the world is fair and bright;
If the glass is black, it follows that the earth is dark as night.
Well, I have a little notion that the souls of mortals, too,
Have a way of wearing glasses that are apt to tint the view.
Though I've never seen such glasses, none the less I think I know
I have worn them, as have others, since I've trotted here below.

—Albert J. Waterhouse.

Summer Tourist Rates.

Very low Summer Tourist Rates are now offered by the Southern Railway to resorts in Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia, and Southeastern Seacoast, as well as other points in the South. For particulars as to rates, limits, schedules, etc., write J. E. Shipley, Traveling Passenger Agent, Chattanooga, Tenn.

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A very attractive and interesting book. A book descriptive of the best localities of the South for various kinds of game and fish. Contains the game laws of the different States penetrated by the Southern Railway. Write J. E. Shipley, Traveling Passenger Agent, Chattanooga, Tenn., for a copy of this publication.

Low Rate to Baltimore and Return. VIA BRISTOL AND THE NORFOLK & WEST- RAILWAY.

Tickets on sale July 18, 19, and 20, at rate of one fare plus \$1 to Baltimore and return. Limited to July 25, 1903. May be extended. Through service. No changes. Dining car. All information—D. C. Boykin, Passenger Agent, Knoxville, Tenn.; Warren L. Rohr, Western Passenger Agent, Chattanooga, Tenn.; W. B. Beville, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

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Confederate Veteran.

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for
Beauty
and
Health.**

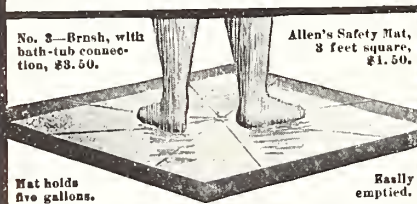


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Friction, Shower and Massage Combined.
The only Sanitary Bath Brush that at one operation thoroughly cleanses the skin, imparting a healthy tone and glow, and puts one in a condition to resist colds, la-grippe and all contagious and infectious diseases. Furnished either for bath tub connection, or with our fountain and Safety Portable Floor Mat. Enabling one to take a perfect spray and frictional bath in any room. With this outfit one is independent of the bath room, as a better bath can be taken with two quarts of water, than with a tub-full the old way. Insures a clear complexion, bright eyes, rosy cheeks, cheerful spirits, sound sleep. Should be in every home and every traveler's trunk or grip. Full outfit No. 2, consisting of Fountain Brush, combination rubber hot water bag, bath fountain and syringe and safety mat. Price \$3.50.

Agents are making from \$25 to \$75 per week selling these outfits. Send for FREE booklet, "The Science of the Bath," prices and terms.

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Unlike most manufacturers of proprietary remedies, the Vernal Remedy Co. do not ask you to purchase their medicine until you have tried it. They have so much confidence in their remedy that they will send absolutely free, by mail, postpaid, a sample bottle that you can test and try at home. No money is wanted; simply send them a postal.

Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine effects a cure because it goes to the root of the trouble and removes the cause of the disease. It builds you up, and by its action upon the mucous membranes lining the various passages and cavities of the body assists the system to throw off the dead and useless matter that accumulates and poisons the body.

It will quickly and permanently cure indigestion, constipation, flatulence, catarrh of the stomach, bowels, and bladder, and all stomach, liver, kidney, and urinary troubles caused by inflammation, disense, or congestion, and one dose a day does the work.

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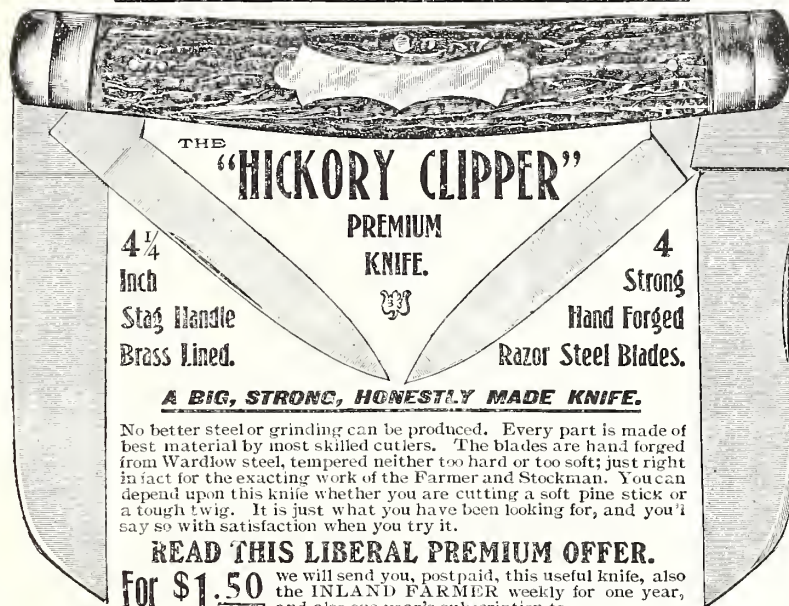
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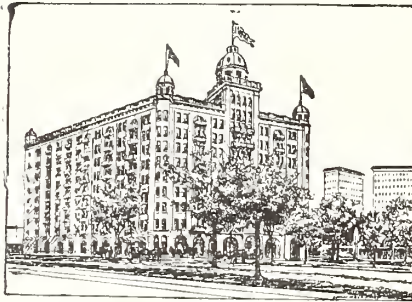
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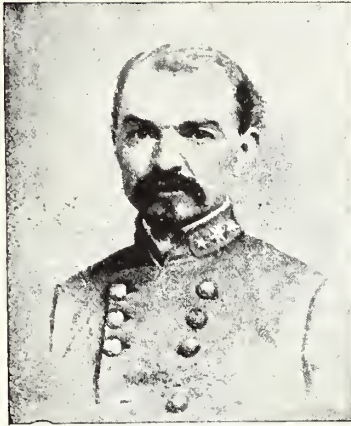


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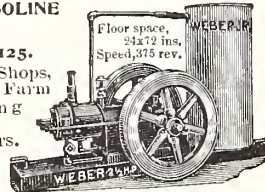
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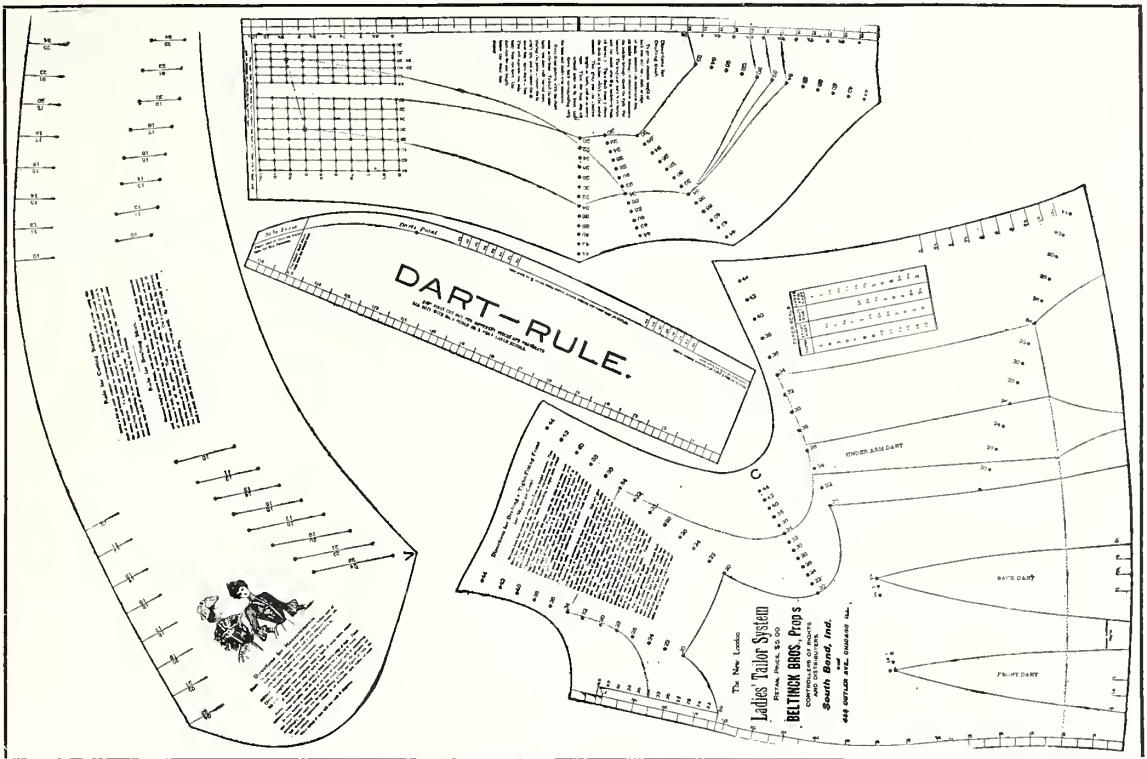
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(See page 340.)

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The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" war will be substituted.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1903.

No. 8. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

TRUE HISTORY OF OUR BATTLE FLAG.

Gen. W. L. Cabell, Lieutenant General Commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., responded to a request of the VETERAN for information about the Confederate battle flag a few years ago, and here is his letter in full:

"When the Confederate army, commanded by Gen. Beauregard, and the Federal army confronted each other at Manassas, it was seen that the Confederate flag and the stars and stripes looked at a distance so much alike that it was hard to distinguish one from the other. Gen. Beauregard, thinking that serious mistakes might be made in recognizing our troops, after the battle of the 18th of July at Blackburn Ford ordered that a small red badge should be worn on the left shoulder by our troops, and, as I was chief quartermaster, ordered me to purchase a large amount of red flannel and to distribute to each regiment. I distributed the red flannel to a number of regiments, who placed badges on the left shoulders of the men. During the battle of Bull Run it was plainly to be seen that a great number of Federal soldiers wore a similar red badge. I saw these badges on a number of prisoners we captured that day. Gens. Johnston and Beauregard met at Fairfax C. H. in the latter part of August or early in September, and determined to have a battle flag for every regiment or detached command that could be easily recognized and easily carried. I was telegraphed to come at once to Fairfax C. H. I found both Gens. Beauregard and Johnston in Gen. Beauregard's office discussing the kind of flag that should be adopted. Gen. Johnston's flag was in the shape of an ellipse, a red flag with blue St. Andrew's cross and stars on the cross (white) to represent the different Southern States. (No white border of any kind was attached to this cross.) Gen. Beauregard's was a rectangle, red with blue St. Andrew's cross and white stars similar to Gen. Johnston's. Both were discussed and thoroughly examined by all of us. After we had fully discussed the two styles, taking into consideration the cost of the material and the care of making the same, it was decided that the elliptical flag would be harder to make, that it would take more cloth, and that it could not be seen so plainly at a distance; that the rectangular flag, drawn by and suggested by Gen. Beauregard, should be adopted. Gen. Johnston yielded at once when the reasons given by Gen. Beauregard and myself were so good and substantial. No one else was present but we three. No one knew about this flag but we three until an order was issued adopting the Beauregard flag, as it was called, and directing me, as chief quartermaster, to have the flags made as soon as it could be done. I immediately issued an address to the good ladies of the South to give me their

red and blue silk dresses, and to send them to Capt. Collin McRae Selph, quartermaster at Richmond, Va. (Capt. Selph is now living in New Orleans), where he was assisted by two elegant young ladies (Misses Careys, from Baltimore) and Mrs. Gen. Henningsen, of Savannah, and Mrs. Judge Hopkins, of Alabama. The Misses Careys made battle flags for Gens. Beauregard and Van Dorn, and I think for Gen. J. E. Johnston, and they made Gen. Beauregard's out of their own silk dresses. This flag is now in Memorial Hall, New Orleans, La., with a statement of that fact from Gen. Beauregard. Gen. Van Dorn's flag was made of a heavier material, but very pretty. Capt. Selph had a number of these flags made, and sent them to me at Manassas. They were distributed by order of Gen. Beauregard. One flag I had made, and gave it to the Washington Artillery. They have it yet. My wife, who was in Richmond, made a beautiful flag out of her own dresses (silk), and sent it to a cousin of hers, who commanded an Arkansas regiment. This flag was lost at Elk Horn, but was recaptured by a Missouri division under Gen. Henry Little. It being impossible to get silk enough to make the great number of flags needed, I had a number made out of blue and red cotton cloth. I then issued a circular letter to the quartermasters of every regiment and brigade in the army to make flags and to use any blue and red cloth suitable that they could get. Gens. Beauregard and Johnston, being both good draughtsmen, drew their own designs. The statement going the rounds that this battle flag was first designed by a Federal prisoner is false; not one word of truth in it. No living soul except Gens. Beauregard and Johnston and myself knew anything about this flag until the order was issued direct to me to have them made as soon as it could be done.

"P. S.—Gen. Beauregard's battle flag is in the Memorial Hall, New Orleans, La., in charge of that gallant soldier, Gen. J. A. Chaleron, who will take pleasure in showing it to any visitor. The Washington Artillery battle flag, which I presented to them on account of my admiration of their gallantry, bravery, and patriotism, can be seen at any time at the Washington Artillery Hall."

It is apparent from the foregoing that Gen. Cabell is the best authority in the world on the Confederate battle flag. He does not attach importance to the additions to the flag made by the Confederate Congress: first the white extension and then the added strip of red across the end. Gen. Cabell was one of the first United States army officers to send in his resignation, and he left that service under flattering prospects for promotion. He resigned the position of chief quartermaster, A. N. V., to engage in field service.

GENERAL AND GOVERNOR ROSS.

Lawrence Sullivan Ross was born at Benton's Post, Ia., September 27, 1838, near an Indian reservation occupied by the Fox and Sax, his parents being Capt. Shapley Prince Ross and Catherine Fulkerson Ross. When he was yet small his parents moved to Texas and located at Old Nashville, on the Brazos. From there they removed to Austin, and later to the Indian village of Waco, where Capt. Ross was Indian agent. A home was built and the family became identified with the village, which has grown to the proportions of a city. With such surroundings and examples of bravery, he naturally inclined to military life, and the intervals between the sessions of the Florence Wesleyan University, in North Alabama, were spent in actual service against the Comanches on the frontier of Texas. He made a glorious record as "the boy captain" in this dangerous warfare.

In 1858, with a few followers, he had a battle with the Comanches, in which ninety-five Indians were killed, three hundred and fifty horses taken, and a little white girl, whose parents were never known, was captured. She was reared and educated in his family, the name Lizzie being given to her. The young captain was dangerously wounded in the action. He lay on the battlefield for five days, and was then carried on a stretcher ninety miles to a United States post. When able to travel, he returned to his university, and graduated the next summer.

He returned to Texas in 1859, when Gov. Sam Houston, the immortal, gave a command, and he at once organized a force and went at the bloody Comanches in dead earnest. He captured and destroyed their principal village, then on Pease River, killed a great number, captured over four hundred head of horses, and during this campaign Cynthia Ann Parker was captured, after having been with the Indians thirty years. Her son, by her Indian husband, is now head chief of the remnant of the Comanche tribe. In a hand-to-hand combat, the chief, Peta Nocona, was killed by Ross. His shield, buffalo horns, lance, etc., were secured, and sent as trophies to Gov. Houston. Young Ross's horse was shot through, but he escaped without injury. After these signal victories over the red forces, Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott wrote Ross an autograph letter, offering him, as young as he was, a commission in the United States army. But the war between the sections soon after commenced, and Sul Ross, as he was always called, joined the company of his brother, Capt. Peter Fulkerson Ross, who had also done distinguished service on the frontier with their father, Capt. Shapley Ross. From a private, Sul Ross rose rapidly in the regiment to which the company was attached, being made major, lieutenant colonel, colonel, and in the fall of 1862, was made brigadier general in the Confederate army.

He participated in one hundred and thirty-five engagements, and always with distinction. He was never wounded, but had seven horses shot from under him. At the battle of Corinth, Miss., he won special mention, and his name was sent by Gen. Dabney H. Maury to the Department of War as one who displayed most distinguished gallantry.

Returning home after the close of the war, he went to farming in the Brazos bottom, near Waco. In 1874, when the criminal classes were in the ascendant, and when neither life nor property were safe, his fellow-citizens, looking for a trusted leader, elected him sheriff of McLennan County, and in his own quiet, fearless way he restored confidence. In 1875 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Conven-

tion, and served as State Senator from 1881 to 1883. In 1886, as the nominee of the Democratic party, he was elected Governor of the State, and in 1888 was renominated and re-elected for a second term, practically without opposition. These four years of his wise and conservative administration were marked by great development of all the interests in the State and general upbuilding of her institutions.

When he retired at the end of his second term as Governor, he had a stronger hold upon the confidence and affection of the people of the State, regardless of party or creed, than any man has held since the days of Sam Houston.

Always loyal to the welfare of Confederates as Major General commanding the Texas Division of the U. C. V., he served his comrades three years, during which his wise counsel was shown in the prosperous growth and steady development of that great order.

In 1891 he was chosen president of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, located at College Station, near Bryan, Tex., the responsible duties of which he continued to discharge up to the moment of his sudden and untimely death at College Station, January 3, 1898, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

He was married, at Waco, in 1859, to Miss Elizabeth Tinsley, who, through all the years of trials and triumphs, was his faithful helpmate. Six children survive, to whom the memory of his well-spent life is a blessed heritage. His widow now resides at Waco, where they had hoped to spend their later years together.

As a private citizen he was public-spirited, and fully abreast with the thought and enterprise of current events. As a military commander, he knew no fear, and, like Henry of Navarre, wherever flashed his bright sword, there the combat was deepest. As the chief executive of the State of Texas, he was conservative and patriotic. As an educator, the very bearing and atmosphere of purity and nobility of character that environed him was a boon to the students which they will feel the beneficial effects of all their lives. Sul Ross was a patriot in the utmost meaning of the term, and his memory will long be preserved in the hearts of the people of Texas.

GERMAN HISTORY OF OUR GREAT WAR.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* publishes special correspondence from Berlin in regard to the concluding volume of Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven's important work, "Studies of the Conduct of War, Based on the American War of Secession in Virginia," etc.

The author is the head of the department for war history of the great general staff, and devoted two years to the task of writing the book, after a decade of preparation and studies. The kaiser himself intrusted Baron von Freytag with the compilation of the great work, in which William has taken much personal interest. Aside from the narrative, which is spirited and to the point, the most interesting portions of the work, from a military standpoint, are the parallels between warlike events in America and those on European battlefields. The author says:

"Our own wars of 1860-1864 and 1870, 1871 made us neglect the great American war; yet no more important, educational, and interesting war was fought for centuries.

"Reflect for a moment on this: A nation of colonists, having achieved independence at the end of the eighteenth century, rises sixty years later to engage in a sanguinary brother war, lasting four long years. The work of Wash-

ington is in peril of being undone. The war itself is one of gigantic proportions. Militia, gradually developing the character of standing armies, do the bulk of the fighting. The scene of warfare covers a territory ten times the extent of the German Empire.

"Like most other wars of the period, the War of Secession grew out of economic contentions, and, as in the war of the future, sea power played a prominent part in the final decision. Last, but not least, the War of Secession was fought with thoroughly modern weapons; indeed, the United States was the first country to demonstrate on a large scale the value of up-to-date, strategic technique.

"For the development of modern warfare in general the War of Secession was of the greatest impetus, and a minute study of its various phases and the final results prove that warlike preparedness, drill, and intelligent officers and men are essential to ultimate success."

The first volume deals with the beginning of the war, when the "forces around Washington take the offensive and suffer defeat at Bull Run."

The author then demonstrates by historic comparisons that Bull Run was the logical outcome of American unpreparedness for war. "All improvised armies act the same when first brought face to face with the enemy."

After Bull Run, the author devotes much space to a description "of the landing of the Army of the North in the peninsula of Virginia." He tells of the retreat of the Confederates upon Richmond, Jackson's successes in the Shenandoah Valley, and Lee's onslaught on the Army of the Potomac. The baron does not hesitate to proclaim himself a hearty admirer of the gallant leader of the South, and the story of Lee's seven days' glorious fight for the delivery of Richmond forms a fascinating chapter in the book, one for army men to study and again study.

Next, we are acquainted with the "offensive of the great captain of the South against the new Army of Virginia, assembled north of the Rappahannock River and commanded by Pope." Jackson's operations on the left wing of the Confederates are set forth in clear language, and a fine pen picture of the battle of Manassas (August 30, 1862) follows.

The rest of the first volume is devoted to an appreciation of the South's great general, Robert Edward Lee.

"At that time Lee was in his fifty-sixth year. He was a descendant of a wealthy and highly esteemed family, which came to Virginia with the first English settlers. His wife was a daughter of Washington's adopted son and owner of part of the landed property that had belonged to the 'father of his country.'

"Lee received his military education at West Point and entered the United States army as an officer of engineers. He won his spurs in the Mexican War, when he acted as Scott's chief of staff, exerting considerable influence in that position. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Lee was at Washington, working over plans for the reorganization of the United States army. Even at that time his character and capabilities were so well known and so highly esteemed that President Lincoln thought of intrusting him with the command of the Union forces. But Virginia seceded, and Lee, though opposed to secession and a patriot of the highest type, placed his sword at the service of his native State. He could not think of fighting against the land of his fathers and grandfathers. Only four days after Virginia had seceded, Lee resigned from the United States army and went home.

"The organization of the Virginia militia was his first undertaking in the Confederate cause, but soon he rose to the distinction of military counselor to Jefferson Davis. The wounding of Johnston made him commander in chief. It is eminently difficult to draw comparisons between Lee and the famous captains of European battlefields.

"Lee worked and acted upon conditions that never before confronted leaders of men. He was the equal of the great Frederick in making much out of little, in economizing with men and resources, in reckoning with the enemy's superiority and saving his forces to meet the emergencies of the moment; and, like Moltke, he knew the value of wise restraint and trusted in the ability and good will of the generals working under his direction.

"No doubt Lee was a great man, of extraordinary capacity for doing things; but his lovable personality towers above the manifestations of his genius even. That personality, more than anything else, gave him his place in history. He was an imposing-looking man, sitting on his horse with much elegance, and, though *grand seigneur* by birth, most simple and democratic in his ways. If the soldiery suffered from lack of food and shelter, so did he. His face was serene with the serenity of the man who, in his heart of hearts, has done with life. Lee was too wise a man not to fear that the awful sacrifices entailed by the war might, after all, be in vain. In that respect, too, he resembled the hero of the seven years' war. Recall the thoughts and reflections that dominated Frederick's soul so frequently after the sorry day of Kollin.

"Lee was perhaps the noblest victim of the War of Secession, because he survived the downfall of his cause. What unhappiness compared with the good luck of the heroic Jackson, the incomparable Stuart, the excellent Hill, and others who perished in battle! At the end of the war Lee was a pauper, and this man, who had marshaled hundreds of thousands of men, spent the rest of his life teaching. Having led so many men to their death, he longed to prepare the country's youth for life.

"The year 1864 brought a revival of the old mistakes by the Union generals, every leader working for his own fame only, neglecting the rest and shirking patriotic duties. Despite three years of fighting and superiority in numbers (the North commanded three times more men than the South), the end of the Civil War was yet far off. If things had been allowed to drift, it might have been undeterminable.

"The North lacked a great captain, a man large enough and capable enough to meet Lee on his own ground, until at last Lincoln decided to give Grant a chance—Grant, the victor of Vicksburg.

"Grant was born in Ohio in 1822, his father being a small farmer and tanner. Like Lee, Grant was a West Pointer. His life was a continuous struggle. At the outbreak of the war he was an employee of his own father, but duty in the field quickly showed what kind of a man he really was. His conduct in the battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga assured his fame as a hero and strategist of high order.

"Grant was a man of tremendous, indomitable will power; cold, determined, sober-minded, and practical. The resoluteness that marked his every action and his apparent disregard for human life, particularly that of the negro, for whom the North was pretending to fight, characterize him as a man preëminently fit for his position.

"The American people are right in according him chief credit for the preservation of the Union, yet Grant cannot

really be classed with the nation's great. He lacked gifts of mentality as well as those of heart and sentiment. At West Point he was not esteemed a good scholar. In that respect the general of the great republic resembled Wellington, of whom it was said: 'Who would have prophesied glory to this slow, backward boy?'

"Undoubtedly it was Grant's surpassing merit that, right from the start, when he became commander in chief, he insisted upon taking the offensive; but it should be added that the individual and material resources at his disposal were almost unlimited, and that he utilized these sinews of war with brutal vigor rather than special cleverness. Placed as Lee was, Grant would have proved a failure, no doubt."

GENERAL REUNION GLEANINGS.

There is no organization of any importance whose greatness, strength, and influence does not depend on a multiplicity of life-giving and sustaining elements. The longevity of such bodies as the United Confederate Veterans, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, and United Daughters of the Confederacy may be attributed largely to the peculiar potency of their various reunions, especially the annual gathering where fathers, sons, and daughters blend their interests and sympathies toward perpetuating the events of the war and the reconstruction period, which historians of the future will term the foundation epochs of the South's greatness.

At the great annual reunion of the U. C. V. men become unconsciously stimulated by the presence of old friends and associates, and they revive and relate actual occurrences of the storm and stress period, when it would never occur to them to take up their pens in the quiet of their homes and write a history of their war experiences.

Bit by bit the stories told at New Orleans could be gathered together, producing in their manifold coloring of light and shade a mosaic of great price. Men carried to New Orleans not their stories alone, but their relics and their scars, the latter becoming inspiring affidavits to the doubting Thomases who lack the generosity of spirit to conceive of man's willingness to suffer for a worthy cause.

The VETERAN has collected a few reminiscences of value and interest, as they include facts that should not be lost. The student must read history with the assistance of various side lights, if he would broaden his view and enrich his fund of knowledge; and he who acquires the habit of looking only to the end of his nose establishes a confused vision, deprives his life of pleasing vistas, and is dubbed by his fellow-beings "a narrow man."

Capt. W. H. McChesney, who served in Company E, Fifteenth Louisiana Regiment, Jackson's Command, told during the reunion a number of incidents concerning "Stonewall" which, though not generally known, are historically true. Among other things, Comrade McChesney said:

"Gen. Jackson was a rigid disciplinarian, and never allowed anything, not even his deep religious sense, to interfere with his duty to his country. He was a man who had the highest regard for the holiness of the Sabbath, and, while he would not let himself be troubled with work of a merely personal nature on Sunday, he went on with matters of the smallest military detail the same on that day as on any other.

"But he was the oddest man I have ever seen. Yet this seems to be the chief characteristic of all geniuses. Look at Napoleon, for instance, or any other man whose name shines brightly in the annals of time.

'You know 'Stonewall' Jackson taught school before the great war. Well, I had a good friend, a comrade that served

with me, who was a pupil at Gen. Jackson's school. He says that often when he would take the boys out to drill them, and a rain or storm would come up, no matter how rough the weather, Gen. Jackson would continue the exercises as if altogether unconscious of the warring elements until the drill was finished. And woe unto the lad who showed an unwillingness to continue. The man was entirely absorbed by the work before him at all times, regardless of everything else.

"Another trait in Jackson's character which has not been forcibly enough brought out, and one upon which I think hinges the wonderful success which always followed him, was his independence of others. He never depended upon another to do anything; he would do it himself, and know that it was done as he wished. He followed this plan all his life. Is there anything in history to equal his achievements in the Shenandoah campaign and Chancellorsville? Lee and Jackson, with 40,000 men, routed an army of 135,000 under Hooker. Jackson's attack upon Hooker from the rear was a brilliant movement.

"Gen. Jackson always rode a horse. He sat in the saddle in a stooping posture, so that one would take him to be a small man; but when on foot he stood erect, measuring, I suppose, fully six feet.

"He always spoke very fast. At the Rapidan River Gen. Jackson rode down the line one evening, hurriedly inspecting the position of the army. When he reached our regiment he addressed the colonel. 'Goodwin McG., have you seen Hill, A. P., pass here?' 'Yes; he just went down the line,' the colonel replied. Gen. Jackson galloped his horse off, followed by his color bearer and two couriers. The enemy had opened a hot fire upon us, and the air was full of Minie balls, but 'Stonewall' Jackson paid no attention to this. After the party had gone a short distance, a fierce cannon ball came humming and struck the color bearer's horse in the flank, literally tearing the animal to pieces. The color bearer was unhurt. As he went to the ground, his legs straddling the horse, he stood erect on his feet. Although this was right at Gen. Jackson's side, he seemed unconscious of what had just happened, and, without turning his head, said to one of his couriers: 'Let the color bearer have your horse.'

"I have seen Jackson," Capt. McChesney continued, "stop in the middle of a road and sign a death sentence on the pommel of his saddle without saying a word, and then ride off. He forgot everything for what was immediately in front of him, and nothing could interfere with his plans."

MISSOURI GIRL AT THE REUNION.

The Marshall, Mo., *Index* contained an interesting report from Miss Bettina Ruth Bush, from which the following extracts are made:

"It was not long after we left Memphis until we began to feel the Southern atmosphere—the Southern hospitality—to hear the silvery Southern accent, which sounded to our hungry ears like the chiming of a silvery bell; and soon the cool salt breezes, mingled with the odors of the sweet magnolias, filled the air, and we knew we were near the Crescent City; and, sure enough, its lights were winking and blinking at us; and over our heads in the air, at the doors and windows, from every store and housetop and almost from every nook and corner, the lights that illumined the city were set into letters forming the words "Welcome, U. C. V.;" and above them the bunting and flags, in red, white, and red, and stars and bars, waved their welcome, and time and again as the long heavy trains unloaded their many passengers the hospitable people and the veterans gathering around sent cheer on cheer. 'Welcome! Hurrah! Hurrah!'

"Indeed, it seemed that the city was overrun, but New Orleans had made plans that would have been hard to defeat.

"By the time we reached the St. Charles Hotel every nerve seemed alert, and our blood boiling, for we were in the good old Southland, with the very best people on earth—the Confederates.

"The first meeting of the Confederate Veterans was held at the big auditorium in the fair grounds, where we heard some thrilling "Welcomes."

"But one speech I shall never forget was delivered by Judge John H. Reagan. In it there was no pompous phrasemaking, but he spoke as one who understood his subject, and he told the story of the struggles of the South and of its history clearly and truly, and yet without a word of hate or revenge. When he closed, a resolution was offered and adopted thanking him for the address, declaring it to be the most valuable historical document ever read before the association.

"The most rousing and enthusiastic part of every speech at this Confederate reunion was in reference to the untrue histories of the Civil War that the young and rising generation now study, urging and nerving the Historical Committee to greater efforts, and the report of the Historical Committee, afterwards read, was very enthusiastic and inspiring and was heartily cheered.

"Judge John H. Reagan, in his grand speech, said: 'If we value our good names, our parts had in the tragic struggles of the sixties; if we would not have our very children in the near future, if not ashamed and apologizing for us, then unable to defend us—we must not be idle in teaching the real

facts; for history, if accepted as true, will consign the South to infamy. The true record of the South, if it can be related with historic accuracy, is rich in patriotism, in intellectual force, in civic and military achievements, in heroism, in honorable and sagacious statesmanship, of a proper share in which no American can afford to deprive himself. So much genius in legislation, in administration, in jurisprudence, in war, such great capacities, should expel partisan and sectional prejudices.'

"Thomas P. Stone, then Commander in Chief of the Sons of Veterans, said: 'We should see that no false histories are placed in our schools to educate the children of our country in the belief that our fathers were traitors. The Confederate soldier was the same kind of soldier that suffered with Washington at Valley Forge, and followed him to victory at Yorktown. We, the young men of the South, have a sublime and sacred duty to perform in this cause, for there is no virtue in manhood that comes from a deeper source or bespeaks a finer breeding than the virtue of filial loyalty. Human language in all its dialect exhausted its capacity for sweetness in those beautiful words 'father and mother,' and on this grand occasion we meet to do homage to them. Our greatest hope is to prove worthy to follow in your footsteps, and to have the coming generations feel the burning admiration for you which your deeds during the war inspire in us.'

"Besides the business meetings and speeches of the Confederate Veterans, Sons and Daughters, during the four days' visit in New Orleans there were three balls and three receptions, besides private receptions for the Sponsors and Maids of Honor. One of the grandest receptions was the private reception given by the daughter of Mayor Paul Capdeville to the Sponsors and Maids of Honor. On Thursday evening from seven to nine a reception was given at the Palm Garden, in the St. Charles Hotel, for Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, that her many friends might meet and shake hands with her once more.

"A meeting of the Alabama soldiers at the Missouri headquarters was an incidental feature of the reunion, to the Missouri soldiers most interesting. The Alabama general and soldiers in a body, wearing their uniforms 'in battle array,' marched to the Missouri headquarters, saluted Gen. Gates, presented him with two large and beautiful bouquets tied with red, white, and red ribbons; and the Alabama officer, Gen. Harrison, then made a thrilling speech, in which he paid a beautiful tribute to Gen. Gates and his division for their defense of Mobile while they were fighting in other quarters, to which Gen. Gates responded. Both salutations and tributes were beautiful, and the speeches were pathetic.

"Friday, at the parade of the veterans a new feature was a company of little boys—in the parade they looked not over ten years old—some leading the parade, with their drums playing martial music, followed by others in their perfect uniforms of gray, and carrying their little muskets, and these in turn followed by the horsemen, all little boys in Confederate uniforms, and carrying their guns and bright new flags, and then came the boys' band playing 'Dixie.' These were followed by the older boys, the young men, the older men, and finally came the old crippled and feeble soldiers with tattered flags and faded uniforms. In all it was a sad sight, as well as an inspiring one; and when the band played 'Dixie' at the last, when the parade was almost over, I ran up to my room in the St. Charles, which overlooked the street, and it seemed, as I stood there and looked over that vast throng of people, that the whole world was suspended beneath my window, and every person was cheering. Indeed, I never



MISS BETTINA RUTH BUSH.

expect to see just such another sight, or hear again such universal cheers for the Confederacy. But besides the parade, and in fact all during our stay in New Orleans, we saw many thrilling and touching scenes and pathetic pictures of the old soldiers gathered together in small groups; we saw them laughing together over some amusing incident, or weeping together in mutual sympathy at the remembrance of past hardships they had passed through together. On the train, in the streets, in the street cars, on the porches, in cafés and parlors, in every hall and byway, sitting and standing, they were in twos and threes, talking or laughing, weeping or cheering—again living over the days of the war. At the fair grounds, in the Old Soldiers' Home, and in the Old Soldiers' Hospital, at the Mess Hall, and at the memorial halls they met and mingled together as in bygone days, while from every hall and parlor floated to them the voices of their daughters singing the good old Southern songs of the sixties, smiling with their happiness or weeping for their sorrow. Or at night, while their sons and daughters—the children of the South—were happy and dancing on the inside of the brilliantly lighted auditorium at the Fair Grounds to the music of the passionate players, just on the outside, in tents or before their camp fires, sat the old, feeble soldiers, in their rows and rows of tents, far and wide, and the smoke from their camp fires curled away in the distance, while the moonlight and stars beamed softly o'er them, and God himself seemed watching from the great blue sky above, to answer the prayer from their noble hearts for the young and rising generation of the South—the Southern boys and girls, their happy and joyous children—that they may ever revere and respect their aged parents, their noble deeds, and the battles they fought for them, that when the hardships and battles of life come to them they may meet them as bravely as their fathers did; and when they come to the last camping ground and into the

tents of the feeble and old—O, if we could as truly say, 'We have fought a good fight.' And methinks,

'That time shall yet decide,
In truth's clear, far-off light,
That the men who wore the gray and died
With Lee were in the right.'

REUNION TEXAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

The great Texas Division of the United Confederate Veterans held its annual convention at Sherman July 15-16. There are two hundred and ninety-five Camps in the division, one hundred and twenty-eight of which were represented by four hundred and ninety-five delegates. Sherman had well arranged for a full delegation, and all of the incidental entertainments that could have been accepted were provided.

Dr. J. T. Wilson, of Sherman, Commander of the home Camp, Mildred Lee, presided in the opening ceremonies. Bishop Joseph Key, Acting Chaplain General of the division, offered an invocation. Mayor Fielder, of Sherman, made the address of welcome, and the band played "Dixie." Hon. J. T. Brown, of Sherman, made an inspiring address, followed by Mr. Charles Balsel in behalf of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Miss Ethel Mills sang "Dixie." A. L. Beatty spoke for the Sons of Veterans, who were well represented. His theme was in advocacy of correct history for the young.

Col. S. P. Greene, Adjutant General of the division, responded to the address of welcome. He urged the importance of maintaining Confederate sentiment in the South. An ardent address was made by Commander Tisdale, of the Trans-Mississippi Department of Sons of Veterans.

Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander of the Texas Division, made an appropriate address, thanking the people of Sherman for their hospitality, etc., before taking up the order of business.

ADJUTANT GENERAL GREENE'S REPORT.

FORT WORTH, TEX., July 11, 1903.

Major General K. M. Van Zandt, Commanding Texas Division, U. C. V.:

General: I have the honor to submit the following report of the Adjutant General's department of your division for the year ending July 15, 1903:

1. At the eleventh reunion, held in Dallas, July 30, 1902, one hundred and twenty-five Camps reported and paid their *per capita* tax.

To this, the twelfth reunion, Camps have reported and paid their *per capita* tax, and are entitled to delegates, as shown by the annexed statement (marked A), which gives the amount paid and the number of votes to which each Camp reporting is entitled.

By the foregoing it will be seen that but little progress has been made in the endeavor to get all the Camps of the division into line. Some Camps which reported last year have fallen out by failure to report this year; while a few who had not heretofore reported have been added to the rolls of reporting Camps. It has required unremitting labor on the part of this department to obtain the result as above, and I again call attention to the fact that a large number of Camps on the roll of the association utterly ignore all attempts to induce them to report to the division; and again ask the reunion to consider the question whether or not such Camps, who so persistently refuse to come into line, should longer be carried upon our rolls; and, if so, what is to be done to induce them to give adherence to the State organization?

2. I hereto attach (marked B) a letter from general headquarters of the association, in which it is shown that the income of the general headquarters is insufficient for the car-



MRS. S. H. WATSON, WAXAHACHIE,
Historian Texas Division, U. C. V.

rying on of the business thereof; and that this division has been assessed in the sum of \$300, in addition to the *per capita* paid in by the Camps thereof, to supplement the amount necessary for said headquarters; and I respectfully suggest that this matter be referred to a special committee, appointed at an early hour of the present reunion, who shall consider and report to the reunion what action shall be taken with respect to the same; and, if said money is to be raised, the manner in which it shall be done.

3. I hereto attach (marked Exhibit C) the report of Comrades Gibson, Terrell, and Carruth, committee on Soldiers' Home and Legislation; and, also a report (marked D) from Col. J. Q. Chenoweth, on the subject of the Confederate Home at Austin, in which much very interesting information is given with regard to the present management of said Home.

In this connection I deem it my duty to call the attention of the reunion, through you, to the fact that the facilities of the Home are utterly inadequate to accommodate the increasing number of our comrades who must be received therein or suffer great privation and hardship. I am informed that the



GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT.

Home is now crowded to its utmost capacity, and that there are on file at least — applications from comrades who are represented to be entitled to be received therein if there were room for them. While the Home, as now conducted, is an honor to the State and is doing a great work for our unfortunate comrades, yet it seems to me that there exist two very grave defects, which cannot be remedied under the present arrangements: First, the extent of the territory embraced within this State is so great that many of our indigent comrades residing at a long distance from the Home do not have the same chance of admittance as those residing nearer. An examination of the roll of the present inmates will, I think, demonstrate this. Secondly, no provision has been or can be made, as the Home is now constituted, by which the wives of our old comrades who seek admittance can be received with them; and many old comrades who are in every way entitled to be received prefer to suffer on in want and penury rather than to accept the comfort of the home at the expense of abandoning his old wife, who, in fact, is as much entitled to these comforts as himself. This last trouble was sought to be remedied by providing a State pension. While this was an issue before the people I was

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personally very much in favor of it, yet it seems to me that the practical operation of the law has been a failure. First, because of the smallness of the pension given; and, secondly, because the frauds that have crept in have reduced even that pittance. In my opinion there should be established one or more additional homes in this State, and that a place should be devised by which the old wives of indigent comrades could remain with them. I am informed that a place of this kind is being successfully operated in Missouri. If this idea could be carried out, the necessity of pensions would be done away with, and the money now so used would be available for that purpose; and would, I believe, be ample for the maintenance of two or more additional homes. I therefore recommend that a special committee or five be appointed by this reunion to consider this matter and report to the reunion their conclusion as to same.

4. I hereto attach (marked E) report of the special committee appointed under resolution passed at the last reunion, to consider and report as to amendments to the division constitution.

5. The report of the Mortuary Committee has not reached this office, but will, I presume, be presented by the committee to the reunion.

6. I hereto attach a statement (marked F) of the receipts and disbursements of the moneys coming to this department, and the same, together with the vouchers and books of accounts, is submitted to the reunion.

7. I desire again to acknowledge my obligation to Lieut. Col. George Jackson for the great assistance rendered in the conduct of the business of the office during the past year; and also to acknowledge the uniform kindness and courtesy shown me by the officers of your staff and of the several brigades; and also to acknowledge the kindness of the newspapers of the State in giving gratuitous publication to orders and other matters pertaining to our cause.

Respectfully submitted. S. P. GREENE, *Adjutant General*.

Gen. Van Zandt appointed the following committees:

On Resolutions: First Brigade, T. P. Edgar, Galveston; Second, T. J. Brown, Austin; Third, Seth Mills, Waco; Fourth, J. H. Letellier, Sherman; Fifth, Duke Goodman, Fort Worth.

On Credentials: First Brigade, Philip Falls, Houston; Second, not represented; Third, W. D. Shaw, Waco; Fourth, P. W. Foster, Sulphur Springs; Fifth, J. A. Cummins, Bowie.

INSPECTOR GENERAL'S REPORT.

FORT WORTH, TEX., July 14, 1903.

Maj. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander Texas Division, U. C. V.

General: I now hand you my report for year ending July, 1903. The duties of the Inspector General's office are so closely associated with those of the Adjutant General that any attempt to make a detailed statement would, of necessity, be largely a repetition of the Adjutant General's report.

The labor of the Adjutant General's office increases each year. The amount of work done in the Adjutant General's office of the Texas Division, I feel warranted in stating, will equal one-fifth of the work performed in the Adjutant General's office at New Orleans. The Adjutant General's report is so complete in every detail that when the minutes are placed in the hands of each Camp in the division no correspondence is necessary to find out the most minute item of interest.

The Sons and Daughters are equally careful in preparing their minutes. More particular are they in the minutes of their general reunions.

I regret very much that the Adjutant General of the United

Confederate Veterans has not deemed it best to have printed the minutes of our general reunion; the absence of these minutes has become a very serious matter, as minutes are very necessary for the better understanding of the workings of the organization. They are a law within themselves; they strangle all undue criticism; they are an educational source; they are a mirror reflecting that pure Confederate atmosphere we breathe at our general reunions; they are helpful from a financial standpoint. I am confronted with much criticism that I am powerless to refute, as I have no minutes of our general reunion to hold up as a shield, as a protector, and as a law, to vindicate the acts of the heads of our beloved organization.

There is a growing tendency to place a commercial value upon everything. Such a spirit is inconsistent with the constitutional principles of the United Confederate Veterans' organization. And while Time, the destroying reaper, is fast thinning our ranks, and our organization growing weaker with each succeeding year, we are reminded that more money is necessary to defray the expenses of the organization.

Then, again, the spirit of commercialism is fast finding lodgment in our ranks. The Confederate organizations are becoming yearly more popular; the politicians are using its channels to seek office, and the designing man to chase the dollar. I find in many portions of the State that the United Confederate Veteran Camps are amalgamating with the masses and holding reunions; the masses are fast overshadowing these Camps. The day is not far distant when, if this is kept up, these Camps will lose their identity. I already know of one Camp that when first organized was composed of sixty grand Confederate veterans; to-day that same Camp has very few veterans in it. Not an officer of it (except the Adjutant) ever saw any service. Completely in the hands of the masses. It is sad to note how many Camps there are that are not identified with the division. What is the matter with these Camps? Are they not satisfied with the records they made during the war? I can trust my comrades will at once resolve to cease this mix-up business. Keep your United Confederate Veteran organization separate. If you hold reunions, let them be distinctly Confederate. Get in line with the State division, and forever after remain in the house of your comrades.

This same commercialism I find in the individuals who are disposed to ask, "Will it pay?" (when requested to act for the good of the cause) rather than, "Is it right?" These comrades place expediency above principle, money above humanity. I do not understand that the United Confederate Veteran organization is one of profit and gain, but rather one of love and sacrifice, and each of our comrades should respond cheerfully, and do what he can to lessen the burdens of the overtaxed workers. We cannot be true to ourselves and do otherwise.

I find the Mothers and Daughters of the Confederacy, over the State at large, are as full of zeal and love for the cause as were our women during 1861 and 1865. You may call them the weaker vessels if you will, but do not do so in derision. Physically, woman is the weaker vessel, but morally and spiritually she is infinitely man's superior. Reason teaches and history confirms the statement that before you can have a race of brave men you must have a race of noble women. It was the sublimity of the moral courage of the women of the South that inspired and sustained the heroism of the soldiers of the Confederacy.

The statesmanship of our President, Jefferson Davis, was justified by the constitution of the American government. His character as a citizen was without a flaw or blemish, and represented the highest ideal of Americanism. The memories of

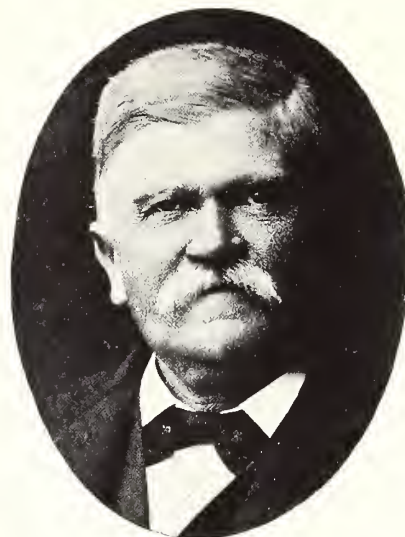
this grand, good, and brave man have been left to us to emulate and hand down to future generations as a beacon light to the shores of greatness, distinction, and glory. Follow it, comrades; it will do to live by; it will do to die by; it will do to leave to posterity, that future greatness and goodness may be shaped.

Respectfully,

DUKE GOODMAN, *Inspector General.*

NEW COMMANDER OF THE FOURTH BRIGADE.

H. W. Graber, elected Brigadier General to command the Fourth Brigade (comprising eighty-six Camps) of the Texas Division, U. C. V., enlisted from Austin County, Tex., in 1861, for the war, with Terry's Texas Rangers (Eighth Texas Cavalry), at the organization of this celebrated command, was



BRIG. GEN. H. W. GRABER.

with his regiment in all of its operations until the close of hostilities, save about twelve months while a prisoner. He was wounded in March, 1863, near Bowling Green, Kentucky, while on a scout in an engagement with a large infantry force, though making his escape from the field. He was such an incubrance to his comrades, endangering their safety from capture or annihilation, that he

begged them to leave him to his fate and save themselves, which they were reluctantly compelled to do. After several months in the hospital and in prison at Bowling Green, awaiting court-martial, he was sent to the Louisville prison, and while there honored with a pair of handcuffs, though still suffering from his wounds, for resenting an insult by a negro official. He was subsequently sent to prisons at Camp Chase, O., Fort Delaware, and Point Lookout Prison, from the latter of which he escaped under a dead man's name.

On arrival at Richmond he called on Senator Oldham, through whom he secured transportation to his regiment in camp, near Greeneville, East Tennessee, where they had just arrived from the Knoxville campaign.

His next service was from Dalton, Ga., to Savannah, thence through the Carolinas.

At Savannah his company was detailed for scout duty with Gen. Lafayette McLaws until after the battle of Bentonville, and when returning one night to camp, near Greensboro, N. C., from a scout, learned the army had surrendered. He determined not to surrender, but to make his way to Texas and join the army over there. He succeeded in persuading about thirty of the regiment to start out with him, and during the night the balance of the regiment started in small bodies, and as far as known not a single member of the Eighth Texas surrendered with Johnston's army. The country was surrendered faster than they could ride over it, and when finally they reached New Orleans the Trans-Mississippi Department had surrendered.

Gen. Graber's connection with the U. C. V. dates back

to its organization in Texas, and on the organization of the Trans-Mississippi Department he was commissioned Quartermaster General on the staff of Gen. W. L. Cabell, which position he resigned to assume command of the Fourth Brigade.

As a member of Camp Sterling Price, he has ever proven himself worthy of the honors conferred (having served as its Commander several years ago), always ready with counsel, labor, time, and purse to assist in all worthy objects undertaken by the Camp.

OLIVER STEELE, *Adj. Sterling Price Camp, 31.*

INCIDENTAL TO STORIES OF KATYDIDS.

BY DR. JOHN P. HIGHT, FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

As there is some controversy in the *VETERAN* concerning what the Federals did at Tuscaloosa about the 4th of April, 1865, I give the following:

In company with three others, two of whom were Capt. James Ezell and, I think, John Rickman, both of Chapel Hill, Tenn., I followed behind Wilson's Federal Cavalry for some time during his raid into the interior of the South. Gen. Croxton, of Wilson's command, left the road to Selma and turned toward Tuscaloosa, and we followed him until near Tuscaloosa, on the opposite side of the river. We then left the road and passed around Croxton's command, arriving in Tuscaloosa ahead and late in the afternoon of about the 3d of April (I am not certain as to dates), expecting to report to Forrest at that place.

Learning on arrival that Gen. Forrest had been there and had hurriedly left to head off Gen. Wilson at Selma, we left town in the direction Forrest had gone, passing down the prettiest street I had ever seen, in the center of which was a row of evergreen trees. When two or three miles out of town we put up at a private residence and slept soundly. After breakfast we went back to Tuscaloosa to give warning that Croxton, with about fifteen hundred men, was headed for that place, leaving destruction and waste behind them, and we were satisfied that they would burn the town. Looking across the river, I could see down the street to our right a group of men or boys, whom we were told were cadets. Ezell rode down that way, and I rode down toward the river, on the opposite bank of which there were about one hundred Federal soldiers. On the way I was warned by a citizen not to go, for I would be killed; and that there was a white flag put up to surrender the city. I rode on until I could be heard, and called to them to know if I could come down to the river bank, have a talk with them, and return unmolested. Being so assured, I rode down to the river on a very fine gray horse, being one of the horses Capt. Ezell and I had taken out of the Federal Capt. Bill Rickman camp one night near Rover, Tenn., when Ezell fired at a negro guard, who fell full length at the report of the pistol.

On arriving at the river, after a short talk, I readily learned that they were very anxious to know of Gen. Forrest's whereabouts. I said to them that I would not tell. They did not insist, but endeavored to find out by other questions. Thinking they would be afraid of Forrest—as they well knew they would be at great hazards if that wizard of the saddle were near—and hoping to frighten them so they would not attempt to cross the river and fire the town, when asked as to my command, I told them I belonged to Gen. Forrest's escort, and I was sent down there to see about that white flag matter.

"You don't know where Forrest is?"

I replied: "I will not tell you."

"You say you belong to the escort, and don't know where Forrest is?"

I replied: "I certainly belong to the escort."

They then ordered some men to report to their general and see about me taking up the flag. Upon their return I was informed it was all right to remove the flag. I then asked if they were going to fire at me on my return if I took the flag. Upon being assured they would not, I got the flag and rode back to town. When about halfway up the hill, their bugles sounded to boots and saddles. Thinking they were leaving, and finding Ezell in waiting, we rode on out of town.

I did not belong to the escort, neither did I see any bridge; for the Federals asked me to come over and exchange papers. I told them I had no skiff; for them to come over, as there was a flat or skiff or something of the kind on their side. But their report from their general broke up our parleying.

I write this because, if the Federals did not enter the city after this, I feel like I had saved the city from the flames.

FATAL SHOT OF "JEB" STUART.

Frank Dorsey, in the *Maryland Journal*, Towson, gives some interesting data from Confederate war records. He concludes:

"I was stationed on the right of our line, near the Telegraph or Brook road, with my company (K) dismounted, numbering about seventy men, and the first I knew about our troops being whipped and driven back on the left was when Gen. Stuart came down to my position with a view of ordering me back, and just as he rode up to the company the Yanks charged. He halted a moment and encouraged the men with the words (his saber above his head) 'Bully for old K! Give it to them, boys!' And just as K had repulsed the Yanks he was shot through the stomach, reeled on his horse, and said, 'I am shot,' and then, 'Dorsey, save your men.' I caught him and took him from his horse, he insisting that I should leave him and save my men. I told him we would take him with us, and, calling Corporal Robert Bruce and Private Charles Wheatley, sent him to the rear. No other troops that I saw were near Gen. Stuart when he was shot. I do not know the exact position of the mounted men of our regiment. I tell you in those heated fights a fellow did not have much time to look around."

By an order from the War Department August 6, 1864, K, all Marylanders, was transferred from the First Virginia to the First Maryland, of which Gus W. Dorsey was made lieutenant colonel commanding.

On April 8, 1865, the First Maryland was attached to the Second, or "old brigade," which, on the morning of the 9th, under the command of that glorious Virginia volunteer who was always "on hand when the pinch came," Brig. Gen. Thomas T. Munford, "cut their way through the Yankee line" and, about five hundred men, were disbanded by Gen. "Tom" Munford April 28, 1865, because of "Joe" Johnston's surrender on the 26th.

D. C. Dugger, of Vilas, N. C., having seen it stated in the *VETERAN* that the real name of "Sue Munday" was Jerome Clark, comments: "While in prison in Louisville, on my way to Camp Chase, I saw a man hanged who gave his name as Sue Munday. Should like to know if it was the Jerome Clark who was hanged."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

PROPOSITION TO ALL PATRONS.

Response to the proposition for perpetuating the VETERAN is disappointing. The few who have responded have given much satisfaction in sharing the moral responsibility, but for some reason there is lethargy inconsistent with the sentiment of patrons. Recently quite a number have remitted five dollars on subscription without even referring to the ten-dollar proposition, which means free subscription for the life of the publisher and a share in the property. No one has ever objected to the terms. The proprietor feels that Sons and Daughters ought to take this matter in hand heartily, for the VETERAN promises more of usefulness than all other things in honor of the Southern people for all time.

This additional proposition is made: Any who are paid into 1904 or farther can have the free subscription for life and the share of stock by payment of \$9. For instance, if payment has been made into 1906, \$7 would pay for this free subscription and ultimate interest. If a friend is in arrears and his time expired any time in 1902, \$11 would pay in full, or if in 1901 \$12. These free subscriptions and interests might be made in behalf of son, daughter, or grandchild. What better could any faithful Confederate do than to hand the VETERAN down in this way?

Unless responses are better soon, the plan will be abandoned and the money refunded to those who have remitted. In that event the pleasure will be enjoyed of entering each person who has already remitted the \$10 as a *free subscriber* for the life of the publisher. Will friends please write their views of this matter?

An explanation to those who should give zealous attention to this proposition is that the publisher is not seeking fortune by this method, but rather to provide resources whereby he may maintain the VETERAN the more thoroughly in an emergency like that which so tried it a few years ago. If patrons could know fully that awful test, they would act now in a practical way. A multitude in that emergency gave evidence of their intention to rally if it should become necessary, but happily it did not, and might not again, but the proposed co-operation would give deserved strength for such an ordeal. Fast-failing Confederates should establish a medium like the VETERAN, but better, whereby its perpetuity would be established beyond the period of any individual existence. It is a great wonder that in the will of patriotic Southerners substantial sums are not provided under the direction of trustees for this purpose.

CONFEDERATE ORGANIZATIONS.

Comrades, what of the hour? Are you ready for marching orders? Do you worthily consider the responsibilities of the last march and the last battle? Do you feel proper pride as a Confederate in the right finish of things in your organization? Isn't it bad for the glorious memories of the Confederacy to let Confederate Camps—the last organizations perhaps by the name—dwindle away insignificantly, possibly in debt? Wouldn't it be better to designate final meetings and disband with clean balance sheets to all the world?

These suggestions may seem premature, but the abandonment of many Camps and the indifference of members to their duties in more prosperous Camps impel the VETERAN to suggest creditable dissolutions.

Since the New Orleans reunion there has been sent out by the VETERAN blanks to all of the 1,500 Camps, with return postpaid envelopes for answers to important questions, and the results indicate far more of nihility than many imagine. It is well to face these solemn issues and act upon them in proper deference to the sacredness of purpose for which they were organized. When a Camp has few members and its further usefulness is hopeless, it would be well to have a last meeting and formally disband. Members of it who can do so might join other Camps. The VETERAN would like to have the views of comrades, very briefly stated, in regard to the policy best to be pursued in this matter.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY IN TEXAS.

Report of the Seventh Annual Convention of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in Fort Worth, December 2-4, comes in a well-condensed book of one hundred and twenty pages. It shows a live, progressive



MRS. CONE JOHNSON,
President Texas Division, U. D. C.

membership, with some large Chapters in different cities. Those having membership of over one hundred are: Houston, 339; the Oran M. Roberts Chapter, 151; and the R. E. Lee, 118; Galveston, 303; Waco, 112; Victoria, 106; San Antonio, 187; Austin, 192; Fort Worth, 129; Eagle Lake, 110. Many smaller places indicate quite a prosperous membership in proportion.

A more careful review of this report would gratify friends of the cause and stimulate others to greater achievements in the great organization.

LOUISIANA STATE CONVENTION.

The annual State convention of the Louisiana Division, United Confederate Veterans, has been announced for August 26, 27, 1903, at Alexandria, La. A rate of one fare for the round trip has been established on all railroads in Louisiana. Tickets will be on sale August 25 and 26, good returning until August 31. The people of Alexandria are making preparations for this State reunion, and the indications are that there will be quite a large attendance. The election of the major general to command the division for the ensuing year will take place August 27.

In crediting the generous donations for decoration of graves at Camp Chase, O., the VETERAN did not include in the July issue the names of the following donors, which were sent in later: D. C. Mills, Hilliards, O.; Camp 2, Louisiana Division Association Army of Tennessee; Zebulon Vance Camp, 681, Asheville, N. C.

ENCOURAGE SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

Occasionally comrades complain that too much space is given in the *VETERAN* to the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, too much to pictures, etc. On the other hand, Daughters complain that, though the *VETERAN* is their official organ, it fails to give them their proportionate share of space. Ah, the responsibility of the work! A letter from Hon. N. R. Tisdal, of Fort Worth, Tex., Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department of Sons, a zealous official, gives a worthy complaint—using the word in the most delicate sense—in behalf of the Sons and Daughters.

"When you meet in your national, State, or county reunions, some at least seem to lose sight of the fact that we are your Sons and Daughters and that it depends to a great extent on us to give the future generation the truth as it is. Don't you think you often forget to give us the encouragement we want and so much need? I attended the reunions at Louisville, Memphis, Dallas, and New Orleans, and a number of State and county reunions in this State and in others, where I have noticed and have had other Sons to call my attention to how little attention is paid to the Sons and Daughters, and I have heard enthusiastic Sons express depression in their efforts to organize Camps, for their work is so little appreciated by a host of veterans—at least they never give us any encouragement. Often we are not even recognized by the officers in charge. All do not treat us that way, but it is done by many. It is needless to say that we are not only of the same blood, but we love and honor our Confederate veterans."

In his letter, Commander Tisdal appeals directly to the veterans, and asks: "Don't you think it would be honoring yourselves as well as us, to encourage the Sons to go join some Camp, to tell them of their first duty to honor their fathers and mothers? In no way can they do a greater honor than to give to establish the truth and justice of the Civil War." In conclusion he appeals for some strong editorials on this all-important matter, to arouse the old veterans to the great necessity of organizing these Sons into Camps in every hamlet.

WHO WORKED ON MRS. DAVIS'S BOOK.

The following from Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, in some unaccountable way, though dated March 28, 1903, was not seen by the editor of the *VETERAN* until August 7. It refers to a paragraph in the John Dimitry sketch, February *VETERAN*.

"My Dear Mr. Cunningham: On the seventy-third page of your valuable journal, the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, of April I find the following sentence: 'In 1890 Mr. Dimitry came South to aid his friend, James Redpath, in the preparation of data for the memoir of Jefferson Davis, which the two wrote in collaboration with Mrs. Jefferson Davis,' which is quite inaccurate, and I ask the insertion of this correction in your next issue.

"The lamented and gifted Mr. John Dimitry came to Beauvoir for a few hours, and I should have been glad to have his assistance in looking up data; and his criticisms and memory of events would have been especially valuable to me, but he told me that his eyes were so afflicted by some ailment that the kind of work I especially wished him to do—viz., the summing up of the military services of our commanders—he could not perform; so that to my knowledge he did nothing in the preparation of my memoirs. I had not the appendix to the *Congressional Globe*, and asked Mr. Redpath to go into New Orleans and copy accurately the citations I had made from memory. Neither Prof. Dimitry or Mr. Redpath wrote any-

thing for my memoir, nor indeed did any one else other than myself, except such aid as my esteemed friend, Col. William Miller Owen, gave, whom I invited to write the history of battles in which he had borne a distinguished and honorable part in the Washington Artillery. Col. Owen wrote many very spirited and clear accounts of the hard-fought battles of our troops; but unfortunately my publisher declined to publish them when incorporated in my narrative, and *accredited to the author in the text*, as they said the book would be more bulky than they contemplated. So they were crowded out in the three condensations I was obliged to give my manuscript before its publication, after which I gave the majority of them to him for his use, as they were valuable and most interesting.

"Mr. Redpath had every disposition and ability to have helped me except that he had not the same point of view, did not know the personnel of our people, and had recently suffered a severe stroke of apoplexy which disabled him for mental effort. He thought our seacoast had improved his health, therefore I asked for no one in his stead and he remained at Beauvoir, but he did no work on my book, though he copied many pages of excerpts of Pollard's history before he found out I did not consider it accurate and could not accept it. His services to me were simply criticisms of style and comparison and verification of dates, which certainly assisted me greatly. The faults of my memoir proceeded probably from lack of experience in literary work. I tried to tell the exact truth as I saw it, and the failure—if there was one—was, like the book, entirely my own.

"Very truly yours.

V. JEFFERSON DAVIS."

GEORGIA SONS OF VETERANS.

The recent annual meeting of Francis S. Bartow Camp, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, was largely attended, and the proceedings were very interesting. Several new members were received, officers were elected, and after the business session refreshments were enjoyed and some informal speeches made. The election of officers resulted as follows: Commandant, Charles G. Edwards; Lieutenant Commanders, Gordon L. Groover and S. W. Parnell; Treasurer, Alfred Duncan Kent; Quartermaster, F. L. Purse; Color Sergeant, W. L. Lander-shine; Historian, R. J. Travis; Surgeon, W. W. Jarrel, M.D.; Chaplain, M. J. Epting.

Reports were received from various officers. Treasurer Kent received the thanks of the Camp for his very efficient services.

It was decided that the Camp should contribute half the amount of the annual expenses of keeping in good condition the Bartow lot in Laurel Grove Cemetery. The Oglethorpe Light Infantry will contribute the remainder.

The social feature of the evening was the delightful spread that had been prepared for the Camp by the Independent Society of St. Paul's Church. The tables were very prettily decorated, and the Sons of Veterans thoroughly enjoyed the good things provided. A number of delightful impromptu speeches were made.

THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Capt. J. W. Ward, at a meeting of Camp Sumter, S. C., U. C. V., responded to the above designated toast.

"Is language adequate to pay just tribute to a subject so sublime? Who were those noble women for whom I have the honor to respond to-night? They were the mothers and the wives of the men who composed an army for whose courage, endurance, and loyalty to principle we must go to ancient Greece for a parallel. They were the women who

could, without a murmur, relinquish all the blandishments of luxurious life for servile drudgery when their altars of liberty were assailed. They were the women whence from their homes had gone the lamp that burned with the luster of the moon and stars, at their command, to grapple in deadly conflict against fearful odds.

"This the incentive that lit the camp fires of the Confederacy and kept them in ardent glow from the mountains of Virginia to the plains of Texas. This the inspiration that fired the souls of those heroic men who charged with Lee and Hampton and Pickett. It was such an inspiration that nerved those gallant boys who tramped over mountain road and frozen ground with bleeding feet at "Stonewall" Jackson's pace. And it was such an inspiration as this that held invincible for four long years the battered walls of yonder fortress—Sumter.

"When the sad tidings reached us that the beloved child of the Confederacy, Winnie Davis, whose infant eyes first saw the light amid the storm of battle, had passed away, this camp, in meeting assembled, paid tribute to her memory. It was my prerogative to convey to her bereaved mother a copy of the chaste and touching tribute from the pen of Dr. R. L. Brodie. This is Mrs. Davis's reply to my letter:

"The beautifully engrossed memorial resolutions in memory of my child have been received, and I cannot adequately express my thanks for them. Such a verdict upon her pure and womanly life, passed by our countrymen, is the only comfort left for me, alone as I must be until the end of my stormy life. In my desolation I turn to my own people for sympathy, and am always theirs and yours faithfully,

VARINA JEFFERSON DAVIS.'

"Yes, my comrades; hers, like her sister's in this sacred cause, has been a stormy life, like our own, fast drawing to a close. But they will live beyond the blight of time. Their virtue, their heroism and unswerving devotion to principle, shall endure when the monuments they have erected to the heroes of the cause they loved so well shall have crumbled into dust.

"When the closing scenes of Appomattox had blasted every ray of hope for the consummation of their wildest joy, and despair was stamped upon every brow, 'twas the women of the Confederacy who lifted up their voices to cheer and to admonish these broken-hearted men. Though their banners were forever furled, there was duty yet to be done. These mothers, who had trained their boys from early childhood with 'these precepts in thy memory, look thou to character.' It was character thus implanted in their minds that produced the soldiers that they were, and it was this manly training that enabled them to cope with the intricate problems that confronted them after the sword had been beaten into the pruning hook. When they saw their sons and husbands struggling against gigantic influences in the endeavor to retrieve their lost fortunes, she did not say to them go 'bend the supple hinges of the knee and gather frith by fawning.' No; she pointed them to manly duty, whether in field or forum, in the profession or workshop, and bade them "gather gear by every wile that's justified by honor."

"This, my comrades, is a brief portrayal of the women of the Confederacy as well as my feeble language can express it. May God bless their noble souls! And may we not indulge in the hope that the example of these women be preserved through their prosperity, and thus be perpetuated those lofty characteristics that have ever adorned the South?

Then may we realize as a people the prophecy as foretold by that lamented priest and poet in these pathetic words:

"And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
May yet form the footstool of Liberty's throne;
And each single wreck in the warpath of might
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right."

THE LATE POPE LEO.

The above picture is from a photograph secured by Bishop Bryne, of Tennessee, who was in Rome when the Pope was eighty years old. The impulse to publish his picture was strengthened by recalling a day in prison at Indianapolis, when a priest entered from the city and a group of prisoners of the Tenth Tennessee—the "Bloody Tenth"—sprang forward,



POPE LEO, FROM PHOTO AT EIGHTY YEARS.

and one of them, speaking for the group, said: "Father, we love you very much, but we intend to die fighting the Yankees."

Mrs. Lulie Kirby Parish, of Nashville, made a large, handsome painting on tapestry from this photograph, which was hung opposite the main doorway of the Cathedral during the memorial services in his honor. Leo XIII. was a great man, and much beloved by many Confederates.

TOO BUSY TO COUNT.—While in Congress "Private" John Allen, of Mississippi, could hardly be induced to give a serious answer to a serious question. The older members knew this, and seldom went to the Southern wit for information, but new men often came to grief by doing so. Shortly after Mr. Littlefield, of Maine, had taken his seat after his first term he wanted some figures in a hurry. Turning to Mr. Allen, he said: "Pardon me, sir, but you were at Gettysburg; can you tell me how many Federal soldiers were killed outright there?" "I am sorry, very sorry, indeed, that I can't accommodate you," replied the "private," "but the fact is I was so busy that I clean forgot to count my shots."

GAY TO GRAVE IN THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

These reminiscences were written by request for a young lady who read them at a meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Waynesboro, Va.:

Now it is the Daughters of the Confederacy; then it was the mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of the South who gathered to see their sons, brothers, and lovers off to the war. What a thrilling time it was in that spring of 1861 when a "nation was born" and a most glorious chapter in human bearing and daring was written! The Southern Confederacy, that inspiration of cavaliers and righteousness, that inspirer of heroes, who pricked their names on the pages of history with sword and bayonet point; of poets, who "wreathed around with glory" the Southern cross; of matrons and maidens, who gave more than life to its defense!

Then began the assembling of that Southern manhood and boyhood who were to go "sounding down the ages" as the Confederate army. Among the first to enroll themselves under its banner were the Valley Rangers, a volunteer cavalry company composed of the very best of the young men living along the eastern side of Augusta County, who, under their first captain, the brave Patrick (who later as major of the Seventeenth Battalion was to die gloriously on the plains of Second Manassas), met in historic Waynesboro to go to the front. It was then the comedy parts in the great opening drama commenced. How exercised we were about our uniforms, how we had to send off for the material, and get just the right shade of color, and the exact buttons, braid, etc.! How we watched the making of them and how impatient we got; and, at length, when finished and donned, how we did strut, and how gorgeous we were with our wide yellow (the cavalry color) striped trousers and braided coats and bright brass buttons (a gross of them, more or less); and our hats, great wide-brimmed slouches, with plume and gilt cord and tassel; and what a sight was the little fellow in his over-large clothes! My eye; but it was comic, and our pictures would grace the Sunday newspaper of to-day. Then, at last, when everything was ready, our horses, the very finest and best in the county, groomed to perfection, with plaited manes and tails; new saddles, with bright red blankets and girths; our big, old-fashioned saddle pockets stuffed to bulging with every useful article; and then the baggage wagon to follow with our trunks, bedding, etc., enough for an army in later days. And the joke of it all was, that not one in ten had a weapon of any kind unless it was a toy pistol or so. And to think of such a going to war! But then, the guns we would, and did, get later from the enemy. How vividly the scene comes back of our last mustering! How we formed in line on Main Street, and, as we mounted our horses for the last time, of the motherly caress and cautions, the father's advice, the sister's proud smile, and the admiring looks of the younger brothers and servants; and then, the sly embrace of the sweetheart behind the parlor door, when we rushed in to say good-by for the twentieth time! Last came the presentation of our flag and farewell address from our good and true "Old Parson" Richardson.

Then from our captain came, "Attention, company! By twos, march! Head of column right!" and away we marched for Harper's Ferry to fight Yankees, and without a gun. (Pure comedy that, with no chance for a tragedy.) What an enjoyable march it was! To us boys it was as when school closed and we reveled in the sense of freedom and dreamed of the great and daring deeds we should perform. The march down the valley in that lovely April was enjoyed

ever so much. How we laughed and chatted by the way, and now and then tried the speed and mettle of our horses, and how we were cheered and admired by the girls all along the route! And the great event, our arrival at Harper's Ferry, where was forming that grand army that later, as the Army of Northern Virginia, was for the coming four years to perform the deeds of heroism that make it the honor it now is to be a Daughter of the Confederacy! Camp life was a revelation and delight to the boys who had been so strictly reared at home, and we threw ourselves into and enjoyed it to the full. How we smoked, played cards, frolicked, tussled, and let ourselves out in gay abandon! O, but it was jolly!

Pretty soon our camp at the Ferry was broken up, and the war began in earnest. Then our company—now known as Company E, First Virginia Cavalry—made the first fight in the Valley by a skirmish with a lot of Yankees across the Potomac at Williamsport, and in a few days we had our first man shot—Sam Dalhouse—and then we fought along with the West Augusta Guard of Staunton and the Rockbridge Artillery and the other troops under Jackson (the building Stonewall Brigade) at Falling Waters, and under J. E. B. Stuart, our major then and afterwards our great cavalry general. We captured the very first company of Yankees and had one of our company—Zach Johnson—wounded. Both Johnson and Dalhouse died in a few months, partly from their wounds. It was in this fight at Falling Waters that Maj. D. W. Drake and Capt. John Opie, then privates in the West Augusta Guards, being a little in advance of our line of battle and intent on firing at the Yankees, did not notice the withdrawal of their command, but continued shooting, and thus those two brave boys held in check the Yankee Gen. Patterson's army for a while, and then fell back in good order and without a scratch. Both of these boys afterwards performed many deeds of bravery besides the holding in check of an army. But it was not all tragedy; and when the fight was over, then came the camp with its pleasures of good comradeship and fun, and thus we got the variety—tragedy and comedy; that was the spice of our soldier life. It was not often we saw our sweethearts or any other fellow's sweetheart, but just now and then we would camp near some nice girls and would have the time and cheek to make their acquaintance. So it happened to us one time down in Culpeper County. We camped for a month near the homes of several charming girls, and fortunately "one of ours" (Drake) knew them, so our mess "had the call" on that house, and we went in for all the fun and good eatings possible. We had music and dinners and suppers whenever we could get away from camp. And just then we got a "box from home," and concluded to set up a big dinner to our girl friends as a return for the many we had from them. So with much care and concern we fixed up a table with some old plank, and covered it with an oilcloth for a table cover, and had stumps for seats. Now, every mess had in it one who was supposed to be a boss cook. Ours was James E. Irvine, the best of comrades and soldiers. So to "old Jim" was intrusted the making of the coffee and the spread generally, whilst we courting boys rode gayly away to fetch our girls on behind us into camp, and how delightful was that ride! How we would spur our horses, making them cut up, so the girl on behind would hold on to us ever so clingingly, as it is their nature. O my; but the fun of that ride and our entry into camp! How the boys would pass by our mess, at a distance, just to get a glance at the girls, and others would, from behind trees, take long and wistful looks at the strange beings. O, those boxes from home, what delights they were both in giving and receiving! How care-

fully were their contents selected! The best of everything at home was for the soldier boys. And then, how the boys enjoyed them, and how unselfish they were calling in their friends to the feast! At last dinner was announced. First came the ham (it was the best in the smokehouse), boiled and then roasted to a turn at home, with its spots of black pepper, the "piece irresistible." Then the sausage, so nicely fried by Jim, with its brown gravy, the cold tongue, the jar of pickle, the nice butter, the home-made cheese, apple and peach butter, a glass of jelly; then the cakes, sugar, ginger, doughnuts, and the great fruit cake, a little coffee, ready ground and perhaps the last they had at home, and the sugar, salt, and pepper, and the long black bottle of rare old grape wine we had found down in one corner of our box—just "in case of sickness," you know. Everything fit to make a feast for the gods of war. But the goddesses were there too, and so Venus feasted with Mars, and everything was Elysium. What a feast it was, spread in that woodland camp of the First Virginia, in advance of the Army of Northern Virginia! With the danger line only a few miles away, we needed no other spice to incite enjoyment of the present, for who more than the careless and gay "Confed" could take in every passing pleasure and bit of humor, even when going into a fight? Yes; it was with us as in our camp song:

"Then let the big guns rattle as they will,
We'll be gay and happy still."

So we made ourselves gay and festive at that dinner, and gave the girls a jolly good time and a bright bit of camp life, not knowing or caring for the morrow.

Dinner over, we got permission from the ladies and enjoyed our pipes as usual; then later we had a song or two, just to let the other boys "hear an angel sing" once again. And then, again taking our lovely guests up behind us on our prancing steeds, we returned them in safety to their homes. That was the comedy. Afterwards came the tragedy, when a few days later our bugles sounded boots and saddles, and we heard the Yankee cavalry had crossed the Rappahannock, captured our pickets, and were advancing on our camp. "Then there was mounting in haste." We were soon ready and riding rapidly to meet them. The ladies, our late guests, lived in the direction of our march, so our party rode over to say good-by; and it was with a sigh and a tear, but brave words, they bade us farewell, and perhaps forever. And it turned out, though we did not get killed, that we never saw our sweet girls again. We met the Yankees and fought one of our historic battles of Kelley's Ford, March 17, 1863, and we drove them back across the river, and thus opened the campaign of 1863, in which was fought Chancellorsville. So it was we lived our soldier life, from grave to gay and gay to grave, and as time passed the fighting was more frequent, and there was more of tragedy and less of comedy, for after each fight some gay spirit of fun would be missing from around a camp fire. Yet those who were left got all the pleasures possible out of life, and without any disrespect for the missing comrade we kept up the fun and frolic to the end. And to some of the survivors those were the four gayest and jolliest years of life.

ONE OF THEM, "FISH."

LAST OF THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

The New York *Sun* of recent date gives an account of the foundering of the British monitor Scorpion off George's Shoals, while being towed from Bermuda to St. John, N. B., where she was to be broken up as old metal. The *Sun* says that it marks, perhaps, the passing of the last relic of the navy of the Confederate government.

The Scorpion and the Wivern were constructed by Laird Brothers, of Liverpool, under the supervision of Capt. James D. Bulloch, of the Confederate navy, an uncle of President Roosevelt. Owing to the protest of Mr. Adams, then Minister to England, acting under orders from Secretary Seward, the British government seized the two vessels and refused to allow them to be turned over to the Confederacy. It has been asserted by Southern naval officers that the failure of the Confederate government to secure these two monitors, which were then the most formidable war vessels afloat, went far to change the result of the war between the States.

There are now living in Washington two or three ex-Confederate naval officers who were among those sent to England to bring the Scorpion and the Wivern to this country, one of whom furnished the following account of the Scorpion:

"Soon after the battle between the Merrimac and the Monitor in Hampton Roads, in 1862, the Confederate government ordered from Laird Brothers two monitors, and sent Capt. Bullock to England to superintend their construction. The contract price was about \$46,875 apiece. One was to be completed in March, 1863, and the other in May following. They were known while undergoing construction as El Tousson and El Mounassir.

"There was some delay in the work, and it was not until May 27, 1863, that the Confederate officers who were to man the new boats ran the blockade at Charleston, S. C., and started for England. Those in the party were: Matthew F. Maury, John R. Hamilton, Capt. Littlepage, Dan Trigg, H. H. Marmaduke, and Capt. James North. Capt. Bullock was to command one of the monitors, and Capt. North the other.

"The party were beached at Eleuthera Island for two days. Then a wrecking vessel came to their relief and towed their ship to Nassau. They arrived in England in August.

"The agents of the United States government in England found out the intentions of the Confederates in regard to the Laird monitors, and reported the matter to Secretary Seward. The latter filed a protest through Minister Adams, and England held up the two vessels.

"The Confederate officers then invoked the aid of Bravay Brothers, French bankers, who announced that they would purchase the monitors from Laird Brothers, and that they were the agents of the khedive of Egypt in the transaction. Their real plan was to turn them over to the Confederates. The British government sent a secret messenger to the khedive, who denied all knowledge of the matter.

"Upon this Secretary Seward notified the British and the French governments that if the Lairds were allowed to deliver the two boats to Bullock the United States would consider it an act of war and would act accordingly.

"The English papers said at the time that the superiority of the two vessels over those of the British navy was a disgrace to England.

"An old Confederate sailor wrote to the Association of Confederate Veterans suggesting that they buy it as a relic. His letter reached New Orleans too late to receive attention."

It is easy enough to be pleasant

When life flows by like a song,

But the man worth while is the man who will smile

When everything goes dead wrong.

For the test of the heart is trouble,

And it always comes with years;

And the smile that wins the praises of all

Is the smile that shines through tears.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

REMINISCENCES OF INDIANOLA, TEX.

BY EUDORA I. MOORE, PORT LAVACA, TEX.

Situated on the southern shore of Matagorda Bay, a little more than one hundred miles southwest of Galveston, is a long, low stretch of white shell with clumps of salt cedars growing here and there, a number of old underground cisterns, the posts of two wharves extending far out into the bay, the crumbling walls of the old courthouse, some mounds of earth thrown up by the Federals for forts, a graveyard with broken and prostrate headstones and graves overgrown with thorn bushes—these are about all that is left of what was once the thriving city of Indianola.

Partially washed away by the furious storm of 1875, when hundreds of her people were drowned, and again in '86 visited by both fire and flood, she "yielded up the ghost," and the few who escaped that fearful tempest sought places of security in the interior of the State. Here, in early days, LaSalle and his men landed, and years afterwards cakes of white wax, intended for candles to be used in the missions, floated ashore from the wreck of some vessel.

The town was established about the close of the Mexican war, and in the fifties long trains of Mexican carts came bringing silver and other commodities for shipment, and returned laden with merchandise for the interior. Here hundreds of bees were driven and shipped on steamboats for New Orleans and Cuban markets. At another time a herd of camels with their drivers were landed, and emigrants for West Texas and soldiers for the protection of the frontier passed through this place.

When the thunders of the great war began to mutter a company of United States soldiers marched back through the town and took vessel preparatory to leaving the State. They had not proceeded far when they were overtaken by Confederates in a little iron steamer, the *United States*, by order of Gen. Van Dorn, and compelled to return. After a few days they were paroled and went on their way rejoicing. A few of the men remained and joined our army.

At Pass Cavallo, the entrance to Matagorda Bay, the Confederates built Fort Esperanza, and here a few men were stationed. In 1862 the yellow fever broke out among them and spread to the town. Quite a number died, both of soldiers and citizens. In 1863 part of a regiment of men under Col. Ireland, afterwards Governor of Texas, was stationed here. In November of that year the Federals captured Fort Esperanza, but its garrison escaped, and the troops evacuated Indianola. It was at this time that Gen. Magruder ordered the vacant houses, wharves, bridges, etc., burned; but I never knew until I read in the *VETERAN* to whom we owed the noncommittal of the order. Col. S. H. Darden, knowing the distress it would cause, wrote to Gen. Magruder a letter of explanation, and the order was in part revoked, the railroad bridge and a large pile of lumber only being burned.

Soon after the evacuation the Federal gunboats came up the bay and went on to Port Lavaca, twelve miles distant, which place they bombarded, doing, however, but little damage. The Federals, who were mostly Western men of the Thirteenth Army Corps, invested the city of Indianola for three months. They had been in many hard-fought battles, as their decimated regiments and tattered battle flags plainly indicated, and came there to rest and recuperate, preparatory to the spring campaign. They

killed our cattle and tore down all unoccupied houses belonging to Confederates, but beyond that treated us much better than we were treated by United States soldiers during reconstruction days. Col. Oran Perry, whose regiment was camped at our place, gave strict orders against molesting anything about the premises.

During the three months of their occupancy we never heard a word from our soldier boys or how it was with "The Cause" other than from a Yankee standpoint, and we could not always find it in our hearts to believe their reports.

CAVALRY SERVICE UNDER GEN. WHEELER.

BY W. H. DAVIS, COMPANY F, FOURTH TENNESSEE CAVALRY.

For some time I have been contemplating writing a series of war reminiscences upon the individual exploits, adventures, and achievements of Gen. Tom Harrison's cavalry brigade. It was composed of the Eighth Texas (Terry's Rangers), Eleventh Texas, Third Arkansas, and Fourth Tennessee. I hope that what I may write will give pleasure to those now living who laid down their arms in glorious defeat at Charlotte, N. C., and reflect credit upon those gallant and unflinching heroes whose bones are crumbling in tombless graves on the hundreds of gory fields.

The Eighth and Eleventh Texas were nicknamed "Chums;" the Third Arkansas, "Joshes;" and the Fourth Tennessee, "Paul's People," the last named for our lieutenant colonel, Paul Anderson. On one occasion, after a severe engagement, many of his regiment checked up short, and he was heard to inquire: "I wonder whar the h—— all my people are?" It was the custom of the soldiers of each regiment to mingle in camp and on the march with any other regiment in the brigade. However, when a "scrap" was "on tap," whether by matured plans or unexpectedly, every soldier was in line somewhere, ready to do battle, and, if need be, to die, for they were a solid phalanx of heroes. What could be more glorious than a dauntless hero, fearlessly jeopardizing his life for a cause he deems just?

After Sherman left Atlanta and started on his famous (infamous) march to the sea, Kilpatrick, with about five thousand cavalry, started in the direction of Augusta, presumably contemplating the destruction of our arsenals and cotton factories in operation there. Gen. Wheeler, with his command of about twenty-five hundred strong, at once started in hot pursuit, and, after several days' skirmishing between our advance and Kilpatrick's rear, the latter pitched camp near Rock Springs, Ga. By the shrewdness of Capt. Shanon, who commanded Wheeler's Secret Scouts, Kilpatrick's pickets were captured without the fire of a gun, leaving his camp wide open. "Little Jo" rode into the enemy's camp at daylight next morning, finding Kilpatrick and his men asleep, and opened fire on them as they lay in bed. Kilpatrick barely escaped capture by mounting a bareback horse caparisoned only with a halter, he being bareheaded, barefooted, and with nothing on but his underclothing, leaving several fine horses, his gold-mounted sword, a pair of ivory-handled six-shooters, and a handsome saddle—all of which the boys presented to Gen. Wheeler. Among the horses captured by us was a beautiful spotted stallion which Kilpatrick was riding. Although the entire camp was completely surprised, the Yanks fought like emissaries from the infernal regions. They lay in bed and used their seven-shooting Spencer carbines and forty-five caliber six-shooters with deadly effect. It required about fifteen minutes to completely stampede them. They left three hundred and

fifty killed and wounded on the field, and six hundred prisoners, with a like number of horses, and the greater part of their equipage and pack mules. We followed up the victory, hard pressing our foe. About 4 P.M. Kilpatrick's advance reached Buck Head Creek, and carefully prepared to fire the bridge spanning it. After crossing it, the application of torches soon had it ablaze. By a dash of "Paul's People" the enemy's rear guard was quickly driven back, and the burning bridge soon recovered from the flames. During this delay Kilpatrick lost no time in erecting rail breastworks, and when we crossed the creek we encountered his outpost within a mile. His first line of works, about two hundred yards in front of the main line, was manned by a dismounted brigade, their right being protected by a mounted regiment in the open, level field, and their left by a dense woodland. "Little Joe" and "Old Paul" rode at the head of our column, marching in fours. A dense woodland skirted our right, and an open field stretched a quarter of a mile to our left. Arriving within about one hundred yards of the first line, it opened on us a galling fire which threw the head of our column into more or less confusion. An order from Gen. Wheeler to "left front into line" and charge the mounted regiment miscarried, but Jim Blair and myself personally heard the order, and spurred our horses forward to take our places in line. We reached a point within fifty yards of the mounted regiment, every man of whom directed his fire at us. A captain in the enemy's line pointed his sword at us and shouted: "Shoot the — scoundrels!" Having no hope of escaping with my life, I dismounted, and, turning my horse parallel to their line, rested my carbine across my saddle and took three deliberate shots at him, the third one taking effect in his chest. One of his men seized the reins of his bridle, and another his arm, and conducted him to the rear, whether dead or alive I cannot state. About this juncture Col. Anderson filed the column to the right into the woods, marching to a distance that left our rear opposite the extreme left of the enemy's line. The Tennesseans were followed by Terry's Rangers, and both regiments wheeled into line. The Third Arkansas and Eleventh Texas were aligned to the left of the road in the open. All this was quickly accomplished under a murderous fire. Our buglers blasted the charge, and the entire brigade was hurled at our foes like a thunderbolt. The routing of the bluecoats quickly succeeded our onslaught, and they were driven in wild confusion to the main line, on which was planted a battery of four twelve-pound howitzers, which opened a destructive volley with grape and canister. "Little Joe" then sounded a retreat, so as to realign his entire command. Ashby's brigade was on the right, Dibrell's on the left, and Harrison's in the center. Kilpatrick's command was covered by a continuous line of breastworks in crescent shape. Anderson's Tennesseans and Terry's Rangers, being in the timber, proceeded slowly until reaching the open. Meantime the Eleventh Texas and Third Arkansas went by our left flank in as perfect a line as I ever saw on a drill field. Reaching the open, our bugler, Jim Nance, sounded the charge, and at our foe we went like an avalanche, but our entire line was driven back in defeat. Retiring and re-forming, a second assault was made with the same result, we both times sustaining fearful loss in men and horses in a hand-to-hand encounter across the breastworks. We retreated to our former position to re-form for the third onslaught. Being in line, Col. Anderson took position in front and center of the regiment, and commanded: "Attention!" Every man's ears awaited his command, when he cried out:

"Boys, I want every d—— man in this regiment, when we reach the edge of the woods, to put spurs to his horse and go like h—— to the Yankee breastworks; then abandon your horses, and, with a six-shooter in each hand, go over and drive the d—— scoundrels out." From every throat in the line the reply went back: "All right, Colonel. Your people will all be there." Old Jim Nance's bugle's shrill notes sounded "Forward," and with a yell we again started, not to defeat but to a glorious victory, the howitzers still roaring their uncomfortable refrain, to the successful silencing of small arms.

Out of the woods, we put spurs to our foaming chargers, and reached the breastworks. Each man, religiously obeying orders, with a six-shooter in each hand, commenced scaling the enemy's works in the face of a galling fire. Our foes, quickly perceiving our determination to win or die, were at once discomfited, and beat a retreat, when the wild work of human destruction commenced. We went over the breastworks at sunset, using our six-shooters very effectively, leaving the field blue with their dead and wounded, and capturing some two hundred prisoners with their horses and arms. Our men fought well to avenge our comrades, whom we had left weltering in their precious blood. We followed in hot pursuit until it became too dark to successfully find our way through the pine and black-jack undergrowth. This victory demoralized Kilpatrick and his soldiers, since we were so eminently successful in driving him from a position of his own choosing, and that, too, strongly fortified and manned by more than double our number, and he decided to abandon his raid on Augusta.

I am not in possession of any official data to give the casualties on either side, but I know both suffered fearfully. Fighting superior numbers with superior arms behind breastworks gave us the hot end of the wire. But we started in to win, and in doing so we saved the loss of more value than "Little Joe's" entire command ever cost the Confederacy.

A very amusing incident which I cannot resist describing took place as we were retiring from our second assault. Lieut. Charles A. Baird, while we were passing through the woodland, was caught under the chin by a vine and dragged from his horse. In falling the vine was twisted into a loop, suspending him about two feet from the ground, making a comical picture. The writer, seeing his predicament, rushed to his assistance with a large Bowie knife, clipped the vine, and thereby saved him from a most absurd hanging. Meanwhile the shells and solid shot were pruning the pine and cypress trees about us, but we had a good laugh and the experience made us lifelong friends.

Kilpatrick never attempted another sally from the infantry army, feeling, I suppose, that he would suffer like defeat. Thence it became "Little Joe's" duty to keep the enemy rounded up in as small a compass as possible, which he efficiently accomplished. Sherman was heard to remark during the campaign that Wheeler was the best provost guard he ever had. No command of cavalry was ever so successful as was Gen. Wheeler's on this campaign in the discomfiture and destruction of an enemy and his supplies.

Capt. K. F. Peddicord writes that a movement has been inaugurated to erect a monument to the memory of the ten Confederate prisoners who were executed in Palmyra, Mo., October 18, 1862, by Gen. John McNeil, commanding the Federal forces in Northeast Missouri. It is known as "The Palmyra Massacre."

BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

BY W. A. DAY, SHERRILL'S FORD, N. C.

I see the accounts of battles written by comrades who participated in them are growing fewer in number every year. Can it be that the packed knapsack under the heading, "The Last Roll," is responsible for it? Comrades, it has been thirty-eight long years since we fought our last battles. The sons and daughters of the South will need our help after we are all gone, so let us help them while we live. Let us give them true sketches of those terrible battles, so that in the days to come the descendants of the old Confederate soldiers may read of the brave days of old.

The battle of the crater has been known in story and in song as the bloodiest battle of the war. I give this history as I saw it. I was a private soldier, twenty years of age, in Company I, Forty-Ninth North Carolina Regiment, Ransom's Brigade, Gen. Bushrod Johnson's Division. We were among the first troops to arrive at Petersburg when Butler moved his army up the James. Our division had been engaged in all the battles around Drewry's Bluff and Bermuda Hundred, and when Gen. Grant crossed the James at City Point and moved up the river were among the first to arrive at Petersburg, marching all night and reaching the city at sunrise. We rested a few minutes at Blandford Cemetery, then double-quickened two miles out on the Jerusalem plank road, where we aided the militia in checking the advance of Grant's army as it rapidly approached the city. This was the beginning of the siege of Petersburg, which lasted two hundred and seventy days. Our division occupied the trenches during the entire siege, and was under the fire of the Yankee guns every day and night of the time, except fourteen days when we were sent out on the right, where our division was nearly all killed and captured at the disastrous battle of Five Forks.

But it is in regard to the crater that I write now. I have heard disputes concerning the troops who made that grand charge in the afternoon of July 30, 1864, known as Mahone's charge. I believe that Tennessee, Virginia, South Carolina, and North Carolina were all represented. I know the Twenty-Fifth North Carolina Regiment was.

The battle commenced at daylight and ended with the charge of our troops in the afternoon, which cleared the breastworks of the Yankees and reestablished our lines.

I had been out all night on picket, returning just before day on the morning of the 30th, and had seen nothing unusual on the Yankee side. I was very sleepy and tired, and went into a bombproof a few paces in rear of the works, and in a few minutes was asleep. I was suddenly awakened by a tremendous jar, which loosened the timbers overhead and let the dirt roll in on me, almost covering me up. I was first under the impression that a sixty-four pounder mortar shell had struck the bombproof and caved it in, but in a few minutes, with a thunder that shook the hills, the enemy opened two hundred pieces of artillery, massed for the purpose on our lines, and the earth trembled under the shock. I seized my gun and ran out into the works. The men were all under arms, and about the time I got into my place in the ranks the orders came to move down the line of breastworks to the right at double-quick.

Pegram's battery stood on the top of a hill in the open field, the ground sloping off gently in front for a distance of one hundred and fifty yards, then abruptly down to the railroad, near where the tunnel was started. In the rear, at some distance, was a small ravine, then rising ground back to Cemetery Ridge, half a mile in the rear, which the enemy intended to crown with artillery should they succeed in gaining the

ridge through the breach in the works. There the whole country around would have been at the mercy of their guns. On the right and left were ravines, a small stream running through the one on the left, heading at a spring two hundred yards above. On the left the woods reached up to within seventy-five yards of the battery. The place was known as Elliott's salient.

There were two regiments between ours (the Forty-Ninth North Carolina) and the battery—viz., the Twenty-Fifth North Carolina and a South Carolina regiment. The South Carolinians were nearest the crater, and lost a number of men by the explosion. A few weeks before we had thrown up a work in the rear of the battery, connecting with the main line on each side. This line saved us that day. It was known as "the cavalier line."

Capt. Wright's masked battery of six guns stood on the hill above the ravine on the left, just in the rear of the main line, with an enfilading fire on the enemy's works. When our orders came we moved rapidly along the works, which made a bend just above the ravine in front of Capt. Wright's battery, and soon came in full view of the crater over on the other hill. The place where the battery stood was now a hole in the ground, one hundred feet long, sixty feet wide, and thirty feet deep, with the smoke rising in great clouds out of it. By that time it was light enough to see a considerable distance, and our men could be seen running rapidly to the rear, and the whole field in front full of Yankees and negroes charging up to the crater. The great burly negroes in their ill-fitting uniforms, half drunk it was said, were shouting at the top of their voices, "No quarter to the Rebels! No quarter to the Rebels!" and butchering every man they found alive in the works. The soldiers who fought in that battle will never forget it. That dreadful shout, "No quarter!" from the negro troops rang in our ears for days afterwards. We plainly saw the position we were in. To be captured by the negro troops meant death not only to ourselves but, it appeared, to the helpless women and children in Petersburg. The shots from Capt. Wright's battery were flying low over our heads, plowing great lanes through the Federals. We dashed down the works, across the ravine, and up the hill, shouting to our retreating comrades to "Hold on; we are coming!" Arriving at the cavalier line, the Forty-Ninth, under Lieut. Col. Flemming, filed to the right in line, and halted with half the regiment in the cavalier line and half in the main works on the left, with the colors at the angle. The enemy were still charging into the crater and into the works on each side. They were so thick that they had no lines. Thirteen United States flags were flying in our front, planted on our works near the crater. The moment we halted we were ready for them, with plenty of ammunition and a whole field full to shoot into. Our officers ran along the lines with their naked swords in their hands, shouting to us that we were fighting for our lives and for everything we held dear on earth, and not to let them force us out. Two hundred pieces of artillery were playing on us, but we held on to the works. The flames flew out in solid sheets from the muzzles of our guns, mowing them down in heaps, and they could not stand it. All who could not get into the crater and the works on each side made a rush back to their own works, but very few ever reached them. This gave us a little time to rest and let our guns cool. The firing soon ceased, with the exception of a few pieces of artillery and the sharpshooters. The smoke which had been lit up by the flashes of the guns soon became so dense that we could scarcely see through it. We were soon moved farther down the works, so as to have more

room, and with an order to keep a sharp lookout in front. This move brought us down to where the woods were in our front. A fresh lot of ammunition being brought in and distributed so that we would have nothing to do but pick it up, and the smoke having somewhat cleared away, we lay about an hour watching a mortar battery, which we had planted in a rear ravine, pitch shells into the crater, which was packed full of both white and black. Every shell sped true to the mark and crashed in among them. Some tried to get out and run back to their own works, but the sharpshooters dropped them before they were halfway.

The enemy waited until we were well rested and our guns cool, then made another heavy charge on the works on the left of the crater and in our immediate front. The lookouts gave the alarm, and, springing to our posts, we saw heavy lines of the enemy charging up through the woods and in about fifty yards of the breastworks. They were sheltered by the timber, and came very near getting into our works, but we poured the bullets into them so heavily that they had to fall back. We watched for them to re-form and come again, but that was the last charge they made. We lay there some time waiting for them to return, but our part of the fighting was over for that day.

Just before the charge was made we were moved farther up the line to the left to guard against a flanking charge which the enemy was expected to make. This position placed us in full view of the charge.

When the assaulting columns arrived, they moved into position sheltered by the hills, and formed their lines in the ravine between the works and Cemetery Ridge. When all were ready they moved slowly up the hill, three columns deep, until they were in full view of both armies. Then the charge began. With ringing shouts and waving flags they moved rapidly across the field, through the plunging shots of the Federal artillery, and cheered by their comrades who were holding the works on each side of the crater. They dashed up to the brink of the ditch, halted a moment as if mapping out their work, fired a rolling volley into the ditch filled with Yankees, the most of them being negroes, at their feet; then, turning the butts of their guns, they sprang into the ditch among them. The slaughter was terrible. The soldiers were excited; they were reckless; they burst the negroes' skulls with the butts of their guns like eggshells. The officers tried to prevent it, but they were powerless. It was "No quarter for the Rebels" that morning, and it is no quarter for them now. The fight was soon ended.

The Yankee dead lay in heaps between the works, the wounded trying to crawl out from under the dead. Many of them came out on our side and made their way down to the little rivulet that ran from the spring above down through the works, filled up on water, and died like flies. I saw numbers of them lying on their faces in the stream with the water dammed above them until it ran over their heads. A great many died in the field before reaching the water.

I went up to the spring after the battle was over to wash the powder smoke off my hands and face. A Rhode Island soldier walked by me, saying he was a prisoner, and asked the nearest way to Petersburg. He was told to keep on to the rear and he would find the city. He said he knew their commanders made a mistake when they sent the negroes in to fight us, and that "white men fighting white men is different from white men fighting negroes."

If the armies of Gen. Grant had been victorious at the crater, and could have planted their guns on Cemetery Ridge, the siege of Petersburg would have been at an end; the thin lines

of Gen. Lee in front of that little city—the Cockade City, as it was known among the soldiers—would have been broken, and perhaps the city destroyed, and not only the soldiers who were unable to escape, but the helpless noncombatants also—all would have been at the mercy of the brutal negroes, whose battle cry, "No quarter," would doubtless have been maintained. But a kind Providence willed it otherwise, and when the sun went down on that dreadful day it showed our lines restored and our men in them.

The next day was spent in burying the dead. The white flag was planted midway between the lines, and nearly all day the soldiers of both armies crowded their works near the crater watching the details at work and studying the works on the other side. It was our first chance to stand up and look over since the beginning of the siege. Large pits were dug and the dead placed in them until nearly full; then the dirt was packed on them and leveled over. The enemy wanted to mound up the pits; but our men refused, fearing they would use the mounds for breastworks. The most of our dead were carried back to Blandford Cemetery and buried.

A brass twelve-pounder howitzer was thrown to within thirty feet of the Yankee works. A sixty days' furlough was offered any one who would crawl down there in the dark and tie a long rope to it so it could be hauled in, but the undertaking was so dangerous that no one would attempt it.

BETWEEN A MAD BULLDOG AND THE YANKEES.—This extract from a letter written from Richmond, Va., July 15, 1863, by D. Kennedy to his mother, illustrates vividly the spirit of the Confederate soldier at that time: "I arrived at the hospital early this morning, and have not had an opportunity of writing you before now. I am slightly wounded. The ball entered just above my right shoulder blade, and lodged in my neck. It was cut out in an hour after I was shot. I was wounded on the first day's fight at Gettysburg. I shall be able to rejoin my command in fifteen or twenty days. There is no chance for me to get a furlough. We went into battle with twenty-one men. Two were killed and fourteen wounded. Two of the latter lost their right arms, and one his right leg. Our colonel and major were both wounded. . . . On Saturday, the 4th inst, all the wounded who could walk had orders to walk back with the wagon train to Virginia. I pressed an old horse, near the battlefield, and got a saddle from an old Dutchman's barn, and journeyed along splendidly until I had nearly reached the Potomac River, when a force of Yankee cavalry made a dash upon our train. I had halted at a tavern near a crossroad. Suddenlly a squad of Yankee cavalry came dashing down the road at full speed, screaming and firing their pistols at random, creating a general stampede among the wagons. I tumbled off my old steed and told my legs to save the body. A crowd of ladies, men, and children were tumbling pellmell into the cellar. I saw the cellar door and doubled-quickened to reach it, but an overgrown bulldog met me in the path with bristles raised and growling furiously, as good as to say: 'You ragged rebel, you can't pass here.' I was in a terrible dilemma and had to work fast—a mad bulldog in front and the Yankees all around me. I soon succeeded in calming the old dog's rage, and quietly sneaked into the cellar and hid among some boxes until our cavalry drove the Yankees off. They took my horse and clothes, and captured some sixty of our wagons and a good many prisoners."

HENRY T. STANTON'S POEM.

BY O. A. CARR, CARR-BURDETTE COLLEGE, SHERMAN, TEX.

The poem by Henry T. Stanton may interest the readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I heard him read it. My brother, Capt. H. P. Carr, gathered up the remains of his company and asked me to march with him on that Decoration Day in the year 1875, from the courthouse to the cemetery in Lexington, Ky., saying that Henry T. Stanton was to read a poem.

There were one hundred graves arranged in a semicircle about a rustic mound. On the summit of this mound of stone was a drooping flag with broken shaft. Not far from this mound were the tombs of Hanson and Breckinridge (J. C.), beautifully decorated, and Morgan's plume was placed at his grave. There were nameless graves in that semicircle. With breathless stillness the audience witnessed Henry T. Stanton ascend the mound and take his stand by the drooping flag, from which eminence he read the following poem:

An hundred mounds are circled near,
An hundred heroes under,
An hundred knights, that ne'er shall hear
Again the battle's thunder.

But o'er the turf in drooping fold,
With broken staff, a banner,
Shall keep their knightly prowess told,
In true chivalric manner.

Among the mounds are some whose names
Upon the stones are missing—
Who fell in front too soon for Fame's
As for the mother's kissing.

The brave 'unknown' in marti I pri'e
Is honored here and knighted;
We only know a hero died,
A soldier's home was blighted.

Be still, sad bells! Where Hanson lies
Ten thousand tongues are telling;
The wailings of a people rise
Beyond an iron knelling.

What need to make a mournful tone
Upon an anthem organ,
Whilst broken rusts the sword that shone
Above the plume of Morgan.

What founts Kentucky starts for one
Of all her dead the newest;
For Breckinridge, her peerless son,
Her proudest and her truest.

There shrouded lies her richest gift
To God and fame and story,
Whose going left a golden rift
Upon the skies of glory.

It may not be that in our day
Yon blighted land will blossom,
The land for which their coats of gray
Grew crimson on the bosom.

But time will come at last for all,
When from these mounds of ours
The Master hand shall build the wall
That closed the land of flowers.



MRS. JAMES GAINES CARLOSS,
Sponsor for A. P. Hill Camp, Texarkana, Tex., Dallas reunion.



PRIZE CARRIAGE, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF CONFEDERACY EXHIBIT, AT TEXARKANA STREET FAIR.
A \$50 prize was awarded for the above exhibit of the Texarkana Chapter U. D. C., No. 567, at a Street Fair held at Texarkana, Tex., on April 23, 1903.

CONFEDERATE EDUCATIONAL HOME.*

Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, Mrs. M. H. Clift, and I are a committee appointed by our State President, Mrs. T. J. Latham, to raise funds for the Confederate dormitory to be built in connection with Peabody College. We have selected as our board of advisers Chancellor James D. Porter, Dr. J. I. D. Hinds, Mr. J. M. Bass, and Prof. W. R. Garrett, all of Peabody College. These gentlemen have manifested a great interest in our work, and have kindly advised us whenever necessary, for which we thank them.

The first work of our committee was to interest the veterans of Tennessee and to get their indorsement. This we did at their State reunion in Nashville last October. At the suggestion of our chairman, Mrs. Goodlett, and of our board of advisers, I prepared a paper setting forth the needs of education for woman and our plan for helping her to obtain it. The Veterans very kindly gave us a hearing, and not only indorsed the plan most enthusiastically but gave a rising vote of thanks.

Then we began to devise means for raising funds, and decided that our State should have the honor of making the first appropriation for this Confederate Educational Home, which it to be a monument to the women of the Confederacy. Then it was that our work began in earnest. We regret to report that after all arrangements had been made for asking of the Tennessee Legislature an appropriation, it was thought best not to introduce the bill, as it might interfere with the appropriations sought of the State in order to retain the Peabody educational headquarters, with its fund of \$2,000,000, for which a college for teachers is to be erected. However, we wish to thank Senator Jones, of Marshall County, and Hon. Douglas Wickle, of Williamson County, for kindly offering their services in introducing and advocating the proposed bill, and all others who helped us in this important undertaking.

The editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN has our sincere thanks for his kindness not only in making free of charge sev-

eracy, but also for his generous offer of one dollar for each of the forty-six Chapters in the State.

Chancellor James D. Porter has assured us that a desirable lot will be given on which to erect the home whenever we are ready for it.

We should be pleased to give the name of each of the thirty who have so kindly sent contributions for this Confederate home. Help has been pledged not only by Tennesseans, but by friends in other States. The Wrought Iron Range Company, of St. Louis, has kindly offered to give us a range for the dormitory. Mr. John L. Smithwick, of the Dozier Bakery, of St. Louis, has, as a friend to the Clarksville Chapter, pledged \$100 on the basis of \$10,000. This is indeed appreciated. Would that ninety-nine others would do likewise. But those who cannot give a hundred dollars are requested to give something to this most worthy cause, however small the gift or from whatever State it may come.

We are also grateful to Gen. A. P. Stewart for the interest he manifests in our educational work. The Frank P. Gracey Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Clarksville, Tenn., sends us a donation of \$25. Let others do what they can promptly.

Several of the Chapters have promised help in this noble work. Franklin Chapter, with a membership of fifty-three, has pledged \$100, and we trust that every Chapter in the State will give at least \$1 per member.

Could we only realize how many young women there are in our Southland who are longing for an education and have not the means to obtain it, surely we would not hesitate to exert ourselves that we might help them. Consider the advantages that would be theirs could this home be built! For \$100 for a scholastic year, or perhaps even less, a young woman could have the advantages of this home and of the Peabody College, which are many; also of the hospital fund. What a relief it must be to all of the students of this college to feel that, should they be sick or injured, medical attention, a room in the hospital, and a nurse would be furnished without any further cost than the hospital fee of \$2! There would be some who could not pay even \$100 per year, but we could help them to do it.

Some of us may be indifferent to this home, feeling that we and ours will never have need of it. But whatever may be our circumstances now, none of us can tell how it may be with our progeny. Besides, many have been less fortunate, and to their descendants this home would be a great help. Then there is that long list of brave men who laid down their lives for their country. With their wives, children, and grandchildren the fight was not over when our loved ones returned home. Many of them have ever since been fighting the battles of life, some even fiercer than many that were fought on our battlefields, missing day by day the loving care and protection of the devoted husband and father who never came back. What we wish to do now is to help those who need our help most—help them to live lives worthy of their fathers. We wish the sons and daughters of our own dear Southland to stand always among the strongest, the noblest of God's men and women.

[In a personal note Mrs. Dozier requests that her report be given in full, especially that part referring to the VETERAN. It is given as requested, with the desire that every Chapter make known to the editor its desires in regard to this small contribution for each Chapter. Since the receipt of Mrs. Dozier's paper, fresh expressions of encouragement have been received by her, and in a recent letter she says: "Would that this home were already built and prepared for occupancy! Letters from dear girls (one from Louisiana) are arriving with frequency, asking if they may have places within its walls when completed."]



MRS. TENNIE PINKERTON DOZIER.

eral hundred copies of my address suggesting that this Confederate home be built and that it be built in connection with Peabody College and in honor of the women of the Confed-

*Paper read by Mrs. Tennie Pinkerton Dozier before the Clarksville Convention, Tennessee Division, U. D. C., May 6, 1903.

PRICE'S RAID INTO MISSOURI.

Herewith is given a partial history of the part taken by Gen. W. L. Cabell's Brigade in the so-called Missouri raid by John C. Darr, a member of Company E, Gordon's Regiment, Cabell's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department, now a member of Ben T. Embry Camp, U. C. V., No. 977, written from Atkins, Pope County, Ark., July 3:

"After the spring campaign in 1864 had closed with great success to all the Southern troops engaged in many hard-fought battles in the State of Arkansas at Arkadelphia, Rockport, Saline River, Spoonville, Okolona, Wolf Creek, Elkins Ferry, Little Missouri River, Moscow, Prairie De Ann, Poison Springs, Marks Mills, Antoine, etc., forcing the Federal commander Steel to evacuate Camden and make his way back to Little Rock, after losing many of his soldiers, Cabell's Brigade, composed entirely of Arkansas troops, bore the brunt of all the engagements named, and many skirmishes besides. The brigade then went to Arkansas River to recruit their stock, as there was much grain and grass there in cribs and fields. Gen. Cabell was then in command of the country east of Pine Bluff and bordering on the Mississippi River. The men and stock having been badly worsted in the spring campaign, at the same time the brigade was largely recruited, the losses in men having been heavy especially at Poison Springs and Marks Mills. Cabell's Brigade belonged to Gen. J. F. Fagan's Division, whose headquarters were near Monticello.

"About the 10th of August preparations were commenced for a campaign which the ranks knew meant business. It was understood that Gen. Sterling Price was going to carry a mounted force into Missouri, which move was started about the middle of August, and Fagan's Division was selected as a part of the invading column. Late in August Cabell's Brigade left Princeton, Ark., with six well-mounted regiments, indifferently armed for cavalry, and a battery of two brass rifles and two smooth-bore iron guns of six to ten pounds, commanded by Capt. Hughey, an excellent artillery officer. Men and animals were in extra trim. The brigade was composed of Monroe's, Gordon's, Morgan's, Hill's, and Gunter's Regiments, Proctor's Company, and Harrell's Battalion (Witherspoon and Woolsey's Battalions composed Gunter's Regiment). Cabell's Brigade had about twenty-six hundred armed men and between two and three hundred unarmed men. Most of these men had been wounded and were first-class soldiers. There were many unarmed men in other commands who were almost worthless as soldiers. Cabell's Brigade comprised about one-third of Price's army of invasion. The route of the army was by way of Tulip, Ark., thence over the roughest mountain roads in the State. Arriving at Dardenelle, on Arkansas River, early in September, we had pontoon boats to bridge the river, all hauled from our starting point; but the river being very low, it was determined to ford it. Gen. Cabell had charge of the crossing of the whole command, which was accomplished without a single mishap of any kind. It was a grand sight to see the broad river full of men and horses, mules, artillery, and wagons.

"Our first brush with the Federals took place on the north bank of the river, resulting in the killing and wounding of five or six Arkansas Federals and capturing a lot of horses. After crossing the river Gen. Fagan's Division separated from Gen. Marmaduke's Command. Cabell's Brigade, being in advance, took the road leading by way of Glass Village and Springfield, Marmaduke going by Clinton. After Cab-

ell had passed Point Remove Creek his command met the Fourth Arkansas Federal Cavalry, under Col. Fuller, who rushed after our advance guard, which had orders not to fight the Federals, but to fall back on the command. This was well carried out, but to the surprise of Fuller, he met Col. Gordon's Regiment and Capt. Hughey's Battery ready for him and business. Fuller's troops were soon nicely whipped and scattered, leaving many dead men and horses in his route, also leaving a good number of prisoners in Gordon's hands. I presume they were paroled. Gordon's Regiment followed the Federals through Lewisburg. Cabell's Brigade led the next day. Col. Harrell's Regiment here left our brigade, going in the direction of Northwest Arkansas, and was not with us in Missouri.

"Cabell's Brigade had frequent skirmishes with the enemy, being annoyed by bushwhackers. The command reached Batesville, Ark., about the middle of September. A few days later we were in Pocahontas, where we were allowed a short rest. About the 20th we crossed the Missouri line, Fagan's Division in the center, Marmaduke on the right, Shelby on the left, with Cabell in the advance. The country was full of militia and bushwhackers, all on the best of horses and well armed. These house burners, thieves, and murderers kept in our front from north of Pocahontas, Ark., into Southeast Missouri. They murdered, robbed, burned, or stole everything they could lay hands on. They turned old, decrepit men and women and children out of their houses, not allowing them to take a single article with them, many in their night clothes. Then they burned the houses and everything left in them, except such articles as they (the Federals) took for their own use. All such outrages were committed on the Southern noncombatants. Cabell's command, with others,



MRS. WHARTON BATES, HOUSTON,
Treasurer Texas Division, U. D. C.

soon put a stop to this uncivilized warfare. No savage Indian ever committed such outrages as these Federal murderers, robbers, and house burners. The Confederates killed and routed them completely. The next fight was at Fredrickton, Mo., in which Cabell's Brigade took a hand.

"About September 27 we arrived at Ironton, after driving the enemy out of Arcadia, capturing a few Yanks with their major, who was in command. Cabell then had his artillery carried to the top of Shepard's Mountain, and a Missouri battery was placed on an opposite mountain. From either of these batteries you could look right down into the Federal fort in the valley, and we poor privates in the rank expected to see the enemy shelled out of that fort in double-quick time. It certainly could have been done in a few minutes; but instead of this, Gens. Price and Fagan ordered a charge. It was reported at the time that Gen. Cabell protested against it; but, of course, obeyed his superior officers, and made the charge over a thousand yards of open ground, without shelter or support. But Cabell's men rushed right up to the enemy's works, where they found a ditch outside twelve feet wide and eight feet deep, which made it impossible to reach and scale the walls, and there was nothing the men could do but fall back. Cabell's horse was shot from under him, and his loss was very heavy both in men and officers. Col. Oliver Basham, one of our bravest and best officers, was killed, and Col. J. F. Hill was badly wounded. A large number of wounded officers and men were left in the hospital at Arcadia. This charge was one of the most unreasonable blunders ever made. There is no doubt about Cabell opposing this charge. It was a useless sacrifice of a large number of brave and true officers and men.

"Gen. Cabell's next move was to strike the railroad between Franklin and St. Louis, about thirty miles west of St. Louis. The object of this move was the destruction of railroad and government property and supplies at Franklin, all of which was completely accomplished with small loss to us, as Cabell always did when in command. The depots at Franklin, Summit, and other places were destroyed. Plenty of fine horses were found in and near Union City. The men swapped their tired and worn-out horses for fine, fresh ones. We passed Union City about October 1, from which place our brigade moved on west, Cabell's Brigade being always placed nearest the Federals, no matter whether in advance or in the rear.

"Near Jefferson City we met the enemy in large force, and a hard fight resulted; but Cabell drove him into the city—his den. We remained the balance of the day and all night in full view of the enemy in the city.

"We next moved west through a fine country. Cabell's Brigade, in the rear, was charged by a heavy force at some mills. But we routed them, with heavy loss to them and small loss to us. We then camped for the night two miles from the mills. Cabell had many wounded here, but few were killed.

"October 8 Cabell was in the advance with his brigade, and moved in the direction of California, Mo. The home guards (Federals) retreated as our brigade advanced. At this place we found the depot filled with everything a soldier needed, which we confiscated. The citizens were allowed to take such property as belonged to them, and the public property was then destroyed, as well as the railroad track. The citizens of California fed our command with plenty of

well-cooked grub. The brigade next moved to Boonville, and was in the rear.

"We reached Boonville on the eve of the 10th. Cabell's Brigade, being in the rear, failed to get their quota of military supplies captured. But the good Southern ladies there made up by supplying us with plenty of good things for our supper and breakfast. About ten o'clock next day the Federals opened on us with artillery. Gen. Cabell galloped up to his brigade and ordered his men to drive them back, which they did, driving them through and out of town. Cabell's loss was twenty-five killed and wounded. Marmaduke's and part of Fagan's Divisions struck the enemy in flank and drove them, following them a good long distance, and reported the enemy's loss very heavy. We also did some heavy fighting near Lexington. Cabell's Brigade then moved on to Mine Creek, crossed it, and camped. We captured a body of Federal home guards in a barn. It being very dark, many made their escape. The next point of the brigade's move was Jonesboro, where we captured a large mill, with plenty of corn and flour. Our next point was Marshall, and we camped on Salt Fork. We found many kind people in Saline County. We remained here some two or three days.

"About October 20 we moved from Waverly. Gen. Shelby attacked Blount, who had a very large force near Lexington. Shelby being hard pressed, Cabell went to his assistance, and in a short time the Federals were whipped and suffered great loss. Shelby continued the pursuit, even after dark. The next point was Independence. Three horses were shot from under him here. Marmaduke was in advance, and was furiously attacked at Blue River; so much so that he and Shelby were losing ground, and Cabell went to their assistance. The Federals were posted behind rock



MRS. W. P. LANE, FORT WORTH,
Secretary Texas Division, U. D. C.

fences. Cabell put his command promptly in action, and the combine soon routed the enemy, driving them through Independence. Here Capt. Todd was shot down. The next morning the enemy in our rear drove in our pickets. Cabell in turn drove him back. We were again attacked, and this time in the streets in flank, but we again drove them back. Cabell then moved on through the city, but was struck from all points except west. Here a large force of our men were cut off and our guns captured. Gen. Cabell, to escape capture, jumped his horse over one of our guns and ran him right through a house and escaped. They were all around Cabell and our battery men, and whacking them in all directions with their sabers. Afterwards we drove the enemy back, with heavy loss to them, at a bridge crossing over the railroad in the suburbs of the city. The enemy followed us all night, making charge after charge. We camped in line of battle near Kansas City, on Westport, after fighting for twelve hours in total darkness. The next morning our wagon train was on the Fort Scott road, Cabell's Brigade guarding the train, with Tyler's Brigade in front. Fagan's two Arkansas Brigades, with Marmaduke and Shelby, attacked the enemy near Westport. Cabell, after crossing Little Blue, started the train. A large force of the enemy were on our left and rear. Cabell attacked this force with vigor, when they retreated. The train was rushed rapidly forward. The grass was tall and dry. Cabell ordered it fired, and we kept up a brisk fire through the blaze. The flames and our balls drove the enemy out of our road. We camped on Grand River. Cabell lost several men killed here, as well as some wounded. The Federal loss was heavy. We had to kill them or let them run over us.

"October 24 I think we camped near a stream called Marias de Cygne, after a hard day's march. Cabell's Brigade was in the rear, in line of battle on top of a bald prairie ridge, during the night. The enemy made a number of attacks on us until two o'clock the next morning, but failed to accomplish anything. On the morning Marmaduke relieved us. After finding Marmaduke's Division, it being left to take care of the rear, Cabell was soon called to his relief, as he was heavily pressed. We then came to a stream in our front that was entirely blocked, at every point where it was possible to cross, by wagons and teams belonging to refugees who were noncombatants, fleeing from the Federals. The enemy were armed with greatly superior repeating guns to our own single shots. The enemy poured a continued and deadly fire into our hastily formed ranks, which was more damaging than we could return them. Besides, they outnumbered us three to one, with ten pieces of artillery to our one. Owing to such odds against us, we were soon thrown into great disorder and routed. They charged us from all directions. No difference what course we took to make our escape, we were sure to run into the foe. They drove us at least one mile from our first stand before we could collect any show of resistance. Gordon's flag bearer waved his flag at them in defiance. We had no choice of moves. We either had to charge through their ranks or surrender. We rushed through the enemy's lines with little show of escape, but many of us got away. Of course many were killed, wounded, and captured. We had great difficulty in crossing the creek with the crossings all blocked as indicated. The stream was everywhere full of men and horses, the Confederates trying to make their escape, and the Federals trying just as hard to capture or kill them. But with all this, many of us escaped, the writer being one

of that number. Gen. Cabell's horse here fell over him in the water, and he was captured before he could get relief, but made his escape and started to the front afoot. He was again captured and escaped. He was captured the third time, and held and carried to the rear a prisoner. The enemy fired several shots at him after he surrendered, without effect. Gen. Marmaduke was also captured. It was reported that both captured generals were well treated by Gen. Pleasanton while in his charge, but not well treated in some others' hands. It was reported that the Federals intended to carry the two generals through Kansas and exhibit them; but Gen. Rosecrans promptly put a stop to such a plan, and treated them with special consideration. This ended their military career for the war, as they were not released until some time after its close. This battle took place in the latter part of October, 1864. In this fight the Confederates were greatly outnumbered and were badly worsted. They were completely routed, and at least half of Gen. Cabell's Brigade were killed, wounded, or captured. The balance of the brigade was now commanded by Col. T. M. Gunter, the senior in rank able for duty. Never did men suffer greater hardships than did Gen. Sterling Price's troops after this defeat of his army. The army retreated continually day after day, night after night. No stops could be made sufficient for rest to the troops and animals, nor time for sufficient foraging or feeding. The night after this defeat the greater part of our train was burned, and it was an immense one—some said fifteen hundred wagons. The writer cannot say how many, but it was one vast prairie of flame and explosions. Price's command continued retreating south, and passed in sight of Fort Scott just at day dawn. The command was engaged in various skirmishes, but no general engagement. Near Newtonia, in Southwest Missouri, we had considerable fighting, in which engagements Gen. Shelby's troops were



MISS EDITH E. ELLIS, FORT WORTH,
Assistant Secretary Texas Division, U. D. C.

almost stampeded. He soon rallied them, and Gen. Cabell's Brigade was then put into action to their assistance, and I never saw men show more bravery and fight better than those two brigade remnants did on that occasion. Others engaged in this fight did their duty well. Arkansas and Missouri troops always did. Gen. Shelby was a born cavalry leader; and Gunter was there too, be it said to his honor. After this there were only light skirmishes. Owing to scarcity of food for man and forage for the animals, regiments or brigades were sent over different routes the better to obtain subsistence. Part of our troops gave Fayetteville, Ark., a call, and shelled the enemy's works at that place the greater part of the day and camped near there that night in a severe snowstorm, without shelter or food for the men or the animals. Here the writer and a squad of about thirty men, under an officer, were allowed to turn our course for Clarksville, Ark., about one hundred and twenty-five miles southeast of Fayetteville. To pass through this country, which was infested with Arkansas Federals and bushwhackers, was a very dangerous undertaking; but we succeeded without the loss of a man and with very little molestation. We found Clarksville occupied by some three hundred Federals, but some of us slept in good warm beds within one and a half miles of the Federal command. We also had good Yankee grub for supper and breakfast, as well as horse feed. Here our squad scattered for their homes, all in the enemy's lines in Johnson and Pope Counties, each to look out for himself. The writer, with two others, took the road for Dover, in Pope County, at which place we found the Federals. The writer reached his mother's home, twenty miles southeast of Dover, in the early days of November. After scouting through that section with others, watching for a means or opportunity to cross the Arkansas River, which was very high, he was captured late in November while making his way to cross that stream, hoping to get back to the army, and was no more with his regiment. It was afterwards learned that Price's troops made their way south to Texas, with little hindrance on their route through the Indian Territory, almost starving on the route. The writer was released from prison at Little Rock, Ark., soon after Lee's surrender, in April, 1865.

"These sketches are from memory, and the writer would appreciate any corrections. Five times as many pages would not contain all of interest in this unfortunate campaign. While paying tribute specially to Cabell's Brigade, I must say that all other troops did their duty well. Never was there a better body of troops anywhere than those led by Gen. Price into Missouri on that raid. There were a few mossbacks that followed the command. Gen. Cabell says about his brigade when he started into Missouri: 'No man ever commanded better soldiers than Arkansas soldiers. No man ever had better officers and men than were to be found in Cabell's Arkansas Brigade. They were brave, honest, and true patriots,' that never failed to perform their duty and never flickered in battle. No command was ever subjected to more privations and more dangers. The fact is, from the day Price's command crossed the Arkansas River to the day of my capture they were either in a skirmish or a battle. After crossing into Missouri it was almost one continued battle. The route traveled by Price's army could be tracked by the dead men of Cabell's Brigade. When any part of Price's army was pressed, Cabell was always called to their rescue. After our rout at Marias de

Cygne there was not a day but what the Federals could have bagged Price's demoralized and cut-to-pieces army had they pressed it with vigor and military skill. Though routed, we had taught them a lesson which they could not overlook; and this is why they did not press us to the wall.

"With Cabell must be linked in chains of gold that noble, kind, and brave patriot, Col. Anderson Gordon. No braver, cooler officer and patriot ever fought and bled for Dixie. He passed over the river a few years since at Morrilton, Ark. Then there was our Lieut. Col. Faith, who was assassinated in Franklin County while on duty there. He was one of the best men and soldiers that ever lived. But why individualize where all were brave soldiers and patriots? We had no skulkers among the officers or privates in Cabell's Brigade. An officer without brave and true men cannot accomplish any good and brave deeds; neither can brave men accomplish much that is commendable under an incompetent commander. You see from what Gen. Cabell said, and still says, about his men what he thought they were, and what he thought of the private soldier of whom the writer has the honor of being one of the boys."

TIP GOT HIS FURLOUGH.

J. N. Sumpter, Company G, Eleventh Virginia Infantry, Christiansburg, Va.:

"We were in the lines between the James and Appomattox Rivers playing cork to Beast Butler's bottle along in 1864, and were having a good time drinking Yankee coffee and looking at the pictures of running 'Rebels' and reading of the total destruction of Fitz. Lee's cavalry and the capture of Fitz. and other war fairy tales in the Yankee papers, when our amusement was suddenly brought to an end by the issuance of an order from corps headquarters forbidding any intercourse with the enemy. All we could do when the Yankees held up their tobacco pipes was to shake our heads and curse just a little.

"One day an order was issued stating that a thirty days' furlough would be granted to whoever would capture a prisoner. When this order was received, Tip's eyes fairly danced, and a look of determination took possession of him. Tip had been singing 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' 'Home, Sweet Home,' and 'Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still' for some time; so we knew what was the matter with Tip.

"As soon as ranks were broken he began to look around for a partner, which he was not long in finding. Off they started, and in a short while they came back, following one of Gen. Butler's bluecoats. Tip looked happier than the fellow who was wounded just enough to get a short visit home. He got his furlough. All of us begrudged his good luck. Even our gallant captain had a far-away, longing look; for he, too, had at that time a bad case at home akin to Tip's. The boys never told how they captured the Yankee. The same brave characteristics have carried Tip to the top row, and he is now an honored, influential, Christian member for the third term of the Virginia Legislature and of Adjutant Garland Rhodes Camp, U. C. V."

Maj. J. A. Cheatham, a brother of Gen. B. F. Cheatham, sends from Memphis, Tenn., a small pocket case, time-worn and battle-scarred, bearing on the cover the name of Charles Driggs, Company F, Second Regiment, Bellefontaine, O. Any friend or relative desiring the recovery of the sacred relic may apply to the VETERAN.

SOME FLORIDA HEROES.

Two desperate charges were made by detachments from the Florida Brigade, led by Maj. Pickens B. Bird and Capt. Seaton Fleming, at the second battle of Cold Harbor, Va.

In the memorable campaign of 1864 between Gens. Lee and Grant, the latter had started out with the boast of this last (as a popular song of the day had it) "On to Richmond! I hear the Yankees say," that "he was going to fight it out on that line if it took all summer;" but maneuver as he would, wherever he presented himself there he found Gen. Lee ready to give battle. This flanking movement continued until, having been thwarted in every attempt, with a loss in killed and wounded during his campaign of more than sixty thousand men, or about the number Gen. Lee had in his army at the beginning, he at last gave up the line he had chosen, established himself at City Point, and laid siege to Petersburg. Indeed, he occupied the position Gen. McClellan had selected for his new base, had he been left to carry out his plans after his defeat in the seven days' fight around Richmond. This was a splendid compliment by Gen. Grant to the sagacity of Gen. McClellan, a man who commanded the respect and admiration of the Confederate soldier as well as the love of his own.

One of the most determined and disastrous movements of Gen. Grant was at the second battle of Cold Harbor, where the Florida Brigade, then commanded by Brig. Gen. Joseph Finegan, took a conspicuous part on June 3, 1864. The Confederate works at the point referred to were occupied by the division of Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge. In front of them was massed a large force of Federals. Having failed in repeated efforts, another desperate charge was made under the cover of darkness and fog of early dawn. Gen. Breckinridge's men, wearied with marching and long hours of nightly vigil, were taken by surprise, and the works carried, his men falling back in some confusion to where the Florida Brigade,

held in reserve, had rested for the night. The Floridians, roused from their slumber, were called to arms and ordered to charge the breastworks and drive the enemy out. This they did in fine style, and the Confederate lines were re-established. "P. W. A." (P. W. Alexander), the noted war correspondent of the time, wrote his paper at Savannah that the Florida troops had made a magnificent charge, swept the enemy before them like a whirlwind, and dubbed it the "Whirlwind Brigade."

This spirited action was not accomplished without loss, and more was to follow. Hardly had we reached the intrenchments when the brave Capt. Reynolds, with his flowing locks, fell shot through the brain; and within the next few minutes the young, handsome, and gallant Lieut. James Owens, adjutant of the Sixth Florida Battalion, fell over a lifeless corpse, both within a few yards of the writer. The works we occupied had been (it was said) laid out at night, were at the foot of a ridge, formed a sort of angle, and were both enfiladed by the enemy. To such an extent were we exposed to their fire that no one could either leave or approach our part of the line; all day long orders from and reports to brigade headquarters had to be transmitted by word of mouth, or through the medium of a cap box passed from hand to hand, and ammunition was replenished in the same way. To this disadvantage was added another of still more significance. While we had driven the enemy from our intrenchments, he still occupied the line of rifle pits in our immediate front, and from these secure hiding places his sharpshooters kept up an incessant fire and made our lives miserable. In this bloody angle or death trap it was almost as much as a man's life to show his head even for a moment. Some would playfully place their hats upon their ramrods and hold them above the breastworks for a moment to have these marksmen, mistaking them for heads, shoot at them. The fire was galling, and came so thick and fast that our colors were soon riddled, and the flagstaff perforated in a number of places. The feeling was that by just holding up an open hand Minie balls might be caught as if hailstones. Facing this uncomfortable condition, the loss it entailed, and the apprehension that the enemy might take advantage of the weakness of our position, Maj. Bird, of the Sixth Florida Battalion, Lieut. Col. John M. Martin, commanding afterwards the Ninth Florida Regiment, were ordered to take command of a detail made up from the troops thus exposed, a mere skirmish line, and, at a signal, leap over the intrenchments, charge and capture or drive out the enemy's sharpshooters from the rifle pits. This was in broad daylight over an open, unobstructed field and in full view of the enemy from the start. It was indeed a forlorn hope, but the brave, undaunted, determined men promptly responded, and Maj. Bird led them like a knight of old. It was a thrilling spectacle to witness this handful of men make this sort of a most hazardous and desperate adventure, against a division of the Federal army, with their expert sharpshooters in front of their secure hiding places. They poured death-dealing missiles into this devoted band as they advanced at "double-quick." They acquitted themselves as well as brave men could.

That brilliant charge of a mere skirmish line against such fearful odds was never surpassed, but was fully equaled by another charge of a similar character at the same place and for the same purpose later in the day, a similar detail led by the no less gallant and brave Capt. Seaton Fleming, of the Second Florida Regiment. Maj. Bird and those of his men who had escaped the first murderous fire of the enemy had



MRS. ROSELLE CLIFTON COOLEY
President Florida Division, U. D. C.

traversed the greater part of the distance to the rifle pits when he fell, pierced by three mortal wounds. As he sank to his knees he looked back toward our line and held up one hand as a signal of distress. This appeal was not unheeded. Three men, including the writer, jumped over the breastworks and ran to his rescue. All three were shot down. The writer had reached the side of Maj. Bird, had him by the arm, and was in the act of lifting him up when his left leg was shot from under him. A ball passed through the thigh, severing the sciatic nerve and paralyzing it instantly. There we lay for an hour or more, until there came a lull in the firing and some of our friends ventured out to our assistance. That tried and true soldier, Serg. P. N. Bryan, of Company D, Sixth Florida Battalion, came to my aid, and at the peril of his own life lay by me until we could regain the shelter of our intrenchments. As I could neither walk nor crawl, and as it was too perilous for him to attempt to carry me, my rescue was accomplished by my laying prone upon my back, and while Serg. Bryan would pull and tug at my shoulders I would draw up my sound leg, plant my heel in the ground, ease the weight of my body with my hands, give a shove, dragging my limp and helpless leg behind me, and in this manner gain a couple of feet at a time. After this awkward, painful, and under any other circumstances ludicrous fashion, after a long time we traversed the one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards and landed inside our earthworks, where I found myself in the limited space between the traverses, wedged in, like so many sardines in a box, with other wounded, both friend and foe, with scarcely room to turn over, and there remained in that uncomfortable position from about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night, as it was utterly impossible for the litter bearers or surgeons to reach us.

Pardon the digression, but "grim-visaged war" was here tinged with a dash of romance. There were already three bullet holes in my hat when, as I reclined with my head against the raised side of the traverse, another enfilading shot, very much like a blow from a hickory stick, struck me on the head, made a furrow in my scalp, and clipped as with a sharp knife a lock of my hair, which fell in the lap of a near-by comrade, who picked it up and handed it to me. I preserved it as a memento, and sent it in my first letter to my sweetheart, who six months later, while I was still on crutches, became my wife, and has ever since been my loving and helpful wife.

The annoying and damaging fire from the rifle pits continuing, Capt. Seaton Fleming, of the Second Florida Regiment, was ordered to lead another detail similar to that of the morning and for the same purpose. The Second Florida had been the first to leave the State, and had reached Richmond the night of the first battle of Manassas. Richmond was wild and exultant over the great and signal victory. Capt. Fleming was a lieutenant in that brigade. He had been wounded at the battle of Williamsburg while with a party of volunteers, who after nightfall had gone to the front for the purpose of rescuing the body of our colonel, the chivalrous and superb George T. Ward, who had been killed while leading his regiment. After a few months' imprisonment Capt. Fleming, then lieutenant and adjutant of the regiment, had been exchanged; and from thence to the day of his death, at Cold Harbor, he had shared in the fortunes of the Army of Northern Virginia. He had participated in all its campaigns, battles, and victories. This long and arduous service had made him a seasoned soldier, and he certainly was a most capable officer—young, intelligent, manly, of an engaging

personality, and with a zeal and enthusiasm for the cause he fought for that knew no waning. I shall never forget how he looked as he came into the traverse where I lay, so as to have a more central position. He crouched under the breastworks like a tiger before its spring. He was silent but thoughtful. He knew that from the moment they left the shelter of our breastworks he and his men would be exposed to a concentrated and deadly fire which neither they nor their friends could return; nor could any diversion be made in their favor. He had witnessed the charge of Maj. Bird and his detail, and his practiced eye told him this second effort to dislodge the enemy must prove as futile as the first. Could our brigade commander have seen the situation as we did from our plainer point of view, he never would have permitted this second sacrifice of so many brave soldiers. Indeed, I have been told that the order was all a mistake and was not so intended. Probably a verbal order was passed down the line from mouth to mouth, and some qualifying or optional directions were dropped in its transmission. However that may have been, Capt. Fleming made his dispositions to obey it.

"Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;"
"Some one had blundered."

As he leaned there against the breastworks he took off his watch and handed it to some one near him with some directions inaudible to me. Several times he looked at me, but spoke not a word. The occasion was too serious. Probably for the brief period he remained there his thoughts were occupied with the great issue of life and death which so soon was to be tried in a court where there was no appeal, and, being a Christian man of exemplary habits, was offering up his silent prayers to the throne of grace.

The crucial moment had come. At the agreed signal Capt. Fleming and his brave band of heroic soldiers scaled the intrenchments and disappeared from my view. They did all that brave men could do; but the odds were too great, and the same sad fate that had been meted out to Maj. Bird and his brave men on that small but bloody and luckless field fell to them. Both of these audacious and desperate charges were made with no thought of glory, honor, or reward, but solely from a sublime sense of duty. There was no touch of the elbow to give confidence and encouragement, no wild and exultant "Rebel yell," as with a massed brigade or division making a charge, to stimulate. There was neither impulsiveness nor excitement to dull the sense of peril. Their one and only consolation was the consciousness of duty performed, however dire the consequences might be to themselves. To my mind their behavior was superlatively heroic, and I much doubt if it has ever been surpassed. But a little while ago the world rang with praises of Lieut. Hobson and his brave crew, and well deserved was all the fame that came to them. I would not snatch a single chaplet from the heroic Hobson's brow, for their glory and renown was well won; but to the end that the families, kinspeople, friends, and countrymen of the brave men of whom I write may be able to fully measure and appreciate the heroic and devoted conduct of these consecrated patriots, I would say that Lieut. Hobson's bold conception, perilous adventure, and brilliant achievement was made under the friendly curtain of night; while Bird and Fleming and their no less brave and worthy followers, undaunted by the overwhelming numbers and

strong position of the brave veterans of the Union army, made their more than courageous charges with the bright orb of day revealing the full lineaments of their persons to the enemy from the start, and the appalling losses they sustained in these terrific encounters amounted almost to annihilation. One and all, those who led and those who followed were entitled to the highest meed of praise; one and all, those who perished there and the few who survived should have a crown of amaranthine glory.

These minor affairs, at the time, were obscured by the greater events of the day—the charge of the full brigade in the early morning and the fierce and desperate battles that were waged along the entire front of our army. It is recorded that in the battle of Cold Harbor Gen. Grant's army suffered a loss of more than ten thousand men in killed and wounded. Their frequent charges had been so uniformly repulsed and their failures so disheartening, it is said, that for the first time they had refused to obey orders to charge again, which, taken with their appalling and stupendous losses in the entire campaign, had a most depressing and discouraging effect upon the Federal administration at Washington, for their hopes were centered in the success of Gen. Grant in this last gigantic movement for the capture of Richmond to make a brilliant climax; but it was not so to be, for the Army of Northern Virginia, though "wearied with victory" and suffering from losses difficult if not impossible to repair, was still a splendid fighting machine, virile, alert, responsive to duty, self-reliant, confident, hopeful, and inspired with an unshaken and unshakable belief in the invincibility of their great and well-beloved leader, Gen. Lee. It was still, as for three long tragic years of menace and battle, the lion in the path of her persistent beleaguers. Not until nearly a twelve-month later, suffering from daily losses from attrition on a battle line thirty miles long, from frequent skirmishes, assaults, counter assaults, and battles, from short rations, long vigils, and exhaustion, and the opposing with their constantly diminishing numbers to the constantly increasing numbers of the enemy, did the proud, brave, self-sacrificing, and devoted capital of the Confederacy, like the gallant army that had for four years stood a "stone wall" in her defense, finally "yield to overwhelming numbers and resources."

Four days after the battle of Cold Harbor, as I lay stretched upon a cot in Howard Grove Hospital, in the suburbs of Richmond, fevered and threatened with gangrene in my wound, with sick and wounded all around me, Maj. Bird occupied a cot but two or three removed from mine. He was attended by Chief Surgeon Thomas M. Palmer, from his home county, the gentle and solicitous Dr. William H. Babcock, and that devoted angel of mercy Mrs. Martha M. Reid, a widow who had come in from Florida to act as a matron, and who had but recently, in the bloody battle of the Wilderness, been bereaved of her only child. She ministered in every way that a tender and sympathetic woman could do; but all realized from the first that his wounds were necessarily fatal, and he had just been informed that there was positively no hope for him. Raising himself slightly upon his elbow, he turned his face toward me and, calling me by name, said: "Tell them I died like a Confederate soldier," and in a short while the brave fight he had made for life was over. What prouder epitaph could be engraved upon his tombstone than his own last message, almost his dying words? After so many heroic sacrifices and such brave and determined endeavor, what prouder or more glorious title than to have been called "a

Confederate soldier," a soldier whose record and associations gave inspiration to the poet who truly said:

"No nation rose so white and fair
Nor fell so pure of crime."

J. F. T.

P. S.—Judge Charles B. Howry, of Mississippi, himself an ex-Confederate soldier, and now a member of the United States Court of Claims at Washington, requested me to write something of the military history of Maj. Bird, whose daughter is now his wife, and I have chosen this method of doing so in order that I might do justice to all the brave men who participated in the events herein narrated.

J. F. T.

"HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG."

BY MISS KATE MASON ROWLAND.

It will surprise many readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN (July number) to find the author of the above-named verses classed as a "Southern poet." If Mr. Thompson served in the Confederate army, he certainly is not an exponent of Confederate principles. These he must have abandoned on removing to Indiana. No true Southerner could write such lines as these:

They fell who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand;
They smote and fell who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium;
They smote and stood who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope,
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill!
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement,
Where floats the flag in triumph still!"

Only a writer in sympathy with the North could have penned such sentiments as the above in an attempt to justify injustice and coercion. What a mockery to make the Almighty the author of evil! What was Gettysburg but the triumph of the "strongest artillery?" And to say that God was on that side because the strongest won is simply to declare that might makes right. The Rev. Dr. Cave, in his splendid address in Richmond May 30, 1894, well said: "I do not forget that a Suvaroff triumphed and a Kosciuszko fell, that a Nero wielded the scepter of empire and a Paul was beheaded, that a Herod was crowned and a Christ crucified; and instead of accepting the defeat of the South as a divine verdict against her, I regard it as but another instance of 'truth on the scaffold and wrong on the throne.'" And the speaker added: "At Appomattox Puritanism, backed by overwhelming numbers and unlimited resources, prevailed. But brute force cannot settle questions of right and wrong. Thinking men do not judge the merits of a cause by the measure of its success; and I believe

The world shall yet decide
In truth's clear, far-off light;

that the South was in the right; that her cause was just; that the men who took up arms in her defense were patriots that

had even better reason for what they did than had the men who fought at Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and that her coercion, whatever good may have resulted or may hereafter result from it, was an outrage on liberty." But did any good result from it? Can any good result from wrong? It was a blow to the great American principle of the right of self-government. It established a precedent which has been fruitful of evil. "The progress of the stars!" Ask the miserable Filipinos what this means. Under this so-called flag of freedom, 600,000 of these poor islanders have perished from war, famine, and pestilences, causes directly imputable to the United States government. And now one of the latest of "the long series of unconstitutional, un-American, despotic acts," including torture inflicted upon prisoners, which have marked from the beginning the seizure and occupation of the Philippines—is the "law" in Manila forcing the bands at the theaters to play the "Star-Spangled Banner" after "Aguinaldo's March," whenever the patriotic Filipino air is rendered, the latter being received by the audience with rapturous applause, while the former is met with dead silence or with groans and hisses.

"The progress of the stars" in the United States themselves means a race issue with little prospect of its adjustment, it means crimes before unknown; it means political corruption in high places; it means a steady current toward imperialism, or the undermining of the American Federal system. The impetus toward imperialism was given in 1865, with the result of the unjust war against the South, and it has been greatly accelerated since by the high-handed acts of the United States in their dealings with Cuba, Hawaii, the Philippine archipelago. Can we believe that a beneficent Deity sanctions all this wrongdoing? A thousand times no!

The old English divine, Jeremy Taylor, in his comments on the third temptation of our Lord in the wilderness, has these wise words to say of the work of the evil one on earth: "By proper inherent right, God alone disposes all governments; but it is also certain that the devil is capable of a delegate employment in some great mutation of States; and many probabilities have been observed by wise personages, persuading that the grandeur of the Roman Empire was permitted to the power and managing of the devil. And this lust of dominion is a turning away from God to the prince of darkness: "and all those who, by injury and usurpation, possess and invade others' rights would do well to consider that a kingdom is too dearly paid for, if the condition be first to worship the devil." Then of those who fought at Gettysburg, "they fell" who were the apostles of truth and liberty; "they stood" who were the exponents of despotism and error. And not for all the kingdoms of the world the devil could offer would we exchange the Southern "soldier's epitaph:"

"He fought with Jackson and with Lee!
The fairest pearls of chivalry
That gem the coronet of fame!
The boldest knights that ever led
A host through fields blood-wet and red,
Where Freedom knelt beside her dead
And hid her weeping eyes in shame.

He fought with Jackson and with Lee!
O glorious epitome!
With Valor's sword and Honor's shield,
Throughout those desolating years

Of waste and want and grief and tears,
With Valor's sword and Honor's shield,
He stood and fought on Freedom's field."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

ITS STATUS, PLANS, AND PROSPECTS.

It has been a great gratification to our comrades and friends generally that at the recent U. C. V. reunion in New Orleans the Board of Trustees were able to report that our Treasurer had in hand \$104,471.04, safely invested and yielding interest, and that the balance of the Rouss donation (\$40,000), \$50,000 appropriated by the city of Richmond, and other subscriptions amounting to \$10,000, made the sum of \$204,471.04, which more than meets the original liberal offer of Comrade Rouss, and will enable the Board to go forward at once in erecting the "Memorial Hall," or "Battle Abbey" as it has been called.

But the Board decided that, in view of the increased cost of building, and in its desire to make the Hall a worthy memorial, while reserving \$100,000 as a permanent endowment, at least \$100,000 should be added to this fund, and instructed the Secretary and Superintendent to vigorously push an effort to secure this amount at the earliest day possible.

It will be an easy task to accomplish this if our Confederate Camps, the Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Camps of the Sons, and our friends generally will take hold of and contribute to the enterprise.

We earnestly appeal, then, for help in one or more of the following ways :

1. Let Camps of Veterans and Sons and Chapters of the Daughters make us a donation.
2. Let individuals make us contributions, large or small, as they may be able.
3. Let the names and addresses of parties able and probably willing to help be sent to the Secretary.
4. Let arrangements be made for the Secretary to deliver lectures for the benefit of this fund, dividing proceeds with some local object when desired.

We cordially congratulate our friends generally that, after years of disappointment, we are at last within reach of the beautiful memorial which was founded by our lamented comrade, Charles B. Rouss, and we confidently appeal to them to help us make it worthy of our Confederate cause, our leaders, our self-sacrificing, devoted women, and our Confederate people generally.

We have erected monuments to individuals and to classes of our heroes. Let us make a monument to them all, as well as a great library and depository, from whence the future historian may draw material with which to tell the true story of our great struggle for constitutional freedom.

All checks should be made payable to the order of George L. Christian, Treasurer, C. M. A., and sent to J. William Jones, Secretary and Superintendent, Richmond, Va.

It is proper to add that every dollar now contributed to this fund goes into the treasury without the deduction of a cent for salaries, commissions, or expenses of any kind whatever.

CLEMENT A. EVANS, *President*,
Board of Trustees, C. M. A.

ROBERT WHITE, *Chairman*,
Executive Committee, C. M. A.

Dr. Ervin Floyd, of Fayetteville, N. C., served as private in Company F, Seventh Florida Regiment, from Ocala, Fla. He would like to hear from any members who were in that company.



Sleep well! For some the earthly days were long,
And weary were their feet;
So gladly now they join the heavenly throng,
Their voices mingle with the angels' song:
Their well-earned rest is sweet.

COL. JOHN W. CALDWELL.

BY M. B. MORTON, MANAGING EDITOR NASHVILLE BANNER.

A gallant soldier of a great cause went to his reward when Col. John W. Caldwell breathed his last at his home in Russellville, Ky., July 4, 1903.

Well might it have been said of him, he was the "bravest of the brave," for, of sturdy Scotch-Irish stock, he knew not fear. He was a fighting Confederate; he marched to Dixie when the first drum tapped, and was on the firing line in the Carolinas when the last shot was fired and the torn and bleeding boys in gray succumbed to the inevitable and turned their faces once more toward their ruined and dismantled homes to plow the blood-stained soil and make the waste places to blossom as the rose.

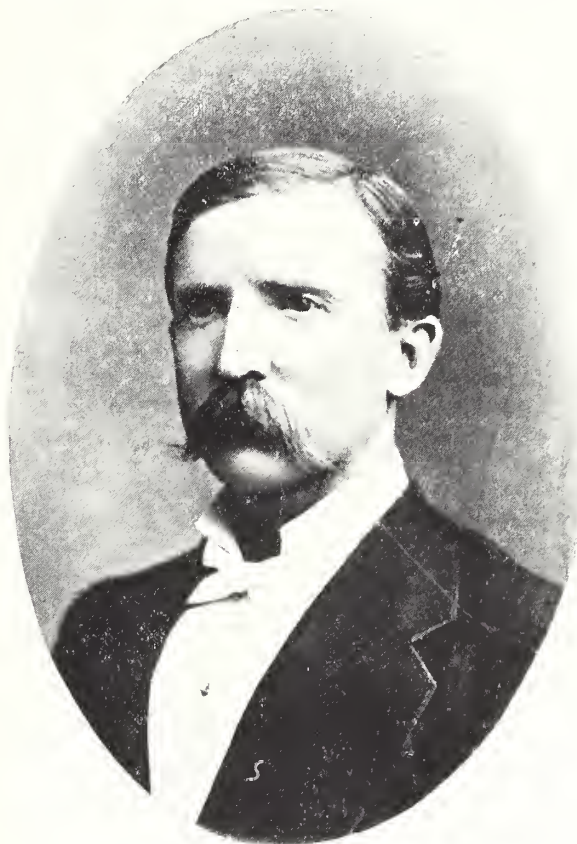
He was born a soldier, and was a leader among men in every walk of life, true to his friends and ever ready, like "Old Hickory," to take the responsibility. He rose to the rank of colonel in the matchless "Orphan Brigade," and as senior colonel commanded it longer, perhaps, than any of its generals, save Judge Joseph H. Lewis, who, though his head is white as snow, is still spared as a splendid specimen of the men Kentucky furnished the Confederacy.

John W. Caldwell was born in Russellville, Ky., sixty-seven years ago. When fourteen years of age he went to Texas, where he remained for five years, returning then to Russellville and studying law in the office of his kinsman, William Morton. Shortly after he was admitted to the bar the Civil War broke out, and he raised a company in Logan County and joined the Confederacy. This was Company A, Fifth (afterwards the Ninth) Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A. He was promoted to the rank of major for gallantry at Shiloh, where, out of his company of sixty-four men, twelve were killed and twenty-nine were wounded. His left arm was shattered by a shot in this engagement. When the regiment was reorganized, May 15, 1862, he was made lieutenant colonel, and was promoted to the colonelcy April 22, 1863. He participated in many of the hard-fought battles in Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Georgia. He was at Stone's River, Vicksburg, and Chickamauga, and in the latter engagement was again wounded in the left arm, and from this wound he suffered to the day of his death. Despite his wounds and illness contracted in camp in the malaria-infested districts of the South, his wonderful will power and bulldog tenacity kept him almost constantly on duty.

It has often been said that for thirty years after the war all the offices in Kentucky, State, county, and municipal, were filled by members of the Orphan Brigade. In truth this brigade was composed of the best young men of the State, in courage, morals, education, and ability; and when

they came home from the war there is little cause of wonder that, though defeated in arms, they were politically invincible. They were the logical leaders, and, though assisted by a sentiment, their abilities and enterprise entitled them to the success they achieved and which they would have claimed even though there had been no war.

After the close of hostilities, Col. Caldwell, like other Confederates, accepted the situation in good faith, and there were



HON. J. W. CALDWELL.

none more loyal or devoted than he to his reunited country, yet the cause of the Confederacy was ever dear to his heart and the old boys who wore the gray had no truer friend than he. To the Confederates of his native county he was always their commander, and when they got in trouble they could always turn to him for sympathy and assistance.

In 1866 he was elected County Judge of Logan County. He was then elected to Congress from the Third Kentucky District, and served with distinction for three terms, voluntarily retiring from politics because of failing health, though he might have served indefinitely in Congress, and though a word of assent from him would have made him successively Governor and United States Senator from Kentucky.

During the last twenty years of his life Col. Caldwell was almost an invalid, though seldom confined to his bed, and almost every day, with the regularity of clockwork, his erect and soldierly figure could have been seen moving back and forth between his residence and his place of business. Most of this time he was president of the Logan County Bank, having practically abandoned the practice of law, in which he had achieved marked success, on his first election to Congress.

He was stricken with paralysis a few weeks before his death, and never rallied, though everything was done for him

that medical science could suggest and that loving hands could find to do. When the angel brought the final summons he was ready, and his courageous, gentle spirit took its flight to join his comrades in the far-off home of the soul.

—
MRS. SARAH MCGAVOCK LINDSLEY.

Rev. James H. McNeilly pays worthy tribute:

"On Sunday, July 5, at her home in Nashville, Tenn., there passed from earth to her heavenly home one of the sweetest, purest, noblest of those women who were the glory of the South in the days before the Civil War.

"Mrs. Sarah McGavock Lindsley was born in Nashville, and for seventy-three years her life was identified with the history of the city. She came in touch not only with the stirring events of the last century, but also with some of the great actors in those events. Her life was passed in a circle where not merely wealth and social position but great intellectual and moral force influenced the course of events. Her character was thus formed and developed in an atmosphere of culture, refinement, and high ideals. And she was a true representative of the true-hearted, sincere, pure, gentle womanhood of the old days. She was a prominent factor in all that was highest and best in the social life of her time.

"Her father, Jacob McGavock, was one of the original builders of the city's prosperity—a man of integrity, of public spirit, of wealth, and of large influence. Her mother was a daughter of Felix Grundy, one of the most eminent of the lawyers, orators, and statesmen of his day, whose fame is the pride of Tennessee.

"As a young lady, Miss Sarah McGavock won friends by her lovely disposition, her gracious manners, her attractive person, her unfailing kindness, and her unaffected Christian character. She was an early and lifelong friend of Rachel Jackson, the granddaughter of Gen. Andrew Jackson, and so was thrown into intimate relations with the 'Hermitage neighborhood,' long noted for its wealth, culture, and refinement.

"In 1857 she was married to Dr. J. Berrien Lindsley, a son of the great president of the University of Nashville, Dr. Philip Lindsley. Her husband was a man of profound scholarship, and in her he found a companion to make a happy home, and also to sympathize with him in his favorite study of Tennessee history. By her birth and family traditions she was identified with the grand history of the State; and she was a worthy representative of the heroic race who won the land from the savages and the wilderness; and who won fame in politics and war. She was an earnest helper of her husband's in preparing his great work 'The Military Annals (Confederate) of Tennessee,' and made whatever sacrifice was necessary to make the money to publish the volume.

"When the Civil War came her deepest sympathies were with her native South. Four of her brothers took up arms for their country. Her brother, Col. Randall McGavock, of the Tenth Tennessee Regiment, fell in the forefront of battle on the bloody field of Raymond, Miss., in 1863. She could never mention his name without tears for her 'unreturning brave.'

"During the war she remained in Nashville, a constant and faithful nurse and helper of the Confederate prisoners in the hospitals where her husband was employed as a surgeon, and after the war she was one of the most earnest and efficient workers for the benefit of Confederate soldiers;

and in 1891 she was chosen president of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Confederate Soldiers' Home. Her tender and sympathetic heart was so deeply moved by the sight of these scarred and broken veterans of the Confederacy that a visit to the Home was always followed by days of sorrowful depression, as she recalled the memories of their grand and fruitless struggle.

"Mrs. Lindsley was one of the originators of the Ladies' Hermitage Association; and she was very active in securing the interest not only of all of her own family, but also in bringing many others to her help in the noble enterprise of preserving the home of 'Old Hickory' as a shrine of patriotism. For twelve years she was an active member of the board of directors of the Association, and was regent for the last four years of her life.

"The death of Dr. Lindsley, in 1897, ended for her a happy and loving companionship of forty years, in which as wife and mother she manifested the highest traits of Christian womanhood. Her home life revealed the richness and depth and tenderness of her nature.

"Mrs. Lindsley was for nearly three score years a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville. Her piety was deep and genuine, showing itself in deeds of kindness and in the making of her home a sweet center of culture and refinement, of love and service. Her life was a benediction to the community. 'Strength and honor were her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.' She hath entered into the rest of the people of God."

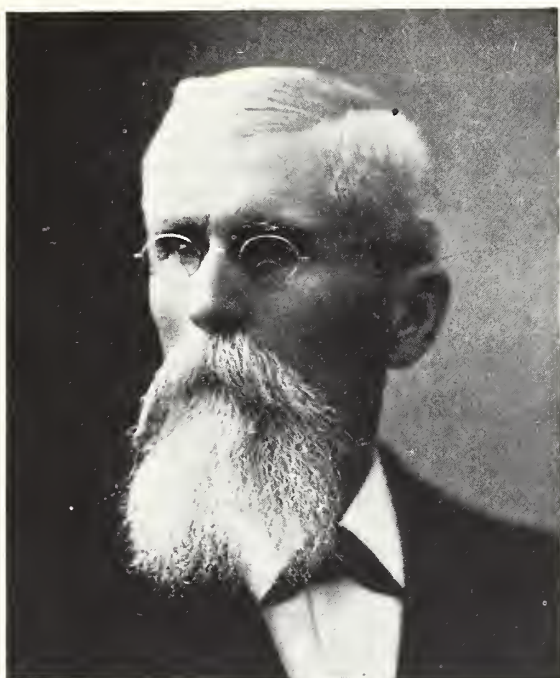
While nothing need be added to the foregoing, the editor of the *VETERAN* is constrained to make record of his personal admiration of the noble woman for over thirty years. In a pamphlet reminiscence of his regiment in the seventies he mentioned the tragic death of Col. Randall McGavock at Raymond and the heroic efforts of his men to save the body from capture in that unequal struggle. It induced a journey of over sixty miles from Nashville by Dr. Lindsley to learn every particular possible, and it was introduction to a friendship with the family that continued without alloy to the end, and every thought of the beautiful woman and her noble life rests now on memory's willing tablet as a benediction. Dr. Lindsley's urgent commendation that the author of that pamphlet write a history had effect upon the disposition whereby the *VETERAN* is here and what it is.

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DR. W. H. BENNETT.

On April 25, 1903, at Lebanon, Tenn., the place of his birth and life work, Dr. W. H. Bennett, a true soldier and gentleman, went to join the ranks of the faithful who have passed away. When a youth he was a member of Hatton's Seventh Tennessee Regiment, and served in Virginia until the spring of '62, when ill health caused his discharge. In the summer of that year he became, with many of his neighbor boys, a member of the Cedar Snags, commanded by Capt. (afterwards Col.) Paul Anderson.

This company did escort and courier service first for Gen. Forrest, then for Gen. Wharton, until his transfer to the Trans-Mississippi Department, and he was then chosen by Gen. Hood to do like service for him on the celebrated campaign from Dalton to Jonesboro, Ga., and the subsequent advance into Tennessee.

This service required intelligence and courage of no small degree, and so faithfully was it performed that Capt. Anderson was promoted and gained celebrity throughout the cavalry



DR. W. H. BENNETT.

branch of the service; and his successor, Capt. J. H. Britton, also became widely and favorably known.

The company was then attached to Smith's Fourth Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, and Dr. Bennett served faithfully therein until the end by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's surrender.

On returning to his home in the spring of '65 he began the great battle of life with the same fortitude previously shown. He chose dentistry for his profession, and graduated from the Baltimore Dental College, and for more than a third of a century practiced skillfully and faithfully, gaining a competence and maintaining the respect of all who knew him. He was a soldier of the cross also, and brought to that service the same faithfulness exhibited elsewhere.

Dr. Bennett was twice married. He leaves his widow and two sons the heritage of a successful, honest, Christian life. On Monday, April 6, his birthday, his former pastor paid him merited tribute to a large concourse of sympathizing friends and a goodly company of old comrades.

J. ELAM CALDWELL.

Dying as he had lived, a true soldier, a noble man, J. E. Caldwell closed his eyes in the last sleep on June 19, 1903, at Charlotte, N. C. He was a valued member of Mecklenburg Camp, 382, and the resolutions of the Camp submitted to the VETERAN by Adjutant H. D. Duckworth, signed by J. B. Alexander, Historian, Nathaniel Gibbon, and Thomas J. Black, committee, set forth his many virtues and indicate in touching language the sorrow that is felt in passing out of life. Comrade Alexander said of him: "He consecrated his all to the cause he loved so well, and his associates in the old hornets' nest company of the First Bethel Regiment speak of him in highest praise." Maj. J. G. Harris was his ranking officer in the Seventh, and never failed to speak of

his efficiency. After the war Comrade Caldwell ever remained true to the South, administering to the affairs of the State and using his every energy toward the advancement of education. Never would he allow the Confederate soldier to be forgotten when he should be remembered for past services, and he contended that the men who could protect the Tennessee Cavalry, and was paroled in North Carolina.

Wade Presly Rutledge, of Vance, Tenn., died June 22. Comrade Rutledge left school and entered the Confederate army early in 1861, joining Capt. Gammon's company in the Nineteenth Tennessee Infantry. He was later with Forrest, and then with Wheeler as a member of Company B, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, and was paroled at the close of the war in North Carolina.

FATHER T. V. ROBINSON.

For several weeks some interesting data has been expected concerning the late Comrade T. V. Robinson, of the Paulist Fathers in New York City. A friendship with this good man for more than a decade, and his devotion to the VETERAN, make it desirable to record something of his noble characteristics. He served in the Richmond (Va.) Howitzers in the sixties. After the war he became a Jesuit priest, and was devoted to his Church to the end. Of the Paulist Fathers, New York, he was distinguished as an ardent Southerner, and three years ago when visiting the editor of the VETERAN in Dr. Wyeth's hospital, as he frequently did at much inconvenience, he emphasized his desire to procure a bound set of the VETERAN for the library of his church, authorizing the payment of \$25 for the set. He died February 19, 1903.

Father Robinson was a devoted friend, a liberal man in his religious views, and he went about doing good to the last. A sketch received as we go to press will appear in the September issue.



FATHER T. V. ROBINSON.

COL. JOHN G. KELLY.

Col. John G. Kelly, pioneer civil engineer of Missouri, brave soldier and patriotic citizen, died at Webster Groves, June 16, 1903, after an illness of several months. He served through the entire Civil War, enlisting in a company of cavalry, of which he was made captain. He joined Gen. Jeff Thompson at New Madrid, where he was attached to the staff with the rank of lieutenant colonel, and given charge of the erection of Fort Thompson; before its completion Island No. 10 fell. The forces then joined Gen. Price at Memphis, where Col. Kelly was given command of the heavy guns on a gunboat. This service proved distasteful and unhealthy, and he was then placed on the staff of Gen. Henry Little, where he remained until that officer's death. He was then transferred to the staff of Gen. Hebert, of Louisiana, and participated in the battles of Chickasaw Bayou, Corinth, and the siege of Vicksburg. For services here rendered upon the works he was promoted to major of engineers, then sent to Cape Fear River, where he erected fortifications at the mouth of the harbor of Wilmington, N. C.

During a night raid at Smithville he was captured by Lieut. Cushing and taken to the blockading squadron. He was a prisoner of war for thirteen months, and one of the unfortunates twice picked out for severe treatment in retaliation for the condition of Andersonville and Charleston prisoners.

Col. Kelly was born in Dublin, Ireland, January 10, 1834. His parents, Thomas G. Kelly and Alice Gaskin, died in his infancy, and he was carefully brought up and educated by his maternal uncle. His father was engaged in trade between the West Indies and English ports, and intended his son for the navy, but a broken arm, the result of a fall from his pony, disqualified him. He studied his profession under the distinguished civil engineer, Henry Brett.

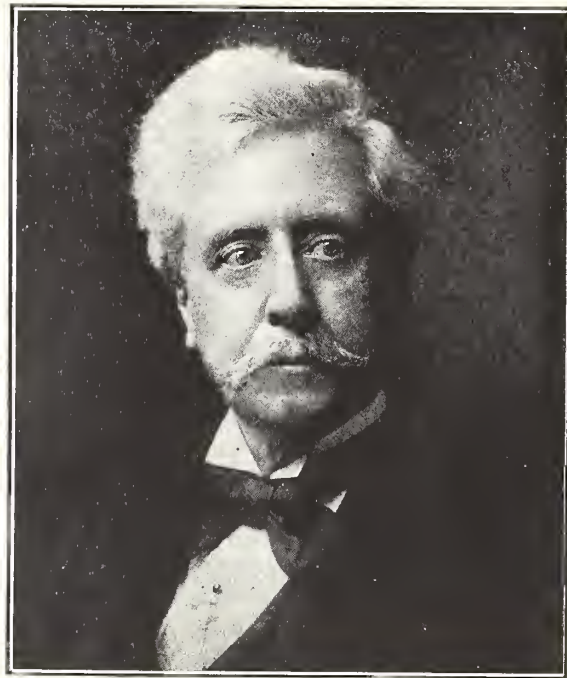
He was early confirmed in the Episcopal Church, and at eighteen years of age, without the knowledge or consent of relatives, embarked for America, of which he had heard and read glowing accounts, arriving in New York in 1850. He went immediately to Baltimore and visited friends of his uncle's, and there joined a party of gentlemen coming to Missouri to select and enter lands for the government. Here he remained, settling in St. Louis, and at once engaged in the location and surveying of the Missouri, Pacific, and Iron Mountain railroads, thus materially aiding in the upbuilding of St. Louis.

For many years he was county engineer, a position Gen. U. S. Grant once aspired to. He had charge of many surveys for Illinois railroads, notably the Alton and Rock Island from Beardstown north. He was chief engineer of the Vicksburg and Ship Island Railroad. In 1880 he moved to Colorado to take charge of mining property in which he was interested. During his eight years' residence there he was elected to represent his district in the Legislature, being the only Democrat ever sent from Chaffee County. This showed his great popularity.

On his return to St. Louis he became connected with the electric business as secretary and treasurer of the Municipal Electric Light and Power Company, and at the time of his death held the position of treasurer of the Missouri-Edison Electric Company.

There are few more marked and worthy examples of a well-spent, useful life than that shown in the career of

the subject of our sketch. Sincerity, honorable dealing, unswerving integrity, and a universal benevolence were parts of his nature. He was a devoted husband and father, and a most loyal friend, genial and courteous in manner. He was a gentleman of wide culture and a polished writer. His account of the Southern side of the Civil



COL. JOHN G. KELLY.

War, in Hyde's "History of St. Louis," is conceded to be a most just and fair recital of those stirring events in Missouri. He was greatly beloved, and his death will be deeply regretted by a host of friends. He leaves a wife, who was Miss Medora Benson, a St. Louisian by birth, and two daughters, Mrs. William V. Eberly and Miss Alice Medora Kelly, to mourn their loss.

P. M. GUERRANT.

P. M. Guerrant, son of Rev. Peter D. Guerrant, was born in North Carolina in 1863. When a small boy his family moved to Danville, Va. He was married to Miss Mariah Cole in 1885, and moved to Kentucky in 1887. Up to the time of Mr. Guerrant's death, February 12, 1903, at Fulton, Ky., he lived a consistent life as a Christian, and as a husband, father, and neighbor he was faithful in the discharge of every duty in life. He served for three years under Gens. Wheeler and Forrest, Second Kentucky Regiment, and was noted for his bravery.

COL. T. S. GALLAWAY.

Col. T. S. Gallaway died at his home in Somerville on May 23, in his sixty-third year. He graduated at the Virginia military Institute in 1861, and was commissioned major. In 1862 he was promoted to colonel of the Twenty-Second North Carolina troops, and surrendered with the army at Appomattox. He was captain of the cadets at the Virginia Military Institute at the time of the John Brown insurrection, and carried his company to Harper's Ferry to assist in hanging Brown and quelling the disorder.

J. F. MAULL.

A noble soldier, a patriotic citizen who labored earnestly in behalf of the indigent Confederate Soldiers' Home of Alabama, has gone to that home not made by hands. Comrade Maull died in April at Montgomery, Ala. As a boy he made a splendid record as a Confederate soldier, and in his maturer



J. F. MAULL.

years he became a brave soldier in the battle of life, fighting ever for the principles of right and justice with the weapon of peace, manly charity. Though Comrade Maull suffered many reverses, he met them with the same unconquered spirit which led him to make his escape when a mere boy from Elmira prison and brave the perils of a journey back to the Confederate lines near Richmond.

Surrounded by his devoted family, this noble man died as he had lived, ready to follow unflinchingly whither the great Captain directed.

A fine tribute was paid to Comrade Maull by W. G. Frasier, of Robinson Springs, Ala.:

Now the last sad taps are sounded,
Now the Rebel shout is stayed;
Heaven's the happy camp unbounded,
Where God's orders are obeyed,
Where the Prince of Peace benignly
Lulls to rest the soul divinely.

J. G. MILLER.

J. G. Miller, a former Tennessean, died in Forney, Tex., during the closing days of February, aged sixty-seven years. He served throughout the war in Company C, Eleventh Tennessee. Mr. Miller's friends in his early home, as well as those of the home of his adoption, remember him as an admirable citizen and a loyal friend.

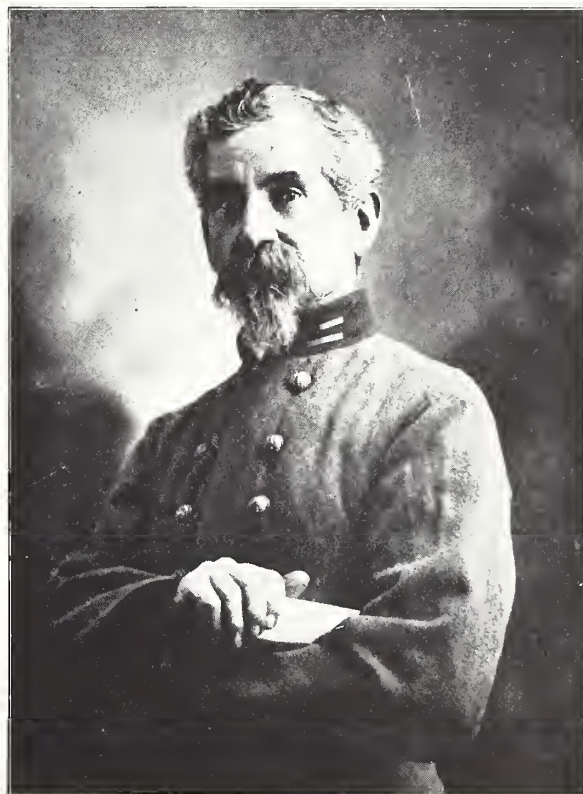
J. W. Webb, a member of the William Henry Trousdale Camp of Confederate Veterans, No. 495, died at his home in Maury County on June 6, in his seventy-fifth year. Comrade Webb enlisted in the Confederate army in October, 1861, in the Fifty-Third Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, Company C. He was captured at Fort Donelson, exchanged in 1862, and paroled May 6, 1865.

Comrade W. S. L. Neeley, also a member of William Henry Trousdale Camp, No. 495, died at his home near Bigbyville June 15. He entered the Confederate service in 1862, Company G, Ninth Tennessee Mounted Infantry, and was paroled in May, 1865. At the last meeting of the Camp suitable resolutions expressive of the sympathy and tributes of respect were passed, copies of which were sent to the families of their deceased comrades.

Comrade J. T. Edwards, a member of Paragould Camp, No. 449, of Green County, Ark., died at his home, Fairview, Ark., on April 10. He entered the service in 1861, and surrendered in 1865 with the Eighteenth Mississippi Cavalry. He was a minister of the Baptist Church.

COMMANDER C. C. BEAVENS.

Comrade C. C. Beavens, a member of Dick Dowling Camp, of Houston, Tex., died July 4. Few men were better known or more generally beloved throughout Confederate circles in Texas than Comrade Beavens. He was the founder of Dick



C. C. BEAVENS.

Dowling Camp at Houston and of Camp Magruder at Galveston. At a late meeting of the Dick Dowling Camp, of which he was a member at the time of his death, a beautiful tribute was paid his memory in resolutions drawn up by Comrade W. W. Dexter.

On page 412, Vol. VII., of the VETERAN, a sketch of him may be found.

FORCEFUL MEN OF THE SOUTH.

It is time that people of both sections abandon argument that the Southern people are lazy and lack in enterprise or ability as compared with Northerners. Our own people are quite as censurable for unjust comparisons when some of them return from wealthy cities praising the enterprise North in contrast with "stupidity" at home. The increase of population at the North is not reckoned, so that there is much more to be done in the South in proportion.

But this account is rather to do with forceful characters. Years ago J. L. Randolph went to Texas from Smith County, Tenn., and engaged in banking, starting with a capital of \$30,000. That same bank—the Merchants and Planters of Sherman—has a capital stock of \$600,000, with nearly \$300,000 as a surplus, and Tom Randolph, his son, has recently been elected President of the Commonwealth Trust Company of St. Louis, with a capital and surplus of \$5,500,000. Financiers in New York are largely Southern men, and their concentrated financial power would amaze those who have not investigated the subject.

Nashville feels quite proud of the success of two of her young men in the legal profession, each of whom has been made general counsel for a great railway system—the Louisville & Nashville, with headquarters at Louisville, and the Illinois Central, with headquarters at Chicago.



JUDGE J. M. DICKINSON,
General Solicitor and Counselor Illinois Central Railroad.

Jacob McGavock Dickinson was born in Columbus, Miss., January 30, 1851. His parents were Henry Dickinson, a descendant of Henry Dickinson who came from England to Virginia in 1654, and Anna McGavock, oldest daughter of Jacob McGavock and Louisa McGavock, daughter of Felix Grundy, residents of Nashville, Tenn. Henry Dickinson was an eminent lawyer of the Mississippi bar, a chancellor for many years, presidential elector, and one of the commissioners sent by his State to Delaware on the question of secession.

J. M. Dickinson was married April 20, 1876, at Nashville, Tenn., to Martha Maxwell Overton, daughter of John and Harriet Maxwell Overton. They have three children, John Overton, Henry, and J. M. Dickinson, Jr.

Judge Dickinson passed his early youth in Columbus, Miss., where near the end of the great war, at the age of fourteen, he volunteered and served under Gen. Ruggles in the operations about Columbus. He is a member of the Isham Harris Bivouac, C. S. A. at Columbus.

At the close of the war he moved to Nashville, and remained there until November, 1899, when he went to Chicago. He attended the public schools of Nashville, the Montgomery Bell Academy there, and graduated at the University of Nashville under the chancellorship of Gen. E. Kirby Smith, taking the A.B. degree in 1871 and the degree of A.M. in 1872. In 1871-72 he was assistant professor of Latin in the University of Nashville. During that period he took a night course of physiology and demonstration of anatomy in the medical department. In the fall of 1872 he entered the Columbia Law School, New York, under the teaching of Theodore Dwight, and took both the junior and senior courses. In the summer of 1873 he traveled in Europe, and that October he matriculated in the University of Leipzig for the purpose of studying German and taking a course in Roman law and political economy. In 1874 he took a course of lectures on literature in the Sorbonne and in the Civil Law in L'ecole du droit at Paris. In the fall of 1874 he was admitted to the bar at Nashville. He was in the years 1890-93 specially appointed by Governors Buchanan, Taylor, and Turney to serve upon the Supreme Bench, and when Chief Justice Horace H. Lurton resigned to accept a position on the Federal Bench, Governor Turney, on March 23, 1893, tendered to Judge Dickinson an appointment to a position on the Supreme Bench.

Judge Dickinson, while never a candidate for office, always took an active part in politics. He was specially prominent during the bitter contest in Tennessee growing out of the State debt, and was in 1882 chairman of the State Credit wing of the Democratic party. Twice he was chairman of the Committee of Fifty of the Reform Association of Nashville, which in two bitter and prolonged contests completely overthrew the ring politicians and political bosses.

Judge Dickinson, on December 14, 1889, before the Bankers' Association of Chicago, delivered an address upon the "Financial and General Condition of the South" which attracted wide attention from the press generally and was accepted by the press and leading men of the South as an acceptable exposition of the Southern situation.

In 1896 he was selected to deliver at the Centennial Exposition at Nashville the address commemorative of the Hundredth Anniversary of the Admission of Tennessee into the Union.

On February 6, 1895, he was commissioned Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, and served to the end of Mr. Cleveland's term, when he resigned. He was then made District Attorney for the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company for Tennessee and Northern Alabama, and also engaged in general practice. He also became a professor in the Law School of Vanderbilt University, where he taught until his removal to Chicago.

November 1, 1899, he succeeded Judge James Fentress as General Solicitor of the Illinois Central Railroad Company. On November 1, 1901, he succeeded Mr. B. F. Ayer as General Counsel of that company, the duties of both offices then being combined.

In April, 1903, he was selected by the President, in connection with Mr. David T. Watson, of Pittsburg, as Counsel, and Mr. Hannis Taylor, of Mobile, Ala., and Mr. Chandler P. Anderson, of New York City, as Associate Counsel, to represent the Government of the United States before the Alaska Boundary Commission in London in September, 1903.

Hon. Charles N. Burch, General Counsel for the Louisville & Nashville, succeeds the late Judge Bruce, whose assistant he was. Mr. Burch is but thirty-four years of age. His father, Col. John C. Burch, was one of the most prominent men of the State, being editor, and practically owner, of the leading daily paper in the capital of the State before and after the war.



CHARLES N. BURCH,
General Counsel Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

In his position as aid-de-camp, Col. Burch was much in conference with ranking generals during the war period, and the records show that when it became necessary he would appeal directly to President Davis concerning the well-being of those who lived in the South and were not in sympathy with her war for independence. He was, however, as ardent a Confederate as served in the war.

Col. Burch was Speaker of the Tennessee Senate in 1857-58. After the war he was Comptroller of the State, and also served as Secretary of the United States Senate, which position he held at the time of his death, which occurred in Washington in 1881. Mrs. Burch, the wife and mother, was Miss Lucy Norvell, of Virginia. She died in Nashville in 1897.

Charles N. Burch was educated in Nashville and Washington. He graduated from the Academic Department of Vanderbilt in 1888, winning the Founder's Day Medal, and graduated from the Law Department in 1889. After traveling in Europe extensively, he began the practice of law in 1890 in the office of Demoss & Malone. Later he formed a partnership with Judge Claude Waller. He was appointed Assistant City

Attorney in 1895 by Hon. John B. Keeble, City Attorney, and in 1897 received appointment as Assistant United States District Attorney to Tully Brown by Attorney-General Harmon. He resigned this position in September of 1898, and in January, 1899, was appointed District Attorney of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad for Tennessee. In the latter part of that year he succeeded Judge Dickinson as District Attorney, the latter having been made General Solicitor of the Illinois Central. In November of 1901 Mr. Burch was appointed General Solicitor of the L. & N. R. R., removing to Louisville, Ky., where he was assistant and associate of Judge H. W. Bruce, General Counsel for that road, and on the death of the latter Mr. Burch became General Counsel in July, 1903.

Before leaving Nashville Mr. Burch was for several years lecturer in the Vanderbilt Law School, and for five years was Secretary of the Tennessee Bar Association. He was married to Miss Floy Cooper, daughter of Col. D. B. Cooper, December 29, 1891. This lovely woman died in Louisville in January, 1903.

EAST TENNESSEANS IN ATLANTA.

In considering the Confederate period by examination of maps there is ever the disposition to pass over Eastern Tennessee. To this day the sentiment there is as much in discord as any section of New England. The political leaders of that section for both sides so espoused the cause of the Union that Southerners could not remain in peace. It may therefore interest some not familiar with the facts to read extracts here given. The *versatile* Sam Small discusses the subject in the *Atlanta Constitution*. It will be read with interest. He tells that when some one interrupted Henry W. Grady in his boastings about Atlanta with "O, Grady, Atlanta is not a typical Southern town. It is a Yankee town, and owes its spirit and enterprise to Northern men and capital!"

And Grady replied: "That is not so! but it might have been if the East Tennesseans hadn't got here first!"

I recall the incident because the *Augusta Tribune* has just published a column-long editorial making the same accusation that was made to Grady. . . .

Among those who came to Atlanta from Tennessee none gained an earlier and more enduring influence than Judge John L. Hopkins. It would be impossible to make many of our citizens of to-day understand the perils to life and property that existed here in the later sixties, when Judge Hopkins was made judge of our superior court. He was a reckless man who traveled our streets day or night without a six-shooter on his hip.

But when Judge Hopkins took the bench there came a new era. He stirred up the officers of the law with a sharp stick, and the way he made the path of crime a hard road to travel was a caution. His name soon came to stand for the majesty and power of the law. . . .

Gen. Alfred Austell came to Georgia from East Tennessee, and after the war began the banking business. His early life at Dandridge taught him the value of work and dollars. He was a model citizen and far-seeing financier. He helped to create what we now call "the Atlanta spirit," and he was never wanting when calls were made to advance the city's fame and prosperity. His best monuments are before us every day.

From Greeneville, East Tennessee, came Gen. William M. Lowry. If you enter the Lowry National Bank, over the door to the president's office you may see the features of one of the gentlest, kindest, golden-hearted men that ever blessed

any community. In his old Tennessee home his name was the synonym for all that was good, helpful, and chivalrous in man. He was the familiar friend and supporter of Andrew Johnson in the latter's first days of political struggle, and only parted company with him when Andy elected to stand by the Union.

Gen. Lowry was a citizen who brought enterprise, wisdom, and optimism to Atlanta and became a strong man at the wheels of our first feeble efforts to redeem a ruined city. He strikingly resembled Jefferson Davis in build and features, and could be easily mistaken for that eminent man. The memory of Gen. Lowry's life and deeds is one that Atlanta will not permit to perish.

Few men have lived in Atlanta as major factors in its business world, and yet so little known personally to its people as the late James Swann. He was quiet, reserved, and shrank from any form of individual publicity. He came from honest, sturdy, East Tennessee stock, and inherited the calm of mind, the invincible purposefulness and straightforward methods of the Scotch-Irish inhabitants of that region. Back of his reserve, however, there was the heart of a true man and the intelligence of a philanthropist. Otherwise thousands of Georgia boys now and hereafter would never have become debtors to him for invaluable aid that he gave to the Georgia School of Technology.

And think a minute of the Inmans—Walker P. and Hugh, and John and Samuel M.—and imagine how much Atlanta is indebted to that quartette of East Tennesseans for the earlier "get there" spirit of her new era above her ashes! Tennessee lost four struggling privates when they left her soil, but Atlanta gained four great captains of industry and wealth-making.

Walker P. Inman is a man of remarkable mental and business acumen and success.

Samuel M. Inman, although largely interested in great finances and obliged to remain much in New York, can never be thought of except as an Atlantian and one of her soundest supports in trying days, honored and loved by us all.

John H. Inman has passed on into the great majority on unseen shores, lamented by all who remember his many virtues.

And Hugh—well, he is with us by a large majority, according to the last election and tax assessor's returns.

Judge William T. Newman, of the Federal court for the Northern District of Georgia, came to Atlanta out of the Confederate army—a bold young Tennessean who had given one of his arms to the cause he believed to be right.

He began the practice of law, became city attorney, and in that position was practically the Warwick of the local Democracy. Brave to recklessness, generous to a fault, patriotic to his people's cause, with the self-sacrificing devotion of a Curtius, "Bill Newman" reached the point where he could have what he wanted.

President Cleveland appointed him to his judgeship, and the people have found in him a jurist who is as pure as his ermine and as just as he is humane.

In the foregoing there are omissions for brevity without loss of point, but friend Small fails to do justice in his comparison to John H. Inman. He went to New York soon after the war with less than fifty dollars, and for years he was the most conspicuous Southerner there. He was one of the most conspicuous financiers in the United States. He may have lost heavily in an effort to control the cotton market, but there was no other man who did as much for development of the South.

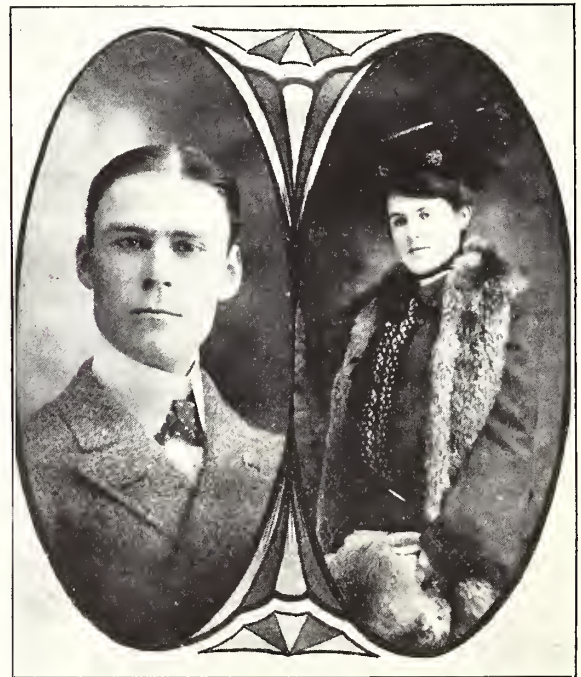
A BEAUTIFUL WEDDING IN GAINESVILLE, TEX.

Married, Wednesday, June 3, at Gainesville, Tex., Mr. George Stainback Frierson, of Tyler, Tex., and Miss Minnie Agatha Wright, of Gainesville.

The wedding occurred at the Denton Street Methodist Church, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion by the Ladies' Aid Society, of which the bride was an honored member. The chancel rail was banked with daisies, the same flower filling immense bowls at each entrance to the choir gallery. A bank of palms and oleanders concealed the organist, and the chancel was filled with evergreens and choice cut flowers, roses and carnations predominating. The whole was so harmoniously arranged that from the daisies below to the delicate pink of the tallest oleander seemed one large pyramid of floral beauty unbroken save by the soft light that flickered from candles gracefully placed amid the blossoms.

Previous to the arrival of the bridal party Mrs. C. L. Potter rendered in a charming manner Bischoff's beautiful love song "Because You Love Me."

To the joyous strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, played by Prof. R. C. Gewal, the bridal party entered the church. First came the ushers: Messrs Roy Hempstead, of Houston, Charles Rives, Sam Gladney, B. K. Gover, of Cleburne, Henry Gough, Edgar Turner, Oscar Powers, and



MR. AND MRS. G. S. FRIERSON.

Dr. George Comegys. They were followed by the matron of honor, Mrs. George Womack, aunt of the bride, attired in a handsome black lace costume, and carrying an arm bunch of bridesmaid roses. Immediately behind her came the bride with her father, Judge J. M. Wright. They were met at the altar by Mr. Frierson and his best man, Mr. Mac Clain, of Houston. The bride wore an elegant going-away gown of navy blue Boncel Voile with large collar of antique lace, a Gage hat of blue straw with trimming of cord and aigrette. She carried a shower bouquet of bride roses and smilax.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. F. Pierce in a most impressive manner.

The bride's father, Judge J. M. Wright, is a prominent member of the Joseph E. Johnston Camp of Confederate Veterans of Gainesville, and has ever been a zealous friend of the VETERAN, while she is an enthusiastic member of the local Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy, and will be remembered as Charleston's guest of honor at the reunion in that city, when she was the recipient of many courtesies. She is a young woman of regal appearance, and is possessed of all the attributes which go to make "a noble woman, nobly planned." To comfort and solace the coming years, to meet the social and domestic requirements of the present, and inspire with noble hope and lofty aspiration the future, Mr. Frierson has been exceedingly fortunate in his selection of a wife.

The groom is a young and popular business man of Tyler, and is highly esteemed for his noble and manly qualities of head and heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Frierson left on the evening Santa Fé train for Nashville, Tenn., at which place they visited relatives for a week, going thence to Columbus, Miss., to visit the groom's mother. From Columbus they went, about July 1, on a tour of the North and East, and will return to Texas about September 1.

With the good wishes of many friends at home and abroad numerous costly and elegant presents were received by the bride, whose popularity extends all over the United States.

FOURS IN YEARS OF SERVICE.

William L. Thompson was a private in Company G, Fourth Louisiana Regiment, Infantry; was transferred to



WILLIAM L. THOMPSON.

Company B, Point Coupee Artillery, and participated in the battle of Shiloh and all the subsequent battles in which his command was engaged.

Mr. Thompson served four years as a private soldier in the Confederate Army, four years in the State Senate of



WILLIAM L. THOMPSON, JR.

Louisiana, four years in the Legislature of Texas, four years as a Special Inspector of Customs under President Cleveland, and four years as Adjutant General, Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V. He is now Judge Advocate General on the staff of Gen. T. J. Jarrard, commanding the First Texas Brigade, U. C. V. He is a practicing attorney at Beaumont, Tex.

William L. Thompson was born and reared in St. Helena Parish, La.; secured a literary education at the Florence Wesleyan University, Florence, Ala.; graduated in law at the University of Louisiana.

M. S. Swann, Roy, Ga., desires to know the whereabouts of the following comrades who served with him in the Confederate service: Jerry Clemons, Charley Cooley, of Nashville, Tenn., James Saxton, George Wilburn, of Gordon County, Ga.; A. W. Bray, of Augusta, Ga.; N. E. Dabney, of Texas; and John Starks, all of whom served under Maj. Haws, of Hawsville, Ky., quartermaster of the wagon repair shops. They served at Calhoun, Savannah, Decatur, and Augusta. Later, back to Decatur. They separated near Kingston, Ga.

Mrs. Mary Gordon, Beebe, Mont., inquires for Paul Nevils, a young soldier of Ross's Brigade, who had an exciting experience with some Union soldiers at her home in Georgia, but managed to get away. She would like to hear from him.

J. T. M. Bailey, Marion, Ala., who was a private in Company K, Thirty-Seventh Regiment, Georgia Volunteers, desires the address of members of his old company.

BARREN COUNTY, KY., VETERANS.

At a recent reunion at Beaver Creek, in Barren County, Ky., there was fine attendance, and the local paper prints all the names procured, with their respective commands, together with the list of all members of the Orphan Brigade and other commands of that county who were not present. The ages of many present were also published. In a list of forty-three, four are under sixty years, thirty-one are between sixty and seventy years, five are seventy years, and three are older, the average of all being sixty-four years and seven months.

Capt. J. A. Hindman is President and W. Wood Secretary.

Martin Frazer, who was sergeant of the Second Indiana Cavalry, has in his possession a Bible, captured on Chilhowee Mountain, by the Tennessee River, sometime in 1863. The Bible is in good condition, and has written on the fly leaf:

"Presented by your friend, A. N. Neal. May the God herein revealed protect you and bring you off victorious in the coming struggle!"

And just below: "May 10, 1861. J. B. Wilkerson."

Mr. Frazer would be glad to find the owner. His address is 1209 East Main Street, Louisville, Ky.

Arthur Lee, of Furman, Ala., desires the addresses of any surviving members of the Third Alabama Regiment.

LIEUT. KELLY, OF MISSISSIPPI.

James W. Robert, 122 N. College Street, Nashville, Tenn.:

"When the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., was fought, December 28-30, 1862, I was a small boy ten years of age. My father, Alexis J. Robert, lived in the northeast suburb of Murfreesboro, about one mile from the battlefield. In company with several other boys about my age, I went on the battlefield the first day, within half a mile of a Federal battery, when we realized our danger and ran away as fast as our legs could carry us.

"A lieutenant named Kelly, from a Mississippi regiment, who was badly wounded, his thigh bone being shattered, was brought to my father's residence, and a private named John Barefoot, from his company, was detailed to wait on him. The surgeon said his leg must be amputated to save his life, but the lieutenant objected, saying he would not submit to the operation. He lingered two or three months and died, and was buried at the old city cemetery. Four other Confederates were fatally wounded, and were carried to a neighbor's residence, where they all died within two weeks, and were buried on the lot in front of Squire Dromgoole's residence.

"As the Confederates retreated two or three days after the fight and the Federal army occupied the city, this communication is intended to inform relatives or friends. I don't remember the regiment to which he belonged."

NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

A complete history of North Carolina troops in the great war of '61-'65 has been issued in five large volumes of over eight hundred pages each. As the histories were written and the work edited entirely by participants in the war without charge for their services, the engravings furnished by friends, the State furnishing paper, printing, and binding, the work is being sold at cost. The price is now \$5 for the set or \$1 per volume, postage or expressage additional. Within the State expressage is 25 cents for a single volume; postage, 34 cents per volume anywhere. The set shipped by freight or express is of course cheaper in proportion than by single copy. The edition is limited.

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private soldiers, including the thirty-five generals from North Carolina; also thirteen full-page engravings of battles, and thirty-two maps. The indexes are complete, and embrace over seventeen thousand names. It is a splendid work, telling the story of the finest soldiery the world has ever seen. Cash must accompany all orders.

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THE CARR-BURDETTE COLLEGE HONORS TEXAS.

The readers of the VETERAN will notice in this issue the advertisement of Carr-Burdette College, at Sherman, Tex. The college is on a unique and firm basis. Mrs. O. A. Carr is the founder, builder, and donor of the college. To it she has consecrated her talent, energy, and fortune. She recognized that an institution on the order of Wellesley was needed in the South, and Carr-Burdette in building, location, home furnishings, department equipments, and faculty is appropriately named by Northern critics "the petit Wellesley of the South." Mrs. Carr in her aspiration says that it has not reached her ideal, but friends visiting it see nothing lacking as an ideal college home for girls.

A new organization has been formed for the benefit and pleasure of the students—namely, the "Carr-Burdette Rifles." The VETERAN presents a photogravure of these Carr-Burdette Rifles, taken in front of the college building. As is well known by thousands, Mrs. Carr chaperoned the Carr-Burdette Rifles to New Orleans to attend the reunion of United Confederate Veterans. They created quite a sensation, in their heavily gilded Confederate gray uniforms, by the accurate and graceful dexterity with which they handled their guns. Through the military movements they gained concentration, exactness, strength, and grace. They are instructed in regulation army tactics, gymnastics, etc., and have been authorized by the Adjutant General to parade under arms without ammunition.

The knowledge that the Carr-Burdette Rifles gained of the grand old historic city of New Orleans and the pleasure they gave the Veterans by their military drills and the honors that were showered upon them (not the least of which was their being made "Guard of Honor" to Gen. Gordon and Mrs. Stonewall Jackson) compensated them richly for the amount expended on the trip. It was an era in their young lives.

Accepting with much pleasure the invitation of Professor and Mrs. Carr to be their guest at the Texas reunion, U. C. V., July 15, 16, the editor of the VETERAN improved the fine opportunity to inspect the college building and its complete and faultless appliances for physical as well as mental development of young women, and he is all the prouder to use liberal space in behalf of the college.

Mr. A. B. Samuels, of Parkersburg, W. Va., is anxious to recover a valise lost on his way home from New Orleans reunion, and thinks that a comrade from Kentucky, with whom he traveled from just below Memphis, may have taken it in charge. This comrade belonged to Camp No. 6 of the Kentucky Division, and will relieve Mr. Samuels very much by writing him.

William Davidson, of Hermitage, Tenn., inquires of George Ellis, with whom he was in prison at Camp Douglas, Barracks 21, the last seven months of the war.

Confederate Veteran.

Home of General Lee.

This eloquent and patriotic threnody to the honor and fame of R. E. Lee, was contributed to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* by Miss Clara Lee Puckett, of Louisiana, now residing, as it were, under the shadow of Arlington. The poem is alike creditable to the young author and her loved Southland.

THE HOME OF ROBERT LEE.

The home of Lee upon the hill
The blue Potomac sweeps
Around in silence deep and still.
The Northern soldier sleeps,
White-pillared, holy as a shrine,
Alone through all the years,
Save for the clasp of clinging vine,
The raindrop's dewy tears.

Through silent rooms where strangers tread,
And time seems lost to view;
Where sleeps the city of the dead—
The valiant and the true—
'Mid olden dreams and vanished power,
Beyond life's ebbing sea,
A spirit breathes in every flower
That speaks of Robert Lee.

Amid the ranks of Blue and Gray,
When shot and shell were rife,
The heroes brave who fought that day
For liberty and life—
Be they the ones who wore the Gray,
Or those who wore the Blue,
The crimson stains at close of day
Made heroes grand and true.

And now his old, deserted home,
A specter of the Gray,
Where North and South together come
As pilgrims, day by day,
Lends to the scene a holy peace
Above the graves of Blue,
For loyalty shall never cease—
The Southland's sons are true!

And though the name of Robert Lee
Is linked with war's defeat,
From out the past his memory
Abideth pure and sweet.
Not his the homage far and wide,
That rings from sea to sea,
Yet Southern hearts, with deathless pride,
Enshrine the name of Lee.

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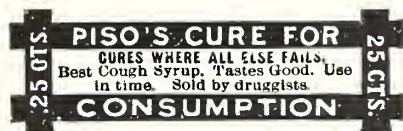
References are cordially given by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and the Nashville daily press.

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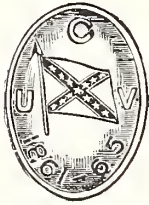
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In the notice of Cumberland University graduates who had attained the rank of general in the Confederate army the name of Robert E. Houston, of Aberdeen, Miss., was given. He calls attention to this error, and states that he was appointed A. & I. G., with the rank of captain in the regular army, and served in that position from December, 1862, to the surrender. He commands the Third Brigade, Mississippi Department, U. C. V., but doesn't count that.

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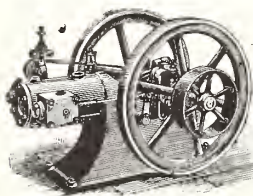


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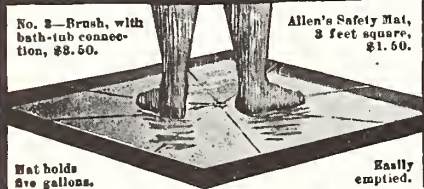


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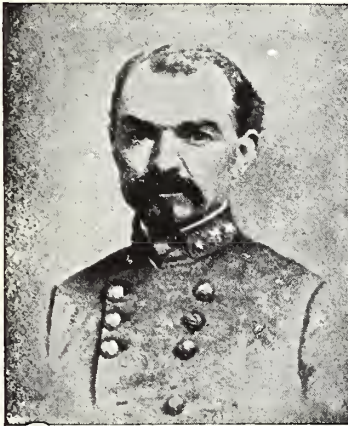
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Is the name sometimes given to what is generally known as the BAD DISEASE. It is not confined to dens of vice or the lower classes. The purest and best people are sometimes infected with this awful malady through handling the clothing, drinking from the same vessel, using the same toilet articles, or otherwise coming in contact with persons who have contracted it.

It begins usually with a little blister or sore, then swelling in the groins, a red eruption breaks out on the body, sores and ulcers appear in the mouth, the throat becomes ulcerated, the hair, eye brows and lashes fall out and, as the blood becomes more contaminated, copper colored spots and pustular eruptions and sores appear upon different parts of the body, and the poison even destroys the bones.

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sore throat, pimples, copper-colored spots, ulcers on any parts of the body, hair or eyebrows falling out, it is this secondary blood poison we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. For many years we have made a specialty of treating this disease with our MAGIC CURE, and we have \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty.

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Electricity, waterworks, steam heat.

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and results." Harmonious development of womanhood. Cui-
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perfect; the one college unhesitatingly recommended by the
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"Finest school in the South for young women to-day."

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The college has just closed a most successful year, having at-
tained the limit in all departments, the patronage being
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Early application necessary for admission.

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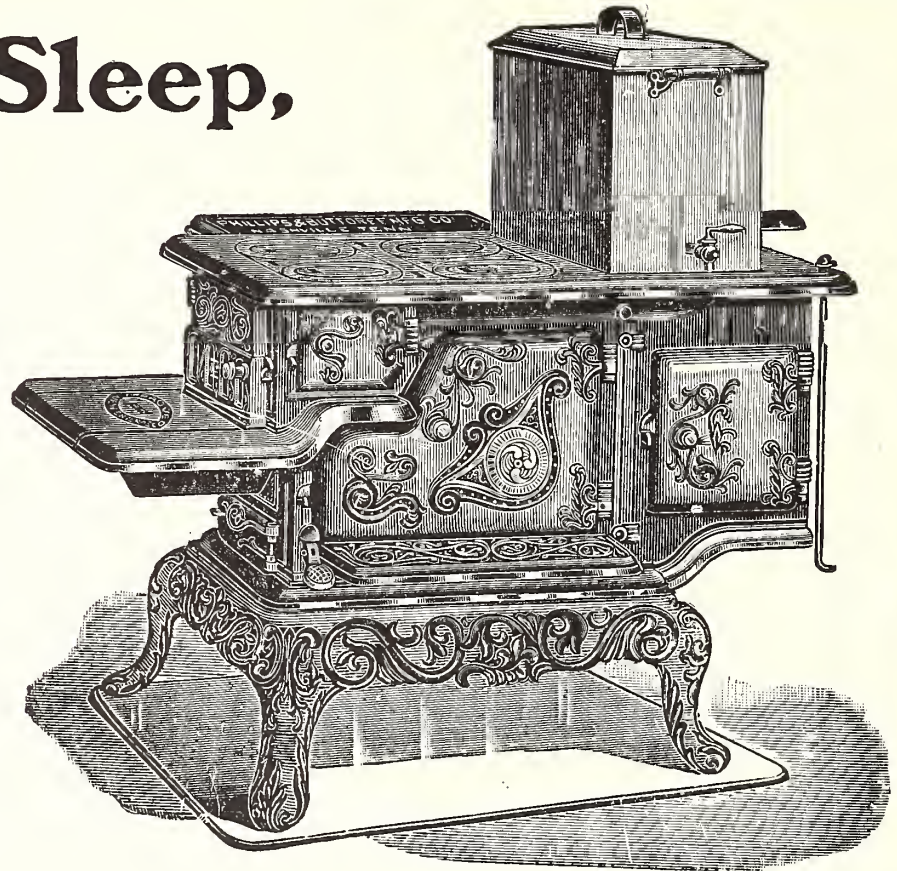


"To Sleep,

Perchance to
dream—Aye,
there's the rub."
When a day's hard
toil has brought
tired muscles and
overwrought
nerves, one should

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LET US ERECT A MEMORIAL TO "BILL ARP."—Last Roll, Pp. 421-2.

Vol. II

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1903

No. 9

Confederate Veteran



GEN. JAMES EWELL BROWN STUART.

See page 390.)

The Confederate Mining Company

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF ARIZONA

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At a Meeting of the Stockholders and Directors

at the reunion in New Orleans the price of the stock was advanced 100 per cent—from \$1 to \$2 per share. The new stock books are now in the hands of the Treasurer, and the new stock at the new price is going rapidly. Now, don't wait until the second advance, when you will have to pay \$5 per share, or even more.

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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail ~~at~~ will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term, "War between the States" will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE. \$1.00 PER YEAR, { VOL. XI.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1903.

NO. 9. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

SUGGESTIVE NOTE TO THOUSANDS.—A venerable comrade writes from Missouri, saying: "Is it possible I have omitted to send my subscription for 1903? Only a day or two since I noticed the label, which shows me in arrears. I beg a thousand pardons for what my grandson calls 'forgetfulness,' and inclose my dollar."

The VETERAN is not discontinued after expiration, in the confidence that those receiving it intend to renew. Those who don't so intend cripple its usefulness, and it is earnestly requested that those who don't expect to pay report, so that there will be no misunderstanding.

It is also requested that reports be made promptly on any errors that may be noted in date of subscription, that proper correction or explanation may be made. Hereafter such errors must be reported within six months of last payment in order to secure attention.

Attention to these requests will relieve the office force of much unnecessary trouble, as well as save the publication necessary funds.

P. A. Blakey, Mt. Vernon, Tex., writes:

"Recently I have been impressed with the importance of the veterans doing a lot of work and doing it at once. Within ten years nearly all of the old veterans will have crossed over the river. Then there will be but few to attend reunions, but few to take up the work of the veterans where they lay it down. What will then become of the history and cause that we represent? Who will then perpetuate these things and objects that we represent and are trying to instill in the minds of the rising generation? Our only hope of success is in those who follow us. Then let us do all we can to have them organize the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, and begin now the important work. 'What thou doest, do quickly.' 'The night cometh when no man can work.' Put the VETERAN in the hands, head, and heart of all these young and old people, and aid them all you can, and we will see good results."

The Daughters of the Confederacy at San Francisco are not behind their sisters in all good works, and their special efforts now are directed toward endowing a room in a hospital for sick Confederates. The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, of that city, of which Mrs. A. B. Voorhies is President, will give a charity ball on October 23 for the benefit of this object, and visiting friends are asked to bring their dress suits with them and lend their presence to the occasion. The Convention of Bankers is to meet in San Francisco on the 19th of October, and it is hoped that many of them will attend this ball.

THE FLAG OF TEARS.

BY I. M. P. O., MONTGOMERY, ALA.

[These lines were suggested at the reunion in New Orleans by a remark from Mr. Vance Prather, to whom the poem is dedicated.]

Mrs. Ockenden possesses the faculty perhaps enjoyed by no other woman as a mature writer of beautiful verse in the sixties, and who is equally capable still.]

Beautiful flags are flying
Over the world;
But the flag of a vanished nation,
Softly furied,
Deep in my heart for, lo! so many years,
Is folded away—the Flag of Tears!

Under the faded colors
Softly tread,
For, following in silence,
Pass the dead.
Ah, the heart will ache so many years
For perished hopes, dear Flag of Tears!

Beautiful still in tatters,
Once so gay;
The darkened stain is kindred blood;
Alas, the day!
My father's groan still haunts the years,
And on its folds my mother's tears.

The silver stars are faded,
White turned red;
The Bonnie Blue is battle-smoked,
The nation dead;
But out of the dust of the dying years
Rises the phantom Flag of Tears.

For all it meant wept woman;
Men of might
Have brushed aside the sacred tear
To see to fight.
No fairer flag has floated down the years
Than in my heart low lies, the Flag of Tears.

When dim the lights are burning
For the soul,
And from the veteran's vision
The shadows roll,
He sees the cross he followed all these years;
Lay over him the flag—the Flag of Tears.

MISSOURI REUNION AT COLUMBIA.

The Confederate Soldier Veterans of Missouri will hold their State Reunion for 1903 at Columbia, September 24-26, and a fine representation is expected.

Columbia is an important educational place, and of course the culture and wealth of that section are guarantee of delightful entertainment. The State University, the Baptist and Christian Churches have large schools. Besides, there are a female school, a private military school, and public schools. Hence it is a place of interest as well as refinement.

Missouri comrades are very active in their cause, and much importance attaches to the convention.

A correspondent writes: "Columbia has a population of about seven thousand, besides the many sojourners and patrons of the schools. The State University maintains all its departments well up with the times. It has an appropriation of nearly \$700,000 for every two years, and other schools give an additional population in large proportion, so that the very atmosphere is pervaded with music, poetry, flowers, and philosophy, besides all the other educational panorama and annexes. This (Boone) County was 'before the war' one of the largest, if not the largest, slave-holding counties in the State. The State University was located here in 1840. The people are descended from the old Virginia and Kentucky stock, and this county was mainly settled by families from Madison County, Ky., with, of course, a sprinkle from other Southern States. We claim to have the most beautiful and attractive city and surroundings west of the Mississippi. We have two railroads and four rock roads, or pikes. The city is ten miles from the Missouri River and thirty miles from the State Capital, Jefferson City. This county was decidedly Southern in sentiment, and furnished many of her sons to the Confederacy—many who never returned. One of the most destructive battles of the war (considering the number engaged), if not in history, was fought at Centralia, in this county."

DEDICATIONS ON SHILOH BATTLEFIELD.—On the 6th and 7th of October Illinois will dedicate her thirty-seven monuments on the battlefield of Shiloh. It is expected that a number of the prominent citizens of that State will attend the ceremonies. Senator W. B. Bate hopes to have the monument in memory of the Second Tennessee, of which he was its first commander, ready by the 1st of that month. Information concerning matters at the Shiloh Battlefield Park are cheerfully furnished by Capt. J. W. Irvin, of Savannah, Tenn.

REUNION OF "OLD STONEWALL BRIGADE."—The annual reunion of the "Old Stonewall Brigade," A. N. V., will occur at Staunton, Va., October 22. The "Stonewall" Jackson Camp, U. C. V., No. 469, has arrangements in charge. Members of the First Brigade are especially invited. Those who expect to attend are requested to notify Thomas D. Ransom, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

A meeting will be held at Fairview, Ky., on October 3 of the members of Jeff Davis Camp and other Camps in that section, and no pains are being spared to make the occasion a pleasant and profitable one for the visitors. The address will be made by Capt. W. T. Ellis, of Owensboro.

A new Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy has been organized in Buford under the title of the "Bill Arp Chapter," in honor of the late Maj. Charles H. Smith, who was a native of Gwinnett County. From thirty-five to forty ladies have made application for charter membership. Mrs. John T. Smith has been appointed president.

REUNION AT BROWNSVILLE.

Delay of report from the reunion at Brownsville, Tenn., causes but a partial account at this time. The principal addresses were by Hon. R. M. Patterson, M. C., and Judge Hammond, of the U. S. District Court. Delightful music and recitations were interspersed between the invocation and addresses. It was a day of patriot feasting.

SOCIAL FEATURES OF THE REUNION.

The twelfth annual reunion of the ex-Confederate soldiers of Haywood and adjoining counties, given on July 30 at Johnson's Lake, Brownsville, Tenn., under the auspices of the Hiram S. Bradford Bivouac, was coupled with many pleasant social features throughout the day. An elaborate Southern reception given at night at the home of former Chancellor H. J. Livingston was a closing incident of the reunion. Usually the crowd is worn out after a day in the country, and so many pleasures there in reminiscence, oratory, music, and song; but a generous rain the preceding evening had made the day a pleasant one for a reunion, and a goodly number of those who spent the morning and afternoon at Cuthbert's Memorial Hall (the building of the veterans) were fully able to partake of the hospitality of Judge Livingston. The reception was given in honor of Judge E. S. Hammond and wife and Gen. George W. Gordon, of Memphis, who were the guests of Judge Livingston's family and Mrs. Helen Taylor respectively. There were also present as specially invited guests the members of Bradford Bivouac, Forrest Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, and the members of the Brownsville bar. The home, a beautiful old Southern place of colonial design, located on West Main Street but a few blocks from the courthouse, was decorated for the occasion with mingled flags, the stars and bars and stars and stripes. Some of these ensigns had seen actual service and were tattered by war. Among the decorations was the banner of Miss Genevieve Livingston, presented to her by Mrs. George W. Gordon when the former was recently acting as sponsor for the Tennessee Division at the New Orleans reunion. The reception hall, parlors, and large hall running the whole length of the house were opened into one, and after the guests had been presented to the out-of-town visitors they were seated in convenient nooks and made to feel very much at home by the tactful committee of young Southern women, who were considerate alike of the old soldiers and Sons of Veterans present. A dainty repast was served at ten o'clock. Later there was a reading by Mrs. Edna Brown Gates, of Richmond, Va., who is an honorary member of the Bradford Bivouac, so complimented for many graceful favors performed by her for the comrades on their local occasions and at Dallas two years ago as sponsor for the Camp. Among those who were present, in addition to the Memphis party, were Judge John R. Bond, of this judicial district; Capt. Robert W. Haywood, a veteran of both the Mexican war and the War between the States; ex-Congressman D. A. Nunn, a Brownsville barrister; Capt. M. V. Crump, of Memphis; the municipal officers of Brownsville; Miss Florence Hardy, of Crockett County, Tenn.; Mrs. W. H. Alford, of Gunnison, Miss.; Daughters of the Confederacy; and the invited guests above suggested. The Reception Committee was composed of the following: Mrs. T. B. King, Misses Laura Bradford, Eva Beasley, Eddie Brewer, Mary Neil Currie, Rosa Davis, Genevieve and Mary Livingston, Hattie Moses, Annabel Moore, Mrs. James Brown, and Mrs. Edna Brown Gates. The reception in entirety was enjoyed by all participants.

THE HEROES OF COLD HARBOR.

BY ROB. H. WELCH, SECOND MD. INF., ANNAPOLIS, MD.

In the August number of the VETERAN T. F. F. writes of "Some Florida Heroes," wherein he gives all the credit of the repulse of the Federals at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, to the Florida Brigade. While I would not detract from the fame of the Florida Brigade, I have always thought—and others agree with me—that the credit of that achievement was due to the Second Maryland Infantry and the First Maryland Battery. I know that was Gens. Lee and Breckinridge's opinion from general orders issued by them a few days after the battle. I remember very distinctly seeing Finnegan's Brigade advancing at double-quick in our rear and obliquely to our left. After we had driven out the Yankees, they occupied a portion of the breastworks, and were under a heavy fire all day, and must have suffered considerable loss. I saw an excellent and accurate description of that battle, written by Mr. B. W. Owens, of Dement's First Maryland Battery, published some years since in a Richmond paper.

WINNIE DAVIS MEMORIAL HALL.—The Committee of Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy met at Athens September 1, and examined and accepted the Winnie Davis Memorial Hall. There were present of the committee Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, of Rome, who, as President of the Georgia Division, originated the idea of erecting the memorial hall; Mrs. Billups Phinizz, of Athens; Mrs. W. F. Eve, of Augusta; and Mrs. A. G. Jackson, of Augusta. Miss Mildred Rutherford, President of the Georgia Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy, through whose stirring work and unceasing effort the greater portion of the money was raised for the construction of the building, was not present, being now in Europe. The Atlanta Chapter has so far led the list in the amount of the subscriptions to the building fund, followed by Athens and Savannah. Each of these Chapters has given to the fund upward of thirteen hundred dollars, and each is still engaged in the work of raising funds for it. Other Chapters throughout the State have done well, and the fund that has gone to pay for the building has been raised by thousands of patriotic women in Georgia. The State of Georgia recently gave \$6,000 toward the building fund.

STONEWALL JACKSON CHAPTER AT KANSAS CITY.

In response to a call through the papers of Kansas City last December fifty women assembled and organized another Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy for that city. The following officers were chosen: President, Mrs. John L. Peak; Vice Presidents, Mesdames R. E. Wilson, James Ellison, A. H. Munger, and S. A. Morgan; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Julia M. Johnson; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. George English; Treasurer, Mrs. Y. Pinkston; Custodian, Mrs. T. M. James; Historian, Mrs. Roma Worrell.

While there are fifty charter members, the Chapter is limited to one hundred. Meetings will be held the third Monday of every month. Contribution was made to the bazaar at Richmond. When the members come together this fall, each one will be expected to suggest some plan by which money can be made to carry on the good work of the organization. While pledged to historical and memorial work, the Chapter will work on philanthropic lines also; and it is expected that the Stonewall Jackson Chapter will become one of the most industrious and successful Chapters in Missouri.

The Joseph Louis Hogg Chapter, U. D. C., of Jacksonville, Tex., will erect a \$2,000 monument in their city park in honor of the Confederate dead.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT OF SONS.

Under date of August 15 Commander N. R. Tisdal, of the U. S. C. V., appoints his staff in this General Order No. 1:

"In assuming the command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. S. of C. V.'s, it is desired to announce that something material is expected in the way of results. . . .

"The Commander requires that each of his personal staff shall exhibit an active interest in the work, and to that end has selected those of his comrades who have a healthy interest in it that does not lag at any season.

"The following are his staff appointments:

"I. J. Stockett, Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Ft. Worth, Tex.

"J. M. Ball, Quartermaster General, Houston, Tex.

"John F. Easley, Inspector General, Ardmore, Ind. T.

"S. Y. T. Knox, Commissary General, Pine Bluff, Ark.

"Perry Leslie, Judge Advocate General, Sherman, Tex.

"Dr. L. A. Suggs, Surgeon General, Fort Worth, Tex.

"Rev. W. J. Sims, Chaplain General, Chelsea, Ind. T.

"Miss Virginia Ball, Asst. Com. Gen., Fort Worth, Tex.

"W. S. Jarratt, Assistant Adjutant General, St. Louis, Mo.

"William Lightfoot, Asst. Q. M. Gen., Thurber, Tex.

"V. M. Clark, Asst. Q. M. Gen., Sulphur Springs, Tex.

"Miss Estelle Daugherty, Asst. Q. M. Gen., Houston, Tex.

"Miss Louise D. Lightfoot, Asst. Q. M. Gen., Thurber, Tex.

"W. E. W. Nicholson, Asst. Com. Gen., Fort Worth, Tex."

Commander Tisdal says that "in appointing young lady assistants a decided departure has been made from the rule which has obtained under past administrations; but, recognizing the influence and energy of the ladies in the work of the organization, and being fully aware of the effort being made in some quarters to eliminate Camp and brigade sponsors, it is deemed but a worthy tribute to the ladies to provide a higher honor, if possible, as a reward for their zealous work in behalf of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, and much good is expected to result from this innovation."

NAME—CONFEDERATE WAR.

R. J. Hancock, of Charlottesville, Va., formerly captain of Company D, Ninth Louisiana Regiment, A. N. V., expresses these sentiments:

"For the life of me I cannot see why Southern people do not say the 'Confederate war.' We say Mexican war, Seminole war, Spanish war, Boer war, etc., and should call our great war by its right name. The Civil War is a misnomer. Webster says 'a civil war is a war between inhabitants of a town or State.' Mr. Jefferson Davis said it was a 'War between the States.' He was right, but it takes too much time and breath for that. Certainly, we were a band of Confederates fighting for our rights and our firesides, and I think 'Confederate War' conveys the true meaning and is expressive. In conclusion, why does not some son of our Southern folks compose a song to be called 'O, I am a jolly old Rebel?' We are not all dead yet."

N. R. Tisdale, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi United Sons of Confederate Veterans, organized during August a Camp of Sons at Mt. Vernon, with fifty-four charter members. R. T. Wilkerson was chosen Commander, and Z. R. Langston Adjutant.

A Chapter of Daughters was also organized, with seventeen charter members, Miss Kate Moore being elected President, and Miss Kate Schurtleff, Secretary.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
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CONFEDERATE VETERAN ORGANIZATIONS.

Comrades of the Confederate Army will remain loyal to each other until the last spark of life flickers and is gone. They are now a power in the land and respected in proportion as they richly deserve. As business and professional men they are practical, and they are expected to be so in the most sacred service of their lives, but are they?

It is time now to begin such action as will give the organization an honorable ending. Who will suggest an outline? Is it possible that comrades will let their Camps die ignominiously? Won't the officers—if any are left—or other members where Camps are doomed undertake a final meeting and make formal declaration of the end? Let these final meetings be reverential, and prepare suitable resolutions for the VETERAN! Then such members as would like to be identified with the organization can apply for membership in other Camps. In this way there would be at least a live Camp or Bivouac, and its members would be in line to serve their comrades in Confederate homes or hospitals until all had "crossed over."

The policy of dropping out of the organization—Camps "going dead" informally—is not to our credit, and the VETERAN pleads for the adoption of some plan of honorable dissolution. We owe it to the memory of those who fell in battle and those who were faithful veterans in the organizations until their death to take some such action.

The plan for perpetuating the VETERAN has not been taken up, but the proprietor is gratified that he proposed a method so fair and so practical for its perpetuation. All subscriptions have been returned to those good friends who responded, and they are to be complimented for life just the same as if their money had been kept. The proprietor does not murmur that his proposition was not more generally accepted and cooperation thereby secured, and he is gratified that in that matter, as in all else, he has done all he could all the time in behalf of the people whose sacrifices in the sixties were the greatest ever made for principle. He trusts that many more years may be added to his opportunity to continue this noble work. In the meantime he hopes that Sons and Daughters will inaugurate some methods for perpetuating the principles herein advocated after the last veteran has finished his course.

The VETERAN rejoices in the blessing that it has prospered for over ten years, mainly on subscriptions, and that it has ever been liberal in its course. It has shown the same consideration for the poorest as for the richest. It has published a multitude of tributes to the dead, with never a cent of compensation except wherein the family or friends have bought copies. Its course has been so liberal that many a veteran has assumed that it was furnished like a pension fund, while every dollar and every cent has been furnished by the publisher.

A recent letter illustrates this. A comrade who has been sick in New York at the Ashland House asks the VETERAN

to mention kindness to him by the proprietor, Mr. Brockway, who was an officer in the Federal army.

All inquiries, etc., are free; hence comrades and a friendly press might cooperate in this liberality to its continued prosperity. Special request will be made of the press soon.

In this connection, appeal is made to comrades who take it to remain steadfast to the end. Do, comrades, have your family understand it to be your wish to pay what may be due at your death, if they do not continue it, and ask them to send a notice of your death. Failure to pay cripples its work. The VETERAN is not sent to any except in the faith that they will pay from date of expiration; so nobody should take advantage of its liberal policy and then refuse to pay. While the VETERAN has succeeded longer, without doubt, than any other periodical in the United States by its subscription—save only the story papers—it will be doomed eventually so far as veterans are concerned. Sons of Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy must sooner or later take an active interest in it. Let us do all Confederate work decently and in order.

GEN. J. E. B. STUART.

Gen. James Ewell Brown Stuart, born in Patrick County, Va., February 6, 1833, was the fourth son of Hon. Archibald Stuart and Elizabeth Letcher Panil. The grandfather was Alexander Stuart, Chief Justice of Missouri and otherwise a man of distinction, having fought in the Revolutionary War and being conspicuously heroic in the battle of Guilford C. H.

J. E. B. Stuart went to West Point in 1850, leaving Emory and Henry College (Virginia) to accept the appointment from Hon. Mr. Bockock, his representative in Congress. He graduated after four years of faithful service and study, and was made second lieutenant in the regiment of Mounted Rifles, which regiment was then stationed in Texas. In 1855 he was transferred to the First Cavalry, which was then being organized at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., under Col. Edwin Sumner, in which he served until the War between the States. During this time he was in active service against the frontier Indians, and also in Kansas during the difficulties originating there with John Brown and other such leaders.

While on leave of absence from his regiment in 1859, and being in Washington City, he acted as aid to Col. R. E. Lee, who was sent to Harper's Ferry to disarm and disband the party of abolitionists gathered there. It was J. E. B. Stuart who demanded the surrender of the party then holding "the armory," and who resisted. He led a body of United States Marines against the outlaws, their weapon of attack being a very heavy iron-shod ladder. John Brown, of Kansas, was then recognized and captured. The informed world knows the results—as well as the awful struggle from 1861 to 1865.

John Esten Cooke wrote of him:

"Young, gay, gallant: wearing a uniform brilliant with gold braid, golden spurs, and a hat looped up with a golden star and decorated with a black plume; going on marches at the head of his cavalry column, with his banjo player gayly thrumming behind him; leading his troops to battle with a camp song on his lips; here to-day and away to-morrow; raiding, fighting, laughing, dancing, and as famous for his gallantry toward women as for his reckless courage. Stuart was in every particular a singular and striking human being, drawing to himself the strongest public interest both as a man and a soldier. Of his military ability as a cavalry leader, Gen. Sedgwick probably summed up the general opinion when he said: 'Stuart is the best cavalryman ever foaled in North

America.' Of his courage, devotion, and many lovable traits, Gen. Lee bore testimony on his death, when he retired to his tent with the words: 'I can scarcely think of him without weeping.' Stuart thus made a very strong impression both on the people at large and on the eminent soldiers with whom he was associated. The writer enjoyed his personal friendship, and observed him during a large part of his career. From the first his cavalry operations were full of fire and vigor, and Gen. J. E. Johnston, under whom he served in the Valley, called him 'the indefatigable Stuart.'

"In May, 1863, at Chancellorsville, when Jackson was disabled and Stuart assumed command and sent to ascertain Jackson's views and wishes as to the attack on the next morning, the wounded commander replied: 'Go back and tell Gen. Stuart to act on his own judgment, and do what he thinks best. I have implicit confidence in him.'

"Stuart's attack with Jackson's Corps on the next morning fully justified this confidence. His employment of artillery in mass on the Federal left went far to decide this critical action. At the battle of Fredericksburg, in the preceding December, the same masterly handling of his guns had protected Jackson's right toward the Massaponnax, which was the real key to the battle; and in these two great actions, as on the left at Sharpsburg, Stuart exhibited a genius for the management of artillery which would have delighted Napoleon.

"When the Confederate forces advanced northward in the summer of 1862, Stuart's cavalry accompanied the column, and took part in all the important operations of that year on the Rapidan, the Rappahannock, the Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, and Fredericksburg. In these bustling scenes Stuart acted with immense energy and enthusiasm, laying broad and deep his reputation as a cavalry officer. By incessant fighting and an ardor and activity which seemed to pass all bounds, he had by this time won the full confidence of Gen. Lee.

"When Gen. Grant moved toward Spottsylvania C. H., it was Stuart who, according to Northern historians, so obstructed the roads as to enable Gen. Lee to interpose his army at this important point. Had this not been effected, Richmond, it would seem, must have fallen—Stuart thus having the melancholy glory of prolonging for an additional year the contest, ending only in April, 1865. His death speedily followed. Gen. Sheridan turned against him his own system, organized on the Chickahominy in June, 1862. The Federal horse pushed past Lee's army to surprise Richmond. Stuart followed in haste with such force of cavalry as he could collect on the instant. The collision took place at Yellow Tavern, near Richmond; and in the engagement Stuart was mortally wounded, and two or three days afterwards expired. He fell defending the capital in a desperate struggle, and came to his death by reckless exposure of himself—his only thought having been to accomplish his end. And as his life had been one of earnest devotion to the cause in which he believed, so his last hours were tranquil, his confidence in the mercy of Heaven unshaken. When he was asked how he felt, he said: 'Easy, but willing to die if God and my country think I have done my duty.' His last words were: 'I am going fast now; I am resigned. God's will be done.'

"Although his utter carelessness as to the impression he produced subjected him to many calumnies, it is here placed on record, by one who knew his private life thoroughly and was with him day and night for years, that he was in morals among the purest of men; a faithful husband, absolutely without vices of any description, and, if not demonstrative in his religious views, an earnest and exemplary Christian. His love for his wife was deep and devoted, and on the death of his

little daughter Flora he said to me, with tears in his eyes: 'I shall never get over it.'

"When one day some person in my presence indulged in sneers at the expense of 'preachers,' supposing that the roys-tering young commander would echo them, Stuart said coldly: 'I regard the Christian ministry as the noblest work in which any human being can engage.' He never touched spirits in any form during his whole life, having promised his mother, he told me, that he would not; did not use tobacco even.

PECULIAR PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

"He had none of the mock dignity of small men in command, and spoke and acted with entire naturalness. Often his utterances were full of rough humor. Having reported to him on one occasion that a force of Federal cavalry had crossed the Rappahannock below Fleetwood, and were drawn up on the southern bank, I received from him the order: 'Well, tell Col. Beale to lick into 'em, and jam 'em right into the river.'

"At Fredericksburg, in the evening, when one of the officers sent a courier to ask how the battle was going, his answer was: 'Tell him Jackson has not advanced, but I have, and that I am going on, crowding 'em with artillery.'

"While conversing with him one day in regard to his hazardous expedition around Gen. McClellan's army on the Chickahominy, I said that if attacked while crossing below he would certainly have been obliged to surrender, when his reply was: 'No; one other course was left—to die game.' In these straightforward and unceremonious utterances Stuart expressed his character, as he worded it on another occasion, to 'Go through or die trying.'

"In camp he was both a lovable and a provoking person; lovable from the genuine warmth of his character, and provoking from the entire disregard of the feelings of those around him, or, at least, from his proneness to amuse himself at any and everybody's expense. When the humor seized him, he laughed at nearly everybody. Gen. Lee he invariably spoke of, as he treated him, with profound respect, but he even made merry with so great a man as Jackson, or 'Old Stonewall,' as he affectionately styled him. The two distinguished men seemed to have a sincere friendship for each other, which always impressed me as a very singular circumstance indeed, but so it was. They were strongly contrasted in character and temperament, for Stuart was the most impulsive and Jackson the most reserved and reticent of men. But it was plain that a strong bond of mutual admiration and confidence united them. Jackson would visit Stuart and hold long confidential conversations with him, listening to his views with evident attention, and Stuart exhibited, on the intelligence of this great man's death, the strongest emotion.

"Stuart's delight was to have his banjo player, Sweeney, in his tent; and even while busily engaged in his official correspondence he loved to hear the gay rattle of the instrument and the voice of Sweeney singing, 'Jine the Cavalry,' 'Sweet Evelina,' or some other favorite ditty. From time to time he would lay down his pen, throw one knee over the arm of his chair, and call his two dogs, two handsome young setters, which he had brought across the Rappahanock, or, falling back, would utter some jest at the expense of his staff. Frequently he would join in the song, or volunteer one of his own, his favorites being 'The Bugles Sang Truce,' 'The Dew Is on the Blossom,' and some comic ballads, of which the one beginning 'My Wife's in Castle Thunder' was a fair specimen. These he roared out with immense glee, rising and gesticulating, slapping his officers on the back, throwing back his head while he sang, and generally ending in a burst of laughter."

The foregoing are extracts from a long and interesting sketch by the beloved author, John Esten Cooke, while the concluding testimony is from one who knew him most intimately:

"His sense of duty and implicit trust in his God was the mainspring of his life—a life as pure and true as a child's. He never expected to survive the war, and to his wife he often spoke of this, but always with the confidence of one ready for the call whenever it should come. His last hours were marked with the beautiful resignation of an earnest Christian. The one trial was not having his wife and two little children with him. He had married in 1855 a daughter of Gen. P. St. George Cooke, of the Second United States Dragoons."

ERRORS IN JUDGE JOHN H. ROGERS'S ADDRESS.

FROM LETTER OF SEPTEMBER 5 BY THE AUTHOR.

In my address delivered at the Confederate reunion, New Orleans, in May last are two errors. The second line of the verse quoted from Albert Pike's beautiful poem, "Every Year," was inadvertently omitted, and the omission was not discovered until the VETERAN print appeared. The line omitted is "As the loved leave vacant places every year."

The second error relates to the nativity of Gen. David Hunter. He is referred to as a Virginian. I was led into this error by a Virginia friend, generally well-informed and reliable; but as to Gen. Hunter's nativity he was mistaken. To be sure, as to the facts, I wrote to the War Department, and am advised that his war record shows he was born in Washington, D. C.; but the information, except as to his birth, which I got from the War Department, was very meager. So, at the suggestion of a friend, I wrote to a relative of Gen. Hunter's, and from him received a letter, the contents of which I am prepared to use, and which will prove of historical interest. He writes as follows from Washington, D. C. June 22, 1903:

"My Dear Judge: Gen. David Hunter, who figured in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia during the late Civil War, was the son of the Rev. Andrew Hunter, who was a Presbyterian minister and a professor in the Union Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J. Andrew Hunter (Gen. David's father) was born in York, Pa., and I don't think ever lived in Virginia, although his father (David Hunter, who had been an officer in the British Army during the French and Indian wars) removed to the county of Berkeley, then in Virginia, now in West Virginia, late in life, after all his children were born and well grown. At that time Andrew Hunter (Gen. David's father) was a grown man, and took part in the Revolutionary War and was publicly thanked by Gen. Washington for his gallant service in the battle of Monmouth." Gen. David Hunter's mother was Mary Stockton, a daughter of Richard Stockton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from the State of New Jersey, and his grandmother, so I have heard, was a daughter of Witherspoon, another signer. Gen. David Hunter's branch of the family, or rather his father's branch, has always been known as the Jersey branch of Hunters as distinguished from the Virginia Hunters, and the aforesaid David's antecedents cannot be classed as Virginian—his father having been born in York, Pa., and he himself either in Princeton or Washington. It is a source of deep regret and mortification to the Virginia Hunters that Gen. David Hunter brought disgrace upon an honorable name by his barbarous conduct while in com-

mand in the Valley, although it will be found by an examination of the official reports that Sheridan and Milroy were as bad, and in some respects worse.

"Did you know that Gen. Grant issued the order, generally attributed to Sheridan, to destroy mills, barns, crops, etc., so that a crow in flying over the valley would have to take its own provender? Hunter's infamy consisted in selecting his own relatives as the victims of his torch—among them being the Hon. Alex. R. Boteler, whose wife was a Miss Stockton and a relative of his, whose beautiful home near Shepherdstown he burned to the ground, and the fine residence of my Uncle Andrew Hunter, near Charleston, Jefferson County, Va. Andrew Hunter last named was the representative of the State in the prosecution of old John Brown and his accomplices in the Harper's Ferry raid.

"In Volume II. of Sherman's 'Memoirs,' pages 128, 129, will be found a letter written by H. W. Halleck, Major General and Chief of Staff, from Washington, D. C., to Gen. Sherman at Atlanta, in which he says: 'I do not approve of Gen. Hunter's course in burning private houses or uselessly destroying private property. That is barbarous.' I do not think, however, that anything which either Sheridan, Milroy, or Hunter did in the Valley of Virginia or elsewhere could possibly exceed in wanton and ingenious cruelty Sherman's gleeful account of the barbarous conduct of his own army in Georgia."

ANNIHILATION OF COMPANIES.

BY W. H. WISE, CHESTER, S. C.

My regiment—the Twenty-Third South Carolina, a part of Evans's Brigade—was ordered from the coast of South Carolina to reinforce those tried old veterans of Virginia who had met the enemy at Manassas, at Yorktown, and around Richmond, impressing them with the fact that to overrun the South would be no child's play. We joined them in time for Second Manassas, where my company (F) went into the battle with some forty or forty-five men and came out with only seven or eight unhurt. The others were killed or wounded. When we went into the Boonesboro fight two of our company some to care for the disabled, there were only four of us in the ranks, without a commissioned officer of the company. When we went into the Boonesboro fight two of our regiment were wounded by the same shell early after starting into action, and soon after, while lying down upon the line, my only comrade was killed by a Minie ball. Therefore I was left alone to stand for old Company F.

From Boonesboro we fell back to Sharpsburg, where we held the enemy in check some four days, and amid my associates there I found a man from Company G, whose experience was similar to mine. We gave each other all the consolation we could under the trying circumstances. The regiment, in number, was not more than a company. When we recrossed the Potomac and got back into Virginia and the incomparable Lee halted his weary men to recuperate, within a few days some twenty men stood with me on other fields.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S SISTER.—At Columbus, O., September 3, the Thirty-Second O. V. I., after a reunion, marched in a body to a local sanitarium, and gave flowers to Lena Jackson Arnold, a sister of Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson, the Confederate leader. She was a Union sympathizer, and in 1864 nursed members of the Ohio regiment at Beverly, Va., where she then lived.

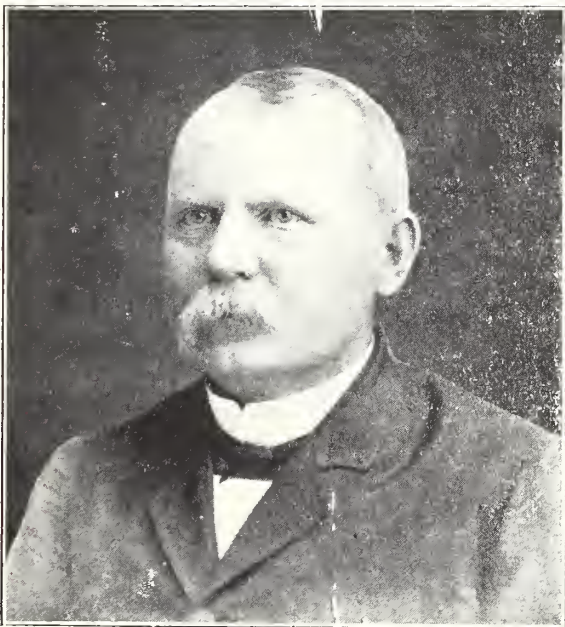
HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

Gen. Hood's famous battle at Gaines's Mills, Va., in June, 1862, when he gallantly led the Fourth Texas Infantry through McClellan's lines, was fought all over again at a meeting of the few survivors of Hood's Brigade during the reunion. Every soldier of that gallant brigade is proud of the name.

At the time that the battle of Gaines's Mill was fought, Gen. Hood had advanced to the rank of brigadier general, but he had promised his old command, the Fourth Texas, that he would lead them in the first great battle that they fought. True to his promise, he rode into the Fourth's camp on the day of the battle and told his comrades that he had come to keep his promise. Seeing a weak spot in McClellan's lines, which every one else had seemingly overlooked, he moved that single regiment against the Federals, and gained a signal victory.

A welcome member among the survivors was that splendid veteran, J. G. Wheeler, the man who gave the famous cry, "Lee to the rear!" in the Wilderness. Though there has been frequent discussions as to who caught Gen. Lee's bridle on this memorable occasion, it seems to be generally conceded that Capt. Harding was the first to reach the horse's head, and yet he admits that one or two others had lain hands on the animal. But there was little discussion at the New Orleans meeting regarding Wheeler's action, when the cry ran down the line, and was maintained with such persistence that Gen. Lee accepted the position and withdrew.

Mr. John G. Wheeler, with a widowed mother and a younger brother (the latter of whom became a lieutenant governor), emigrated to Texas from Gunter's Landing, Ala., when a mere youth. When the war broke out, he enlisted with the Terry Rangers, and saw active service in Tennessee and Virginia until his health gave down, necessitating a furlough, after prolonged confinement in the hospital at Nashville.



J. G. WHEELER.

With the furlough he repaired to his adopted home in Texas to regain his shattered health. Later he joined the Tom Greene Rifles, and returned to the heart of the war, losing his left arm near the shoulder in the Battle of the Wilderness.

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Mr. Wheeler returned to Austin and was elected county court clerk of Travis County, of which office he was deprived soon thereafter by the carpetbag administration, and he therefore began teaching school. Mr. Wheeler began merchandising soon after his marriage to Miss Margaret Brown, of San Antonio at Manor, near Austin, and has ever since been a most successful merchant at that place. Although having but one arm, Mr. Wheeler has always been, and is yet, a crack shot, and shooting quail is his favorite recreation. He uses a No. 16 Parker, bringing it to his left shoulder stump very dexterously, notwithstanding he is a man now verging upon three score and ten. Besides himself, his family consists of a wife, two boys, and five girls. Mrs. Stanley Cooney, of Nashville, Mrs. J. P. Johns, of Chicago, and Mrs. W. P. Rector, of Manor, are the married daughters. Mr. Wheeler seldom converses about the War between the States, but certain it is that there never lived a braver soldier nor a truer citizen than John G. Wheeler, of Manor, Tex.

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S ACCOUNT OF IT.

Dr. J. W. Sharp, of Grenada, Miss., says of the event:

"Comrade Lockhart, of Pine Bluff, Ark., in giving an account of an event on the plank road May 6, 1864, in which a soldier in one of Hood's divisions took hold of Gen. Lee's bridle and turned his horse's head to the rear, says he was also at Spottsylvania on the 12th of May, and if an incident of this kind occurred there he never heard of it. I was assistant surgeon of Harris's Mississippi Brigade, and on the field at the time, and such an incident did occur. President Davis says in his 'Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,' Vol. II., page 521: 'Johnson's line had been broken, and at this time and place a scene occurred of which Mississippians are justly proud. Col. Venable, of Gen. Lee's staff, was sent to bring Harris's Mississippi Brigade from the extreme right. Gen. Lee met the brigade and rode at its head until under fire, and the soldiers invoked him to go back. Lee said: "If you will promise me to drive those people from our works, I will go back." The brigade shouted the promise.' Col. Venable afterwards wrote: 'Never did a brigade go into a fiercer battle under greater trials; never did brigade do its duty more nobly.'"

AN EYEWITNESS TO LEE'S OFFER TO LEAD.

Fred J. V. LeCand, Vicksburg, Miss., writes: "I note what W. G. Lockhart says (page 268, July VETERAN) about Gen. R. E. Lee offering to lead Hood's Brigade on May 6, 1864. I accept his statement as true. I notice, however, that he doubts the statement so frequently made that Lee proposed to lead Harris's Brigade of Mississippians on the 12th of May at Spottsylvania. I assert that, for I, with many others yet living, witnessed it. I would give the scene if it had not been so frequently and truthfully told. I could yet prove it by many eyewitnesses. A private soldier can hardly be supposed to see or hear of all that occurred along a line of battle. I am firmly convinced that Gen. Lee did, on two or more occasions, propose to lead brigades into battle. Our brigade was in the first line which charged into the works that day; and part of the Sixteenth Mississippi occupied the spot where the white oak tree was felled by bullets."

Comrade LeCand was of Company G, Twelfth Mississippi Regiment, and is Commander Natchez Camp, No. 20, U. C. V.

VERSION OF J. P. MANUEL, NOKESVILLE, VA.

I see in the June VETERAN, page 268, some criticisms of a statement that appeared in the December VETERAN of 1902 in regard to "Gen. Lee to the Rear," saying nothing but truth

should go in history. Now there is nothing in that statement that appeared in the December issue but truth. The incident occurred on the morning of the 12th of May, 1864, at what was afterwards known as the bloody angle, and just after the capture of Johnson's Division at the salient angle of our works. Our brigade, which was composed of the Thirteenth, Thirty-First, Forty-Ninth, Fifty-Second, and Fifty-Eighth Virginia Regiments, and at one time commanded by "Extra" Billie Smith, the Governor of Virginia, at this critical moment with Lee's army cut in two and one division captured. We were marched into position and formed in line just in the rear of our breastworks, then in possession of an overwhelming force of Yankees, and it was at this moment that Gen. Lee rode through the right of the Forty-Ninth Virginia Regiment, of which I was a private, and took off his hat. If he spoke, I did not hear him. Some one shouted, "Gen. Lee to the rear!" and the whole command joined in with "Gen. Lee to the rear!" Gen. J. B. Gordon then said, "General, these men are Virginians. They have never faltered, and you won't now, will you, boys?" and a shout went up, "No, no." Gen. Gordon then turned Gen. Lee's horse around and gave the order to charge, and I do not believe there was ever a grander charge made. We had about twenty-five hundred men, and it is said that we took twenty-seven hundred prisoners.

THE LAST FLAG THAT FELL.

Many claims have been put forth for the youngest soldier of the Confederacy, and some very young patriots have been brought to light. C. T. Dudgeon, of Port Lavaca, Tex., writes that Dr. C. W. D. McNeil, of that place, born in May, 1848, was mustered into the Confederate service in October, 1861, as private in Company H, Fourth Georgia Regiment. He was transferred to Fanning's Battalion in March, 1862, and served till the close of the war, being paroled April 30, 1865.

A special act of bravery was performed by Comrade McNeil during the battle of West Point, Ga. At the time he was sergeant on the staff of Gen. R. C. Tyler, and at 6 A.M. on April 16 he hoisted on high the Confederate flag of Fort Tyler for the last time. At about 11 A.M. the cry arose that the rope had been severed by a fragment of shell. The next instant the little sergeant was seen, climbing up the pole like a squirrel, amid shot and shell, a hatchet in his belt and two staples between his teeth. "Come down! Come down!" is the cry of a dozen voices or more; but on he climbed until the rope was reached, when he readjusted the flag and with his staples nailed the rope to the pole. Then, waving his cap in triumph to the enemy, he slid down the pole. A yell rose from the boys in the fort, and Gen. Tyler patted him on the head and commended him for his bravery. He was then placed in command of the skirmishers at the bridge, and told to hold it for two hours if possible. He held it for five hours with only nine men.

Comrade Dudgeon quotes from Pollard's "History of the War," page 723, that "the memorable defense of West Point was made in a small work, Fort Tyler, about a half mile from the center of the town. Firing continually with cannon and rifles, the enemy slowly and cautiously approached the gallant little band of heroes until within about twenty steps of them. Then, with loud yells, they attempted to scale the works, but were repulsed and held at bay until all the ammunition in the fort had been exhausted, and then the brave and gallant men inside the fort hurled stones and even their unbayoneted guns upon them. The Confederate flag was never hauled down nor any white flag hoisted. The flag pole had to be cut down in order to get the flag.

THE SWORD OF COL. JOHN M. STONE.

BY JESSIE T. MATTHEWS, IUKA, MISS.

"'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of the noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain."

After remaining in the hands of the erstwhile enemy for nearly thirty-eight years, the sword of the gallant colonel of the Second Mississippi Regiment has been restored to the keeping of his widow. The sword presented to Col. Stone when captain of the Iuka Rifles by Col. Terry was bent at the first battle of Manassas, so this was the second he had used during the war. He had been to Mississippi for recruits, and while returning to Virginia was captured with eight hundred other returning soldiers at Salisbury, N. C., April 12, 1865, by Stoneman's command. The Confederates were taken to Blowing Rock prison and turned over to Kirk. The prisoners were plundered by Kirk's men. It is related that they became so accustomed to such experiences that a Yankee soldier could turn a man over with his foot and search his pockets without rousing him. It was at this time that Col. Stone declared: "If I am ever released, I will fight as I never fought before." Wilson, of the famous raid fame, came up with the prisoners, and one of his men, Morris W. LeShure, now of Ohio, secured Col. Stone's sword. Although he does not explain how he, a private soldier, took the sword of an officer, Mr. LeShure described Col. Stone in a general way, and identified a picture of him as the owner of the sword, thus leaving little doubt that it belonged to Col. Stone.

Many inexplicable things were done by Federal soldiers at the close of the war, deeds that could not be sustained by any code of civilized warfare. Col. Stone advertised for his sword many years ago, but received no tidings of it. Mr. LeShure says he saw the advertisement, but kept silent, not wishing to give the sword up. With advancing years, however, his feelings changed, and a desire to live by the golden rule prompted him to make inquiry through the Secretary of State of Mississippi for Col. Stone or any member of his family. This act on his part led to a correspondence which resulted in the sword's being forwarded to Mrs. Stone.

The return of the sword was the act of a friend, not an enemy. Mr. LeShure concluded a private letter thus:

"Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

SWORD OF COL. ENGLEADOW.

On June the 24th there was a public installation of officers and barbecue dinner by Dixie Lodge A. F. and A. M. of Troup, Tex., also a masterly address "On the Order" by Dr. Ridley, of Mineola. A large number of the brotherhood, with their families and invited guests, were present. On this occasion the sword of their deceased brother, Col. W. G. Engledow, which had been in the lodge since 1866, was presented to his son, J. R. Engledow. The presentation was made by Col. Engledow's old companion in arms, the valiant Confederate veteran, Lieut. John C. Tarbutton, who spoke of the gallant and meritorious services of his comrade and his continued promotion, dwelling especially on his conduct at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, Col. Engledow being severely wounded near the close of the last named battle, but remaining with his regiment until the field was won. The presentation was responded to by the grateful son.

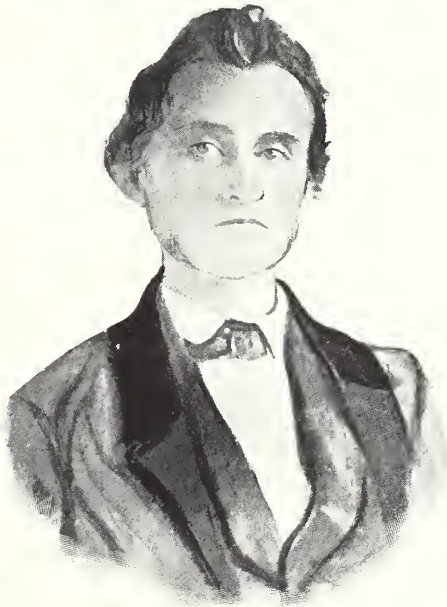
PRIDE OF THE VETERAN'S SON—A LESSON.

"I receive the sword most gladly; with truest, heartfelt thankfulness, with loftiest and most fervent pride. I assure you that, with its proud history and noble associations, it will be sacredly treasured.

"I am proud of this sword, my friends—proud of it because it was my father's; proud of it because it was bravely wielded in a glorious cause; proud of it because it so long found a useful and honored place in old Dixie Lodge; proud of it because it comes to me at last from the hands of my father's comrades and my own personal friends.

"To me this occasion should be most auspicious. This presentation by your most honorable body—the soldier, the sword, the lodge, the friends, with the thousand endearing memories clustering about them, do me honor. I feel their uplifting and inspiring influence; and had I the grasp of power to-day, a response—such a response as only such an occasion could inspire—should find its utterance.

"I offer no apology for the tribute which I too shall offer to the memory of my father. Unhappily, I was at an early age deprived of his parental care and counsel; but I remember him as a man of marked integrity, honest and upright, and most unselfish in all his life and character. A zealous and devoted Mason, a splendid citizen and gallant soldier. Out in the cold, bleak world, though long consigned to his silent grave, he yet lived to me.



COL. ENGLEADOW.

From an old ambrotype.

Wherever my footsteps wandered I found those who knew him, and his honored name was my passport to their love and confidence. This was my legacy, a heritage I would not exchange for many another of gold and silver and lands and precious stones. In every relation of life he stands a giant upon my memory's page, but that in which in my vision he grows sublimely grand is the rôle of Confederate soldier—a Confederate soldier who wore a scar.

"Even now methinks I can catch the rustle of the stars and bars as they floated out proudly over the glistening

sands of old Knoxville. I can hear the drum's loud beat, the fife's shrill notes, and the steady tramp of the soldier boys as they marched out and on and 'over the hills and far away'—some never to return; some to come back after that fearful struggle wounded, broken in health and fortune, to fight, like heroes again, against the clouds and storms of adversity, but soon to be gathered to that 'Bivouac of the Dead,' where the 'soldier sleeps, his warfare o'er, and dreams of battlefields no more.' Others there were who came tripping homeward, the bloom and flush of vigorous manhood still upon them, again to don their armor, and with courage, constancy, and heroism that had immortalized their soldier-life to go in and conquer the more peaceful yet strenuous problems in civic life. And many of these are now resting with their comrades in the snow-white tents 'beyond the river.' A few, alas how few! of this Gideon's glorious band are left to us, and whose 'hearts like muffled drums are beating funeral marches to the grave.'

"The Texas soldier proved his valor and prowess upon a hundred fields. From the mountains and cañons of New Mexico to the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky and Tennessee, from the ports of Galveston and Sabine Pass—from the bayous of Louisiana to the 'high tide' at Gettysburg. It was given to this little band with their comrades of Walker's Texas Division to stand in the breach where two mighty armies were converging for the invasion of our own fair land of Texas. Right well did they fight back these Goths and Vandals from our shores. Right well did they save our land, our homes, our firesides, from their desecration. Had not these intrepid men of Walker and Green and Morton turned and in their might hurled back these hordes of devastation, there had been another story of ruin and rapine and desolation, another picture of the 'Pillar of fire by night and the clouds of smoke by day;' another song had been sung, and 'Marching through Georgia' had found its companion note in Texas. There were greater battles than Mansfield and Pleasant Hill and Jenkin's Ferry, and the numerous other engagements in which these men took part, but none more bravely fought and gloriously won, few more decisive, and none so vitally momentous to the welfare and security of our beloved Texas. All honor to these men. I am glad they were privileged to stand, as it were, at the very threshold of our homes and preserve inviolate this Lone Star State from the iron heel of the ruthless invader.

"But lately I stood within the sacred precincts of that Palladium of Southern pride and Southern honor and Southern traditions, the beautiful city that gave so much of its heart's love and heart's blood to the cause it worshipped. Dear, devoted old New Orleans, stripped and plundered and maimed and sorely wounded by the red hand of war, and even when the fiat 'Let there be peace' had gone forth to know no peace, but yet to suffer, her prostrate form still tortured by the insatiate foe. The occasion was the Reunion. Then and there I met the heroes of the sixties, and when I looked into their courageous and undaunted faces and remembered that my father was a soldier, and marched and fought by the side of these God-like men, I felt that I too had a part in this great scene—a part that no hand of earth could take from me.

"My friends, you whose fathers battled so courageously in this awful conflict, let us resolve that this interest shall

be maintained and perpetuated. I marvel that we can be so listless, so callous, so unappreciative of the glories our fathers have bequeathed us, who for four long years stood up against such odds as war had never known before, while the sabers clashed and the muskets rattled and the cannon thundered—and all the world wondered.'

"The Confederate soldier is fast becoming the prototype of courage and daring and bravery and constancy and all the attributes that make the proudest of the world's military. And when the verdict of the nations shall be uttered, the apotheosis of mighty soldierhood shall stand forth invested with the 'gray jacket' of the Confederate veteran.

"And the South shall have her epic too; some pen shall yet strike upon her fiery shield, and forth there shall spring an Iliad to go radiating down the ages. Our children shall drink from this well of Southern chivalry; and the time shall come when, if we would look up some bright and beautiful page that our children may recite or declaim on commencement day, we still shall find 'Sheridan's Ride'—let it stand, but on another page there'll be words to call up the gigantic shadow of Stonewall Jackson hovering over the Shenandoah. And there will be a beautiful poem, bringing to our transported vision the immortal Lee as when in the awful stress and crisis of battle he rode forward and asked that he might lead the Texas Brigade to the charge and victory. We take up this volume again and find as of yore page after page concerning the great and good Lincoln—it is well. But, we may turn again and from its fairest may gather gems and pearls and jewels and heaven's rarest flowers from out the life of that other—that great soldier, brilliant statesman, noble patriot, and Christian gentleman, Jefferson Davis.

Whence cometh the light? Where sounds this
Miriam's song?

Who cometh over the hills
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music at her feet?

"'Tis the fair, bright daughter of the Confederacy. She who shall stand like 'Liberty enlightening the world,' and from her glowing torch shall gather an aurora of truth resplendent. True to the traditions of Southern womanhood—a priestess in the temple of Mars; an angel by the bed of the wounded and dying, she yet goes on the erstwhile bloody field, and from its funeral trenches garners the bones of the fallen braves, and over them raises the snow-white tablet of love's memorial. Keeping her tireless vigil beside the vestal fires of Southern history; no alien hand to mar its knightly pages until truth one day shall stand before her and take from her pure white hands its brilliant annals to weave a chaplet that shall forever glorify this Southland.

"And now, my friends, again I thank you. I take this sword fresh from your noble temple. Where'er I be it shall find lodgment upon the altar of my home and my heart—not as the fond and broken-hearted mother who gathers up the little relics and mementoes of her sweet dead child anon to goin secret and weep over them—but up among my most precious heirlooms, up on the wall beside my dearest family pictures it shall hang, and when each day I look upon it I shall think of the man who wore it, of the cause for which he drew it, of the altar where it

rested; and may these, the man, the cause, the consecration inspire me to 'do noble things—not dream them all day long.' And my children too, when they shall have heard its splendid story, shall look upon it proudly and shall see here an ideal, a bright ideal—an ideal that knows no path but honor's."

EARLY'S STRENGTH AT WINCHESTER.

BY MAJ. SAMUEL J. C. MOORE.

The battle of Winchester between Gen. Early and Gen. Sheridan was fought September 19, 1864. In the Federal reports it is called the "Battle of the Opequon," the name of a creek about five miles from Winchester, where the battle began. Recently an article on this battle appeared in a publication, evidently written by one not conversant with the facts and who doubtless gathered his information from some Northern history, stating that Early had from 30,000 to 35,000 troops, when in fact he did not have over one-third of that number. Maj. S. J. C. Moore, who was Gen. Early's inspector general and whose duty it was to know the strength of Gen. Early's army, writes the following in reply:

"I was at that time a member of Early's staff, acting as assistant inspector general of the army, and when Col. A. S. Pendleton was killed at Cedar Creek I succeeded him as adjutant general of the army. I mention these facts merely to indicate that I was in a position to know what I now affirm. Sometime before the 19th a large part of his army was withdrawn from the Valley and ordered to Richmond to take part in the defense of that city and Petersburg.

"After his defeat at Winchester, Kershaw's Division was ordered back, and took part in the battle of Cedar Creek. Instead of having 30,000 or 35,000 men on the 19th, his army consisted of 8,000 infantry, about 2,000 cavalry, and, including the artillery, did not exceed 11,000 men.

"With this small army he held his position, repulsing every attack upon his line from sunrise until 4 P.M., about which time Sheridan's cavalry came up the Martinsburg road in overwhelming force and gained his rear, and thus the defeat was caused.

"In the morning some four hundred or more of the Yankees were taken prisoners, among them a staff officer who had on his person the morning report of Sheridan's cavalry of a day or two before the battle, which was brought to Gen. Early on the field. It showed 11,500 men present for duty, a very large part of whom were massed when the advance was made on the Martinsburg road. Sheridan's army has been estimated at from 40,000 to 45,000 men. I hope you will publish this statement in justice to the old general and his gallant army."

PENNSYLVANIA MAID DETECTED CONFEDERATES BATHING.—A Confederate residing near Springfield, Tenn., is the reported author of a good story from Lee's campaign into Pennsylvania. "It was just before the battle of Gettysburg, and our regiment was camped on the suburbs of a pretty Pennsylvania town. A small river was near the camp, and one afternoon I suggested to some boys in my company that we take a swim. They took to the idea, and likewise to the water, in quick time. There were no houses in the immediate vicinity, but on a hillside, about half a mile away, an old spinster resided. We had been swimming, and enjoyed it, when a boy trudged into camp in search of the captain with a note from the old maid, which read: 'Dear Sir: I wish you would order your men out of the river. I can see them plainly through my brother's field glasses.'"

THE CHARACTER OF ROBERT E. LEE.

On an occasion for honoring the memory of Gen. R. E. Lee, Curtis Guild, Jr., said:

"Judgment is a product of the reason. Sincerity is an attribute of the soul. We may leave to the historians the question of Lee's judgment, but no man alive or dead has the right to question Lee's sincerity. His fame is Virginia's, his life and love were the Confederacy's; but those memories of consummate military skill, of devoted and utter self-sacrifice, of patriotic duty performed in defeat as in victory, belong not to Virginia nor to the South alone, but to the United States of America. . . .

"You remember the master of strategy and tactics, whose most wonderful victory at Chancellorsville was saddened only by the loss of his great lieutenant. You remember the brave, patient, uncomplaining soul, who, on the bitter evening of his great defeat, had no word of comment or criticism but those historic sentences of noble self-abasement: 'I alone am to blame. The order to attack was mine.'

"You remember the soldier whose devotion to the cause he loved was neither blind nor brutal. You remember the antagonist who never by word or epithet converted the doctrine of opposition into the gospel of hate. . . .

CONTRAST AT HOME-GOING OF THE TWO ARMIES.

"If credit is due to the Northern soldier who, returning to his home victorious, quietly took his place as a citizen in the industrial army, credit is due to the Southern soldier who, without the uplift of success, with an incentive that has led other men to outlawry, returned in too many cases not to a home but to a ruin, set in the midst of an impoverished land, and bravely started life afresh with nothing but his two hands and the scarred soil of the fields."

Comrade Thos. W. Colley, of Abingdon, Va., calls attention to a few errors in his sketch of Gen. Wm. E. Jones, on pages 266-267, of June VETERAN. The name Cook is used instead of Crook, the Federal commander, and that it was Gen. Crook instead of Gen. Jones that retreated into West Virginia.

PREACHING VS. PRACTICE.

It is easy to sit in the sunshine
And talk to the man in the shade;
It is easy to float in a well-trimmed boat,
And point out the places to wade.
But once we pass into the shadows,
We murmur and fret and frown,
And our length from the bank, we shout for a plank,
Or throw up our hands and go down.
It is easy to sit in your carriage,
And counsel the man on foot;
But get down and walk, and you'll change your talk
As you feel the peg in your boot.
It is easy to tell the toiler
How best he can carry his pack;
But no one can rate a burden's weight
Until it has been on his back.
The upcurled mouth of pleasure
Can prate of sorrow's worth;
But give it a sip, and a wryer lip
Was never made on earth.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

COL. JOSEPH B. BIBB AND HIS REGIMENT.

Col. Bibb has been written about by a comrade, who said of him and his regiment:

"It is most fitting to make record in the VETERAN of Col. J. B. Bibb, who commanded the Twenty-Third Alabama Infantry. He was the most conspicuous member of his distin-



COL. J. B. BIBB.

guished family in the War between the States. Bibb Counties in Alabama and Georgia were named in honor of his direct ancestors. His wife is the ardent Daughter of the Confederacy who succeeded her mother, Mrs. Sophia Bibb, in the Ladies' Memorial Association, though unhappily, through ill health, has been unable to do what she would for the past year or so. It was in her home that so many welcomes were given to Pres-

ident Davis and family during and after the War between the States. Their relations as friends were most ardent.

"No body of men ever reflected more honor upon the State than the brave soldiers of Pettus's Brigade. No regiment ever made a finer record than the dear old Twenty-Third Alabama under the devoted patriot and heroic soldier, Col. J. B. Bibb. His influence over his men was marvelous, and his personal magnetism was always on the side of right and justice. It has truly been said of him that 'no knightlier soldier ever drew blade in defense of his native land.' The South abounds in such examples, but old Confederates will be pardoned for cherishing every incident in the career of their own commanding officers. A few days before the ordinance of secession was passed, Gov. Moore called for volunteers to take possession of Fort Morgan. A number of patriotic citizens formed an association called 'The Minute Men.' These promptly offered their services and were organized into a company called the Montgomery Rifles. J. B. Bibb was elected captain, Judge Keys and Mr. Keys, his brother lieutenants, and Dr. J. B. Gaston, surgeon. Ben Yancey, son of the distinguished orator William L. Yancey, held the office of sergeant.

"After the return of the popular Capt. J. B. Bibb, he quickly raised six companies and accepted a proposal from Col. F. K. Beck to unite their forces. Thus was formed the Twenty-Third Regiment, which immediately entered active service in 1861. Col. Beck was wounded at the siege of Vicksburg, and compelled to remain at home until 1864. During that period Lieut. Col. J. B. Bibb was acting commanding officer of the regiment. A short time after Col. Beck's return to his post he was killed by an explosion of a shell from a Federal battery. At Missionary Ridge this brigade fought like mad heroes, their ranks being terribly thinned. At Resaca we suffered heavy losses, but maintained a position in front of Sherman all the way to Atlanta and Jonesboro, losing brave men in every encounter. Marching with Hood into Tennessee, our

forces were engaged at Columbia and Nashville and, guarding the rear of the sternly retreating army, it moved into the Carolinas. The Twenty-Third was greatly depleted by such continuous service. At the reorganization in North Carolina a remnant of another brave regiment was consolidated with it and the gallant Col. Bibb was retained in command.

"Gen. S. D. Lee made special mention of the superb charge of this regiment at Columbia, Tenn. Col. Bibb led his intrepid men across the pontoon bridge under the scathing fire of the enemy and captured the Federal battery in the triumphant charge, where, heedless of himself, to quote Gen. Lee, he nobly 'won his spurs.' The Twenty-Third Alabama fought the last of its many battles at Bentonville, having followed the dear old flag, its beacon light, through glory and gloom, during the four long years of bloody war; and when its folds were sadly furled the remnant returned to their desolate, ruined homes, having lost all save honor—aye, unsullied honor, which will shed its effulgent halo around the sons of the Southern Confederacy until 'the stars grow pale.'

"A short time after the promotion of Col. Bibb, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston made application for his appointment as brigadier general, which he was only prevented from receiving by the close of war. He was in active service during the entire war, with the exception of one period of severe illness and when he was detailed by Gen. Kirby Smith to preside over the court-martial held in Knoxville, Tenn., for the trial of Federal spies who, wearing Confederate uniforms, had seized a steam engine at Chattanooga, leaving the cars filled with Confederate troops *en route* for the seat of war. They were captured by several brave men who pursued them on a hand car. Their names, if possible to obtain, should be enrolled on a scroll of honor. Col. Bibb, against the earnest remonstrance of his physician, returned to the army before he had recovered his strength sufficiently to walk without a cane. Many friends, wishing to prevent his return to active duty, nominated him for the legislature, and a delegation met him at the station, where his regiment was *en route* from Mobile to the Army of Tennessee. They urged his acceptance on the score of equal usefulness at home, but he resisted all inducements and arguments and willingly offered himself upon the altar of the Confederacy.

"He was wounded at the battle of Nashville and borne from the field with bleeding lungs, which were never healed. Besought by his officers and surgeon to leave the service, he refused, saying: 'The Confederacy has need of all her sons, and death is preferable to defeat.' With the valiant men of Gen. Stevenson's Division, in command of his gallant regiment, he fought the last battle at Bentonville. He returned home in an ambulance the greater part of the way, and never regained his health. He died in 1869 of consumption caused by the wound received at Nashville and the subsequent exposure and hardships of camp life—which only the Confederate soldier knew—and murmured not, 'because it was all our poor country could do.'

"Col. Bibb was buried in his Confederate uniform, which had been preserved at his own request for that purpose. His riderless army horse was led by his faithful army servant as his old comrades bore him to his last resting place in Oakwood cemetery. As the cortège passed on, tears fell from eyes unused to weeping, for one of the bravest and noblest of men had passed from earth to join the host invisible.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

Mrs. J. M. P. Ochenden, who sends the foregoing, adds: "The flag of the noble Twenty-Third is in possession of the State, among the relics so carefully preserved by our gifted historian, Hon. Thomas E. Owen, at the State Capitol."

THE PORTRAIT OF FORREST.

An occasion of very notable interest at Nashville, Tenn., was the unveiling, with appropriate ceremonies, in the State Capitol of a life-size portrait of the famous Confederate cavalry general, Nathan Bedford Forrest, painted for the State by Mr. Hankins. Among the distinguished company present were a number of veterans who followed the thrilling fortunes of the "Wizard of the Saddle" through the war, including Capt. John W. Morton, the present Secretary of State of Tennessee, who was his chief of artillery; Maj. Charles W. Anderson, of Murfreesboro, his adjutant general; and Capt. William M. Forrest, of Memphis, his son and aid-de-camp.

Capt. Morton, the chairman of the committee appointed to pass upon the skill and fidelity of the artist, after stating that the portrait was satisfactory, said: "Long after the gray-haired veterans of the Confederate army shall have passed away, and when, as far as possible, all errors have been eliminated and expunged from the pages of a history that will shine with truth alone, a glorious constellation will ever brighten the Confederate heaven. It will be an empyrean of exalted memories, where the brightest of these fixed stars will beam in their appropriate places, differing from one another in their peculiar glory, but all in all a lustrous revelation of the valor, the virtues, and the genius of our great commanders. In the zenith of this grand constellation the first and largest will be a trinity of stars. The greatest and central luminary will send forth earth-wide rays, brilliant beyond all others, but shining everywhere with softened radiance. The other two, different of element but satisfying the sense of admiration, will disclose each its own particular brightness to the right and left of the splendid central star: one, Sirius-like, with far-flashing radiance, as though it were a light divine from a Christian warrior's shield; the other, with the rich, dazzling, lurid that seems to fling lightnings of defiance to the sun's fiercest rays from the burnished shield of a dauntless heart. Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Bedford Forrest! The first preëminent by reason of a superlatively noble nature, an exalted purity of character combined with a just and world-wide fame as the illustrious commander of incomparable armies that loved him with a love as near adoration as ever blessed a mortal; the other two startling the solitudes of space and making the chasms of time to echo and echo again with their matchlessly adroit and marvelously swift achievements. Jackson prayed and marched and prayed and fought. Forrest, like a ruthless besom of destruction, made the air lurid with his maledictions as he hurled himself upon the foe. He was indeed the "Wizard of the Saddle," so reliant and aggressive with the conscious power of one who always knew when, how, and where to strike. Without military training, he forced his way from the ranks of the company in which he enlisted and sprang to fame as a commander of fighters, as complete and brilliant as ever reflected honor upon any school of arms. We picture him one spring morning at reveille, taking his place in the ranks with comrades who barely knew his name, and four years later a lieutenant general, the resplendent and fiery star whose fame, whose deeds, and whose genius were and ever will be the themes of eager discussion in every camp and school where military skill and science enlist a thought."

At the conclusion of Capt. Morton's remarks, Mrs. Lulu B. Epperson, the gifted and beautiful daughter of a gallant Confederate soldier, drew the cords of the Confederate flag which covered the portrait—the flag of the Thirty-Second Tennessee, stolen at Fort Donelson and secured from a pawn shop in Ohio

when the life-sized figure and martial features of the great cavalry general were revealed in vivid colors and the audience burst into enthusiastic applause.

ONE ANNIVERSARY FOR LEE AND JACKSON.

BY JUDGE JOHN N. LYLE, WACO, TEX.

"I cannot refer to Lee without mention of his great companion and friend, Stonewall Jackson. Never two men in the world were such great complements of each other. Never two men who had more admiration for each other." (Senator Daniel, in a recent lecture at Baltimore.)

Reading this gave me pleasure and suggested a thought which I send to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for the consideration of comrades. It is this: As Lee and Jackson were in life so united—twins as it were—in their fame and service, why not celebrate the 19th of January as "Lee and Jackson Day?" Let it be observed by Confederates everywhere.

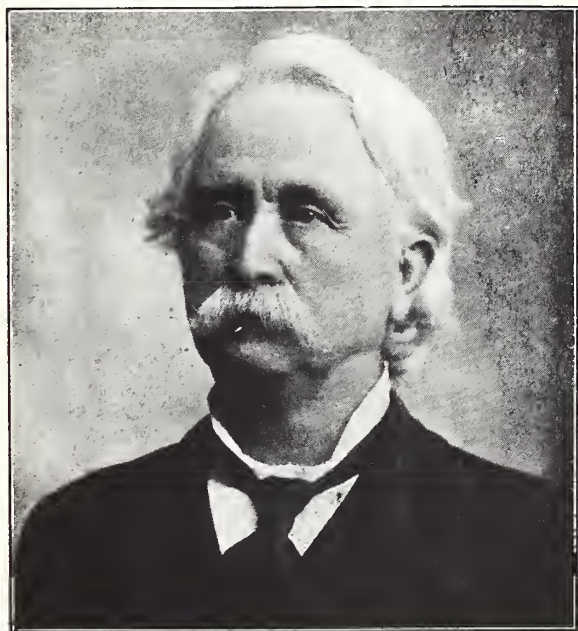
They were so united in life that the thought of one instinctively suggests the other. Why, then, separate them in our acts of devotion?

It is appropriate to celebrate the 19th of January as the anniversary of Jackson's birth. He may have been born on that day. Mrs. Jackson, in her life of him, says that he was born in January, 1824, but that the exact day is uncertain, as the family Bible was destroyed in a conflagration that consumed his father's residence and the record of his birth.

January 21, which has been named, is somewhat guesswork. With this uncertainty it would seem appropriate to designate the 19th as the anniversary of his birth.

Comrades, let us do it. Read Col. Henderson's life of Jackson and see how he weaves Lee and Jackson into almost one man, and you will not hesitate a moment. Parts of the book sound like a life of Lee, so harmonious were the two great leaders in all their movements.

[The VETERAN suggests that, as Mrs. Jackson's birthday is July 21, if there were no other reason, she might sentimentally have designated January 21, it being exactly a divide of the year from her birthday, and the day that he was named "Stonewall."]



JUDGE J. N. LYLE, WACO, TEX.

SPIRIT OF SOUTHERN WOMANHOOD.

It is understood that Mary Anderson may return to the stage. In discussing it with a leading stage manager, she said:



MARY ANDERSON.

"If I should consent to come to America at all, it would be for the benefit of my fellow-artists who have been less fortunate than I, and who need the advice and assistance of one who has had the advantages which I have been fortunate enough to enjoy. If I do come, I shall spend my time in an effort to help those who need it most, those who have real talent and are struggling for recognition from the public."

BLANKS FOR WAR RECORD.

Comrade J. J. Wolfender, Commander of the Newbern (N. C.) Camp, sends the VETERAN a blank gotten out by his Camp—11½ by 18 inches—as a suggestion for other Camps. The plan is headed:

1861 WAR RECORD 1865
CAMP NEWBERN, No. 1162.

Name _____ Born _____ Where _____

The date of enlistment, company, regiment, rank, etc., all have proper blank spaces. Then with ample blank spaces there are on the left-hand margin: Transferred, Promoted, Battles Engaged in, Captured, Wounded, Surrendered, with When and Where, Present Residence, Died When.

The sheet seems larger than necessary. If it were 10 by 12 inches, and neatly prepared, such a record would merit neat framing. Indeed, a handsomely engraved heading, with the Confederate flags in colors, might be prepared for all applicants. The VETERAN would cheerfully coöperate in this if many comrades would like it.

The Col. J. R. Buford, page 414, should be Binford.

WORTHY WORDS AT SHERMAN REUNION.

W. L. SANFORD'S ADDRESS TO THE VETERANS.

[Delivered in the Courthouse Square during the reunion of the Texas Division.]

It's hardly necessary for me to state that I am not an ex-Confederate soldier; nevertheless I am proud to say that I came from a sire and grandsire who were deeply loyal to the South in the hour of her supremest agony, and from my mother's breast I drank a love and loyalty to the South—a love for her sun-crowned hills and fragrant valleys, her genial skics and murmurous streams, a loyalty to her glorious past, her bright present, and her hopeful future, that life only feeds and death only can quench!

There are within our gates to-night the remnant of the most incomparable army that ever swept to battle, an army whose inspiration was the noblest cause that ever lighted the path to immortality and whose leaders were the most splendid types of exalted manhood that ever crowned a nation with the glory of their deeds; and as I gaze into your faces there flashes before my eyes, like some vast panorama, all the things that I have heard and all the things that I have read of that great tragedy that filled the land with graves and robbed the nation in mourning; and, remembering your heroic bearing, both amid the tumult of war and the subsequent days of peace, I thank God from the depths of my heart for my part of the rich heritage you have bequeathed to all the sons and daughters of the South.

It is both refreshing and hopeful to witness a scene like this, when for a season the people of all classes and ages and sexes, of every religious creed and political faith, putting behind them their various differences, have gathered in harmonious assemblage to honor a great cause, to recall the events of a glorious past that holds nothing but proud memories, to rehearse scenes of pathos and heroism whose impartial recital till the end of time will give to history its brightest pages, and with reverential hands to lay on the shrine of the illustrious dead the richest garlands of faith and devotion. Next to the cross of Christ, humanity hath no holier Mecca than the grave of an honest soldier who died for a principle he held as right. There the mother may bring her children and teach them the loftiest object lesson of patriotism and duty. There men may come and in sweet communion with the spirits of the immortal dead may gather new hope and new faith, new courage and new inspiration to meet the manifold obligations of life. To my mind there is something strikingly significant in these annual reunions of Confederate soldiers to manifest their unshaken faith and deathless allegiance to a cause which for more than a quarter of a century has slumbered in the shroud of defeat. From times immemorial triumphant nations have celebrated the anniversaries of great victories, have marked with appropriate emblems the battlefields where their armies were triumphant, and have perpetuated the martial deeds of their countrymen in columns of marble and arches of granite. But history does not record another instance where a people, overwhelmed in defeat, their government overthrown, their armies beaten and disbanded, their homes burned, their fields laid waste, and every hope buried, have through years of sorrow and adversity clung with unwavering devotion to the justice of that cause, though accepting with sublime resignation the adverse judgment of war, raising memorial stones where their battling legions met disaster, weaving the blossoms of each returning spring into wreaths to strew on the graves of their fallen comrades, and with a loyalty akin to worship clinging to the chieftains who led them to defeat.

England celebrates the triumph of Waterloo, and Prussia exults in the memory of Sedan, but France tries to forget them both. Our own proud nation keeps alive the memories of Bunker Hill and New Orleans, but England would blot them from history. But Gettysburg and Appomattox are as sacred to the South as to the North, for there the flower of Southern chivalry, dazzling the world with glorious deeds of arms, laid down its life in defense of a stainless cause! We would not forget them if we could! I say there is something significant in these annual reunions which grow to my mind in language more eloquent and forceful than ever fell from the lips of mortal man of the righteousness and justice and immortal life of that cause. The principle for the recognition of which you struggled so long and suffered so much will yet triumph. It will rise again. Not with bristling ranks, and rattling musketry, and thundering artillery; not amid the pomp and horror of war; but in a golden time of peace it will take root and grow in the minds and hearts of your children, and in the political doctrines which they shall teach; and in the Federal laws of the land it will find an abundant expression.

When Christ expired upon the cross of Calvary, declaring that he would rise from the grave, the Jews mocked and the Roman soldiery laughed him to scorn. They rolled a stone before his sepulcher, and sealed it with a Roman seal and guarded it with a Roman watch. But in God's appointed time he broke the shackles of death and the grave, and in triumph came forth the Saviour of lost mankind. When the sovereign rights of States was crucified upon the cross of war at Appomattox, the world declared it dead; but the prophecy went forth that there would be a glorious resurrection. And that imperishable principle which, inwrapped in the ceremonies of dishonor, has lain in the tomb of the years, in times of oppression and affliction will shatter the chains of error and prejudice and come forth strong in life and power to save the State and preserve the liberties of the people; and grate-



W. L. SANFORD.

W. L. Sanford was born in Kentucky, and grew up to manhood in Augusta, Ga. He was educated in Alabama and Virginia; went to Texas in 1885, and has been engaged in the hardware business at Sherman ever since.

ful humanity will come with chaplets of adoration and praise to crown the faithful keepers who guarded the holy sepulcher wherein it slept!

A gentleman for whom I entertain a high regard said that he had served faithfully four years in the Confederate army, believed in the justice of the cause for which he had fought, and was still loyal to the interests of the South; but when the war ended he laid away his musket and went home to his family and his business, determined to "let the dead past bury its dead." He believed these reunions kept alive a spirit of animosity and prejudice, and were therefore productive of more harm than good. This gentleman, like many others, through lack of information on the subject and through indifference, has failed to comprehend the object of the Confederate Association and the good which it has accomplished. Far from perpetuating an ignoble sentiment, the army and camp reunions both North and South have done more to create a spirit of fairness and justice and conciliation in the hearts of the people of both sections than have the combined influences of party strategy, commercial and business intercourse, and the public press. A true soldier is brave and magnanimous in peace as well as in war, and none is quicker than he to realize these selfsame traits in friend and foe alike.

The steadfast faith and loyalty with which the Southern people have defended the Confederacy, resenting with eloquent and brave defiance every aspersion cast upon the motives of their leaders, have been as potent in compelling the respect and admiration of the foe as was their courageous bearing upon the field of battle. Their intense and unyielding conviction of right has aroused in the hearts of the North a recognition of their splendid and patriotic manhood, and where bitterness once flourished there has sprung up a lofty sentiment of mutual consideration and regard, which, watered by tears of fraternal sympathy and tended by gentle hands of love, has grown with the years, and bears to-day the rich fruitage of a country reunited for all time to come!

The object of these reunions is not to keep alive the fires of enmity and dissension, but rather to kindle a kindlier feeling in the hearts of all; to renew the bonds of comradeship that were forged in the flame of battle; to raise becoming monuments to the memory of the dead; to provide for the destitute among the living, and to preserve to posterity an unbiased history of the events that led up to the conflict between the States, the true and vital principle involved in the issue, and the heroic part which the armies of the South played in that great carnival of human destruction. No loftier purpose ever actuated human endeavor, and it challenges the admiration, the cordial sympathy, and the hearty co-operation of every man who loves his country and would impart to his children the inspiration of the great lives that are interwoven with the history of its progress.

If you would find a land where the spirit of patriotism is greatest, go to that land which is richest in legacies of heroic deeds; which is crowned with dismantled forts and scarred with graves of fallen patriots and with grass-grown breastworks where the royal blood of dauntless hearts was poured out upon the altar of freedom; where marble shaft and obelisk in solemn grandeur mark the spot where mighty arms met in battle shock: where sculptured bust and brazen statuary, in halls of art and temple courts, in public parks and business thoroughfares, throbbing with human life, in dumb eloquence commemorate the names that were not born to die, and, pointing to the distinguished achievements of the past, call posterity to the needs and opportunities of the present and bid

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it march with courageous heart to grasp the possibilities of the future.

If we would foster in the hearts of our children a loyal devotion to their country, which alone can preserve it from the fate that has befallen every government instituted by man; would arouse a jealous regard for their rights and liberties, an animating desire to accomplish some great work in the cause of humanity, a lofty ambition to attain and hold a high place in the esteem and affections of their countrymen, we should not only encourage the study and emulation of the great example of their time, but should surround them with the stimulating and ennobling influences of the illustrious lives that have passed into history.

The battle cry, "Remember the Alamo!" and, "Remember Goliad!" nerved many a flagging heart, strengthened many a weary arm, in that decisive conflict of San Jacinto, when the ranks of Santa Anna, torn and bleeding, vanished forever from these shores. . . . Thus may we, by erecting fitting monuments throughout the South, not only commemorate the memory of a mighty government that lives only in the hearts of the Southern people, and discharge a duty we owe to those who perished in its defense, but impart to the youth of this and succeeding generations a higher aim and a firmer resolve in all the chosen walks of life. And it is to this laudable enterprise that the United Confederate Veterans Association is committed, and in this work they have had the conspicuous and valuable aid of the Daughters of the Confederacy, an organization composed of loyal Southern women—all honor to their names! And it is with pardonable pride that I point to the magnificent monument that graces the public plaza of Sherman, recalling the fact that it was the first one erected in all the Trans-Mississippi States to the memories of all the brave soldiery who followed to eternal fame the royal banner of the bars and stars.

Another great work that is engaging the earnest attention of this association is the collection of all papers, letters, and reliable information bearing upon the rise and fall of the Confederacy. From this date it is intended that there shall be compiled an authentic, unbiased, and comprehensive history to be placed in the hands of the coming generations, that they may know that the fierce civil strife that for a season rent in twain this great republic was not the result of disloyalty to the common country, was not a reckless abandonment of the great principles upon which rest its free institutions, was not the culmination of sectional passion and prejudice, was not the work of insurgent hands; but was the inevitable outcome of an inborn, long-cherished, and uncompromising conviction of the sovereign rights of States, that these rights had never been surrendered to the Federal government, and that Federal invasion of any State was a crime against that State, a despotic usurpation of power, and a violation of the constitution of the United States. Upon this simple statement we rest our cause, and we fear not the verdict of posterity.

I believe we should be as careful in the selection of the literature with which we feed the minds and hearts of our children as in the choice of the food we place in their mouths. The one builds up the physical man, which thrives for a time and then crumbles into dust; but the other builds up the spiritual man, which survives the fading centuries and lives in God's eternity. I believe that every Southern college and every Southern school, from the great university in the city to the schoolhouse on the hill, should be supplied with a Southern history written by Southern men and printed, if needs be, on a Southern press. It might be colored with sectional

feeling, but I would rather have my children prejudiced in favor of their country than prejudiced against it.

This, briefly, is the object and work of the Confederate Association; an object that embraces not one ignoble thought or prejudice, but which is permeated with the noblest sentiments that dwell in the human heart; an object which, as its constitution declares, is purely social, benevolent, and historical—social, in that it renews and strengthens the bonds of comradeship; benevolent, in that it alleviates the suffering and distress of its unfortunate victims of war; historical, in that it preserves a faithful record of the greatest conflict of modern times.

May the remembrance of the fathers' heroic deeds in times of war nerve us to nobler deeds in times of peace. And when the evening shadows come, and the winter fires are brightly burning on the hearts, and our children gather about us, let us rehearse its scenes and tell of its matchless heroes. Robert E. Lee, the great-souled Lee, the incarnation of all that is pure and true and good in human life; Stonewall Jackson, the blameless citizen, the consecrated Christian, the superb soldier whose life was the palladium of our hopes and whose mournful death marked the beginning of the end of "the storm-cradled nation that fell;" Albert Sidney Johnston, on whose tomb is inscribed "No country e'er had a truer son, no cause a nobler champion, no people a braver defender, no principle a purer victim;" Ambrose Hill, whose aggressive generalship challenged the applause of the whole army and was remembered in the dying dreams of Stonewall Jackson, who in the delirium of death ordered "A. P. Hill to prepare for action;" Pickett, the magnificent, who rode upon the whirlwind and directed the most stupendous and thrilling storm of soldiery that the world has ever seen; John B. Hood, rash, perhaps, and over zealous, but brave and true and worthy to take his place beside Richard the Lion-Hearted; Bedford Forrest, who swept through the ranks of the foe as a tempest through a forest of oaks, leaving wreck and ruin behind; Jeb Stewart, with laughter in his eyes and song on his lip and death on his blade; Turner Ashby, the peerless young knight of the Shenandoah Valley; John Morgan, the bold Kentucky raider, who fought like a god and died like a martyr; John Pelham, the immortal young cannoner, who with a single gun checked an advancing army; Dick Dowling, who with forty-two patriots drove back a host of six thousand men as the rock-bound shore hurls back the waves of ocean—these, and all the martyred hosts who lie in hero sleep in the valleys of Virginia, upon the red old hills of Georgia, or on the sunny banks of the winding Tennessee! May they rest in peace! May the rivers sing a dirge and the winds wail a requiem over the graves wherein they sleep, and may the memory of their names and the golden record of their deeds be enshrined in our hearts to bless us and ours forever!

RECORD THE CONFEDERATE MADE.

BY W. L. SANFORD, SHERMAN, TEX.

[What an ex-Confederate said, after reading an account of the debate in Congress on the proposition to admit ex-Confederates to the Federal Soldiers' Home.]

My record's such that I should somewhat hesitate to go And seek admission to the home for Federals, for you know I chanced to be with Johnston when McDowell made a play To rid the earth of Beauregard, and so we marched that way. 'Twas at Manassas Junction, which the Federals call Bull Run, And in this stirring summer time of eighteen sixty-one. The Government officials and society turned out

From Washington to see us run in ignominious rout. They found us without searching, and before the day was done That gay assemblage burnt the wind in flight to Washington. O, there was wild confusion, and that thoroughfare of old Was strewn for miles with fans, silk hats, and epaulets of gold. Three thousand killed and wounded were the only ones who stayed,

And so I am embarrassed by the record that we made.

And then I was at Seven Pines and at Mechanicsville; At Gaines's Mill and Frazier's Farm and bloody Malvern Hill.

For seven days the battle raged, and when its wrath was o'er Abe Lincoln said he needed just three hundred thousand more. But scarcely had we rested, when, again at old Bull Run, We hurled Pope's shattered columns in defeat to Washington. He tried to drive a wedge of steel 'twixt Lee and Jackson's corps,

Then Lincoln found he needed just six hundred thousand more

To quell the Rebel rising in the fierce secession States, And then he had no surplus men, as history relates.

And later on at Fredericksburg, with Burnside in command, They rashly stormed the flaming heights where we had made a stand.

Twelve thousand dead and wounded was the penalty they paid,

And I'm somewhat embarrassed by the record that we made.

And then, as luck would have it, I was with the daring throng That bayed Joe Hooker's army, trenched, one hundred thousand strong.

We had one-third his number; but that mattered not, for we Were led by grim old Stonewall, and the great commander, he Who, in soft slouched hat of brown and faded cape of gray, Was worth full fifty thousand men on any battle day!

When Jackson gave the order, his immortal veteran corps Shot by and flanked the enemy by fifteen miles or more, And burst upon his right and rear, in their historic way. While Lee with fourteen thousand kept the battle front that day.

We scattered them like chaff, although outnumbered three to one;

They faded from our vision like the mist before the sun.

We didn't leave enough to make a decent dress parade;

And therefore I'm embarrassed by the record that we made.

And then I had some trouble in the spring of sixty-four, When Grant appeared upon the scene and pushed his forces o'er

The Rapidan toward Richmond. And the journey, I would state,

Consumed eleven months, although the distance is not great. He might have made it in a week, but found along the way Some serious impediments in the ragged coats of gray.

We met him at Cold Harbor in the blithesome month of June; Our uniforms were faded, but our muskets were in tune!

The hand of the dread angel that smote Egypt in the night Was not more deadly than the hands we lifted in that fight.

He charged, recoiled; then stormed again, and failed with all his power,

And lost ten thousand on the field in less than half an hour!

Such deeds seem superhuman, and their memory will not fade,

And that's why I'm embarrassed by the record that we made.

CAPT. FAYSSOUX IN NICARAGUA EXPEDITION.

BY J. C. JAMISON, GUTHRIE, OKLA.

In the May number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN appeared a brief sketch of the career of the late Capt. Callender Irvine Fayssoux, father of William McLellan Fayssoux, of New Orleans. An error occurs in the second letter of his first and the initial letter of his second Christian name, while there is no reference to the most brilliant achievement of this brave and chivalrous man.

Capt. Fayssoux, then a lieutenant in the Nicaraguan navy, was in command of the war schooner Granada at the time I was stationed with a detachment of the First Light Infantry at San Juan del Sur, during a greater portion of the summer of 1856, to watch the movements of the Costa Ricans and to guard the transit route to Lake Nicaragua. Capt. Fayssoux cruised off the port and along the Pacific Coast. He made San Juan del Sur his rendezvous, and spent much of his time on shore, where he occupied quarters with Col. John B. Markham, of Vicksburg, Miss., and myself. I became intimately acquainted with him. Capt. Fayssoux was a native of Missouri and one of the most admirable men I ever knew. Calm and courageous in battle, he was gentle and without arrogance in social intercourse. His bravery, his loyalty to friends, and his incorruptible character won the respect and esteem of all who made his acquaintance. These qualities he maintained without blemish throughout the war in Nicaragua, and no other man was so greatly admired and so completely trusted by Gen. Walker, the Commander in Chief.

This little vessel was a Costa Rican coast trader that had come with a cargo of merchandise into San Juan del Sur flying the American flag, and in command of an American named Morton. The fact that the Granada in reality was a Costa Rican vessel was soon detected. She was confiscated, transformed into a war schooner, armed with two six-pound carronades, and her command given to Fayssoux, the lieutenant. The total number of men on board, including officers, was twenty-eight. The Granada soon became a terror to Costa Rica and her allies, harassing the coast, capturing and sinking trading boats, and destroying coast commerce.

Among the captures of importance was that of Gen. Mariano Salazar, the most noted and powerful revolutionist of that day in all Central America. He was taken to Granada and shot to death on the public plaza on the afternoon of August 3, 1856, for high treason against the government of Nicaragua.

Costa Rica hastened to defend herself, and fitted out a large brig, to which was given the name "Once de Abril" (eleventh of April), to commemorate an alleged victory over Walker at Rivas on April 11, 1856. The brig carried four nine-pounders, and was manned by one hundred and fourteen men and officers, with Capt. Villarosta in command.

On October 23, 1856, the Granada was lying off the port of San Juan del Sur. At about four o'clock in the afternoon a large brig was sighted bearing down upon the little schooner. The stranger quickly ran up the Costa Rican colors and held steadily on her course. The flaunting challenge of the Once

de Abril stirred the fighting blood of the Granada's men, who ran to quarters and cleared the deck for action. Fayssoux hove anchor and moved toward the enemy. The Once de Abril began the engagement by firing a broadside at a range of four hundred yards, but did scarcely any damage. Realizing the disparity in size, men, and armament, Fayssoux ran his vessel close in and fired his little carronades as rapidly as possible, hoping by some good fortune of war to gain an advantage. For four hours the duel continued, the combatants struggling with desperate tenacity each to overcome the other. At eight o'clock the Granada drew up almost within arm's length and fired a solid shot into the magazine of the Once de Abril. With a roar her deck timbers were shattered, and the brig, enveloped in smoke and flame, was lifted from the water.

The Once de Abril sank back and disappeared beneath the waves of the Pacific. Of her crew of one hundred and fourteen men, only forty were rescued; the others, dead and alive, went down with the wreck. Capt. Villarosta was found struggling in the water and taken on board the Granada. Fayssoux called the roll of his men and found James Elliott, killed; Matthew Pilkington, dangerously wounded; Dennis Kane, slightly wounded. In appreciation of this brilliant victory, Lieut. Fayssoux was promoted to a full naval captaincy, and the government of Nicaragua presented him with the Rosario coconut plantation, near Rivas, one of the finest and most beautiful estates in all Meridional department of Nicaragua.

It would make this narrative too long to recount in detail the story of the life and services of this remarkable man. He was accomplished in naval etiquette, and whatever his rights were he exacted them, and was equally prompt in showing to others the civilities due their rank. His soldierly training

was strongly shown when the British man of war Esk came into the port of San Juan del Sur, and her commander, in a haughty and offensive manner, demanded to know by what authority Fayssoux was flying a flag. "By the authority of my government," was the tart reply. This angered the Briton, who sent a peremptory order for Fayssoux to come on board the Esk and show his commission or be taken as a prize or sunk. To this demand Fayssoux sent a defiant refusal. The commander of the Esk saw quickly that the Granada's commander could not be bullied, and finally sent a courteous request for Fayssoux to visit him. He consented, and went aboard the Esk.

The integrity and indomitable courage of Fayssoux were shown in a splendid manner at a time of extreme peril when he was lying off San Juan del Sur awaiting news of the result of the siege of Rivas, where Walker, with less than five hundred men, was surrounded by the allied army of more than five thousand. A strong force of the enemy occupied San Juan and was engaged in building barricades. Fayssoux threatened to open fire upon the town unless work on the barricades was stopped. Through the intercession of Capt. Davis, commanding the United States sloop St. Mary's, Col. Estrada, in command of the enemy, agreed to abandon the building of the barricades. The next day Fayssoux discovered that the



C. I. FAYSSOUX.

work was being secretly pushed forward. He had prepared to bombard when Capt. Davis again interceded and gave his personal pledge that the promise would be kept.

The integrity of Fayssoux and his loyalty to the government he served were put to an unsuccessful test at this time. To induce him to surrender the Granada, he was offered \$2,000, then \$5,000, and finally asked to name his own price. All these overtures were indignantly refused, and the emissary of treason was almost kicked from the deck of the Granada. The offers were no temptation to Fayssoux, though he knew that Walker's reign in Nicaragua was nearing its close, and at best could last only a few days, and that Capt. Davis had forbidden him to leave the harbor on pain of being sunk.

Capt. Fayssoux inherited his martial spirit from ancestors on both sides. His grandfather Fayssoux was surgeon general of the Carolina forces in the American revolution, while his maternal grandfather was Gen. Irvine, who commanded a division under Washington at the crossing of the Delaware. He bore in his Christian names, Callender and Irvine, those of two distinguished revolutionary heroes.

Capt. Fayssoux was the last to surrender when Gen. Walker capitulated at Rivas, May 1, 1857. Capt. Davis, of the sloop St. Mary's, had demanded that Capt. Fayssoux surrender the Granada. He refused, and yielded afterwards only when the St. Mary's broadside at close range was brought to bear upon the Granada, and an order had come from Gen. Walker himself. With his eyes bedimmed with tears, the gallant Fayssoux lowered his flag. Upon returning to the United States, after the surrender, Capt. Fayssoux assisted Gen. Walker in the preparation of a book, now almost out of print, entitled "The War in Nicaragua," partly historical and partly vindictory of the introduction of the American element, and of Walker's own course in the conduct of the war in Nicaragua. He died a few years ago in New Orleans.

"Ah! soldier, to your honored rest,
Your truth and valor bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

MRS. LUCINDA NEELY.

BY T. H. CRADDOCK, OF DALLAS, TEX.

Mrs. Lucinda Neely is ninety-five years old—probably the oldest Confederate mother living—and is revered and respected by every old soldier in Dallas County, Tex. She has had four sons, one of whom died in youth, and two gave their lives while wearing the gray. One returned home after the war, and is now our County Commissioner—George Neely, who is a grandfather.

This remarkable woman possesses all her mental faculties, and is as active as a much younger person. She was born in 1808, in Rutherford County, Tenn. Her father was James Hopkins, a frontiersman. When his daughter was only nine years old, he moved from Tennessee to Illinois, and from there to Missouri, where she met a sturdy young pioneer, Pallas Neely, to whom she was wedded in October, 1839. The young husband built his own log house, and Mrs. Neely assisted in making its interior furnishings.

One of her sons, John Neely, was captured by the Union forces, and died in the Alton prison in 1863. Thomas was killed in a skirmish near Pea Ridge, Ark. George and his father survived, but the latter was retired from the army in 1863, disabled and broken in health.

When the war began, Mrs. Neely was left alone with her two

little daughters, while the three sons and father went to fight for the Southern cause. The ravages of the war were felt probably more severely in Missouri than in any other State. Living in a country overrun by the Federal troops, with a husband and three sons in the Confederate army, Mrs. Neely experienced all the horrors of war. Speaking of his mother a short time since, Commissioner Neely said: "She was always a 'dyed-in-the-wool' Confederate, and she has not surrendered yet."

During the war the homes of both Northern and Southern sympathizers were swept away by the invading armies of



MRS. LUCINDA NEELY, OAK CLIFF, DALLAS, TEX.,
Aged ninety-five years.

bushwhackers. Times became so hard in Missouri that Mrs. Neely decided to move to Texas. In 1863 she and her daughters placed all of their movable belongings in a "prairie schooner" drawn by two oxen, and started on their five-hundred-mile trip with a party of other refugees from Missouri. It took seven weeks to make the journey from Stockton, Mo., to Dallas County.

Mrs. Neely has twenty grandchildren and nineteen great-grandchildren living—all in Texas and mainly in Dallas County. She now resides with her daughter, Mrs. Milas Hopkins, where she is visited regularly every week by her son and his children. Her husband died in 1876.

Josiah Trope, of Higginsville, Mo., is anxious to restore to Maj. John J. Wheeler, of the Confederate army, a gold watch taken from him when captured. Has been informed that Maj. Wheeler is somewhere in Texas—that he was at one time proprietor of the "LeGrand" Hotel in Dallas. Mr. Trope was sergeant of the Eighth Iowa Infantry.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy, through Mrs. S. Thomas McCullough, President, report to the contributors to the Confederate Bazaar, held in Richmond, April 15 to May 2, 1903, for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis Memorial and the Confederate Museum, the White House of the Confederacy, as follows:

The Central Committee, finding it impossible to thank individually the many contributors, sends out this circular. It was only after all other means had failed that the committee determined to hold this bazaar, trusting to the support of the directors and regents who represent the States of the South. How well this trust was fulfilled is shown by the annexed report of returns from the States represented at the bazaar:

OFFICIAL REPORT OF MRS. KATE S. WINN, TREASURER.

Virginia	\$ 3,278 66
Solid South—representing Chapters from West Virginia, Indiana, California, New York City, Washington, D. C., and Indian Territory.....	1,850 71
South Carolina	1,651 45
Tennessee	1,457 50
North Carolina	1,395 20
Kentucky and Ohio.....	1,345 40
Missouri	1,205 23
Georgia	1,050 63
Florida	1,002 25
Maryland	1,002 00
Louisiana	1,001 50
Alabama	835 00
Arkansas	667 31
Texas	660 50
Mississippi	519 30
Restaurant	1,064 34
Door	1,475 73
Paper badges, private contributions, and interest.	1,979 38

Total receipts	\$23,442 09
Expenses	1,428 71

Amount cleared\$22,013 38

Of this amount, \$15,000 is placed to the credit of the Davis Monument, thus swelling the sum to \$63,000. The remainder goes to the Confederate Museum. This monument is an assured success. We congratulate each State, each individual, on such splendid results.

We thank you again for the noble support given to the Central Committee, and ask: "Is ours a 'lost cause?'"

MRS. N. V. RANDOLPH, *Chairman Central Com.*;
MRS. EDGAR D. TAYLOR, *Treasurer*;
MRS. B. A. BLENNER, *Secretary*.

SECURE THIS GROUP OF FINE PICTURES.

Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman of the Central Committee, sends out the following circular:

"The Central Committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association has a set of three plates, representing the three branches of the Confederate army. These plates are executed in the best style of colored work, from designs in water color, by Mr. William L. Sheppard. Mr. Sheppard's service in the Confederate army afforded him advantages in the study of types, places, etc., in the life of the Confederate soldier possessed by only a few artists.

"The figures are treated with almost no background, and

only a few accessories appropriate to the branch of the service represented.

"The cavalryman is about to saddle his horse; has the bridle in his hand, whilst the saddle is on a limb near by, and near it lie his rolled blanket and saber.

"The infantryman is equipped with rolled blanket over his shoulder, belt, bayonet, canteen, etc. He has stopped for a moment at the camp fire to light his pipe, and supports his rifle in the hollow of his elbow, in order to have both hands free.

"The artilleryman is an officer, standing on the slight slope of a breastwork, and signaling to the gunners to reserve their fire until he can observe the enemy with his field glass. The smoke drifting by indicates that the gun near him has just been fired.

"Attention is concentrated on the figures alone, and there is no intention of representing incident. There is no newness about the 'outfit' of these individuals. Their clothing shows service.

"The figures are of the light-haired and dark-haired types—two of them. The artilleryman's hair is iron-gray, as there were numbers of middle-aged men in the Confederate service who should not go unrepresented in this series. The period to which the figures belong is the campaign of 1863.

"These pictures are sold for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis Monument. The work is done by the Chapters. It is hoped that every Camp and Chapter will at least buy one set, as it is necessary that the younger people of the South should know the uniform of their fathers, and not the grotesque figure of a Confederate soldier in a long frock coat.

"The size is ten and one-half inches by seventeen inches, mounted upon board fifteen inches by twenty inches, ready for framing. The price is \$1.50 for the set. Orders to be sent to Mrs. William Robert Vawter, Chairman and Treasurer Picture Committee, Richmond, Va."

CAPTURE OF ENTIRE CAMP.

Judge Harris, of Memphis, who was a Mississippian prior to his removal to Tennessee, told a unique story during the reunion of the capture of an entire Federal company by one man of his command, the Seventeenth Mississippi, who was aided by a negro. The man was John Lake. The negro who aided him was known as Sandy. Lake, who was in Company F, sighted the soldiers, who were in camp. Instructing Sandy and sending him to flank them, he boldly walked up in front with drawn sword and demanded their surrender. The Yankees sprang for their arms, when the negro yelled out: "Shall we open fire, captain?" Thinking that they were surrounded, the Yankees laid down their arms and were marched off to the main body of the Confederates.

A SWORD OF ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES.

Among the numerous valuable Confederate relics that were shown in New Orleans during the recent reunion, one was the handsome gold and silver jewel-mounted sword which was presented to Admiral Raphael Semmes by Queen Victoria, while he was in England, after the sinking of the Alabama by the Kearsarge. The sword is the relic of Judge Oliver J. Semmes, of Mobile, the oldest son of Admiral Semmes. This sword, valued not only for its rich setting of jewels in gold and silver but far more for its historic association, was lost in transit from New Orleans to Mobile.



New Orleans, La.

CHAS. T. FENNI, Photographer.

SURVIVORS OF SCOTT'S FIRST LOUISIANA CAVALRY PRESENT AT AUDUBON PARK MAY 21, 1903.

1 Andrew H. Gay, 2 C. E. Booksh, 3 Roman Daigre, Co. A; 4 William S. Booth, 5 F. C. Godbold, 6 L. A. Hooper, 7 R. E. Sullivan, 8 William Jackson, Co. B; 9 H. C. Lopez, 10 J. O. Howell, 11 William M. Towne, 12 L. Forno, 13 Frank A. Monroe, 14 William A. Porter, 15 Isaac J. Paine, 16 George H. Lord, 17 G. W. Purnell, Co. C; 18 George W. Hickman, 19 Thomas Clements, 20 Ben F. Perley, Co. D; 21 Howell Carter, 22 E. D. Harrell, 23 B. M. G. Brown, 24 James R. Freeman, 25 W. C. Hatcher, 26 Walter Stewart, 27 J. G. Hawkes, Co. E; 28 Matt K. Mahan, Co. F; 29 W. George Meyers, Co. K; 30 W. E. Seebold, 31 John T. Shearer, 32 F. M. Campbell, 33 Martin L. Costley, 34 Albert G. Phelps, 35 H. Valstin Richard, Co. I.

PAT CLEBURNE'S TRUCE AT KENNESAW.

BY WALTER A. CLARK, AUGUSTA, GA.

June 27, 1864.

'Twas '64—a fair June day.

No shadows dimmed the bending sky,
And summer breezes in their play
Loitered and lingered lovingly.

And yet the crooning of the pines

Was blended with the sullen roar
Of cannon from th' embattled lines
Of Logan's and of Palmer's corps.

Two hours the hurtling missiles sang

Their war song to the "Blue and Gray,"
And then the Federal bugles rang
Their signal for the deadly fray.

"Fall in! Fall in!" rings down the line,

And as their flashing banners spread
The ranks in blue with arms ashine
Step forth with brave and eager tread.

With martial fire their hearts are stirred

Beneath the fair sky's placid arch,
As all along the line is heard:

"Attention! Forward! Guide center! March!"

Before this panoplied array,

The gray-clad pickets from their posts
With sullen mien and air give way,
Followed by the advancing hosts.

On, on they come through forest aisles,

With quickened step and courage high,
And every face is wreathed in smiles
With hope of easy victory.

Pat Cleburne's line is hushed and still,

But brave the glint in every eye,
And all their hearts with valor thrill
For home and right to dare and die.

And now but twenty paces lie

Between the blue lines and their goal,
And fair the sun shines in the sky,
And bravely clear the drum beats roll.

Then suddenly the grim, gray line

Becomes a seething mass of flame,
The woodland slopes incarnadine
Before the graycoats' deadly aim.

Rank after rank goes down; the tones

Of belching cannon and the rattle
Of musketry blend with the groans
And shrieks of men cut down in battle.

No line could stand such leaden hail;

The blue ranks stagger and recoil,
And seek beyond its maddened pale
Protection from the deadly spoil.

And now another danger came

To add its horrors to their pain:
From burning woods the hissing flame
Menaced the wounded and the slain.

"Cease firing," brave Pat Cleburne said;

"Go out and save your helpless foes."

And down the smoking guns are laid,

And o'er the works the gray line goes.

Under the burning summer sun,
Under the hot flames' fiercer glare,
Gently they bear them one by one
Into the cool and shaded air.

And brave right arms, that in the stress
Of battle knew no fear or dread,
Grow soft as woman's as they press
To save the dying and the dead.

Their foe had said that "War is hell;"
To Cleburne's knightly soul 'twas given
To show, amid its shot and shell,
In Southern hearts a touch of heaven.

Dear, brave old Pat, amid the strife
Of bloody Franklin's fated plain,
You gave for us your glorious life,
Beside a hecatomb of slain.

But in our hearts you live again,
The gentlest of the gallant brave,
And knightliest of the knightly train
Who died our Southern land to save.

FAITHFUL OLD SLAVES; DEGENERATE PROGENY.

Hon. B. G. Humphreys addressed the people of his old home at Port Gibson, Miss., on behalf of the Sons of Confederate Veterans in a memorial service. He showed a spirit worthy of his sires. After noting some remarkable statistics of Mississippians in battle, he said concerning slavery:

"I would not, of course, have the institution back again if I could; but it is my fixed opinion, judging the negro who grew to manhood in slavery and the negro who has grown to manhood in freedom, that as a race he reached his zenith in all those qualities which make for civilization and Christianity under the old régime. Forty years in the history and development of a race is but a short while indeed, but in that time the finger of 'Ole Massa' and 'Ole Missus,' which always pointed heavenward, has been unobserved, and the course of the great body of the younger generation, I regret to say it, has been almost headlong in the opposite direction.

"The songs that have come down to us from the old plantation are not the songs of the caged bird; there is no wailing of the soul crying out to its God for deliverance; there is no story of brick without straw. Many and many is the time that I sat as a child and looked into the black and wrinkled face of the freedman and noted the light that does not lie illumine his face as he recounted the happy days back on the old plantation.

"If proof were needed that the story of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was a figment of the imagination, the war itself furnished it. Left at home to work the field and make the crops that were to support our armies, the negro had it in his power at all times to strike the blow that would have brought the Confederacy to its knees. The first blaze of an insurrection, the first scream of a murdered mistress, would have dissolved the ranks of the Confederate armies, and every soldier 'would have brooked the eternal devil' to make his way back to his home and his loved ones. Yet in all those long and bloody years never a torch was lighted, never a hand was raised.

"The slave who wore no cross nor crown
With shackled feet trod freedom down,
Knew that each rebel soldier slain
Broke one link in his iron chain,

Yet fought his way through the whirlwind's breath,
Rode on the storm to conquer death,
Reckless of what might mar or make;
Only to die for his master's sake.
Waterloo, Trafalgar, Salamis,
Marathon, show us a page like this.'

"Let me read you a piece of poetry that must forever give the lie to the calumnies heaped upon our fathers. a poem which, whenever read, will, I sincerely hope, rekindle the dying embers of the old-time feeling we once entertained for the negro. No such story as is told in this poem was ever founded on fiction."

'OLD MOSE AT GETTYSBURG.

Rushing from shelter far in the rear,
"My master wounded?" is that what I hear?
Forth to the rescue rushed the slave,
Into the battle to succor and save.
"Master, O Master," he cried aloud,
Breaking a path through the battle cloud,
Fighting his way through friends and foes;
"Answer me, Master; here's Ole Mose.
You know when we left Ole Missus said,
'Fotch him back, Moses, livin' or dead.'
I promised, O Master!"—but more and more,
Louder and fiercer the cannons roar.
"Master!" again the tempest rose—
"Answer me, Master; here's Ole Mose."
The valleys trembled again, and then
The mountains reeled like drunken men.
"I done told Missus, O Master dear,
Ole Mose is comin'; can't you hear?"
Through hurtling death and fire and smoke,
What arm wards off the fatal stroke?
What, judged by human, finite sense,
Could shield, but the arm of Providence?
'Twas Heaven's own mercy, tender and sweet,
The angel spirit in his feet,
That led Ole Mose through the crimson tide
To stumble and fall at his master's side.
"Dear Mose, is it you?" as soft and slow
The wave of life ebbed to and fro.
"Tell mother—God bless you, dear Old Mose"—
His life went out on the storm that rose.
Sheltered in arms that were strong to save,
In the brave black arms of the faithful slave,
Borne back, back over rock and ledge,
Over the battle's perilous edge,
Borne by this martyr, this more than man,
Southward across the Rapidan—
Back to the dear old homestead where
White doves float in the crimson air.
Stood by the grave where his master slept,
For the first time turned aside and wept.
Is it strange that his future seemed dark and dim,
And dark to us as it was to him?
He had fought for his master, had gladly died.
Shall we not help him in paths untrod?
All over the South one prayer arose:
"God forget us who forget Ole Mose." "

In reporting change in address, subscribers are requested, as a special favor, to give previous office also, as it is necessary to know that in order to make the change.

STATUES FOR THE HALL OF FAME.

Under the caption "Let Virginia Choose Whom She Will" the *Chicago Tribune* makes this worthy comment in regard to contributions for the Hall of Fame. Omissions occur where it uses the term "the lost cause of disunion." That wicked word "lost" should, when used, be coupled with that of "disunion."

"Every State in the Union has the right to place the statues of her two favorite sons in statuary hall in the capitol at Washington. Virginia has about decided that one of her two shall be Robert E. Lee. The selection of Lee is said to have given offense to the Grand Army of the Republic, and it is now planned to propose at the next encampment of that body, in San Francisco next month, a resolution requesting Congress to enact that the statue of no man who ever opposed the Union shall be permitted in Statuary Hall.

"The Grand Army should lend no sanction to such a scheme. If it does, it will be lending its weight to the cause against which it fought for four bloody years—the cause of disunion. Such an action on the part of the Grand Army would do much to relight the fires of sectionalism—fires which, until within the last year or two, seemed about to go out forever.

"If Congress forbade Virginia to place Lee's statue in the Capitol, is it not sure that Virginia would then decide to leave the pedestal vacant? And would not the other Southern States also nominate famous Confederates, and, on being refused, leave their pedestals vacant? And would not those empty places do more than their statues could ever do to preserve the fame of those heroes? Would not a statuary hall but half filled with statues be a perpetual token that the North and South will not unite in heart so long as the North treats the South like an enemy conquered instead of a friend reconciled?

"The waver of the bloody shirt is not what he wishes to be considered—an ultra patriot. On the contrary, he is an enemy to his country. The allegiance of Americans is to the United States—not to the North and not to the South. In 1861 we could not have union unless by fighting. To-day we cannot have it, except superficially, unless by peace.

"Let Virginia choose the dead she wishes to commemorate. If she honors Lee above all but Washington, let her place his statue in the Capitol. He was a great and a good man, although he stood by his State instead of the Union. The North as well as the South may take pride in this American for the purity of his life and his military genius.

"The greatest men of the North, Grant and Lincoln, were magnanimous to the South. They tried to soothe and heal the wounds from which she suffered. Lesser men were not so magnanimous, but essayed to humiliate still further the ruined land. Which of those examples is the nobler and the wiser for this generation?

"If the North contemns the dead heroes of the South, the South will make them martyrs, and their pale shades will do more than all the blood of all their legions ever did to further and continue the cause of disunion. The North granted a complete amnesty to Lee living. Shall it withdraw the amnesty from Lee dead?"

Mrs. M. J. Williams, of Wolfe City, Tex., widow of T. J. Williams, Company D, Third Georgia Cavalry, desires to hear from any of his old comrades who can help her to prove her claim to a pension to which she feels entitled.

SOUTHERN GIRLS ON CAUSES OF THE WAR.

Miss Ellen Louise McAdams, of Lewisburg, Tenn., secured the prize for the best story on the war in her school at the last term. The manuscript covers over twenty-seven pages of legal cap, and it is so systematic a history of the causes leading to the war, the tragic years of its existence, and the malevolence of reconstruction that it would make a worthy school reader.

The loyalty of the author to the South while her father is "a mean old Republican," to use his own term jocosely (he is of an old Whig family), makes the fair young woman deserve all the greater credit for her noble vindication of her



MISS ELLEN LOUISE M'ADAMS.

native Southland. Writing of the devastation and ruin in the South, she says: "The knowledge of these outrages nerved the Southern arms to strike a deadlier blow and overcome all thought of personal fear in every Southern heart. But they could not withstand starvation and the overwhelming odds against them, and so in the gloom of a defeat, glorified by valiant deeds, their tattered flag was furled at Appomattox and the remnant of the Southern army, worn, grim, battle-scarred, laid down their arms in sorrow and in tears. . . . Thank God, Southern men were no less great in defeat than in victory. They faced toil and poverty unflinchingly, cheered and inspired in the work of building by Southern women who had shown themselves fit mates for heroic souls. . . . We still have a tear for the banner so sadly furled and for all it represents."

PRIZE ESSAY AT COLUMBIA, TENN.

Eleanore Felicia Hussey, who received the prize offered by the Daughters of the Confederacy to the senior class of the

Columbia Institute for the best paper on "The True Causes



W. B. HUSSEY.

of the Civil War," is the oldest daughter of William B. Hussey, late of Huntsville, Ala. His grandfathers, Matthew Hussey and Samuel Ward, were pioneers of the State, both of them having moved there from Albemarle County, Va., before Alabama became a State. He volunteered in 1861, at the age of nineteen, in the Ninth Tennessee Regiment, Army of Tennessee. Having been

slightly wounded at Perryville, Ky., he was made sergeant of the hospital at Chattanooga. He was afterwards in the Dalton Atlantic campaign, and then under Hood.

Miss Hussey (born at Huntsville, Ala.) has lived in Columbia, Tenn., from 1896 until the removal of the family to Nashville, a year ago. She graduated at the Columbia Institute in June, 1902. Her mother, Mrs. Ella Hussey, would be much pleased to hear from any of her husband's war comrades.

Miss Hussey reviews the history of the country on the question of slavery, admitting that Southern extremists were determined to destroy the Union rather than have slavery pro-

hibited in the Territories, while Northern extremists were equally determined to destroy the Union unless slavery was abolished in the Southern States. More conservative Northerners were for its being left to the States where it existed, but to prohibit it from the Territories. The "Clay Compromise" of 1850 she sets forth as follows:

"1. Slavery should be prohibited in the District of Columbia. 2. California should be admitted as a free State. 3. The organization of Utah and New Mexico as Territories without any provision about slavery, leaving that to the settlers. 4. The payment of a large sum to Texas. 5. A resolution that Congress should have no power over interstate slave trade, concluding with terms for passage of a severe fugitive slave law."

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR: MISTS IN THE WAY.

BY B. M. ZETTLER, KIRKWOOD, GA.

The writer read with unusual interest that "Memorial Tribute at Shelbyville" printed in the July VETERAN, and the headlines of this article indicate some of the reflections it suggested.

The address contains many beautiful sentiments, and as a Confederate veteran the writer desires to express his appreciation of this tribute from one "whose life began after the close of the great war."

But there are expressions in the address that to me are confusing and misleading, and in the kindest spirit I beg to dissent from them.

When the eloquent speaker declared, "The action of the Southern States in withdrawing from the Union and the determination of the Federal government to resist their withdrawal made up the issue which was submitted to the arbitrament of arms," he states the cause of the war completely; but when in the next sentence he says, "That issue was whether a sovereign State had the right to peaceably secede from the Union when its people believed the Federal government had ceased to be equal and just," he is misleading. Was it not the overt act, and not the right to act, that was the cause of the war? And did the war really determine and settle the question of the *right* of a sovereign State to secede? Did it not simply settle adversely the *power* of thirteen of them to do so at that time?

And when he further states that "for many years a great question had divided the nation" (meaning the question of the right of a State to withdraw), is he historically correct? There were questions that divided the sections and alienated the people, but this, we think, could hardly be classed one of them.

Does not our eloquent friend draw on his imagination somewhat he declares: "The Constitution to which you veterans of the war swore allegiance when you returned to the Union . . . is one in which there has been written in your blood and that of your comrades a provision that the right of secession shall exist no more forever?"

That the character of our government—the United States—has been changed and is not what it was during the first seventy-five years of its existence, no one will deny, nor is it aside from the truth to say that that change came as one of the results of the War between the States; but not yet, we insist, has it been written in the Constitution that the nation is supreme in all things, nor as yet is it given to any man to declare what shall be the character of our government a hundred years hence.

The writer would close as he began, expressing appreciation of Mr. Frierson's beautiful tribute and commending its perusal and preservation to every lover of the glorious Southern Confederacy.



MISS ELEANORE FELICIA HUSSEY.

NORTHERNERS JUSTIFIED SECESSION.

W. R. Chapman, B.Ped., B.S., and D.Ped., writes from Lois, Fauquier County, Va.:

"The general impression is that the sovereignty of the States, or the disunion doctrine, was originated by Calhoun, of South Carolina; but the best information obtainable on this subject shows that the State rights doctrine did not originate in either section, but was recognized at the first as underlying the Constitution accepted and ratified by each of the sovereign States, and was first agitated at the North, and not at the South.

"In 1803 Col. Timothy Pickering, a Senator from Massachusetts and Secretary of State in the Cabinet of John Adams, said, in speaking of State rights: 'I will not despair. I will rather anticipate a new Confederacy. This can be accomplished without spilling one drop of blood, I have little doubt. It must begin with Massachusetts. The proposition would be welcomed by Connecticut. And could we doubt of New Hampshire? But New York must be associated, and how is her concurrence to be obtained? She must be the center of the Confederacy. Vermont and New Jersey would follow, of course, and Rhode Island of necessity.'

"Josiah Quincy, also of Massachusetts, emancipated the same doctrine in 1811 in opposing the bill for the admission of what was then called the Orleans Territory (now Louisiana) when he said that if the bill passed and that territory was admitted the act would be subversive of the Union, and the several States would be freed from their Federal bonds and obligations, and that, 'as it will be the right of all the States, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.'

"The Hartford Convention was called in 1814, in consequence of the opposition of New England to the war of 1812. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and several counties and towns of other Northern States sent delegates to this convention. They deliberated with closed doors on the propriety of withdrawing the States represented in it from the Union. They issued an address, in which they said: 'If the Union be destined to dissolution, it should, if possible, be the work of peaceful times and deliberate consent. Whenever it shall appear that the causes are radical and permanent, a separation by equitable arrangement will be preferable to an alliance by constraint among nominal friends but real enemies.' In 1839 ex-President John Quincy Adams said: 'The indissoluble link of union between the people of the several States of this confederated nation is, after all, not in the right, but in the heart. If the day should ever come (Heaven avert it!) when the affections of the people of these States shall be alienated from each other, the bonds of political association will not long hold together parties no longer attracted by the magnetism of consolidated interests and kindly sympathies, and far better will it be for the people of the disunited States to part in friendship with each other than to be held together by restraint.' He also presented to Congress a petition for a dissolution of the Union.

"Mr. William Rawble, of Pennsylvania, in his work on the Constitution, says: 'It depends on the State itself to restrain or abolish the principles of representation, because it depends on itself whether it will continue a member of the Union. To deny this right would be inconsistent with the principles on which all our political systems are founded, which is that the people have in all cases a right to determine how they will be governed.' Shortly after the nomination of Gen. Taylor, a petition was presented in the Senate, asking Congress to

'advise means for the dissolution of the Union.' The votes of Messrs. Seward, Chase, and Hale were recorded in favor of its reception.

"In 1844 the Legislature of Massachusetts attempted to coerce the President and Congress by this language: 'The project of the annexation of Texas, unless arrested on the threshold, may tend to drive these States (New England) into a dissolution of the Union.'

"In 1855 Senator B. F. Wade, of Ohio, a notorious South-hater, said in a speech delivered in the Senate: 'Who is the judge in the last resort of the violation of the Constitution of the United States by the enactment of a law? Who is the final arbiter, the general government or the States in their sovereignty? Why, sir, to yield that point, to yield up all the rights of the State to protect her own citizens, is to consolidate this government into a miserable despotism.' Again, he said, on December 18, 1860: 'I do not so much blame the people of the South, because I think they have been led to believe that we to-day, the dominant party, who are about to take the reins of government, are their mortal foes, and stand ready to trample their institutions under foot.' All know his subsequent life.

"November 9, 1860, Horace Greeley said in his paper, the New York *Tribune*: 'If the cotton States consider the value of the Union debatable, we maintain their perfect right to discuss it. Nay, we hold, with Jefferson, to the alienable right of communities to alter or abolish forms of government that have become oppressive or injurious; and if the cotton States decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace. The right to secede may be a revolutionary one, but it exists nevertheless, and we do not see how one party can have a right to do what another party has a right to prevent.'

"December 17, 1860, he again said in the *Tribune*: 'If the Declaration of Independence justified the secession from the British Empire of three millions of colonists in 1776, we do not see why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southrons from the Federal Union in 1861. If we are mistaken on this point, why does not some one attempt to show wherein and why?'

"Then again, on February 23, 1861: 'We have repeatedly said, and we once more insist, that the great principle embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration of American Independence—that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed—is sound and just, and that if the slave States, the cotton States, or the Gulf States only choose to form an independent nation, they have a clear moral right to do so. . . . Whenever a considerable section of the Union shall deliberately resolve to go out, we shall resist all coercive measures designed to keep it in. We hope never to live in a republic where one section is pinned to the rest by bayonets.'

"On November 9, 1860, the New York *Herald* said: 'Each State is organized as a complete government, holding the purse and wielding the sword, possessing the right to break the tie of the confederation as a nation might break a treaty, and to repel coercion as a nation might repel invasion. Coercion, if it were possible, is out of the question.' Yet these very statements and editors supported the government in coercing the Southern States!

"President Buchanan and his attorney-general, E. M. Stanton, decided at the same time that there was no power under the Constitution to coerce a seceding State; and yet what a radical change came over Stanton in his after life!

"Mr. H. C. Lodge, in his 'Life of D. Webster,' uses this language: 'When the Constitution was adopted, by the votes of the States at Philadelphia, and accepted by the votes of the States in popular conventions, it is safe to say that there was not a man in the country, from Washington and Hamilton on the one side to George Clinton and George Mason on the other side, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered into by the States, and from which each and every State had the right peaceably to withdraw, a right which was very likely to be exercised.'

"Mr. J. C. Carter, now of New York, but a native of New England, said in his speech before the University of Virginia in 1898: 'I may hazard the opinion that if the question had been asked, not in 1860 but in 1788, immediately after the adoption of the Constitution, whether the Union as formed by that instrument could lawfully treat the secession of a State as rebellion, and suppress it by force, few of those who participated in forming that instrument would have answered in the affirmative.'

"In an article published in the *Lowell Sun* on June 5, 1886, entitled 'Died for Their States,' he said: 'When the original thirteen colonies threw off their allegiance to Great Britain they became independent States, independent of her and of each other. The recognition was of the States separately, each by name, in the treaty of peace which terminated the war of the revolution. That this separate recognition was intentional, with the distinct object of recognizing the States as separate sovereignties, and not as one nation, will sufficiently appear by reference to the sixth volume of Bancroft's "History of the United States." The Articles of Confederation between the States declared "that each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence." It is, then, a compact between the States as sovereigns, and the Union created by it is a federal partnership of States, the Federal government being their common agent for the transaction of the Federal business within the limits of the delegated powers.'

"Mr. T. K. Oglesby quotes Mr. A. Lincoln as saying, January 12, 1848, that 'any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable and most sacred right.'

"William Lloyd Garrison demanded through his paper, *The Liberator*, 'immediate emancipation of the negro.' Garrison was a fearless fanatic. But with all his fanaticism he was obliged to recognize the fact that the Constitution nowhere opposed slavery, and he therefore characterized it as 'an agreement with death and a covenant with hell.'

"President Van Buren in 1836 declared himself earnestly opposed to any attempt to abolish or interfere with slavery in the District of Columbia or elsewhere.

"Senator Abberton, of New Hampshire, in 1838 introduced resolutions which declared that under the Constitution Congress had nothing to do with slavery in the States, and it passed with only six adverse votes. The other resolutions asserted that the petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and in the Territories were part of a plan to affect the institution of slavery and indirectly to destroy it in the Southern States; that all attempts to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia and in the Territories were in violation of the Constitution; and that every petition or paper on the subject should, when presented in the House, be at once laid on the table. These resolutions were passed by a two-thirds majority, and it was hoped that the slavery agitation was finally settled.

"The fanatics of the North, led by W. L. Garrison and J. G. Whittier, continued to grow in numbers and strength until they elected Lincoln in 1861. This was the culmination of the State rights doctrine and the agitation of the slavery question. By his election the war was precipitated.

"J. Q. Adams, during a journey through Pennsylvania, informed a society whose petitions he had frequently presented that he was 'opposed to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia,' not because he doubted the power of Congress to do so, but because he regarded it as 'a violation of republican principles to enact laws at the petition of one people which are to operate upon another people without their consent. The people of the District have property in their slaves.' He would present and had presented petitions to Congress, but still regarded it as 'a violation of republican principles.' The leaders at the North were willing to present petitions, and work that their principles be made law, as long as it did not affect the property or interests of the Northern people. Mr. Daniel Webster denounced the abolition societies in one of his speeches in reply to Mr. Calhoun. The platform of the Republican party, 1860, condemned John Brown's raid in Virginia in 1859.

"Congress stood by the proslavery party as late as 1854 and during the Kansas civil war. Both the antislavery and proslavery parties of Kansas adopted State constitutions, and each sent a delegate to Congress. The antislavery constitution excluded slavery from Kansas, while the proslavery constitution permitted slavery in Kansas. President Franklin Pierce and Congress recognized the proslavery government.

"President James Buchanan thought the Federal government had no power to force a State to remain in the Union.

"Senator Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, in 1861 introduced a resolution that an amendment be added to the Constitution forbidding the Federal government to interfere with slavery in the States."

PRETTY RANCID "CHEESE."—I visited a small town in the Southern part of Kentucky and called on the only merchant of the place. He was opening a case of axle grease, and one of the small boxes of yellow grease was left uncovered, when an old darky entered, and, noticing it, said: "Good mornin', Massa Johnson! What am dem little cheeses worf?"

"About fifteen cents I reckon, Sam," said the merchant.

"S'pose if I buys one you will frow in de crackers."

"Yes, Sam."

Sam put his hand into his pocket and fished out fifteen cents, and Mr. Johnson took his scoop and dipped up some crackers.

Sam picked up the uncovered box and the crackers and went to the back part of the store, took out his knife, and fell to eating.

Another customer came in, and Mr. Johnson lost sight of his colored friend for a moment. Later, however, he went to the back part of the store and said: "Weil, Sam, how goes it?"

"Say, Massa Johnson, dem crackers is all right, but dat am de ransomest cheese I ebber eat!"

W. J. Vance, of Plummerville, Ark., asks that any one knowing the command in which J. T. Ools, of Missouri, enlisted, and with whom he served, will kindly give him that information and thus aid the widow in securing a pension. It is thought that he was in Marmaduke's command.

EXECUTION OF CAPT. HENRY WIRZ.

The story told by Dr. W. J. W. Kerr in vindication of Capt. Henry Wirz, of Switzerland, Military Commandant of the Confederate prison at Andersonville, Ga., who was hanged by a drumhead court-martial after the close of the war, was most thrilling in its various details. Dr. Kerr was so affected by the recital of the condemnation of his friend that several times his voice broke and he was unable to continue:

"So far as is known to myself or to any member of this association, I am the only living medical officer who was on duty at Andersonville prison during the year 1864 out of sixty-eight. I knew Capt. Wirz as no other man knew him, and I have been requested to give, as far as I am able, an account of this the most unfortunate man that belonged to our army; a man who was born in a foreign country; a man who fell a martyr to the cause he espoused so nobly and heroically; a man who had his life taken away not by truthful witnesses but by a court-martial ruled over and domineered by a judge advocate and a president whose names will go down to posterity as having been connected with one of the foulest murders and the most infamous proceedings that have ever occurred at any trial of this kind since the world began.

"In February, 1864, Capt. Wirz was ordered by Gen. Winder to report to Col. Persons, commandant of the military prison at Andersonville. As he was conversant with several languages, he was preëminently fitted to deal with the motley crew under his charge. He found the prison in a very unsatisfactory and unsanitary condition, and at once set to work to change and improve it. At the time of his arrival at the prison there were only seven or eight thousand prisoners in a sixteen-acre stockade, but in a short time the prison began to be badly crowded, so that by the last of May there were nearly 19,000 prisoners in it, nearly 1,500 to the acre. Capt. Wirz went to work to enlarge the prison, and by the middle of June had enlarged it to twenty-five acres, and had erected several buildings inside it to shelter the sick. But by the middle of July the prison was again filled to overflowing, there being 36,000 prisoners in it. The heat of summer and the crowded condition of the prisons made a great deal of sickness, and the death rate was quite heavy. Here let me say that the hard-heartedness and cruelty charged against Capt. Wirz is as false as hell itself! Several times has he gone into the hospital with me, and I have seen his eyes fill with tears when he would see and speak of the suffering and distress there that could not be prevented. Through his advice a number of men were selected from the prison and paroled unconditionally to go to Washington and report the conditions to the United States government, and try to get an exchange of prisoners. Right well do some of you recollect Stanton's reply: 'We have got plenty of men; and if some of them die at Andersonville, what does it matter? We can whip the South much quicker by not exchanging prisoners and forcing the South to feed and guard them, and thus weaken their army; and by holding their men in prison, reduce their strength that much.' And yet, gentlemen, the whole blame of the deaths at Andersonville was placed on Wirz instead of on Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War of the United States government, and his associates.

"After the surrender, Capt. Wirz, being very much abused by some of the prisoners who had been turned loose, wrote to Gen. Wilson, then in command of cavalry at Macon, that he, Wirz, was being badly treated, and he would thank him if he would send a guard to protect him. Now, look at the cowardly and dastardly manner resorted to to have him arrested. Gen. Wilson immediately sent one Capt. Henry E.

Noyes down to Andersonville, who went to Capt. Wirz and told him that he had come down after the prison records, which were delivered him at once. Noyes then told him that if he would come to Gen. Wilson, in order to furnish verbally any information that Gen. Wilson might need, he should have safe conduct going and coming, and would not be molested in any way. On his arrival at headquarters he was, in violation of every promise made to him and of every regulation of civilized warfare, seized, placed in close confinement, and sent to Washington, D. C., put in the old capitol prison, and held there, without letting his family see him until his mock trial began, which for one-sidedness and false swearing has hardly any equal in history. Holt and others had determined to hang him, and, it mattered not what the evidence was, it could not have changed their determination.

"One hundred and fifty-eight prisoners were placed on the stand for or against Wirz, and every witness who swore to the killing of and cruelty to prisoners swore that it was during the last of August and the month of September, 1864, when these alleged crimes were committed, and sixty-five of them, both for prosecution and defense, swore that during this whole time Capt. Wirz was either sick in bed or on sick leave, and such was the truth.

"Now, let us look at the character of Capt. Wirz, as shown by the official 'Records of the War of the Rebellion,' published by the United States government. [Here Dr. Kerr read several letters taken from the official records of the United States government, written by Capt. Wirz to Capt. Chapman, Acting Adjutant of Post, and Col. Chandler, C. S. A., earnestly entreating, and even imploring, that he be furnished better provisions for prisoners and better means for taking care of them.]

"'With the means at my disposal,' said Capt. Wirz, 'it is utterly impossible to take proper care of the prisoners. As long as 30,000 men are confined in one inclosure the proper policing and cleansing are impossible. A long confinement has depressed the spirits of thousands, and they are entirely in-



MRS. SEABROOK W. SYDNOR,
First Vice President Texas Division, U. D. C., Houston.

different. The rations are the same as those issued to our own men, one-third of a pound of bacon and one and one-fourth pounds of corn meal, or one pound of fresh beef in lieu of the bacon. Occasionally beans, molasses, and rice are issued. A good deal could yet be said as to how and why the prison is not in a better sanitary condition, but I deem it unnecessary, as you have yourself seen where the fault lies. I hope your official report will make such an impression on the authorities at Richmond that they will issue the necessary orders to enable us to get what we badly need.'

"Now compare this following letter with Capt. Wirz's, and see which is the heartless villain. This is an extract from a letter written by Col. A. J. Johnson, in command of the Federal prison at Rock Island: 'In the first place, instead of placing them [the Confederate prisoners] in fine, comfortable barracks with three large stoves in each, and as much coal as they can burn both day and night, I would place them in a pen with no shelter but the heavens, as our poor men were at Andersonville. Instead of giving them the same quality, and nearly the same quantity, of food as that the troops on duty receive, I would give them as nearly as possible the same quality and quantity of provisions that the fiendish Rebels gave our men, and instead of a constant issue of clothing, I would let them wear rags, as our poor men in the hands of the Rebels were compelled to do.'

"The Rock Island prison was established in December, 1863, and existed a little more than a year. During that time 2,484 Confederates were sent for confinement there. Nineteen hundred and twenty of them died there. Only 564 that entered its portals survived. Compare this with the worst death rate in any Southern prison, and the charges of neglect and cruelty are utterly disproved.

"After the farce of a trial which would be a disgrace in any civilized country was finished, a verdict of 'guilty' was pronounced, and was approved by President Andrew Johnson. After the trial quite a number of prominent Northern men made an effort to have the sentence changed. A few days before Wirz was executed, Mr. Louis Schade, counsel for the defense, made his last appeal. 'It was Capt. Wirz,' said Mr. Schade, in his letter, 'who furnished our boys with writing materials, that they might prepare a petition for exchange to be sent to Washington; who let about fifty drummer boys escape, in order that they might not endure the horrors of the stockade; and who sent twenty-six men North, that they might see, for the purpose of exchange, the President and the Secretary of War. If I had the government patronage and the prospect of an office or two, as has been the case with some of the witnesses in this trial, I do not doubt in the least that I can within four weeks find enough testimony to hang every member of the Wirz Military Commission, on any charge whatever, provided it is done before such a tribunal.' "

Dr. Kerr has power to entertain the listener indefinitely, owing to his varied and active service during the war. In his arms, it will be remembered, Albert Sidney Johnston breathed his last. He told an amusing story of how he outwitted some Federal soldiers who were seeking his life. He was on trial with Capt. Wirz, and after Wirz's execution he was attached to a hospital in Macon. Some of Gen. Wilson's brigade were in barracks near the town, and one of them recognized him and swore to have him hung as a spy. He went to camp for a friend, by whom he hoped to prove the charge, and while he was gone a friend of Dr. Kerr's rushed him up to his room, cut off his beard, trimmed his hair, smeared his face, breast, and arms with a mixture that made him look like a Mexican. Arrayed in fitting garments, he sallied forth

and held conversation with the soldiers who came to hang him. Then he went to his hospital and spread the report of his own apprehension, court-martial, and hanging. All the staff believed him, and he was not recognized until he could no longer control his laughter.

TRIBUTE TO MR. DAVIS FROM THE PACIFIC.

From the far-away State of Washington comes an earnest tribute to President Davis. Comrade E. H. Lively, prominently identified with the Southern element of that section, has been active to keep Confederate sentiment alive in the hearts of those who have drifted away from their Southland, perhaps nevermore to reach its borders. He writes:

"Richmond, Va., the seven-hilled city of the South, and which bore the brunt of the War between the States, it is gratifying to know, is the resting place of President Jefferson Davis, where will be located the monument to that typical Southern soldier, statesman, and patriot. He was the repre-



E. H. LIVELY.

sentative of the Southern people, their patriotism, their magnificent hospitality and excellence, the personification of their chivalry and nobility. In beholding this monument to departed worth, future generations, in the great march of time, will read the never-dying history of the sixties, the Southern landmark directing future civilization, that the quicksands and whirlpools on our political chart may be strongly emphasized.

"The significance of the memorial will be that of an all-the-while benediction upon the heads of the Southern people, who upheld him as long as there was any possible strength. Just here we rise to the importance and majesty of the occasion, and utter the matchless command through Father Ryan:

'Go, Glory, and forever guard
Our President's hallowed dust;
And, Honor, keep eternal ward;
And, Fame, be this thy trust!'

PRIZE DRILL AT CANTON, MISS.

Col. J. R. Buford, of Duck Hill, Miss., writes Capt. Thomas Gibson, correcting several errors of importance. The letter was written December 29, 1902:

"You ask who presented the flag at the prize drill in Canton. Mrs. Douglas Latimer, a young widow, was the lady. Comrade Ewell Hord, of the Third Kentucky, is wrong in many particulars in his article, December VETERAN, and I repeat his language to him: 'How fearfully these old veterans get things mixed!'

"I can prove by war records that Gen. Hardee never commanded this department, and consequently could not have drilled his (the Third Kentucky) regiment. And further, had Hardee been the department commander, he would scarcely have drilled a regiment, for such a thing as a lieutenant general's drilling a regiment is unheard of—until Comrade Hord wrote. Gen. Polk was in command of the department, and in this I am sure you will agree with me. Comrade Hord is mistaken again about the circumstances that brought about the drill. These are the facts: When Gen. Polk reviewed Loring's Division at Canton, as the Fifteenth Mississippi passed the reviewing stand, he asked what regiment that was, and was informed that it was the Fifteenth Mississippi. After the division passed, he requested Gen. Loring to have the regiment brought back, as he wished to see it drill. We returned and, in the presence of Gens. Polk, Loring, Adams, and Buford, drilled for some time, after which Gen. Polk turned to Gen. Loring and remarked: 'I never saw that drilling equaled at West Point.' This compliment soon spread over the division, and Col. Thompson concluded that his Third Kentucky could beat the Fifteenth Mississippi, and this contention finally ended in the prize drill. Hord is mistaken again as to the number of men in each regiment. Each regiment was to carry 300 men into the drill. We did not have 800 men, as Hord states, for we had passed through several hard-fought battles and at Fishing Creek, Ky., lost 227 men and at Shiloh 234, besides many that had died from disease and others discharged; hence 800 was more than we had names on our muster rolls. Comrade Hord is mistaken again as to the judges of that drill. He says Adams, Buford, and Hardee were the judges. Neither of these officers was a judge. Hardee was not present, and of course Gens. Adams and Buford would not have been selected to judge their own men, being interested parties. The judges were Gen. W. H. Jackson, of the cavalry; Col. Thomas M. Scott, of the Twelfth Louisiana; and Col. Forney, of Forney's Battalion. He mistakes again when he said it took them some time to decide. Their decision was given in less than fifteen minutes after the drill ceased. Again he mistakes about the decision being a great surprise to all, the ladies especially being dissatisfied. I have never yet seen any one who witnessed the drill but said the decision was correct. I will say, however, that the Third Kentucky had a splendidly drilled regiment, composed of as brave men as ever fought beneath the stars and bars, and we claimed to excel them only in the manual of arms, for as to field movement they were in every respect our equals."

FATEFUL FIGHTING AT FORT FISHER.

A reunion of the men of both sides who immortalized Fort Fisher, at the mouth of Cape Fear River, twenty miles below Wilmington, N. C., occurred on August 12, 1903. It may be the first of annual reunions. The attendance was from six hundred to eight hundred. Gov. Aycock was of the party, and made an address.

The first speaker introduced was Eugene S. Martin, Esq., of Wilmington. He referred in eloquent words to the great battle, and said they stood up and did all that men could do, and then laid down their arms. It was the most memorable bombardment ever known in the world's history. The Confederates fought like men against the terrific assault, acted like men, and our enemies were the first to pay tribute to our heroic deeds, which made Fort Fisher immortal. "You acted like men," said he to the survivors. "Your manhood and patriotism were never equaled before nor since, and you rest on the laurels you attained. While you glory in the acts you achieved, it is also becoming that you give credit to the foe, to the heroic courage of the senior officer in charge of the forces that landed and plunged into the jaws of death. It is pleasant to think that the bitterness has been swept away. Time has brought forth the truth, and for it we are mainly indebted to those who captured the fort. It had but one thousand men to defend a fort one and three-fourths miles long, and of that number many were sick and absent and some disabled in the first fight. They had 600 guns, 10,500 Federal troops, and 2,000 sailors and marines. In Capt. Parker, standing here, I have a witness that the sailors and marines did not attack without resistance, for they never got in at all. Four hundred of the flower of the American navy were killed by our forces within thirty minutes, and we made them do as they have never done before or since—retire in disorderly retreat. The few men on the left could not hold the ramparts, and the gallant hero, Gen. Curtis, took advantage of this weakness and planted the first Federal flag on the fortification and fired on my men. On the left, defending the bridge, two pieces of artillery drove back two brigades twice, in the first killing and wounding nearly all the men, and in the second almost repeating it to those who went to the relief. After being driven back the second time, they discovered that they could get on the ramparts. Then two brigades came into the fort. From that time, 3:30 in the afternoon, with ten to one in numbers against you, you fought them until 9 P.M., when every cartridge was exploded.

"I am not much at complimenting the ladies. I have often said that North Carolina, so justly first in the Confederacy for troops, had behind them women noted for devoted and self-sacrificing patriotism. They sent boys from their apron strings to fight. The first killed at Fort Fisher was one of those darling boys. The women of North Carolina are unsurpassed in self-sacrificing devotion to their country.

"I am glad to meet Capt. Parker. I wish I could have met Gen. Curtis here. On one occasion, when I was in New York, they gave me a glorious welcome. Gen. Curtis told me of your gallantry. I told them we never raised the white flag, and they applauded as if they were Rebels. I am glad of a reunited country. In one of those charges made under Stonewall Jackson, the immortal soldier, a young man was shot down on the battlefield. He was carried to his Tennessee home and buried on a beautiful hill. The people of the town assembled to do him honor. They erected a monument to him, and on it made this inscription: 'Here Lies a Hero Who Gave His Life for His Country.' In the last war with Spain, at the battle of San Juan Hill, under Theodore Roosevelt, a soldier was shot and killed on the field. His body was sent to the same village in Tennessee, and he was buried by the side of his father. A monument was erected, and on it was this inscription: 'Here Lies a Hero Who Died Fighting for His Country.' This is a true illustration of the reuniting of two sections. I have never apologized for

what I did. I know the Southern States had a right to secede, and I would do over again what I did."

The battles occurred January 13, 14, and 15, 1865. Other speeches were made by Col. Lamb, who defended the fort, and by Capt. Parker, who was in the Federal army and participated in the assault. Capt. Parker was Schley's chief counsel in his late trial before the Naval Board. After the speaking, Capt. Parker introduced the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas one of the most memorable battles of the War between the States, and the fiercest bombardment since the invention of gunpowder, took place at this historic spot on January 13-15, 1865, it is eminently right and proper that we, the veterans of the blue and the gray, should make an effort to have the heroism of these brave men perpetuated to the remotest generation; therefore be it

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to use our influence with our Senators and members of the House of Representatives to ask Congress to restore the old fort and create a park which will remain an everlasting monument to the brave Americans who took part in that bloody struggle."

MONUMENT TO WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

"Justitia," of Montgomery, sends the following under caption "Honor to Whom Honor Is Due:"

"Gen. A. P. Stewart has said some excellent and eloquent things on this subject; so have many others, notably our Commander in Chief, Gen. John B. Gordon, at the reunion in New Orleans and elsewhere. The subject has been agitated in Camps and at reunions for several years. It has been called a new movement. It is as old as the dead dust of the roses that were first strewn upon the graves of the Confederate dead, and as imperishable as the attar which breathes again when time unseals the jar. Before me lies the yellowing manuscript of an address spoken and published in Montgomery, Ala., in April, 1865. The writer and speaker was Veteran E. P. Morrisett, a member of Camp Lomax. The following is a quotation:

"THE MAY OFFERING, APRIL, 1866.

"The ladies of Montgomery, moved by the spirit which is instinctive with their sex and characteristic of that devotion manifested by them during the late struggle for Southern independence, to give practical expression to these emotions of sympathy and gratitude for the martyred heroes in a cherished but unsuccessful cause, purpose giving on the first day of May next a grand offering, tableaux, and concert, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the removal and decent interment of the remains of Alabama soldiers who gave their lives for their country and whose bones now lie unburied and neglected on every battlefield from the Susquehanna to the Mississippi.

"While no political significance is intended by this exhibition of veneration for the memory of those who perished in a cause they believed just and holy, still the ladies of Montgomery are not ashamed nor afraid to confess that they do honor the cause in which fell their fathers, husbands, brothers, lovers; that they never shall believe that these went down to dishonorable graves, traitors to their country, because, forsooth, their efforts for independence were less successful than those which liberated our forefathers from the tyrannical rule of George III.

"No, it is not desired to gangrene the wounds of the recent conflict that are not healed by any exhibitions that

savor of partisan feeling, but to pay the last sad tribute to the remains of those whose living relatives are everywhere among us, and whose patriotic impulses are mingled with the tender and sacred attachments of domestic ties. Who can fail to respond to this noble cause of the ladies of Montgomery? Is there one in whose bosom ever throbbed a Southern sentiment who can withhold his encouragement and assistance from this sacred enterprise? Let the result of this exhibition answer. How appropriate, how consistent with their past patriotic services, how illustrative of their appreciation of valor and that chastity of chivalric honor that feels a stain as a wound, is it that the ladies should inaugurate and control this last pious tribute to the mortal remains of our lamented, heroic dead.

"Beholding this sublime spectacle of the beauty of the land, gathering around to preserve from insult and to scatter with flowers the graves of the brave, we are in doubt which most to admire, the heroic sacrifices of the one or the grateful devotion of the other. And while the ladies of the South are giving thus still another proof of their grateful appreciation of the sacrifices of the soldiers, cannot their surviving comrades fix upon some suitable tribute commemorative of the devotion, constancy, patriotic endurance and sublime self-sacrificing spirit displayed by the women of our late revolution? Can we not here in Montgomery, where the spirit of liberty first flashed into a clearly defined plan of resistance, here where the ladies were first in their smiles to cheer on the brave and last in their tears to linger about their graves, can we not here erect to the memory of their deeds a lofty Corinthian monument whose summit shall pierce the skies and whose graceful shaft shall be covered, not like the obelisk of Luxor, with mystic characters of a forgotten tongue, but upon all its sides, from the base to the capital, let it commemorate in our native language the names and glorious deeds of the women of our own dear Southern land?

"Montgomery, Ala., April, 1866.

"The above speaks for itself. So far as the writer has seen or heard, this was the first occasion when such a suggestion was made, and deserved to be placed on record in the *VETERAN*."

A fair will be held at Greensboro, N. C., in October, during the general reunion of North Carolinians, and the Daughters of the Confederacy there will have a booth for the sale of relics and souvenirs of the Confederacy. They are anxious to have a good collection, and parties having things for sale or who are willing to donate will help a good cause by communicating with Mrs. E. B. Brodnax, President. They wish, also, to get a gavel from some historic spot honored by North Carolina valor.

A lady from the North asks: "In the rush of defeat at Chickamauga, what became of Rosecrans's field hospital? Were the surgeons and all captured, or what happened?" She would also be glad to get any authentic war reminiscences to use in a book for young people.

F. G. Barry, of West Point, Miss., wants to know if Lieut. White, of Company E, Eighth Confederate Cavalry, is living. He has not heard of him since the surrender, but thinks he went to his old home in Virginia. He would also like to hear of "glorious" old Bill Logan, second lieutenant.



REV. T. V. ROBINSON.

The late Rev. Thomas Verney Robinson, of the Paulist Fathers, New York City, was a Confederate veteran. On his mother's side he was a descendant of Pocahontas, and paternally of a prominent Irish physician, who was a distinguished member of the United Irishmen, forced to flee for his life after the execution of Robert Emmet.

When the war broke out Father Robinson, who was of an intensely religious nature, was a theological student in the Episcopal Seminary at Alexandria, Va. He had entered there a short time before, having made part of the course of the Virginia Military Institute. Previous to that he had reached his graduating year at William and Mary College.

His parents were very wealthy, and young Robinson was brought up in affluence, having his own body servant, and his early life surrounded with every luxury. When Virginia seceded he left the seminary and enlisted as a private soldier in the Richmond Howitzers. With them he remained till after the battle of Chancellorsville, partaking of the wonderful experiences of the war in Virginia. Though offered a commission, he refused it, and remained in the ranks by preference. In the early summer of 1863 his health broke down, and he was induced to accept the place of ordnance sergeant. At the surrender of Richmond and Petersburg he remained too long at his post, and was captured. After a short imprisonment on Ward's Island, New York harbor, he was released by the termination of the war.

His family was made penniless by the war, and he was for several months in great straits for the necessities of life in New York City. He obtained employment as school-teacher and private tutor. Meanwhile his mind had been working anxiously upon religious questions. Finally he was received into the Catholic Church by the late Monsignor Preston, of New York City, and soon after that joined the Paulist Fathers.

After he had made his studies he was, in 1872, ordained priest. His career as a priest was greatly distinguished by his love for the poor and the sick, whom for many years he visited, assisted, consoled, and every way loved. Some ten years ago his health, weakened by the hardships of the war, was much enfeebled.

His allegiance to the Confederate cause was something wonderful. He never faltered in it. To him, as to so many other heroic souls of the South, there was no "lost cause." Wholly devoid of bitterness, he was yet steadfast and outspoken in his loyalty to the great movement for Southern independence.

[See brief sketch with picture in August VETERAN. Observe in it also an error designating him as a Jesuit priest instead of Paulist priest.—ED.]

CAPT. W. G. HAWKINS.

The death of Capt. W. G. Hawkins at his home, Jacksonville, Fla., is much regretted by many friends. He had been ill for about ten days with congestion of the brain. Few men were better known in his city and county than Capt. Hawkins, and none made a better record for conscientious

discharge of duty as an upright citizen. The golden rule was his aim, and he came as near obeying it as it was possible.

Capt. Hawkins went to Jacksonville at the close of the great war, and engaged in pile-driving and dock-building. He constructed many docks between Jacksonville and Sanford, on the St. Johns River. For the past several years he had held the position of county license and sanitary inspector, and he was ever efficient in the discharge of his duty as an officer.

Capt. Hawkins was a prominent Mason. As a Confederate he served his native South well, and came out of the war with many scars. He was promoted for his gallantry on the field to the captaincy of his company—A, Twenty-Fourth South



CAPT. HAWKINS.

Carolina Infantry. He was a native of White County, Tenn., his parents moving to Charleston in his infancy. Of his immediate family Capt. Hawkins left only a wife.

The funeral was conducted by Rector Rev. W. E. Warren in the Episcopal Church. The interment at Evergreen Cemetery was by the Masonic fraternity. The R. E. Lee Camp, of which Comrade Hawkins was past Commander, attended in a body. A Jacksonville paper says of him: "He was a faithful public officer, scrupulously performing his duties, yet with a kindness toward the poor and needy that endeared him to all with whom he came in contact; and if ever a man was fitted to enter the 'kingdom of heaven,' he was that man."

A committee comprised of R. H. Weller, E. F. Gilbert, and H. H. Love adopted resolutions, in which they say:

"The latest bereavement in this Camp of Confederate Veterans is in the death of Past Commander William G. Hawkins, who died in the sixty-eighth year of his age on the 13th of June at his home in this city.

"As a man, an earnest Christian, a loyal and useful citizen, he was true in all the relations of life, in official positions,

prompt in duty and faithful in its discharge. As a soldier at the outbreak of the war between the States he enlisted as a private and rose later to be captain of his company. The wound in Company A, Twenty-Fourth South Carolina Regiment, and rose later to be captain of his company. The wound from which he suffered in all his after life was received in the battle of Big Black River, Mississippi, in the fruitless efforts to stop the advance of the Federal army on Vicksburg.

"For his strong and upright manhood, his honorable character as a soldier, a citizen and faithful Christian, we record his departure with appreciation of his life and deep sorrow.

"Resolved, That we express to his stricken widow our most heartfelt sympathy at her loss."

"GRANDMA" BARBARA PALMER.

The Sherman (Tex.) *Register* contains an interesting sketch of the late venerable Mrs. Barbara Parmer, who died recently at the great age of ninety-seven years. For over seventy years she was a zealous member of the Methodist Church. She was the last of the pioneers who organized the Methodist Church at Plattsburg in 1832. Early in the war her husband and sons who were old enough enlisted for service, and "she wore her hands to the very quick in helping the boys in gray." She is survived by Allen and Ed Parmer, Wichita Falls; Tom Parmer, Eldorado; Mrs. J. C. Dorser, Sherman, Tex.; and Mrs. Mollie Thompson, Guthrie, Okla.

The *Register* says: "Mrs. Parmer was known and loved by every Confederate soldier in Northwest Texas, and indeed was almost idolized by those who for ten years or more past met in annual reunion with Camp Stonewall Jackson, of Archer County; and no one of the great throngs who attended the reunions of that Camp took greater pleasure or seemed happier at the meeting and greeting of the veterans than did Grandma Parmer, by which title she was always affectionately addressed. Stonewall Jackson Camp will miss her."

J. CASH COLOGNE.

J. Cash Cologne, a prominent citizen of Marshall, Va., died May 29, 1903. He was a gallant Confederate soldier of the Seventeenth Virginia Infantry, Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, A. N. V. He enlisted in the Warrenton Rifles, a mere boy, at Warrenton, Va., in 1861, and fought through to the surrender at Appomattox, participating in the first fight on Virginia soil, at Fairfax Courthouse (where his captain, John Q. Marr, was killed), the first and second battles of Bull Run, Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, Gettysburg, all the battles in the wilderness and around Richmond in which Pickett's Division was engaged. He always bore himself as a true man and a brave soldier. He and Pen Jordan (who now lives in Memphis, Tenn.) were the principal scouts in front of the lines between Richmond and Petersburg where J. Cash Cologne was captured, thrown into a dungeon in Fortress Monroe, and sentenced to be shot; but the United States officer in command of the fort learning that Maj. Auld, in Richmond, held as hostage for him one of their colonels, he was released unconditionally. A wound received in one of the battles gave him much trouble, and finally caused his death.

CHARLES WILLARD.

On Sunday afternoon, July 26, at 4:30 o'clock, the remains of Charles Willard were consigned to their last resting place in Mt. Olivet Cemetery. He was born in Nashville in 1852, and died June 10, 1903, at his home in Waverly Place. Mr. Willard had been in bad health for six weeks before his death, and,

while cognizant of the approaching end, had no dread of the dark journey. Strict integrity, faithfulness to every trust, and unselfishness to the last degree were his conspicuous characteristics. He was an exemplary member of the M. E. Church, South, living a quiet, helpful life. He was a husband of model character, a kind father, and a friend to trust. He enjoyed the esteem and friendship of his entire acquaintance, and his loss as a Christian, citizen, relative, and friend is deeply regretted. Though too young to enter the army, his sympathies were ardently with those who wore the gray. He was devoted to the Confederate Veteran. His brother, William Warren Willard, was in the service of the Confederacy, and fell in the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., September 1, 1864.

D. N. ALLEY.

D. N. Alley was born in Texas in the year 1840, and departed this life July 6, 1903, at Jefferson, Tex., where he had always resided, except for a few years after the war, when he went to California.

He entered the Confederate army early as a private in Company G, Third Texas Cavalry, and was promoted to first



D. N. ALLEY.

lieutenant of his company. He served with his regiment as infantry for a year in Ector's Brigade; but on being remounted the regiment formed a part of the brigade under Gen. Sul E. Ross, of Texas. He was appointed by Gen. Ross to the command of the "Brigade Scouts," and was complimented by him as one of the bravest and most daring officers in that famous brigade. After the war ended he became a useful citizen, helping to rebuild the shattered ruins of his State and country.

CHARLES FITZENREITER.

The funeral of Charles Fitzenreiter, who was a member of the famous Fenner's Louisiana Battery of New Orleans, took place at his late residence, Lake Charles, under the auspices of Calcasieu Camp, No. 63, U. C. V. The services were conducted in part at the residence by the veterans, after which the cortège proceeded to the Catholic church, where services were conducted by Father Peters. The remains were taken to the family resting place at Goosport, where a beautiful and impressive ceremony was conducted by Chaplain M. E. Shaddock. Comrade W. H. Albertson

delivered a few impressive remarks upon the death of our late comrade, which struck deep into the hearts of the assembly and the old guard of veterans. The funeral arrangements were in charge of Maj. W. A. Knapp. The coffin was covered with a Confederate battle flag. The pall bearers were Maj. W. H. Albertson, Surgeon L. C. Richardson, Adjutant Phil Jacobs, Chaplain M. E. Shaddock, Lieut. J. C. Lableu, M. J. Guzman, C. P. Hampton, E. H. Green, Z. Langley, and Eugene Borrow.

JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.

John Paul Bocock was the son of Rev. John Holmes Bocock, D.D., who was the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Georgetown, D. C. When the war broke out, like many another Southerner north of the Potomac, he came back to Virginia to "suffer with his people." He was a man of brilliant scholarship and was one of the ablest pulpit orators ever produced by his State. He, Dr. Bocock, was a brother of Thomas S. Bocock, who was the only speaker the Confederate Congress ever had. He was also of a prominent Virginia family on the mother's side, his maternal uncle being the well-known James L. Kemper, who, with Armistead and Garnett, led Pickett's Division up Cemetery Ridge on the third day of Gettysburg. Gen. Kemper was afterwards Governor of Virginia.

John Paul Bocock took the degree of Master of Arts at Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va., when only nineteen years of age, under the presidency of Gen. Custis Lee, oldest son of Robert Lee. He was regarded as one of the most brilliant alumni ever sent forth by this great school, so indissolubly connected with the name and last days of our chieftain Lee. After practicing law a few years in Cincinnati, John P. Bocock devoted himself to journalism, first in Philadelphia, then in New York. He had been a frequent contributor to the *North American Review*, Harper's publications, and other standard periodicals. As a student, collector, and translator of "Horace," he had no superior in this country perhaps. He was translating the odes into English poetry for the *Boston Bibliophile* at the time of his last illness. His last article, "A Début in American Scholarship," appeared in *Harper's Weekly* June 20, 1903, three days after his death.

REV. F. L. ALLEN.

Col. W. B. Woody writes from Rockdale, Tex.:

"Another Christian officer and soldier has gone to meet the honored in that upper and better land. Thus ended the earthly pilgrimage of Rev. F. L. Allen August 1, 1903.

"Comrade Allen was born in Forsyth County, Ga., February 5, 1835. His ancestry was a part of the true-blooded Christians who planted both Christianity and liberty in this land of ours. In obedience to the call of his country in 1861 he volunteered in a company that formed a part of the Third Georgia State Troops that enlisted for six months, after which he organized a cavalry company and was elected its captain. This company was Company F, of the Third Georgia Cavalry, and they were always in the front line of that world-famous fighter, Gen. Joe Wheeler. . . . After the surrender at Appomattox he laid down his arms, returned to a devastated home, and set to work to rebuild that once happy country. Later, he moved to Texas, settling in Fayette County. He joined the M. E. Church, South, and soon became a preacher. No man did more to build up Texas, and at the same time win souls to Christ, than this good man.

"For the last ten years he was a member of Camp Sam Davis, U. C. V., and soon after joining was elected its chap-

lain. His prayers over our dead still linger in our memories, and will be a guide to our tottering steps until we too shall meet him again around that camp of everlasting joy. . . .

"On Sunday morning at ten o'clock, followed by the largest funeral procession ever seen in Rockdale, we laid this comrade's body to rest in the city cemetery until the day when all the dead shall rise to meet our Lord in the air.

"Soon after Camp Sam Davis was organized, Comrade Allen and the writer were made a Committee on Memorials, and now he is gone. Let me ask: Who will write for me?"

DR. JOHN T. DONEGHY.

From a paper of March 4, 1863, the following is taken:

"Died at Boston Mountain, Ark., November 3, 1862, Dr. J. T. Doneghy. At the time the War between the States was inaugurated Dr. Doneghy was a practicing physician at Weston, Mo. For several years previous he had lived with his family in the city of Indianapolis, Ind., where he was popular as a man and as a physician, and where he left many esteemed friends. He located as above stated. He was warm-hearted, impulsive, and devoted to friends, but was unrelenting toward his enemies, politically speaking. Having been born and educated in Kentucky, he was a strong advocate of Southern rights and Southern institutions. Consequently when the war between the North and the South was precipitated he took the side of the South. He neither desired nor intended to engage in the terrible struggle, but the single alternative was left him, either to be torn from his family and incarcerated in some cheerless prison or to unite his destiny with that of the Southern army.

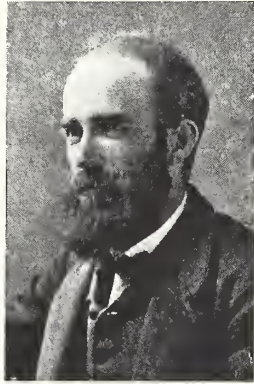
"At Lexington, Mo., under Maj. Gen. Sterling Price, he was given the position of surgeon of Cornell's Missouri Cavalry Regiment. He served his regiment faithfully and well, and won the confidence and esteem of all who had to do with him. Zealous in everything he undertook, he labored unceasingly for the cause in which he engaged. Sometimes his colonel would humor him by permitting him to accompany a body of troops on a scouting expedition. He was always in front, ready to face danger, for he feared nothing. At the memorable battle of Pea Ridge he went into the fight at the head of the column, alongside the colonel, and was severely wounded. When again ready for military duty, Dr. Doneghy accepted the position of surgeon of Col. Emmit McDonald's St. Louis Regiment.

"About the 1st of November, 1862, in company with a small detachment of the regiment, he went on a scouting expedition, and came upon a small band of the enemy concealed in a house near Boston Mountain, Ark., when he rode up in front of the house and demanded an immediate surrender, at the same time presenting his pistol at the officer in command. The demand was refused, his pistol snapped, failing to discharge, and he instantly received a shot which terminated his life in a few moments. Manfully and nobly he expired with scarcely a struggle, and his companions in arms all felt and admitted that a good and brave man had fallen. He died wearing justly the proud appellation of one of the bravest, if not the bravest, men of his regiment. He left a young wife and daughter of six summers, who still live in Missouri. Having to leave his family so suddenly seemed to trouble him more than all things else. He was a Freemason in good standing. He was decently buried, under the supervision of Lieut. Col. M. L. Young, in a little graveyard near the spot from which his spirit winged its flight up to the God who gave it.

"Dr. Doneghy was a brother of James Doneghy, of Jackson County, Mo., who died in the Confederate service at Lamar, Barton County, Mo., a few days after his brother."

JAMES M. LEECH.

Comrade J. M. Leech died at Bellbuckle, Tenn., August 19, 1903. He was a venerable man, a devout Christian. Four years of his life were given to the Confederate artillery service. His efficiency in that service, as in all else, is confirmed in the fact that he was chosen the private secretary of Gen. Robert E. Lee while president of the Washington (now Washington and Lee) University. This intimate relationship enabled him to know Gen. Lee better than most men, and it is needless to say that, contrary to rule, the more closely observed the greater he was. When Gen. Lee died Mr. Leech came to Nashville, and was made bursar of the Vanderbilt University. Afterwards he engaged in the business department of the Methodist Publishing House, where he was employed continuously until his death—about sixteen years. After making his residence in Nashville, Mr. Leech married the widow of John Boyser, who made him a truly devoted companion, and by whom they were blessed with two children, Josephine and Harry Leech. Comrade Leech was truly a noble man, a fit associate of Robert E. Lee, and whose pure life may well be imitated, or at least attempted, by those of loftiest ambition for life's best achievements.



J. M. LEECH.

CAPT. JAMES LAFAYETTE SMITH.

John W. Jordan, Adjutant General, Indian Territory Division, U. C. V., writes concerning a comrade:

"Capt. J. L. Smith died at his home in Tahlequah, Ind. T., August 18, 1903, aged sixty-seven years. He was a native of Jackson County, Ala. He enlisted in the Confederate army in the spring of 1861 in the Fourth Arkansas Infantry, and was badly wounded at Shiloh. He was transferred to Company K, Fourth Alabama Cavalry, as captain. He was captured twice, and escaped each time. He had lived with the Cherokees twenty-one years, and was a noble citizen, honored by all who knew him.

"Capt. Smith was laid to rest in the Tahlequah cemetery by devoted Confederate comrades, and his casket was draped with our battle flag, that he loved so well, and with the stars and stripes."

JOHN ANTHONY LANDRUM.

J. A. Landrum, a devoted member of A. McDonald Camp, Missoula, Mont., died at his home, Stevensville, on June 24, 1903, aged sixty-one years. He was born in Pike County, Mo., and did gallant service in the Confederate cavalry under Gen. Sterling Price. He leaves two daughters, Mrs. Charles Buck and Miss Etta Landrum; and these, with many warm friends, deeply mourn his loss.

ROBERT SYLVESTER OWEN.

Robert S., son of Dr. John and Mrs. Anna K. Owen, was born in Tuscaloosa, Ala., April 28, 1825; and died May 25, 1903. He was educated in the University of Alabama, and admitted to the bar at Tuscaloosa. He moved to California in 1849, and remained six years.

He served in the Confederate army under Gen. Wheeler, doing his full duty as a soldier. On receiving the cross of

honor, he said he hoped for a "crown of glory in the hereafter." He had fine literary and musical talents, and was a great reader. Many of his "Sketches of the War" were published in the *Sunny South*. His ready wit and interesting reminiscences did not fail him. He died a devout Christian.

CAPT. JAMES M. CARSON.

James Marsh Carson was born in Charleston August, 1831; and died at Sumter, S. C., February 17, 1888. He graduated at the South Carolina College in the class of 1850, with Barnwell, Rion, Elliott, Bratton, Gist, and others, all of whom were afterwards conspicuous in the history of the State. Entering upon a commercial career in 1851, he soon became active in business circles, and quickly won, and retained through life, the confidence and respect of the entire community.

His membership in the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, began early, and ended only with his life. Handsome in person, of soldierly bearing, scholarly tastes, and winsome manners, he was very popular.

When the War between the States developed, the Washington Light Infantry was mustered in as a part of the Twenty-Fifth South Carolina Volunteers, Hagood's Brigade, and formed the first two companies of that famous command.

James M. Carson was appointed captain of Company A, and served throughout the war in that capacity. During the battle of Fort Sumter he so equaled every emergency that he became a trusted leader.

When Fort Sumter was evacuated by Maj. Anderson, Capt. Carson was sent with his company to take possession of and



CAPT. JAMES MARSH CARSON.

(In dress uniform used before and after the War between the States by the Washington Light Infantry, Charleston, S. C.)

garrison the fort. He often visited the lookouts at the most exposed points, and chatted cheerfully and encouragingly to his men while shells were shrieking and bursting on every side. Eleven of his men were killed by the falling of a casemate. In the battles of Walthall Junction, Secessionville, Battery Wagner, Drury's Bluff, Petersburg, and Fort Fisher, he was complimented for distinguished service. While leading the charge at Swift's Creek, he was severely wounded in the arm.

On his return to duty the command of a North Carolina regiment was tendered him, but he declined the offer, preferring to remain with his old Washington Light Infantry.

January 10, 1865, Capt. Carson was placed in command of the regiment, Col. Simonton having been assigned to the command of Fort Caswell. Soon afterwards the regiment was ordered to Fort Fisher; and, while repulsing an attack there, Capt. Carson was wounded in the head, captured, and taken to a Northern prison, where he was confined until the general surrender. (See notice of reunion at Fort Fisher in this VETERAN.)

At a memorial service held in his honor soon after his death by the Washington Light Infantry, numerous tributes to his courage and manliness were paid by his friends. His command ever placed unbounded confidence in his judgment, and he was a welcome guest with every mess. On the weary march, under burning sun, or through rain and sleet, he scattered words of good cheer. He was firm in discipline, alert in emergencies, brave and intrepid in battle, and his battle cry was always: "Boys, follow me!"

Beloved by comrades and friends and the idol of his family, his death was deeply regretted by all who knew him.

DR. A. B. FLINT.

Dr. A. B. Flint was born March 18, 1835; and died July 5, 1903. He entered the Confederate army as a private in the Tenth Texas Infantry. He was educated under the careful training of "Old Master," Rev. J. T. McKinzie, at Clarksville, Tex. He had studied medicine under Dr. Stone at New Orleans, and soon after entering the army he was appointed assistant surgeon of the regiment. He was promoted later to surgeon of Ector's Brigade, and when the war closed he was surgeon of French's Division. After the war he returned to his home and engaged in the practice of medicine, with great success. Dr. Flint was a useful and highly respected citizen in all the walks of life. He was an influential member of the Twenty-Fifth Legislature of Texas.



DR. A. B. FLINT.

GEN. T. N. WAUL.

The particulars of Gen. T. N. Waul's death have not yet been received by the VETERAN. The first news comes from Miss Katie Daffan. Her report for the Chapter states:

"The Ennis Chapter sincerely mourns the death of Gen. T. N. Waul, one of our noblest and best, a truly devoted patriot, and part of our loved cause, the firm believer and sympathizer in each line of our beloved work. Until his last day were the memories, tender reminiscence, folklore, song, and story of his adored South green and fragrant to him.

"On the journey to the great beyond he went as a soldier, wearing the faithful gray coat that had covered his warm beating heart in the thickest of the battle. One of the best Chap-

ters in the Texas Division bears his name—the T. N. Waul, at Hearne. He was deeply touched when this excellent Chapter honored him, as well as themselves, in giving their Chapter his name. He felt much pride and loving interest in their growth. We mourn for him as for the true patriot. We extend genuine sympathy to the wife and children, who will miss him from the fireside.

They leave us so fast, our heroes in gray,
And we love them and miss them so;

Their great regiments are forming on Glory's bright plain;
Angels meet them when onward they go."

A. J. REYNOLDS.

A. J. Reynolds, a prominent citizen of Fort Myers, Fla., died suddenly at that place one day in August. He had for some years been a sufferer from heart trouble, but had never allowed this to depress his naturally bright and joyous nature. Comrade Reynolds was born at Madisonville, Ky., in 1841. When the war broke out he was refused enlistment in that State, being considered a hopeless consumptive, and went to Tennessee and enlisted in the Fourth Regiment. He was severely wounded in the battle of Shiloh, and given an honorable discharge to go home and die; but he recovered and enlisted in Company A, Tenth Kentucky Cavalry, with which he served as orderly sergeant, being wounded three times. He was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865. He taught school after the war, and in 1867 married Miss Nannie A. Clayton, who, with three children, survives him. He led the life of a farmer till 1872, then engaged in mercantile business in Dixon, Ky. On account of ill health he removed to Welaka, Fla., and was eminently successful in his undertaking until the disastrous freeze of 1894-95, which injured his orange groves so they never recovered; so in 1899 he removed to Fort Myers and engaged in business with his son, in which he was also successful. He was esteemed by his fellow-citizens.

J. Z. SHUGERT.

J. Z. Shugert, Adjutant of Armistead Camp, U. C. V., was buried on the 18th of August at the cemetery in Chase City, Va. After the conclusion of the religious services, Capt. T. D. Jeffress assembled the comrades present around the grave and, amid the impressive silence, made an appropriate and touching address; then read the Confederate burial service, concluding by placing a small, furled Confederate battle flag upon the grave to molder in the dust with this faithful comrade.

S. L. BOWDEN.

Samuel L. Bowden, an old and highly respected citizen of Granbury, Tex., died at his home there during the month of August. He went to Texas in 1866 from South Carolina, and during the war belonged to the celebrated Palmetto sharpshooters, Jenkins's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V., and at the battle of Antietam, with the rank of first sergeant, he commanded his company.

JOHN M. MCGHEE.

John M. McGhee, of Waco, Tex., died March 25, 1902. He was a sincere Christian and a loyal Confederate. He enlisted at the beginning of the war as first lieutenant of Company F, Sixteenth Alabama Regiment—Col. Wood's—and served through the war. His children hold as their most precious legacy the record of his service for the Confederacy.

At home - Sick July 31 - 1909

Ed Conant, Editor

*I have been quite sick all the week
can hardly write at all. - you will have to excuse
me this week. - yours*

Chas H Smith

The pathos of the foregoing is the more appreciated by those who know best the sad last days of "Bill Arp"—Maj. Charles H. Smith. They were the last lines he ever wrote. It will be seen that they were to the *Atlanta Constitution*, for which he had furnished weekly letters for more than a quarter of a century. In referring to these letters the *Constitution* says: "They were a reflex not alone of the rural South but of the active, thinking, rehabilitated South—a delightful admixture of unaffected wit, droll humor, sharp satire, common sense philosophy, reminiscent gossip, and realistic description. The good gray 'Sage of Bartow' was of the old school, and therefore, in the political sense, an irreconcilable; but only with respect to the South's few dearest prejudices. He was not a repiner. As much as he loved yesterday, he met the opportunities and obligations of to-day halfway, with cheery heart and clear eye. His counsel was wise and safe. His view point of life and affairs was healthy."

After great suffering and a prolonged illness that baffled the skill of his physicians, and when the life cord was nearly broken, his son, Dr. Ralph Smith (who had been called from his home at Jacksonville, Fla.), discovered gallstones and had them removed—a quantity beyond any ever known to the profession; they were as a double handful, in size from bird shot to butter beans, and looked as pebbles over which water had run for ages—but it was too late. There was not enough vitality remaining to enable him to rally again, and for a few days longer he remained in the unconscious state that he had been in for several days before, and then fell on sleep.

Maj. Smith lived at Rome, and practiced law when the great war broke out. He struck upon a humorous vein when his neighbors were furious at President Lincoln's call for 75,000 troops to subjugate the South. He read a paper that he had written to a group of friends, who urged that it be printed, but he was not inclined to sign it. Of the group

there was a country wag named "Bill" Arp, who volunteered, "Put my name to it." He soon became famous for his humorous treatment of serious subjects. His humor was of a subtle kind, and his philosophy was such as to create widespread interest in all he wrote. His papers dwelt largely upon members of his family and neighbors, and to those who knew them they were a perpetual treat. Nearly twenty years ago the writer sought data for a sketch of him—which sketch was used as a preface to one of his books—and the following characteristically concise note was received:

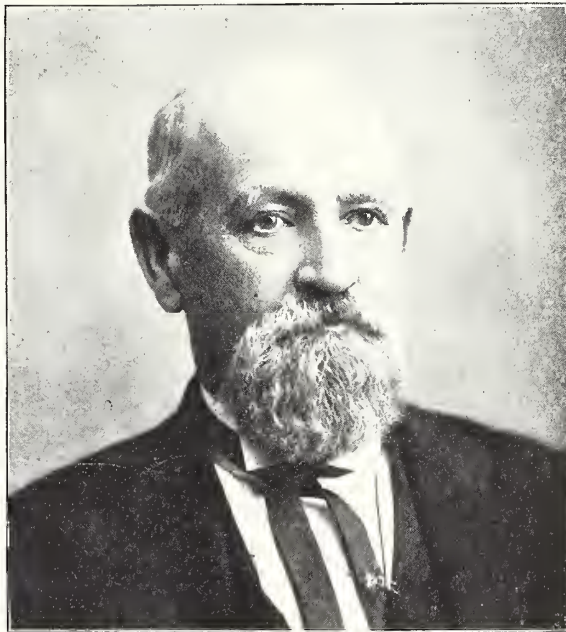
"Born in Gwinnett County in 1826. Father a native of Massachusetts, and mother from South Carolina. Father came to Savannah when a youth; taught school and wedded his pupil, and never returned North. B. A. grew up with all the other town boys, and was about as bad; went to school some and worked some; was brought up a merchant; went to college at Athens, Ga.; studied law and got married; and when the war came, commenced writing

rebellious letters, and continued to write while in Virginia in the army." This did not interfere with his service.

After the war, Maj. Smith bought a splendid farm near Cartersville, Ga., where he resided for several years.

It was while he was a farmer near Cartersville that the sketch was written, and it contains this paragraph:

"He is not a 'boss' on his own farm, but he always leads the gang of field hands; and both young and old, black and white among the neighbors have learned what it is to follow him down a corn row. He is proud of his mettle, and goes into all the work of a regular farm hand with a determination to outdo all who work with him. And while he lasts he keeps ahead, but he works too hard and fast to last long. A few years ago, from early dawn till ten o'clock he pushed hard his four grown sons, who would attempt to keep abreast of him; but suddenly he would stop, shoulder his hoe, and march for the front piazza, where he would cock his heels on



MAJ. CHARLES H. SMITH ("BILL ARP").

the banisters, light his pipe, and, with his hoe still in hand, as if he intended to return, would fall into cogitation, keeping one eye all the while on the four boys he had left in the field. By and by his hoe would be laid aside, and his pen become his weapon for the rest of the day. At noon he would go to the spring for a bucket of fresh water, with which to refresh the tired laborers. If the cook was away, he would go to the kitchen, slip in quietly, so as not to alarm Mrs. Arp, and get dinner for the family."

Twenty-four years ago this editor conducted a lecture tour for Maj. Smith through some of the Southern States. Both had a good time, and both shared equally the profits of the tour. The lecturer paid no attention whatever to the receipts, and the money was divided every few days. At the conclusion of the tour the manager, in making the last divide, made a mistake of \$20 in his own favor. Calling attention to the error as they journeyed home, the generous, noble, fatherly man said, as if talking to his own son: "I am sorry you found it." It illustrated his unselfish nature.

The funeral was held in the Presbyterian Church at Cartersville August 26, fellow-elders of the deceased being pallbearers. All business was suspended in the town, and the large church edifice was filled, while many could not get seats. Rev. E. H. White, the pastor, conducted the services, assisted by Rev. Mr. Christian, of the Methodist Church, while the address was by Rev. Sam Jones, and was designated "the most beautiful talk of his life." In part, he said:

"My neighbors and brethren, I count it a pathetic honor to mingle my tears and sorrow with you to-day, and to say a few words of sympathy and love to the bereaved family and this stricken community.

"Maj. C. H. Smith—'Bill Arp,' as we called him and love to call him still—was known around the world, and to-day we stop and bow our heads in sorrow and in respect, and millions join us in this token of respect and love to one whom they never saw perchance, but had learned to love him because he had lightened their burdens, soothed their sorrows, and helped them to meet life's difficulties more heroically and more joyfully. In the past few weeks of his illness I have traveled from Boston west to Nebraska, and many warm grips of the hand have I had everywhere as his friends would look me in the face and hold my hand and say: 'How is "Bill Arp?" Will he get well. O, if he should die, how could we spare him? How we shall miss his weekly message of philosophy, facts, and love!' No man of all my knowledge had more friends than he, and none fewer enemies.

"What he wrote has made many a man a better husband, and many a woman a better wife, and many a child a more dutiful son or daughter. He was a kindly husband and unselfish father, a generous, kindly neighbor; and we would all to-day pluck the sweetest, most fragrant flowers from the gardens of our hearts and lay them on his casket, and say to his loyal, noble wife and children, whom he loved: 'This is but a small token of the love we have for him and the reverence and respect we shall ever have for his memory.' I loved 'Bill Arp.' I would add a prayer: God bless his dear, loyal, loving wife and children and grandchildren, whom he loved! We knew him and loved him, and these grandchildren of his will sit in the years to come and read the stories and hear the lessons of their noble grandfather with an interest that would charm an angel.

"My highest expression of love for him as a neighbor and friend would be the wish that if I were transferred to-day from earth to heaven, I would ask the angels to locate me on the same street and a near-by neighbor to the new home just made for 'Bill Arp,' my honored friend."

"Tip," a faithful man born a slave in Mrs. Smith's family, who served the Major faithfully through the war and afterwards, who moved him from Rome to the farm near Cartersville, and then went from Rome to move the family into town, was present at the funeral.

At noon the funeral procession had gathered around the new-made grave, shaded by a young, hardy oak tree, on a beautiful hill, in sight of two railroads. As the choir sang "God Be with You Till We Meet Again" the editor of the *VETERAN* resolved to give an opportunity to any who may choose to contribute one dollar toward a memorial tablet. Much or little can be used, so do not hesitate to send one dollar—only one—and do it before the end of October. Free-will offerings from Confederates would be a fitting tribute to as faithful a comrade as has lived or died. This suggestion is without the knowledge of the family or any one except the companion of the writer, who joins the editor with \$1.

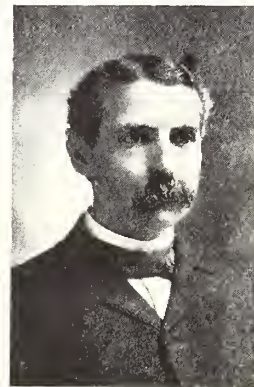
R. N. COOLEY.

R. N. Cooley was a gallant member of Company A, Eleventh Tennessee Infantry, and served faithfully from May, '61, to the close of the war. His death occurred on May 2, 1903, in Memphis, Tenn., where he had gone for treatment. He was found by comrades at St. Joseph's Hospital of that city, dying alone and unattended by any of his family. He had left three children in Desha County, Ark., when he went to the hospital, and, rather than distress them by the information of his dying condition, he bravely endured his suffering and died in loneliness. He lived as it becomes a man to live, and died as becomes a hero.

NOBLE HELPER ON THE VETERAN MURDERED.

One of the saddest tragedies that ever occurred was in the death of Edwin H. Welburn, of Nashville, for some twenty years foreman of the printing department of the Methodist Publishing House, which concern prints the *VETERAN*.

On the morning of August 19 the editor of the *VETERAN* went to Mr. Welburn's desk, on the third floor of the Pub-



E. H. WELBURN.

lishing House, to inquire as to the status of composition on the current issue. Looking in the copy drawer, Mr. Welburn said that all the *VETERAN* copy was at the machines. The promise to have more in hand promptly was being complied with when several gentlemen called at the *VETERAN* office, and were in conversation at the time an assassin stealthily approached Mr. Welburn and shot him dead. The murderer, with pistol in hand, ran down the two flights of stairs, with witnesses after him, and was shortly after captured.

The conference with the deceased only a brief while before made the indelible impression that a more considerate man for his fellows did not exist. Conscientious, accurate, and careful in every business detail, he was well fitted for his position. His Christian zeal was ever apparent, and his efforts to be just were manifest in every act of his life.

The picture herewith printed does not do the subject justice. He was a very attractive man, of pleasing address, and in so far as there is holiness of life Edwin H. Welburn was a worthy example.

MONUMENT TO GEN. GRANBURY.

During the reunion of Hood County Confederate veterans at Granbury, Tex., in the early part of August, a movement was inaugurated to erect a ten-thousand-dollar monument to Gen. H. B. Granbury, whose remains lie in the Granbury cemetery. Granbury Camp has the matter in hand, and appointed J. R. Morris and A. Baker as correspondents to solicit contributions to the fund. All Confederates specially interested in the movement should contribute of their means to this good cause. Gen. Granbury was one of the six Confederate generals killed in the battle of Franklin, and in 1891 his remains were carried to Texas, his native State, and reinterred at Granbury. A General Executive Committee has been appointed, comprised of Gov. S. W. T. Lanham, Col. J. Q. Chenoweth, of Austin; Gen. K. M. Van Zandt; J. D. Shaw, of Waco; S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn.; Col. Stone, of Waco; Maj. John Y. Rankin, of Brownwood; W. P. Lane, of Fort Worth; and L. J. Caraway, of Granbury.

FROM SICK BED TO BATTLE.

BY B. M. H.

I notice the VETERAN occasionally makes mention of some old soldier yet living whose matchless nerve and soldierly qualities were conspicuous in days when such qualities were



COL. J. H. MOORE.

most admired; hence I venture to submit the picture and a brief sketch of Comrade J. H. Moore, who was born in 1842 in Hickman County, Tenn. He is from a line of distinguished ancestors.

After receiving an academic education, Col. Moore (he is called colonel out of consideration for his high character) entered the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis; but when the South was threatened with war he returned home and joined the Seventh Tennessee Infantry. His regiment was soon sent to Virginia, and became a part of Archer's famous brigade, and served the entire war in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was in every battle his command participated in from Seven Pines to Appomattox, and on more than one occasion left a sick bed to join his regiment when he knew

they were going in action, only to return to bed after the battle was fought. Comrade Moore is one of the very few survivors of his regiment who, in Pickett's immortal charge at Gettysburg, crossed the stone wall nearest to the enemy and for a moment stood amid the guns of the Federal battery. "Jack" Moore is as gentle and modest as he is brave and honest, and no reader of the VETERAN will be more surprised to see the above than himself.

"ROBERT DEVOY."

"Robert Devoy, a Tale of the Palmyra Massacre," by Frank H. Sosey, is the title of an historical novel recently issued by Sosey Brothers' Press, of Palmyra, Mo. An organization known as the Palmyra Confederate Monument Association has been perfected for the purpose of erecting a monument to the victims of this massacre, and it is hoped that the circulation of this book will help to arouse interest in this undertaking.

On October 18, 1862, ten Confederate prisoners were taken from the military prison in Palmyra, Mo., driven in government wagons to the Fair Grounds at the outskirts of the city, seated on ten coffins arranged in a semicircle in the arena, and shot to death by Federal soldiers under orders of Gen. John McNeil, of St. Louis, who was then in command of the Federal forces in North Missouri. This wholesale slaughter was in retaliation for the abduction and supposed murder of Andrew Allsman, a Union citizen of Palmyra, considered by Southerners a Federal spy. No event of the War between the States caused more general discussion than this massacre, and it was taken up by both President Lincoln and President Davis and discussed by them with their cabinets at several meetings. President Davis demanded the surrender of McNeil, ordering Lieut. Gen. Holmes to shoot the first ten Federal officers that fell into his hands if the demand was not complied with.

The author of "Robert Devoy" has probed deep into the mystery concerning the fate of Andrew Allsman, and the story of the sentence and execution of the ten men is graphically told.

The story opens with a highly entertaining chapter on Marion City, a mushroom town founded in Marion County in 1835 by Col. William Muldrow, a famous promoter from whom Mark Twain, who afterwards lived in the same county, got his Col. Mulberry Sellers.

Interwoven with the historical features of the book is a charming love story, in which Robert Devoy, a dashing young captain in the Confederate service, is the hero, and Helen Marsden, a beautiful young Virginia girl, who has just moved to Missouri, is the heroine. Price, \$1. Postage, 8 cents.

Miss Mary Leigh Guion, a talented young musician and daughter of Col. Lewis Guion, of New Orleans, has written a beautiful waltz entitled the "Confederate Reunion Waltz," which she has "reverently dedicated to boys who wore the gray." The music stirs the heart and will bring back many a memory to the old veterans. The title-page is a very handsome reproduction of the four Confederate flags draped about the picture of Jefferson Davis. The design was made by Miss Guion, who is an artist as well as a musician.

Miss Guion comes of a patriotic family, and it is well that her first musical composition should be dedicated to those whose lives were given in defense of their native land. The waltz was played at the ball of May 20 in New Orleans, and again at the Sons of Veterans' ball, and was highly complimented.

INQUIRES FOR COMRADES.

Dan Coffman, Kaufman, Tex.: "I was with Johnston's army from Dalton to Atlanta, Ga. In a fight at Newnan with Gen. McCook I was captured by Kilpatrick's command just as he started on his raid to our rear, July 18, 1864. I was sent to Camp Douglas for safe-keeping, and bunked part of the time in Barrack 41 with two soldiers—one named West, from Missouri, and Bowen, from Bowling Green, Ky. I should like to hear something of these comrades. I was elected one of the commissioners to distribute the supplies of clothing, tobacco, etc., that came from the Confederate government. There were three others, one named Childress, from any of whom I should be gratified to hear. I was in prison when Lincoln was assassinated, and know all about the treatment the soldiers received then and afterwards, as well as before, and could tell of many incidents. I enlisted in Company E, Sixth Texas Cavalry, in June, 1861, under Ben McCulloch, and served until June, 1865, in army and prison. During much of my service I was under Gen. Sul Ross."

D. H. Sweeney, Silvertown, Tex.: "I was a member of Company B, Fifteenth Alabama, Law's Brigade, Hood's Division. Would like to hear from any friends among the boys of Fourth and Fifteenth Alabama, Tenth and Twentieth Georgia, First, Fourth, Fifth Texas, and Third Arkansas."

John W. Lacock, of Mason, Ill., who served in the Ninety-Third Infantry, said they captured the Twenty-Fifth Georgia twice during the war, the second time during the two days' fight at Nashville in 1864. The first capture was at Jackson, Miss., in 1863. He has such pleasant recollections of those he met of that regiment that he would like to hear from some of the survivors.

In a letter to the *VETERAN*, Jim Polk Hewitt, of Waco, Tenn., writes that he is confined to the house with a chronic ailment and would be very glad to have friends and comrades send him something to read—anything that is interesting to themselves. This appeal will not go unheeded by those who have sympathy for a comrade shut off from so many of the pleasures of life. Comrade Hewitt was a member of Company C, Ninth Tennessee Cavalry, and served under Forrest till the battle of Chickamauga.

Comrade Gibson Garwood, of Bellefontaine, O., would like to hear from his old colonel, R. L. Y. Peyton, of the Third Regiment, Missouri State Guards, Mounted Infantry, of '61; also from any of the comrades of Company A, under Capt. William Doak, which was made up at Butler, Bates County, Mo., and was afterwards part of the regiment under Col. Peyton. He also asks of any of Col. Bledsoe's Battery who were with him in the battle of Drywood about September, 1862. Comrade Garwood was with the gun called the "Black Bitch," a six-pounder. Capt. Bledsoe was wounded in that engagement, which lasted nearly two hours; and the battery lost seventeen out of twenty-six, and nine horses out of twelve, but all the pieces were saved.

PRIDE IN FAMILY HISTORY.

Comrade Benjamin Gabriel Slaughter, of Winchester, Tenn., had a hard lot in the war. He is colonel as the official commissary on the staff of Maj. Gen. George W. Gordon, commanding the Tennessee Division, U. C. V. In the history of the Slaughter family by Dr. Philip Slaughter, of St. Mark's Parish, Culpeper County, Va., it is recorded that the Slaughters emigrated from Lincolnshire, Gloucester, and Worcester, England, prior to 1620, and made valuable land entries up to 1732 in Virginia. The history dwells upon the name of Col.

Robert Slaughter, famous in the French and Indian wars, and his wife, Frances Anne Jones, daughter of Col. Cadwalader, of honored lineage.

Robert Slaughter No. 2 and his brother Francis were the first church wardens of St. Mark's, 1731.

Robert Slaughter, a son, married Mary, daughter of Capt. Augustine Smith, a son of Capt. Lawrence Smith, of Yorktown, who commanded the fort at Falmouth and was a distinguished Virginian of his day.

Benjamin Gabriel Slaughter, son of Gabriel, married Lucy Nance, daughter of Capt. Gabriel Glenn Osborne (deacon) and Nancy Osborne, of Charlotte C. H., Va., who settled in Bedford County, Tenn., in 1820. Mrs. G. G. Osborne's father, Philip Osborne, was a revolutionary soldier.

In the compilation a long line of soldiers from privates to major generals were participants in the various wars of our country down to 1903. A number have distinguished themselves as men of executive ability in the Cabinet, United States Senate, Congress, and as governors and other State officials, as teachers of high rank, preachers, vestrymen, and deacons.

Slaughter, a Confederate.—Dr. B. G. Slaughter (Land and Immigrant Agent of the Iron Mountain Route and Texas and Pacific Railroad) was born near Danville, Ky., March 8, 1845, and left old Transylvania University at Lexington, Ky., to enlist in the Confederate army. He joined Company A, John H. Morgan's old squadron, at Chattanooga, early in 1862. He was in active service as a private in many engagements on the outposts of the Army of Tennessee and Kentucky throughout the great war. He served mainly in Capt. Thomas Quirk's Scouts of Morgan's Cavalry, and he had some thrilling experiences. The rope was prepared to hang him and Joe Davis after they had been captured inside the enemy's lines, heavily armed and in citizen's clothes. Slaughter made his escape by putting spurs to his well-trained mare; Davis bribed the guard. Champ Ferguson had stabbed two of their men the day before as they were driving stolen hogs from a woman's fattening pen, and they were enraged.

Again Slaughter was sentenced to be shot at Lexington, Ky., in retaliation for bushwhackers that Morgan had killed in Southwestern Kentucky, but a reprieve was obtained by Hon. John A. Pratt, who had influence with Gen. Burbridge. Mr. Pratt is yet living at Danville, Ky.

Dr. Slaughter was exchanged at Vicksburg and City Point; paroled four times because of sickness and serious wounds: was one of those who drew beans at Cairo, Ill., when twenty Confederates were to be executed for guerrillas or bushwhackers. Luckily he did not get a black bean.

Comrade Slaughter spilled his share of blood. Part of his brain was shot out near Glasgow. He was also shot through the left hip and his jaw was fractured with the butt of a pistol. Again, the back of his head was broken near Tompkinsville, Ky. He received two saber wounds at Lebanon, Tenn. His left eye was shot out at Mr. Sterling, Ky., after which he was on parole to the close of the war.

The famous Elsworth told of a scout in Kentucky when at night Comrade Slaughter sat astride the arm at the top of a telegraph pole, when a company of Federals passed along the road across the track after midnight looking for Morgan's men. The boys all took to the woods, while this young scout sat as quietly and lightly on his high perch as the circumstances would admit, until all had passed.

The Pacific Division will hold a reunion in Los Angeles on the 25th and 26th of September. Gen. Cabell and Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie are expected to attend, as well as Gen. Mickel and Miss Patrick, from New Orleans.

THE HOME OF GEN. LEE.

This eloquent and patriotic threnody to the honor and fame of Lee was contributed to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* by Miss Clara Lee Puckette, a native of Louisiana, now residing under the shadow of Arlington, the old homestead of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The poem is alike creditable to the gifted young author and her loved Southland:

THE HOME OF ROBERT E. LEE.

The home of Lee upon the hill
The blue Potomac sweeps;
Around in silence deep and still
The Northern soldier sleeps;
White-pillared, holy as a shrine,
Alone through all the years,
Save for the clasp of clinging vine,
The raindrops' dewy tears.

Through silent rooms where strangers tread
And time seems lost to view;
Where sleeps the city of the dead,
The valiant and the true,
'Mid olden dreams and vanished power,
Beyond life's ebbing sea,
A spirit breathes in every flower
That speaks of Robert Lee.

Amid the ranks of Blue and Gray,
When shot and shell were rife,
The heroes brave who fought that day
For liberty and life,
Be they the ones who wore the gray,
Or those who wore the blue,
The crimson stains at close of day
Made heroes grand and true.

And now his old, deserted home,
A specter of the Gray,
Where North and South together come
As pilgrims day by day,
Lends to the scene a holy peace
Above the graves of Blue;
For loyalty shall never cease—
The Southland's sons are true!

And though the name of Robert Lee
Is linked with war's defeat,
From out the past his memory
Abideth pure and sweet;
Not his the homage far and wide
That rings from sea to sea,
Yet Southern hearts, with deathless pride,
Enshrine the name of Lee.

OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet, and the flowers fair;
Joy is abroad in the world to-day;
If our door is wide open, he may come this way.
Open the door.

Open the door of the soul; let in
Strong, pure thoughts, which shall banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.
Open the door.

Open the door of the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door.

—Selected.

DIXIE BY THE BAND.

Hush! They're comin'! Don't you hear 'em?
Hear the rhythm of their tread?
See the dust above the highway,
See the banner overhead?
Don't your heart swell nigh to bustin'? Don't a tear bedim
your eye
When the war- and time-worn heroes in gray uniforms go by?

Don't your soul swell up within you,
With a rapture you can't tell,
When the band starts playin' "Dixie?"
Don't you want to up an' yell,
An' go chargin' them old heroes, an' go shakin' of each hand?
Or stand quiet with your hat off when it's "Dixie" by the band?

Don't yeh think o' bygone glories,
An' of Stonewall Jackson? Say?
Don't yeh see Lee's charger champin'
An' a prancin' down the way?
But each angel tunes her harp up in perfumed supernal gloam.
An' plays "Dixie"—yes, an' sings it—when each Johnny Reb
comes home!

P'rhaps I'm some unreconstructed
But at that big rendezvous,
When they're gathered up in glory,
Up beyond the archin' blue,
I would like to march when they march, I'd be glad to take
my stand
An' have judgment passed upon me to the strains of "Dixie
Land."

I would not count it failure if in vain
I strove, with earnest self-forgetfulness,
Of some high task fruition to obtain,
But did not win the guerdon of success;
If my poor effort no base thought did know,
I would not call it so.

But if I won it by a selfish might,
Staining endeavor by a servile greed,
By so much as one paltering with the right,
Or by the savor of one wrongful deed,
Then would I count attainment of desire
Failure most dire.

—L. M. Montgomery.

THE OLD, DEAR FACE.

A face wherein is read a great reward
Of suffering and patience purified,
Unto whose sight our trodden ways accord
A glimpse of heavenly vistas arching wide.

And, looking there, I lay my care aside,
As one who sees, with sudden peace restored,
The star above low hills at eventide
Or lilies on the altar of the Lord.

—R. K. Crandall, in the Century.

Confederate Veteran.

Historic Flag for Sale.

Briefly, it is the flag of the First Mississippi Regiment borne during the war with Mexico by the gallant ensign, George W. Campbell, in every battle of that regiment when led by Col. Jefferson Davis, afterwards President of the Southern Confederacy. It waved over him and his men in the service of the United States at Buena Vista, Monterey, and every foot of that brilliant series of conflicts when the name of Jefferson Davis was one of the proudest possessions of the United States. It was twice shot from the hand of the brave ensign. After its famous career, it was intrusted to the color bearer, who esteemed it one of his most valuable possessions, and in death gave it to his wife, who in turn gave it to her little daughter, now Mrs. Zanita Tamplet, the Registrar of the Tom Green Chapter, U. D. C., at Brenham, Tex. When President Davis died she sent it to be laid over his bier. This was done, and it was bound about his casket by the late Gen. Moorman, kept there through the last long journey from New Orleans to Richmond. It was placed over his silent form when it lay in state at the first Confederate capital, Montgomery, Ala., and was not removed until the casket was lowered into the grave at Richmond. Mrs. Tamplet preserves with religious care the letter written to her by Gen. Moorman when he returned the flag. She has intrusted the sale of this relic, without a counterpart in the world, to Mrs. I. M. P. Ockenden, of Montgomery, Ala., who will be pleased to receive any inquiries or offers for it from any State or individual. Mississippi should be the depository for this relic. It would grace her new and beautiful capitol and be a grand tribute to the gallant Ensign Campbell, to the First Mississippi Regiment U. S. A., and to Col. and President Jefferson Davis.

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Mrs. J. S. Alison, of Pecan Point, La., inquires if Capt. Prendergast, of the Tenth Tennessee Regiment, is still living. Also, what has become of Messrs. Ike and William Martin, of the Third Tennessee, and a Mr. Johnson, of the Fifth Texas.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the Allen Manufacturing Company, with its most unique bath outfit. The convenience and pleasure of such a bath can readily be seen, and will be especially appreciated by those who have not the luxury of a bath room. A little book on "The Science of the Bath" will be sent free on application.



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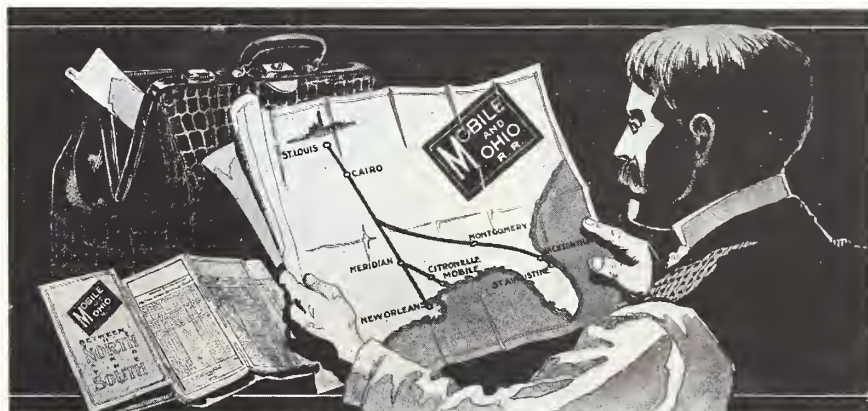
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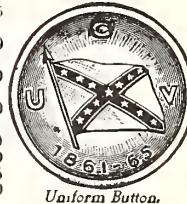


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I will mail, free of charge this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female trouble. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhea (Whites), displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT and FULL INFORMATION.

Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers. TO MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhea, Green Sicknes and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in young ladies. It will save you anxiety and expense and save your daughter the humiliation of explaining her troubles to others. Purity and health always result from its use.

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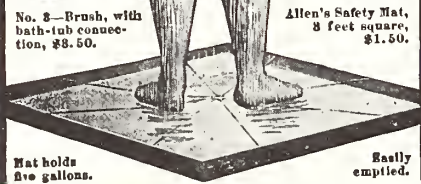


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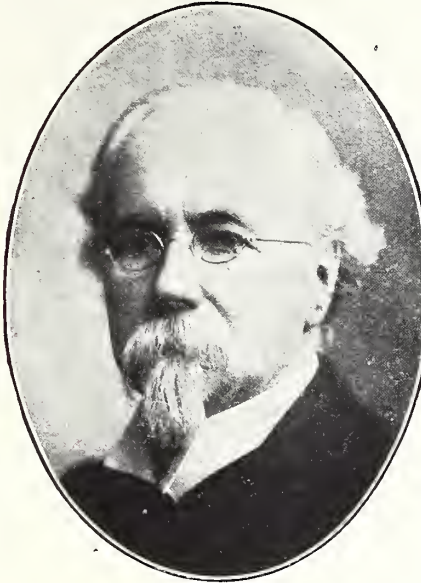
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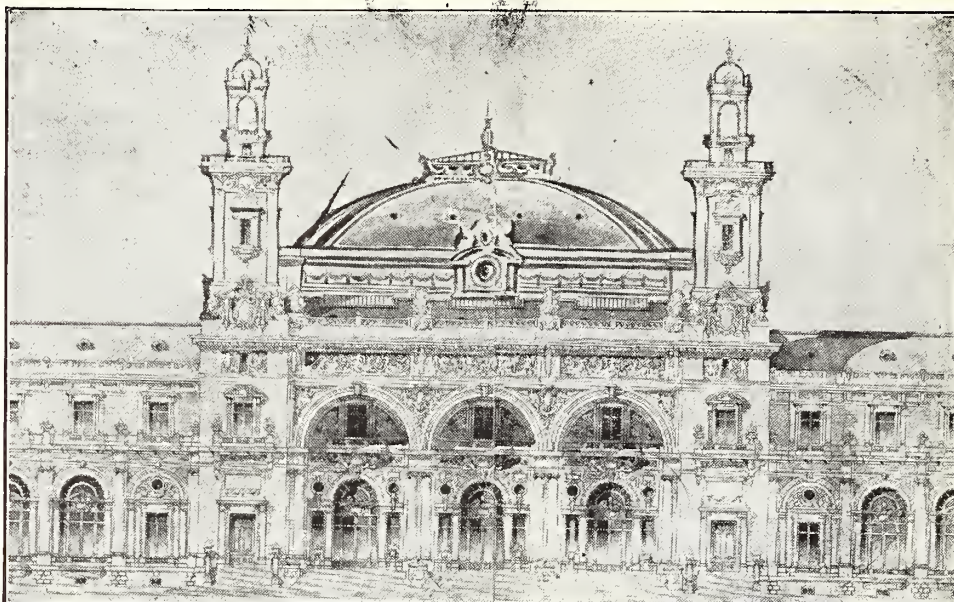
Cynthiana, Ky.
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Louisville, Ky.
Raleigh, N. C.
J. C. Calhoun Sarcophagus,
Charleston, S. C.
Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne,
Helena, Ark.
Helena, Ark.
Macon, Ga.
Columbus, Ga.
Thomasville, Ga.
Sparta, Ga.

Dalton, Ga.
Nashville, Tenn.
Columbia, Tenn.
Shelbyville, Tenn.
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The Cook
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Owned and Operated by The Cook Hotel and Excursion Co.

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THE largest hotel in the world and the only private business enterprise on the World's Fair grounds, apart from the exhibits of the concessionaires on the Pike, is now in course of erection. The Napoleon Bonaparte will be the name of this mammoth building. The hotel will stand on one of the highest elevations of the Fair grounds, at the southwest corner. The immense size of the building will make it one of the sights of the city. It will have a frontage of 2,500 feet, a greater length than eight city blocks, or approximately about one-half mile. In depth the structure will average about 250 feet at its deepest part, but even at this the total ground area covered by the hotel will be over fourteen acres. The plans contemplate the accommodation of 7,000 guests at one time. It will be but two stories in height. On the first floor will be located the office rotunda, dining rooms, and lunch rooms. The main dining room will be 175 by 200 feet in size, the rotunda will be 200 feet square, and the lunch room will be 120 by 48 feet. In the dining room a brigade of soldiers might eat at one time, while the rotunda could furnish lounging quarters for a regiment. One of the attractive features of the gigantic hotel will be the broad piazza, extending along the full front of the building, from which a bird's-eye view of the entire Fair may be obtained.

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Medical attendance whenever necessary without extra charge.

The privilege of living in the largest hotel the world has ever known, and the only one ever located on a World's Fair site and on high ground overlooking it all.

The privilege of transferring your rights to any other person if through sickness or other unavoidable causes you cannot go yourself.

Daily admissions to the Fair.

The opportunity of enjoying all the above at a cost so nominal as to place them within the reach of every one.

Street cars run from the Hotel to every part of the city. Fare, five cents.

The Intramural Railroad, which runs through all parts of the Fair grounds, is directly in front of the Napoleon Bonaparte Hotel. Fare, five cents.

During the World's Fair railroads will make low rates, and it will be easy for members to estimate their total expenses for trip to the Fair.

The rooms in the hotel will be of all sizes to accommodate large or small parties. All rooms will be furnished neatly and comfortably. The table will be supplied with all there is in the market, of the best quality, and prepared by experts. Electric fans will be provided for every room.

Under no circumstances will these advantages and rights be given unless secured by contract in advance. As soon as the limited number of memberships are sold this offer will be withdrawn and memberships will be worth a premium. Our rates are made possible only by the large number we expect to entertain, and because of the action of the Exposition Company in donating to us a portion of the World's Fair site on which to erect our hotel.

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For \$15—that is, \$2 down and the balance monthly until paid before May, 1904—we will issue a certificate entitling the holder to all of the above accommodations and privileges, to wit: six days' board and lodging (and longer, if desired, at proportionate rates), six admissions to the Fair, and medical attention when necessary.

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For an engagement of rooms for no less than six days, and for as many more as desired, rates have been placed at from \$1 to \$5 per day, graded according to size and location of room, etc. First payment on membership fee is \$2, balance monthly until paid before May, 1904. The memberships, as already stated, being limited, it behooves all contemplating a visit to the Fair to at once send their \$2, first payment, to the Cook Hotel and Excursion Co., at the general offices of the Company named below, when proper certificate will be forwarded.

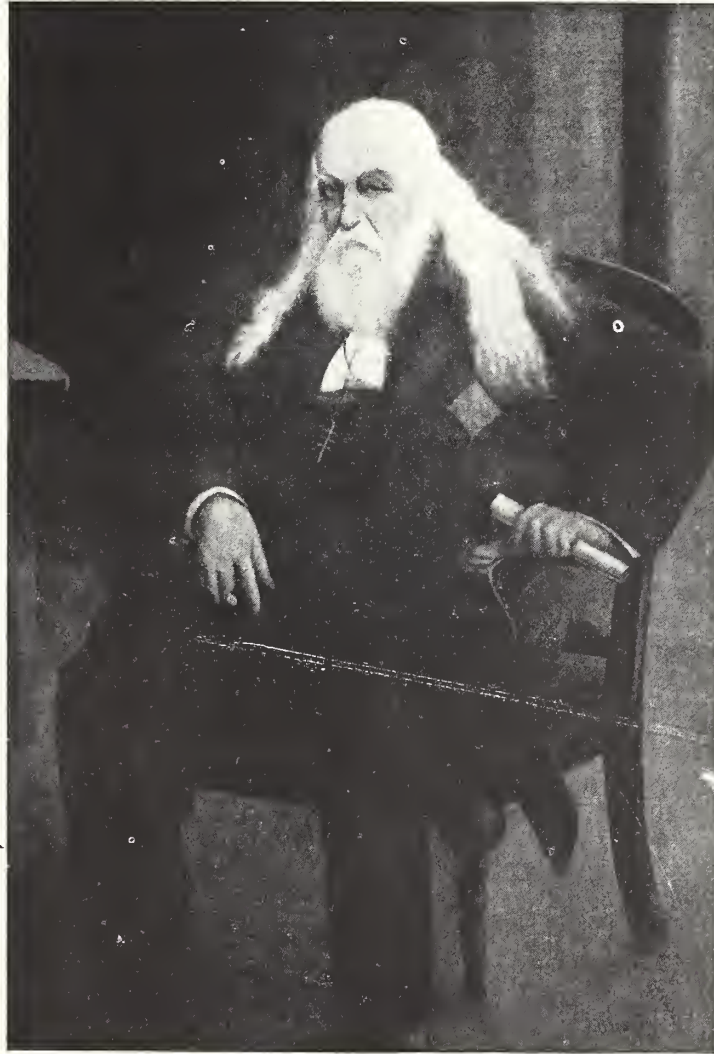
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Confederate Veteran



ALBERT PIKE.

See page 448.

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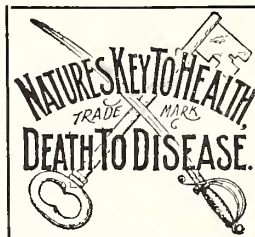
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Diseases,
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Rheumatism,
Kidney
Troubles,
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and Flux,
Cholera
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Dr any Derangement of the Stomach or Bowels.

A General Tonic and Upbuilder of the System for All Mankind.

DIRECTIONS.—Always dilute 15 to 25 drops in a wine-glass of water, after meals; children less, according to age. For Old Sores, Skin Diseases, Tetter, etc., apply as a liniment, full strength, two or three times a day.

For Sore Throat, gargle, diluted one-half, every two or three hours. For full directions, see circular.

Important.—Never use hard limewater for diluting. Keep in cool place.

PRICE, 50 CENTS.

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J. C. Calhoun Sarcophagus,
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Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne,
Helena, Ark.
Helena, Ark.
Macon, Ga.
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Thomasville, Ga.
Sparta, Ga.

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Tennessee and North Caro-
lina Monuments, Chicka-
mauga Park, Ga.
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When needing first-class, plain, or artistic work made from the finest quality of material, write them for designs and prices.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR, { VOL. XI.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1903.

No. 10. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR. }

In a sense apology is given for the long articles in this issue of the VETERAN. The elaborate space given to the Indian Nations' joining the Confederacy is because, doubtless, there never was any part of it published, and it makes an important link in the history of the Indians who joined the South in the sixties. Many things expected in this issue are deferred. It will gratify readers who desire earlier issues that hopeful progress is being made.

An account of reunion at Columbia, the Missouri Confederate Veterans, and the dedication of a monument at Gallatin, Tenn., are of the more important articles deferred.

The "Last Roll" continues to grow. More sketches and shorter ones should be published herein. It is specially desired to pay tribute to every VETERAN who was a subscriber.

Of recent deaths not given here, mention is made of Dr. S. H. Stout, who has an article in this issue; the wife of Gen. Stephen D. Lee; and some prominent Georgians, one of whom was Dr. Scott, founder of the Agnes Scott Institute, at Decatur; also Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, of Maryland.

If comrades would instruct their families that in the event of their death amounts due the VETERAN *should be paid*, it might help. Recently a prominent civil engineer wrote the VETERAN: "I am sorry that my father left nothing and has no executor." His father was a prominent Confederate, and had attention for years in the VETERAN. Surely sons ought to pay such bills.

CHARLESTON U. D. C. CONVENTION.

The general convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will be held in Charleston, S. C., beginning November 11. There are seven hundred and fifty Chapters of the association, represented in all the Southern States and several Northern and Western States and Territories.

Each Chapter is entitled to one representative for every twenty-five members, and one delegate for a fraction of at least seven members. Votes may be cast for the entire Chapter by one delegate, and voting by proxy is also permitted in case no delegates attend.

The Southeastern Passenger Association will give a rate of one and a third fares plus twenty-five cents to all attending the convention. The full fare to Charleston must be paid and a certificate secured from the ticket agent stating that full fare has been paid. This certificate is to be signed by the Recording Secretary, and for the return a one-third fare will be sold.

Delegates are requested to fill out and return promptly the blank credentials which will be sent to them, so that Mrs. Hickman may report to the Committee on Credentials.

The Grand Camp, United Confederate Veterans of Virginia, will hold their sixteenth annual reunion at Newport News October 28-30, and the Sons of Veterans will hold their reunion at the same time and place—James Magill, Commander.

The Georgia Division, U. C. V., Convention, to be held in Augusta November 11, 12, is anticipated with more than ordinary interest. Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander, expects a large attendance.

UNWORTHY "AMALGAMATION" IN CAMPS.

BY COL. WILLIAM L. DE ROSSET, WILMINGTON, N. C.

My Dear Comrade: Your leading editorial for September in regard to keeping alive the U. C. V. Camps leads me to ask that you call particular attention to the report of Inspector General Goodman, on the staff of Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Texas Division, appearing in the August number of the VETERAN, pages 345 and 346, wherein he says: "I find in many portions of the State that the U. C. V. Camps are amalgamating with the masses and holding reunions; the masses are fast overshadowing these Camps. The day is not far distant when, if this is kept up, these Camps will lose their identity. I already know of a Camp that, when first organized, was composed of sixty grand Confederate Veterans; to-day, that same Camp has very few Veterans in it. Not an officer of it (except the adjutant) ever saw any service. Completely in the hands of the masses."

It would be interesting to know if the bronze crosses of honor have been distributed to members of this Camp indiscriminately.

The case should be called to the attention of the Adjutant General, as well as to the President of the U. D. C., for full investigation; and if found that these people have been honored by the crosses of honor, steps should be taken to deprive them of them in the shortest possible way.

I believe that such cases have tended to reduce the membership of some good Camps, and if permitted to continue will result in disbanding many.

The roster of Cape Fear Camp, No. 254, to which I have the honor to belong, some two or more years since required each one of its members to file with the adjutant a complete record of his services, which, after reference to a committee, was acted upon by the Camp just as if it was the comrade's first application for membership. What was the result? Simply that the investigations discovered the fact that several deserters were on our rolls, and they were summarily dispensed with.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

CO-OPERATION BY CONFEDERATES.

A very unhappy probability is threatened in the next report of the circulation of the VETERAN. It is a fate that may be expected by and by, but it should not be yet awhile. Each year's circulation is given here, that the point will be the better understood: Average for 1893, 7,683; 1894, 10,137; 1895, 12,916; 1896, 13,444; 1897, 16,175; 1898, 19,100; 1899, 20,166; 1900, 20,345; 1901, 20,365; 1902, 20,358.

It may be seen that for the first time in its history there was a falling off last year of seven per month, while every previous year shows increase. The fact that fifty new subscribers or renewals for every day in the year is necessary to keep even is evidently not realized, and the sad death rate during the present year threatens a greater decline than before.

This deplorable fact confronts all who will consider the situation. Now to every friend of the VETERAN a conference is proposed. Let it be as if the proprietor were in your own home and discussing the situation with you. Would you be inclined to consider the subject in a patriotic, earnest manner? Of course that cannot be. A child born in 1903 could not in a long life go to all the places and confer with the subscribers or their successors on this subject. Coöperation can be had only by mail. The small service, in proportion, by agents costs thousands annually.

An extraordinary proposition is made to each of you, and general compliance would result in good that can hardly be estimated—it is a business proposition, and it is hoped that you will comply—viz.: Procure two new subscribers, send the money to this office, and a year will be added to your subscription. This may be repeated two or three times. This may be considered "big pay," but the trial would be amazing. In thus adding to the subscription you are especially requested to select those persons whose sympathies in the cause promise continuation of patronage. You know that the VETERAN is the most valuable periodical in the world. Its career of nearly eleven years, with prosperity chiefly through subscriptions, is guarantee of public approval, but the circulation ought to be 100,000 instead of 20,000. This proposition may seem reckless, but diligence in the face of fate, to all Confederates now living, is of importance and is necessary to the power that it ought to wield for its cause.

THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO BILL ARP.

A recent number of the *Cumberland Presbyterian*, Nashville, Tenn., contains the following: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN has an appreciative article on 'Bill Arp,' as he was familiarly known, but whose real name was Maj. Charles H. Smith. Mr. Smith was a genial writer, who made many friends in all parts of the country by his good humor and his fine philosophy. The VETERAN suggests a memorial to him. If the suggestion should take material form, there will doubtless be many outside the ranks of the soldiers who will be glad to help in its erection."

The VETERAN would emphasize the last sentence in the foregoing. A memorial to the beloved patriot by all the people of the South, and others whose sympathies are in accord, by dollar subscriptions should be one of magnitude and exquisite

workmanship. The Southern people who enjoyed "Bill Arp's" humor, philosophy, and faithfulness should now give \$1 to show their appreciation.

Since the VETERAN is the only medium through which friends are invited to participate, its editor is all the more anxious to succeed. A personal explanation will be made to contributors, which they will certainly appreciate. It is not for the public. The proposition was that remittances be made before the end of October. The purpose was to get the money in hand promptly and turn it over to the family. A list of subscribers will be published, and a copy of it, whether large or small, will be furnished for the corner stone of the monument. When all records are resurrected, let it be your joy that your name, or that of wife or child, is in the list. No man of the South more richly deserves the testimony thus proposed of a generous, faithful fellow-man. The VETERAN seeks your tribute. Take hold of the matter. Get up a club for it. Dollar subscriptions only are sought. The first contributor in Tennessee after the writer was the Governor of the State, Hon. J. B. Frazier.

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

An earnest plea for the writing of regimental histories is made by J. Montgomery Wilson, of Springfield, Mo., who is doing all he can for perpetuation of the Confederate soldiers' record. If some one should be appointed by the survivors of every company to gather data of its service, this could be compiled and embodied in the regimental history, and its accuracy could not be questioned. Comrade Wilson says:

"I wish to make an appeal to every old veteran of the Confederate States and Indian Territory to assist and encourage in every way the writing of a history of every regiment, battalion, and battery that belonged to the Confederate service. I know it will have to be done largely from memory, as there are probably but few personal diaries now in existence. This is a sacred duty that we owe to posterity. These histories would be invaluable to future statesmen, historians, and our immediate descendants as works of reference. No one but the few survivors of these regiments, battalions, and batteries can furnish this material or matter for a history. Some may say it will cost a little money and some labor. This is true, but are you not willing to do this for the sake of the principles for which you fought and suffered four years? There is not a survivor of any company or command who cannot furnish facts and incidents that would be highly prized by future generations. *We must not neglect this duty*, if for no other reason than to vindicate the action of those who gave their lives and means freely for a great principle. If the present survivors do not furnish the material for a history of our side of the great war, a true account can never be written.

"There are various ways by which this work can be accomplished. I served one year in Company H, of the Fifteenth Arkansas Infantry Regiment, over two years in Capt. P. H. Buchanan's Company of Bush Brown's Battalion of Cavalry, and the rest of the war in Company G of Col. E. I. Stirman's Arkansas Cavalry. I now appeal personally to every survivor of each of these commands to unite on some plan whereby we may write a history of these three commands and set an example for the other Arkansas troops. I am certainly proud to say that I served in each of them, and would feel honored indeed to have my name go down to posterity on their muster rolls. Will every survivor feeling an interest in this matter address me at No. 505 Harrison Street, Springfield, Mo., with any suggestion or information desired. This is a matter that should be considered by the proper committees at our annual reunions."

LARGEST CAMP OF SONS IN EXISTENCE.

BY W. P. LANE, COMMANDER U. S. C. V. IN TEXAS.

I write in behalf of the R. E. Lee Camp of Fort Worth, the largest Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans in existence. Our Camp was organized in 1901, just prior to the annual reunion at Memphis, and now has a membership of over twelve hundred. It is therefore the largest of any Camp of Sons in the South, a distinction of which we are very proud, and a position we expect to maintain. Our Camp is named (R. E. Lee) the same as the parent Camp, with the addition of U. S. C. V., instead of U. C. V.

We hold our meetings every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, the same time and place that the Veterans meet, except that we hold our sessions in an adjoining hall; and we have not failed to meet a single Sunday in nearly three years.

The beginning of the great activity among our sons was largely due to an article written by Col. C. C. Cummings, Historian of the Texas Division, U. C. V., in which he compared the boys to ground hogs (this being the day on which we first attempted to organize), who had come out of their holes and seen their shadows and returned to be seen no more. Immediately after this comparison appeared in print, a few of the more patriotic of the Sons banded together and determined not to rest under such a reflection from so high and eminent authority, and now we have a larger Camp than the Veterans, and the Colonel is envious.

To encourage the Sons in the organization for its enlargement and maintenance, the parent Camp resolved to elect every member of Sons an honorary member of their Camp, and this has been of great assistance in building up our present membership. It is regarded by the Sons as a very honorable distinction to be elected an honorary member of any Camp of Confederate Veterans. As soon as the name of a Son is passed upon favorably by our Camp, it is handed in to the parent Camp, who elect him an honorary member of their organization.

This distinguished favor is not only shown the Sons but the Daughters also. All committee work pertaining to the interest of both organizations is done in conjunction, and most of the resolutions originating in either body are made joint resolutions. We assist the Veterans in raising and maintaining a fund for the relief of distressed and worthy Confederate soldiers. The parent Camp is so large, and so many of the Veterans are poor, that this alone requires an annual expenditure of from \$1,200 to \$1,500, and it is with pride I make the assertion that we never permit our treasury to become empty. This money is guardedly and economically expended by an executive committee from the parent Camp.

CONFEDERATE PARK ASSOCIATION.

We have an organization known as the "Confederate Park Association," and hold a charter from our great State of Texas. Our by-laws provide that no one shall be eligible to membership in this association except Veterans, their Sons and Daughters, and known descendants of Confederate soldiers. This association has purchased four hundred acres of as fine land as there is in Texas—and this means the finest in the world—for a park and annual meeting grounds. We are contracting for a large lake covering twelve acres of the ground, and this, when completed, will be stocked with the finest fish. We expect to bore an artesian well, build a large pavilion, lay out driveways and do everything necessary to make the park an ideal pleasure resort and camping ground.

We have employed as keeper of this park an old Confederate soldier with one leg and his two old maid sisters. We

built them a comfortable house in which to live, purchased them a horse and spring wagon, cows with calves, hogs, chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese, and everything else necessary to insure them a comfortable living, and they are now enjoying the happiest period of their lives. The President of this association is the beloved K. M. Van Zandt, Major General of the Texas Division, U. C. V.

It might be well and profitable to add in this connection that no person is eligible in either Camp to the honorable position of sponsor or maid of honor who is not an active member of the Julia Jackson Chapter, U. D. C.

The R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., has between seven hundred and eight hundred members, while the R. E. Lee Camp, U. S. C. V., has, as already stated, between twelve hundred and thirteen hundred members, Julia Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., between three hundred and four hundred members, and Anna



W. P. LANE.

Carter Lee Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, between one hundred and two hundred members. Fort Worth is indeed a Confederate city. The water—yes, water—we drink and the very air we breathe is Confederate, and for these reasons we live in the healthiest, the most congenial and delightful place in the universe.

[Miss Frances Yeates writes from Fort Worth September 29: "Our Confederate Park was formally opened two weeks ago. We camped out there four days. The opening was a great success."]

James R. Randall, of poetic fame, and eminent for many noble deeds, in writing of a recent visit to Nashville, Tenn., says: "It is the greatest educational center in the South, omitting Maryland, if that be a Southern State." This threatens a divorce between Comrade Randall and "My Maryland."

REUNION INDIAN TERRITORY DIVISION, U. C. V.

The second annual reunion of the Indian Territory Division was held at Durant, Ind. T., on the 20th and 21st of August. Something over six thousand people were present, including representatives of Camps with their sponsors from all of the five nations and many old veterans from Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and Missouri. The assembly was called to order by Hon. D. Head, and after a touching prayer by Rev. C. Stubblefield, asking divine blessing on the bowed gray heads before him, Mayor W. T. Poole was introduced by Gen. R. B. Coleman, Commander of the Division and master of ceremonies, and he delivered the address of welcome in behalf of the citizens of Durant. Mayor Poole, in extending the welcome, said: "We have only one regret—our resources are not as boundless as our love and admiration for you, or we would give you a more royal time. We have only one request, and that is: if you don't see what you want, ask for it; and if it is in the city, it is yours—the city is yours, the gates are open, our hearts and our homes are open." Hon. R. T. Williams, a member of the N. B. Forrest Camp at Durant, then made a welcome address on behalf of his Camp.

In the afternoon Gen. R. B. Coleman delivered the response in behalf of the veterans to the address of welcome.

At night the crowd was treated to a grand display of fireworks in connection with other amusements for the visitors.

Friday was devoted almost entirely to business. Gen. Coleman called the convention to order, and, after paying an eloquent tribute to the women of the South and the Daughters of the Confederacy, called for reports of the various committees. After these, Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, the beloved daughter of Gen. Cabell, in response to calls from the assembly, made a beautiful and touching address. At its close hundreds of the old fellows pressed forward to shake the hand of the daughter of "Old Tige."

The following resolution was passed unanimously.

"Resolved, That none but worthy ex-Confederate soldiers, honorably discharged from the service, paroled or disbanded, shall become members of the U. C. V. of the Indian Territory, and that the records of all applicants for membership shall be rigidly investigated."

The election of a Division Commander being next in order, Gen. Coleman stated that, owing to other work requiring all of his time, he could not accept a renomination, but named Gen. John B. Galt, of Ardmore, as a suitable man to succeed him, and Gen. Galt was elected as Division Commander for the ensuing year. The election of Brigade Commanders resulted as follows: Dr. D. M. Haily, Commander of Choctaw Brigade; Dan J. Kendall, Commander of Chickasaw Brigade; Gen. W. H. Gentry, Commander of Cherokee Brigade.

As the Territorial Division of the Sons of U. C. V. failed to hold a business meeting, their Commander in Chief, William McL. Fayssoux, will have to appoint. Mrs. Lewis Paullim delivered an address of welcome to the Sons, Daughters, sponsors, and maids of honor on behalf of the Julia Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., of Durant. Checotah was selected as the next meeting place, and, after passing a hearty vote of thanks for the hospitality shown them by the good people of Durant, the convention adjourned.

The Oklahoma reunion at Norman, held late in August—25th and 26th—was a successful one, although not attended by Veterans at remote points as liberally as it would have been on account of the late sale of tickets at reduced prices.

Comrade William D. Matthews, in sending notes about it,

states that he represented the VETERAN *by a public appeal in its behalf*, and sends check for a nice list of subscribers.

CAMPS WITH OFFICERS, SPONSORS, AND MAIDS OF HONOR PRESENT.

Oklahoma Camp: Major General, S. J. Wilkins; Sponsor, Miss Kate Harrell; Maids of Honor, Miss Naomi Philips, Miss Lucile Trader, Miss Emma Davis, and Pearl W. Wingate.

Oklahoma City Camp: First Lieutenant, J. G. Street; Sponsor, Miss Lena Hudelson; Maid of Honor, Jessie Thompson.

Lexington Camp: Captain, J. M. Jarboe; Sponsor, Mrs. Smith; Maids of Honor, Miss Tommie Holford and Miss Jessie Harness.

Norman Camp: Sponsor, Miss Maud Wingate; Maids of Honor, Misses Alice Wilson, Effie Armstrong, Etta Williams, Stella Ford, Maggie Rollins, Nina Bessent, Ollie Briggs, Carlee Chesney, and Maud Russell.

First Brigade: Commander, W. D. Matthews; Adjutant, J. G. Street; Sponsor, Miss Nannie Matthews; Maids of Honor, Miss Mattie Matthews and Miss Cora Rollins.

Second Brigade: Commander, A. P. Watson; Adjutant, D. A. Sparks; Sponsor, Miss Ruby Parker.

Third Brigade: Commander, Sam Porter; Adjutant, Jerott Todd; Sponsor, Miss Mattie Douglas; Maid of Honor, Miss Myrtle Locke.

S. J. Wilkins was elected Commander of the Oklahoma Division, and Maj. J. P. Allen, of the First Brigade.

Shawnee was selected as the place of meeting next year.

HOOD'S CAMPAIGN AT MURFREESBORO.

Little has ever been published from the Confederate side at Murfreesboro; hence the following paper on Slocumb's Battery, Fifth Company Washington Artillery, at Overall's Creek, near there, in December, 1864, has been written by Gen. J. A. Chalaron, who there commanded it:

"Meeting, a short while back, one of the survivors of the Thirteenth Indiana Federal Cavalry, who was visiting our Memorial Hall, an exchange of war experiences with him brought out the fact that he was at Overall's Creek, Tenn., with his regiment, when it charged my guns. The episode is one so rare in war, and one so glorious for the Washington Artillery, that the duty of recording it, which I have always felt devolved upon me, has by this meeting at last been stimulated into execution.

"Confederate blood on the ensanguined works and field of Franklin was hardly dry, and our burial parties were still performing their last sad duty to our fallen comrades, when Hood's army took up the line of advance toward Nashville on the morning of December 1, 1864.

"Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee's Corps led the column; Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart's followed; Maj. Gen. Cheatham's Corps moved last. Forrest's cavalry covered the front and flanks. It was the morning of the 2d before Cheatham passed through the town, crossed the bridge over the Harpeth River, and pushed forward on the main pike to Nashville. Bate's Division of this corps, to which Slocumb's Battery was attached, shortly after passing over the river, drew out of the column and took a pike leading off to the right, skirting the base of the hill just across from Franklin, upon which stood a frowning fortification that commanded the town and its vicinity, and, by its fire, played an important part in the battle.

"It was in obedience to the following order sent to Gen. Cheatham that the division had left the main column:

"HEADQUARTERS, NEAR FRANKLIN, December 2, 1864, 7 A.M.

"Gen. Hood directs that you will send Bate's Division, with one battery of artillery, over to Murfreesboro, and direct them to destroy the railroad from Murfreesboro to Nashville, burning all the bridges and taking the blockhouses and burning them.

A. P. MASON,

Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General.'

"The battery Gen. Bate selected from his battalion of artillery was Slocomb's, and, being its commander at the time, I became acting chief of artillery of the division on that expedition. We moved on the Triune Pike to that place, then across to the Wilkinson Pike, and on the morning of the 4th of December cut across country to the Nashville and Murfreesboro Pike, which we struck about six miles from Murfreesboro. The evening before we had camped near the Claybrook place, and at this hospitable and lordly home Gen. Bate had made his headquarters for the night. Here it was definitely ascertained that Gen. Rousseau, in command at Murfreesboro, had a force of from 8,000 to 10,000 men. Bate's Division barely counted 1,600



GEN. J. A. CHALARON.

men of all arms present for duty. It comprised the brigades of Gen. H. R. Jackson, Georgians; of Gen. Tyler under Gen. T. B. Smith, Georgians and Tennesseans; of Finley Floridians under Col. Robert Bulloch; Slocomb's Battery, Fifth Company Washington Artillery; and one hundred and fifty cavalry under Col. B. J. Hill.

"The morale of most of this force had been badly shaken by what then appeared to us the useless slaughter and blundering sacrifice of the flower of the Army of Tennessee before Franklin. Demoralization was openly expressed by many, and I felt apprehensive of the loss of my guns, should any emergency arise that would require stout and determined fighting for their protection by their infantry supports.

"On the 4th, about midday, we drove in the enemy's pickets at the crossing of the pike and railroad over Overall Creek, where a very strong blockhouse on the Murfreesboro side of the creek protected the railroad bridge that stood about five hundred yards below the pike and its bridge.

"I was instructed by Gen. Bate to reconnoiter the blockhouse and compel its surrender by the fire of my guns. After reconnoitering, I reported the blockhouse as a very strong and large one, and that at the distance I would be compelled to keep from it, owing to the open nature of the ground from which we had approached it, and the limited range and impact of my battery of four smooth-bore Napoleon guns, I felt that it would take some time to reduce the place, during which the garrison of Murfreesboro, attracted by the cannonading, would certainly march out to its relief and give battle to the division. Gen. Bate ordered me to open on the blockhouse. I

then planted my guns to the left of the pike, between it and the railroad, about six hundred yards from the blockhouse and about the same distance from the bridge by which the pike crossed the creek, the open ground down from the creek giving me an unimpeded view of both blockhouse and the pike bridge. The spot on which stood my guns was the first swell of ground from the level of the creek bottom, and the elevation may have been about fifteen feet above the bank of the creek. The swell was wide enough to hold the battery in action; then fell into a gentle depression, deep enough to shield a man; then rose again a short distance back to somewhat higher ground. The Murfreesboro side of the creek was wooded, and the movements of the enemy were thus screened, except along the pike, down which, for a mile or more, a clear view could be had toward Murfreesboro.

"Gen. Bate had made his disposition as follows: Col. Hill's cavalry was out scouting on the flanks and skirmishing in front across the creek, from which it had driven the enemy's pickets to within three miles of Murfreesboro. Three regiments of the Florida Brigade under Col. Robert Bulloch stood as a protection between the battery and the creek, at right angles to the pike and facing its bridge. Their skirmishers were along the creek's bank. Gen. H. R. Jackson's Brigade was put to work destroying the railroad off to the battery's left and rear; Gen. T. B. Smith's brigade was held in reserve to the battery's rear and right; the Sixth Florida was guarding the wagon train, far to the rear. On the left front of the battery, and as close to the blockhouse as possible, Lieut. A. B. Schell, with the Whitworth rifle detachment of the division, was using his far-reaching weapons.

"At about 12 M. I opened fire on the blockhouse with every gun, and my gunners' practice was excellent; almost every shot told. The earth could be seen to fly; the lookout was knocked to pieces. The cannonading had not lasted half an hour when I descried cavalry hurrying from Murfreesboro toward the scene of action. A few solid shots hurled in their direction caused them to turn off the pike to their right, and to make their way toward the blockhouse behind the screen of woods. I sent word of their approach to Gen. Bate, and continued pounding the blockhouse. Next appeared down the pike rushing artillery, that likewise turned off to their right, upon reaching the zone of our fire, and disappeared behind the woods. Finally, a low and dense cloud of dust revealed the approach of the enemy's infantry column along the pike, which also filed off to their right, as the cavalry and artillery had done. In succession I sent notice of these movements to Gen. Bate.

"An hour of leisurely fire since we opened on the blockhouse had certainly elapsed, when of a sudden the enemy's artillery opened upon my battery from a point between the blockhouse and the pike, on their side of the creek. The distance was about eight hundred yards between our guns and theirs.

"My attention and guns were immediately turned from the blockhouse to the enemy's artillery, and an exceedingly lively duel ensued between us, which lasted a long while, the enemy, in the meantime, arranging his forces and engaging our infantry from across the creek, preparing to throw his infantry and cavalry over.

"The enemy's artillery was finally silenced, and my fire was directed upon his infantry, that could be seen moving to cross the pike bridge.

"Nothing but my discharges of canister kept the enemy from pushing up to my position. Gen. Smith's reserve brigade was brought up; but they got no farther than my pieces, and hud-

dled up around them to such an extent as to impede their rapid handling. Most of this brigade mixed with the disorganized Floridians in the depression in my rear, and all was confusion around me, when as I stood on the left of my battery came running to me Lieut. A. B. Schell from the left front, shouting to me: 'Look out, Chalaron, the enemy's cavalry are forming on your left to charge you on the flank!' And, sure enough, as I turned to that direction there appeared a long front of cavalry some four hundred yards off, just starting at a rapid pace toward my left and rear. Immediately I ordered my guns to cease firing at the enemy's infantry, pointed out the line of cavalry to Lieut. A. I. Leverich, whose section was on the left as the battery stood, ordered him to throw his guns round to the left, and to pour canister into that cavalry as fast as it could be fired, which he did with incredible rapidity. Limbering up Lieut. C. C. Johnston's section, I rushed it down in the depression behind us, faced it to our left, and dashed forward to bring it in action on a line with Leverich.

"On that December day dusk was fast approaching, for the hours had quickly sped in their fullness of all-absorbing conflict and danger; and as I dashed on, Johnson by my side, and his guns tearing after us, and neared the line where I intended planting them, through the falling veil of darkness loomed up the enemy's line of horses, madly coming at us, unchecked by Leverich's canister. There was no time to halt, to come into battery, to do anything but meet the clash, which I saw, from the impetus the cavalry line had gathered, was but an instant off. Turning to Johnson, I said: 'Leverich has failed to check them! They're on us! Have you a weapon?' 'Not a penknife,' he replied; and, as I raised my sword arm to guard my head from an expected saber stroke, as a few more strides would bring the foe and us together, I realized that the horses alone of that line of battle were charging us. The riders had been swept off by Leverich's canister. On they came, however, at unabated speed, some thirty or forty horses, riderless, but aligned, sweeping like a whirlwind past us through the intervals of the seconds that followed, over guns and men and disorganized infantry, and far to our rear, adding to the confusion that prevailed. This line gone, the second or other squadron could be dimly descried in confusion—its riders wheeling about and around to retrace their steps as fast as possible—their regiment cured of further aggressiveness on that flank. Bringing Johnson's section into battery, I ordered him to open with shrapnel on that retreating cavalry, and proceeded to retire Leverich's section, that had kept on firing until Johnson had opened. I placed this section some one hundred and fifty yards to the right and rear of Johnson's, and opened from it in the direction of the enemy's infantry, that had crossed the pike bridge and driven off our infantry in my front.

"Our infantry that had been around me, with but few exceptions, had disappeared, bearing to the rear the report that my guns had been captured. My battery thus found itself alone, without any support whatever, on the scene of conflict. The mantle of night, fortunately, covered from the enemy my helpless predicament. When Leverich's section had opened, I retired Johnson's, planting it some one hundred and fifty yards to the rear and left of Leverich; and when Johnson had opened, I withdrew Leverich toward the pike, and no bullets coming at me from any direction, and the reverberation of my guns alone disturbing the silence of the field, I ceased firing altogether and gained the pike in movement to the rear, with my battery intact, and sought my division, which I felt must have re-formed not far away.

"In the meantime the company's details at the caissons and ambulance caught more than twenty horses that had charged over us, and all bore the number 13 branded on their haunches. Later, we became aware that they belonged to the Thirteenth Indiana Federal Cavalry. The battery had not come unscathed out of this affair. Private Louis Seibrecht had been killed by a cannon ball, Private Henry Miller severely wounded by a cannon ball, Private E. H. Wingate severely wounded by a Minie ball through the chest, Private John Berry severely wounded by a Minie ball in the jaw and throat, Corporal J. H. Scott and Private C. Wild slightly wounded, and many others had been struck. Seven horses had been killed. The battery had fired two hundred and seventeen rounds of ammunition, seventy-six of which had been directed against the blockhouse.

"Nearly a mile in the rear of where my last shot had been fired, riding ahead of my guns, I perceived in the darkness a group of mounted men on the pike. It was Gen. Bate and some of his staff. As I approached, one exclaimed, 'There is Chalaron!' and Gen Bate, hailing me, asked: 'Is that you, Chalaron.' 'Yes,' I replied. As I reached the group, he said: 'I am so sorry you have lost your guns.' I answered in no amiable mood: 'Lost my guns? No, sir, I have not lost my guns!' Gen. Bate expressed, in a fervent manner, his satisfaction at this announcement. In his report of this affair (R. R., Vol. LXV., Part I, page 745) he says: 'Slocumb's Battery, under command of Lieut. Chalaron, acted with conspicuous and most effective gallantry.'

"The report of Lieut. H. Milo Torrence, commanding the blockhouse, says: 'The enemy opened three pieces, twelve-pounder artillery, on Blockhouse No. 7, at a distance of five hundred to eight hundred yards, throwing seventy-two shot and shell, thirty-one of which struck the building—five in the lookout and two in the main building and its entrance way. Of the twenty-one, six were thrown into the inner casing at loop line. It will be remembered that the outer casing of this house is supported above the loop line by pillars twelve to fifteen inches long. The shot were thrown in between the upper and lower logs of the outer case, and the pillars were struck and shattered, but none knocked entirely out. No shot penetrated the main building; no shot struck, however, directly on the loop, the bearing of the guns being such as not to admit of it except at the corner.'"

W. A. Campbell, of Columbus, Miss., relates some humorous mistakes: "A year or so ago the son of a lady friend of mine called at my home in company with a man who had lost a leg and an eye just as we were going to the dining room, and I invited them to breakfast with me. I called the young man aside and asked him in what battle the old man had been so severely wounded. To my surprise, he stated that the man had been injured while dynamiting fish. This reminds me of another similar experience. It was memorial day, and the adjutant of the Camp had distributed badges to all the members, and we were preparing to march to the cemetery, when I noticed a stranger near with a peg leg. I approached him and offered my badge, as 'no one-legged soldier shall be without a badge if I have one to give him.' It developed later that he had lost his leg in a sawmill."

Comrade W. G. Lockhart wrote sometime since concerning "Lee to the Rear," and by an error in the office the sketch was headed "Lee at Orange C. H.," instead of "At the Wilderness." He commends the report of J. G. Wheeler.

"A RIDE INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH."

LIEUT. GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE, COLUMBUS, MISS.

In the *VETERAN* for June, 1902, page 259, there is an article from Comrade H. H. Hockersmith, headed "A Ride into the Jaws of Death," and inquiring who the bold rider was. It is described as follows: "This was indeed a ride into the jaws of death. The courier had to ride parallel with the Federal lines nearly two miles, and it is safe to say that not less than one thousand shots were fired at him, and generally at close range. And as he came dashing down the line, his hat held firmly in his teeth, his form erect, his long black locks waving, dashing past us a meteor, such a shout went up as possibly was never heard before or afterwards. Many daring feats were accomplished during the war, but none more so than this, and the hero at this time would have made a picture second to none for the easel of the most gifted painter. . . . If this brave man is still alive, he is deserving of the lavish praise of the whole South; if dead, then for grandeur his monument should be second to none erected for the great heroes who have passed from earth."

In your August number for 1902, page 354, Comrade W. T. Moore, of J. W. Throckmorton Camp, U. C. V., at McKinney, Tex., claims that his brother, Rev. James A. Moore, of Clarksville, Tex., was the bold rider, and says Col. Withers sent him, etc. R. N. Rea, of Brunetta, La., claims that the bold rider was Sergt. Richard W. Wilday, of the Forty-Sixth Mississippi Regiment, etc.

As to the comrades mentioned by the two writers, I know nothing, and each may have performed a gallant feat, but I feel that both are mistaken in this instance. I commanded the troops on the battlefield of Chickasaw Bayou, and the incident is fresh in my mind.

Capt. W. H. Johnson's company of cavalry were acting as couriers, and attached to my headquarters were Lieut. Sid S. Champion, of the company, and Corporal R. D. Champion, when the enemy were repulsed in their most gallant assaults. I was fearful I would run short of ammunition if the attack was renewed, and also wanted to dispatch Gen. Pemberton, in Vicksburg, six miles distant, the result of the battle at that time. I wrote a dispatch and started it by two couriers, one immediately after the other, and both of the brave men were killed before they got one hundred yards from the starting point. It was then that Corporal R. D. Champion, who was in charge of my couriers, volunteered to bear the dispatch, and in sight of the two dead men who had preceded him. I wrote the dispatch a third time and gave it to him, and he carried it safely into Vicksburg to Gen. Pemberton, and the ammunition was sent to me over the ridge road from Vicksburg to Chickasaw Bayou, out of range. Champion's first route was from Chickasaw Bayou along the road at the foot of the bluffs in full view of the enemy for over five miles. Their sharpshooters were in the abattis, or felled timber across the bayou (Willow), parallel to the bluffs. The ringing of the rifles of the enemy for the distance told of the rapid progress of the bold rider and his presumed safe journey into the city.

Now to the record and proof. In those days there were so many gallant deeds that not much importance was attached to them. All Confederate soldiers were heroes; but as we look back now we recall those most striking, and this is one of them.

In Serial Number 24, Volume XVII., Part One, "War of the Rebellion," Official Reports of the Union and Confederate Armies, published by the government, pages 680 to 684 inclu-

sive, appears the official report of Stephen D. Lee, brigadier general commanding provisional division of operations, December 25, 1862-January 2, 1863. On page 683 is this statement: "Capt. W. H. Johnson and Lieut. Sid S. Champion, volunteer aid, acted gallantly and were of great service. I would also mention Corporal Champion (R. D.), of Capt. Johnson's company, in charge of couriers, for his bravery. *He carried several important orders under heavy fire.*"

I present also the following as collateral evidence, knowing that the two comrades were in error. I wrote Col. Montgomery a gallant Confederate who had married into the Champion family, to see if any evidence remained of the incident. Mrs. M. M. Champion, the wife of Lieut. Sid S. Champion at the time of the battle, wrote to me:

"CHAMPION HILLS, January 2, 1902.

"Gen. Lee: I was at Col. Montgomery's a few days ago, and he requested me to write you in reference to the bearer of dispatches from Chickasaw Bayou to Vicksburg. It was without doubt my husband's nephew, Robert Champion, who, after two others had been killed in attempting it, volunteered to take and deliver them safely. Poor fellow, he has been dead many years.

"I send you part of two letters from my husband, Sid S. Champion, to refresh your memory of those troublous times. You can return them. I have a good many of his war-time letters. Very respectfully, Mrs. M. M. CHAMPION."

The following is an extract from Lieut. Champion's letter to his wife, written from the battlefield of Chickasaw Bayou, and now before me:

"The killed, I know, was not less than four hundred or five hundred. The wounded, according to all rules of computation, is three times as great. About three hundred prisoners were captured—the precise number I have not been able yet to ascertain. But, dear, what is so near to me now is Robert. What a glorious boy he is! You may well be proud of him as my nephew. He was called up in the presence of his captain, received the thanks and the highest compliments from Gen. Lee for his cool courage and daring. In calling at Gen. Lee's headquarters this evening to pay my respects and report his couriers for discharge, he immediately inquired for my nephew and told Capt. Johnson he wanted Robert to come and stay with him, to regulate his household. Then, turning to me, he said: 'Lieutenant, I have taken a great fancy for your nephew. Let him come and stay with me. The next battle I shall have him with me. I know him, and can rely on him in every emergency.'"

In another letter, later from the battlefield, Lieut. Champion says:

"Bob is still Gen. Lee's orderly. Johnson told me that Gen. Lee called Bob up and paid him the highest compliment he ever heard paid man when he (Johnson) got in camp Monday night. Dear, I am proud of Bob. He is a noble boy, as brave as Julius Caesar."

Now, Mr. Editor, these are the facts, sustained by official report and undoubted collateral evidence. There is not a shadow of a doubt that Corporal R. D. Champion, of Johnson's cavalry company, was the bold rider. I know from experience at this late day that memory alone is very unreliable as to war incidents, and, unless backed by authoritative evidence, should not be considered conclusive, and, as Comrade H. H. Hockersmith says: "If dead, then for grandeur his monument should be second to none for the great who have passed from earth."



MONUMENT TO CONFEDERATES KILLED AT BRITTON'S LANE IN SEPTEMBER, 1862.

The above is a cut of John Ingram Bivouac and the monument they have built to the memory of those who fell in the desperate charge of Col. Wirt Adams's Cavalry Regiment in Britton's Lane September 1, 1862. Rev. E. B. McNeil, President of the Bivouac, originated the monument movement and pressed it to completion. For ten or twelve years he persistently kept up his labor of love until an acre of land was secured, the handsome and durable monument erected, the grounds fenced and trees planted to beautify them.

Comrade McNeil is a native of Franklin County, Tenn., although he served as a private, the post of honor as well as of hardship, for nearly four years in the First and Forty-First Mississippi Infantry. He is a Baptist minister, and has been a successful pastor of several Churches since the war. He is also a member of the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Soldiers' Home and Pension Commissioner for West Tennessee.

On the monument is the following inscription: "Erected by John Ingram Bivouac, No. 5, to the memory of an unknown number of Confederate dead who fell on this field in battle September 1, 1862, and many of whom were buried in a pit at this spot."

On the 1st of September, 1898, the thirty-sixth anniversary of the battle, the monument was dedicated with proper ceremonies. The bones of four Confederate soldiers were also taken up from isolated graves and placed at the foot of the monument with the others that had been resting there in the pit for thirty-six years. Mrs. Emily Toone (formerly Bradford) knelt by the side of the box containing the bones of her husband while prayer was held.

Contributions to help build the monument came from Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, and Tennessee. One poor woman from Arkansas sent a half dollar to help, because her father was one of those buried there.

From a letter written a few days after the fight by a member of Col. Wirt Adams's Regiment to Mrs. J. B. Allen, of Port Gibson, Miss., whose brother, Sergeant Major Lee Brisco, was killed on the field, we take the following account of the charge:

"The enemy were strongly posted in the woods, their line extending on each side fronting a lane that led up to their

position. In their front on one side of the lane was a cornfield, and on the other a field grown up in bushes—affording good cover for their skirmishers. These skirmishers were thrown well in front on both sides of the lane, while two pieces of artillery, supported by a strong infantry force, were in position directly in the lane where it entered the woods. There was a high 'stake and rided' fence on each side, and the road was very narrow, caused by deep gullies that had been washed out by the rains.

"Having failed to dislodge the enemy with some of his dismounted guns, Gen. Armstrong called up Col. Adams's Regiment, which had been covering the rear that day, and ordered him to form by fours and drive the enemy from his position. The order was promptly obeyed, though there was not a man in the regiment but could see the death trap we were to ride into. We formed in the road, and at the words 'Attention! Gallop! Forward march!' we started on our desperate charge. While in the road, and before entering the lane from our side, the enemy had an enflading fire at us with their artillery, but when the clear notes of the bugle rang out the 'Charge!' and we swung by fours into the narrow, dusty path to death, we were in pointblank range and not more than a hundred and fifty yards from their guns, that were now vomiting double charges of grape and canister as fast as they could fire, while their skirmishers on both sides poured a steady fire into our charging column.

"Col. Adams, mounted on a beautiful cream-colored mare, well to the front leading his men at racing speed, was a conspicuous target for the enemy, and every moment I expected to see him fall. Close as they could get to him rode Sergt. Major Lee Brisco, Lieut. Montgomery, and Capt. Bondurant, the two first to give up their gallant lives a few seconds later amid the captured guns of the enemy, and the latter to fall wounded with his horse shot dead beneath him near the same spot. The fire was awful, and under the withering blast the head of our column went down. Those behind, unable to see for the blinding dust, with the notes of the bugle sounding the charge still ringing in their ears, spurred madly forward toward the sound of the guns, only to stumble and fall over their dead and wounded comrades and horses in front until the narrow lane was completely blocked. But the guns were

won; the few survivors in front had pressed forward, and the gunners, mounting the horses attached to the limber chests and caissons, made off as fast as possible, and their support, after firing another volley, also retired, leaving us in possession of the guns, but with no ammunition to use them and not strength enough to move them. I can never forget the picture of Col. Adams as I saw him at that moment, seated on the cream-colored mare, from whose nostrils the blood spurted with each heave of her panting sides, with a smoking pistol in his hand and the light of a panther in his eyes as he looked around on his dead and dying men and the few survivors who had lived to follow him through. Then he looked down the lane to where his charging squadrons were completely blocked in a confused mass of dead and wounded men and horses, realizing that there was no hope of assistance from them. Soon the regiments of Col. Slemmons and Col. Pinson dismounted and came to our support, driving back the enemy, who were again advancing, and saved the guns.

"Such a foolhardy charge should never have been made.



REV. E. B. McNEIL.

Down a narrow, dusty lane, with artillery in front and infantry on each flank, and only space sufficient for us to form in fours, with the fire of 1,800 or 2,000 rifles focused on us in addition to the artillery, was simply madness, and only the good God of battle saved us from annihilation. The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava was not more foolish or more glorious than the charge of Col. Wirt Adams's Regiment of Confederate cavalry up Britton's Lane that dusty day in September, 1862."

T. L. Kelly, of Clinton, Ill., seeks information of Joseph Nickols, one of the original Louisiana Tigers and afterwards a member of Company F, Fourth Kentucky Infantry, disbanded at Washington, Ga., May, 1865.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN—A SKETCH.

He is tall, strong, and erect, gray-haired, fiery-eyed, soft-voiced, and gentle of manner. He fought through the four years of the war with the energy, dash, and courage for which he was famous; and at the end, when the South surrendered, faced that situation with as much heroism as he had displayed in battle. After thirty odd years now of the new régime our veteran considers himself entirely reconstructed, although he always votes with the "solid South" and frequently gets into heated arguments on politics; but on the whole he accepts the situation philosophically, and very gladly gave his only son "Godspeed" when he answered his country's call and marched away under the flag of his grandfathers for the Spanish war. We who love our veteran best, though, know that behind the closed door of his heart deeply, tenderly, and solemnly the lost Confederacy is enshrined, and will be for aye; and we regard the sentiment with reverence and silence as when you walk softly and solemnly in the presence of sacred dead.

Though so fiery-tempered and quick spoken, like the men of his type and vicinity, he is very gentle and tender to all young and helpless things, little children and animals adoring him. So he is, at his best, lovable and charming when in the society of his little granddaughters, who have for him that "perfect love which casteth out fear." Sometime since they were dressed for a decoration day celebration to be given at school. They were in white and gayly decorated in ribbons of red, white, and blue. Each little girl had a plant to carry, and they were full of excitement and joy at the prospect of the celebration before them. "O grandpa," said the youngest child, "we are going to have a splendid entertainment at school today. We are going to sing 'America,' 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' 'Tenting To-Night,' 'Rally Round the Flag, Boys,' and we are taking flowers for the soldiers' graves, and we are going to salute the flag this way, grandpa," and she saluted. He was looking with interest and love at this darling, enjoying her pleasure and excitement, when we saw his expression change and soften; his dear face quivered just for an instant, and he spoke very softly and gently: "Sing them all, my baby: take your flowers, and salute your flag; but when you have finished it all, ask your teacher to let you sing 'Dixie' for grandpa and the days of auld lang syne."

"In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
I'll live and die in Dixie."

Rev. E. C. Faulkner, Brinkley, Ark.: "The VETERAN for September calls attention to the fact that in ten more years nearly all the old Confederates will be in their graves. What a solemn thought, and yet how true! I sometimes think it a pity that such men have to die—so brave and generous in war, and in peace the highest type of American citizens. What we do must be done quickly. The idea of 'Blanks for War Record' strikes my fancy. So few widows and children of veterans can tell the company and regiment, or even the brigade, in which husband and father fought. I trust our children will perpetuate the CONFEDERATE VETERAN long after we have ceased to write and talk."

Mrs. A. A. Tufts, Camden, Ark., desires to procure copies of some articles contributed by her mother under the pen name of "Eva" to a magazine called the "Southern Ladies' Companion," published by McFerrin & Henkle about 1848 to 1852. The articles consisted of a series of "Tales from Real Life," and also short poems on various subjects. Any one who can help her in getting these copies will confer a great favor.

THE BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG.

No destruction of property by the Confederate armies during the War between the States has been condemned by the people of the North in such unmeasured terms as the burning of Chambersburg, Pa., in 1864 by order of Gen. Early. While bitterly denouncing this as a wanton destruction of property, they applaud Sherman for permitting and encouraging his troops to commit daily the most unprovoked acts of incendiarism and theft upon the helpless citizens along his line of march from Dalton to Atlanta; and after the fall of the latter, with no army in his front to intercept his "famous"—infamous—march to the sea, the acts perpetrated upon the defenseless women and children, to say nothing of incendiarism, were as fiendish and brutal as ever marked the conquests of the Goths and Vandals in the days of barbarism. It may condone American soldiery to note that two-thirds of Sherman's army was made up of mercenary hirelings, foreigners whose brutal instincts made them fit tools to go beyond the merciless orders of their leader. They had no interest in the welfare of Americans. These Northern partisans, while applauding Sherman, also sang the praises of Sheridan, who had made the proud (?) boast in this day of civilized warfare that his ruthless marauders had with fire and sword so desolated the beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah, inhabited at that time only by homeless and helpless women and children, that a "crow would starve to death flying over it unless he carried his rations with him." And yet Sheridan's army was, as a whole, composed of less objectionable material than Sherman's. It is reported that quite a number of his subordinates resigned or were deprived of their commissions rather than execute the brutal orders issued them, but he found in one Hunter a creature not only willing but eager to carry out his orders. The following is a copy of a letter written Hunter by Mrs. Edmund I. Lee, one of his victims, which clearly expresses the estimate placed upon him by the unfortunate citizens of Virginia at that time:

"SHEPHERDSTOWN, VA., July 20, 1864.

"*Gen. Hunter:* Yesterday your underling, Capt. Martindale, of the First New York Veteran Cavalry, executed your infamous order and burned my house. You have had the satisfaction ere this of receiving from him the information that your orders were fulfilled to the letter, the dwelling and every outbuilding, seven in number, with their contents, being burned. I, therefore, a helpless woman, whom you have cruelly wronged, address you, a major general of the United States army, and demand *why* this was done? What was my offense?

"My husband was absent, an exile. He has never been a politician, or in any way engaged in the struggle now going on, his age preventing. This fact David Strother, your chief of staff, could have told you. The house was built by my father, a revolutionary soldier, who served the whole seven years for *your* independence. There was I born; there the sacred dead repose; it was *my* house and *my* home; and there your niece, who lived among us all this horrid war, up to the present moment, met with all kindness and hospitality at my hands.

"Was it for this that you turned me, my young daughter, and little son out upon the world without a shelter? Or was it because my husband is the grandson of the revolutionary patriot and Rebel, Richard Henry Lee, and the near kinsman of the noblest of Christian warriors, the greatest of generals, Robert E. Lee? Heaven's blessings be upon his head forever! You and your government have failed to conquer, subdue, or match him; and disappointed rage and malice find vent upon the helpless and inoffensive.

"Hyen alike, you have torn my heart to pieces; for all hallowed memories clustered around that homestead; and, demon-

like, you have done it without even the pretext of revenge, for I never saw or harmed you. Your office is not to lead (like a brave man and soldier) your men to fight in the ranks of war, but your work has been to separate yourself from all danger, and, with your incendiary band, steal unawares upon helpless women and children, to insult and to destroy. Two fair homes did you yesterday ruthlessly lay in ashes, giving not a moment's warning to the startled inmates of your wicked purpose; turning mothers and children out of doors, your very name execrated by your own men for the cruel work you gave them to do. In the case of Mr. A. R. Boteler, both father and mother were far away. Any heart but that of Capt. Martindale (and yours) would have been touched by that little circle, comprising a widowed daughter, just risen from her bed of illness, her three little fatherless babes, the eldest not five years old, and her sick sister. I repeat, any *man* would have been touched at that sight but Capt. Martindale. One might as well hope to find mercy and feeling in the heart of a wolf, bent on its prey of young lambs, as to search for such qualities in his bosom. You have chosen well your man for such deeds; doubtless you will promote him.

"A colonel of the Federal army has stated that you deprived forty of your officers of their commands because they refused to carry out your malignant mischief. All honor to their names for this, at least; they are men; they have human hearts and blush for such a commander.

"I ask who that does not wish infamy and disgrace attached to him forever would serve under you? Your name will stand on history's page as the hunter of weak women and innocent children; the hunter to destroy defenseless villages and refined and beautiful homes, to torture afresh the agonized hearts of suffering widows; the hunter of Africa's poor sons and daughters, to lure them into ruin and death of soul and body; the hunter with the relentless heart of a wild beast, the face of a fiend, and the form of a man. O Earth, behold the monster!

"Can I say, 'God forgive you?' No prayer *can* be offered for you. Were it possible for human lips to raise your name heavenward, angels would thrust the foul thing back again and demons claim their own. The curses of thousands, the scorn of the manly and upright, and the hatred of the true and honorable will follow you and yours through all time, and brand your name, Infamy! Infamy!

"Again, I demand, why have you burned my house? Answer, as you *must* answer before the Searcher of all hearts. Why have you added this cruel, wicked deed to your many crimes?"

The burning of Chambersburg was not an act of wanton destruction of property by marauding soldiers under irresponsible officers, but it was an act of retaliation for property destroyed by Gen. Hunter, and was so stated by Gen. Early when he issued the order. One of the houses above referred to as having been burned by Hunter had been taken by him for his headquarters. Only two ladies occupied the house, and he had promised them his protection, but immediately after his departure an officer and some soldiers returned with a written order from Hunter to burn and destroy everything about the premises.

A few days later, as Gen. Hunter was passing another Virginia mansion, a lady asked him why he had destroyed the magnificent home of Col. Anderson. He replied that Virginia women were worse traitors than their husbands, and he would burn the houses over their heads in order to make them personally and immediately experience some punishment for their treason; and, on another occasion, he said to a Virginia lady that he would humble the Virginia women before he left the

State. Many other acts could be mentioned of actual destruction, threats, and wanton violence on the part of Hunter, all of which make up public sentiment that prevailed at that time in Virginia, and which required steps on the part of the military authorities to prevent their recurrence in the future, as well as to stop the useless destruction then going on; but these are sufficient to explain the reason why the city of Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania, was burned.

Gen. John McCausland, under whose immediate orders the city was burned, gives the following account of it:

"On July 28 I received an order from Gen. Early to cross the Potomac with my brigade and one under Gen. Bradley T. Johnson and proceed to the city of Chambersburg. My orders were to capture the city and deliver to the proper authorities a proclamation which Gen. Early had issued calling upon them to furnish me with \$100,000 in gold or \$500,000 in greenbacks, and in case the money was not forthcoming I was instructed to burn the city and return to Virginia. The proclamation also stated that this course had been adopted in retaliation for the destruction of property in Virginia by orders of Gen. Hunter, and specified that the homes of Andrew Hunter, A. R. Boteler, E. J. Lee, Gov. Letcher, J. T. Anderson, the Virginia Military Institute, and others in Virginia had been burned by orders of D. Hunter, a Federal commander, and that this money demanded from Chambersburg was to be paid to the parties specified as compensation for their loss of property. It appears that Gen. Early adopted this policy after proper reflection; that his orders were distinct and final, and that what was done on this occasion by my command was not the result of inconsiderate action or want of proper authority, as was alleged by many parties at the North, both at the time and since the close of the war.

"On the 29th of July the two cavalry brigades that were to make the dash into Pennsylvania, by turning the right of Hunter's army, were assembled at Hammond's Hill, in Berkeley County, W. Va. During the night the Federal pickets on the opposite side of the river were captured, and our troops crossed just at daylight on the morning of the 30th and moved out on the National road. At Clear Spring we left the National road and turned into the Mercersburg road to the north. We reached Mercersburg about dark, and stopped to feed our horses and give the stragglers time to catch up. After this stop the march was continued all night, notwithstanding the opposition made at every available point by a regiment of Federal cavalry. We reached Chambersburg at daylight on the 31st. The approach to the town was defended only by one piece of artillery and some irregular troops, who were soon driven off, and the advance of our force took possession of the town. The main part of our two brigades was formed on the high ground overlooking the town.

"I at once went into the city with my staff and requested some of the citizens to inform the city authorities that I wanted to see them. I also sent my staff through the town to locate the proper officials and inform them that I had a proclamation for their consideration. Not one could be found. I then directed the proclamation to be read to as many citizens as were near me, and asked them to hunt up their town officers, informing them that I would wait until they could either find the proper authorities, or, by consultation among themselves, determine what they would do. Finally, I informed them that I would wait six hours, and if they would then comply with the requirements their town would be safe; but if not, it would be destroyed in accordance with my orders from Gen. Early.

"After a few hours' delay, many citizens came to see me. Some were willing to pay the money; others were not. I urged them to comply, giving them such reason as occurred

to me at the time, and told them plainly what they might expect in the event of their failure to pay the money demanded. I showed to my own officers, and to the citizens who came to see me, my written authority and orders of Gen. Early, and before a single house was burned both the citizens and the Confederate officers fully understood why it was done and by whose orders.

"After waiting until the expiration of the six hours, and finding that the proclamation would not be complied with, the destruction was begun by firing the most central blocks first, and after the inhabitants had been removed from them. Thus the town was destroyed, and the citizens driven to the hills and fields adjacent thereto. No lives were lost among the citizens, and only one soldier was killed, he being killed after the troops had left the place. About noon the troops were re-formed on the high ground overlooking the town, where most of them had been posted in the early morning, and the return to the Potomac was begun. We reached the river the next day at or near Hancock, Md.

"Gen. Early, in his 'Memoir,' page 57, says: 'A written demand was sent to the municipal authorities, and they were informed what would be the result of a failure or refusal to comply with it.'

"In this expedition our troops passed through more than one hundred miles of hostile territory, executed all orders that were issued with promptness and regularity, and never have I heard of any complaint of acts unauthorized by their superior officers, of competent authority to order it, and, moreover, that it was an act of retaliation perfectly justified by the circumstances, and was at all times in keeping with the rules governing civilized warfare."

CORRECT SHAPE OF THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAG.—R. A. Owen, of Port Gibson, Miss., protests against the use of "imitation battle flags:" "It is with a feeling of sorrow I have noticed that our battle flag at this late day, and, in fact, every one I have seen made since the war, was *oblong*. I was in line, a high private in the Twelfth Mississippi Volunteer Infantry, when Gen. Beauregard had every regiment of his corps (then the Army of Northern Virginia) presented with the battle flag after the first battle of Manassas, and all were square. How could the St. Andrew's cross be properly formed otherwise. I venture to say that not a veteran of the Army of Northern Virginia recognizes this oblong thing that we parade under at our reunions as the flag that we fought under. As we are making history for the sake of our children and children's children, let us transmit our flag to them in its proper shape. I have waited in vain for an abler writer than I to call attention to this error. Our national flag was oblong, but the battle flag was certainly square. Please call attention of the flag makers to this inexcusable error, and oblige one who reverences the old battle flag as something sacred."

P. G. Carter, of Celeste, Tex., wants to know the names of four comrades who were sent with him and M. B. Hylton, now of Illinois, on a little reconnoitering expedition in 1864. He says: "Gen. Bradley T. Johnson commanded the brigade going in advance of Gen. Early down the Valley of Virginia on our way into Maryland. The Twenty-Seventh Battalion of Virginia Cavalry was called upon for volunteers to find the Federals, drive in their pickets, and report back. We started north toward Newtown, Va., and after going about a mile learned that a large regiment of Federal cavalry was encamped at Newtown. After going some distance, we found we were raising an immense dust, which shielded us completely, so we decided to charge them. This we did, and ran them away from their dinner, which we appropriated and enjoyed."

TWENTY-THIRD TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

BY JASPER KELSEY, LYNNVILLE, TENN.

The Twenty-Third Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., was organized at Camp Anderson in July, 1861, with ten companies. The regimental officers were Col. Matt. Martin, Lieut. Col. James F. Neill, and Maj. George H. Nixon. In August we moved to Camp Trousdale, and in September to Bowling Green, Ky., where we were put into Cleburne's Brigade, Hardee's Division, Confederate States Army. About February 1, 1862, after the surrender of Fort Donelson, our forces were withdrawn from Kentucky to Corinth, Miss. On Friday, the 5th of April, before the battle of Shiloh (on the 6th and 7th), our command fired on the Federals for the first time. The regiment was in the general engagement on the 6th and 7th, and lost many men and officers. Our colonel, J. F. Neill, was wounded early in the morning of the first day; Capt. Moore, of Lawrence County, was killed in the first charge; Capt. Harder, of Perry County, was wounded and captured sometime during the battle; Flane Wilson, State Senator from Lawrence County, went into the battle and was lost. It is supposed he was killed on the battlefield. After a brilliant victory on the first day and a demoralization on the second, the command marched back to Corinth. While there the year of service for which we had volunteered expired, and the regiment was reorganized. New officers were elected. Most of the old ones resigned and went home or to other commands. R. H. Keeble, of Murfreesboro, was elected colonel. Bragg was now in command of the Army of Tennessee.

The Twenty-Third Regiment, while at Corinth, was put into the brigade of Brig. Gen. B. R. Johnston, and went with the Army of Tennessee by rail through Mobile, Montgomery, and Atlanta to Chattanooga, Tenn.; from there we marched over the Cumberland Mountains by way of Dunlap, Spencer, and Sparta, crossed the Cumberland River above Hartsville, and marched into Kentucky.

The Twenty-Third Tennessee was engaged in the battle of Perryville, and lost many men killed and wounded. Our next fight was the battle of Murfreesboro, on December 29, 1862. The Twenty-Third Tennessee, with Johnson's Brigade, was placed on the line of battle at the opening of the fight. They made a right wheel and attacked the Federals on their right flank, and drove them back several miles, carrying everything before them and throwing the enemy's right wing into complete disorder. After the battle we went into winter quarters at Tullahoma.

Early in the spring of 1863 we moved northward, and camped a short time at Wartrace. Sometime in June we had a skirmish with the Federals at Hoover's Gap, in Rutherford County, after which we fell back with the army to Chattanooga. The Twenty-Third Tennessee was sent to Charleston, in East Tennessee, where we remained until about September 1, when we again joined the main body of the army, and on the 19th and 20th of September engaged in the battle of Chickamauga. Many of our men were killed and wounded in that bloody battle. The Confederates gained a complete victory, driving the Federals back to Chattanooga in the greatest disorder. We then took position on Missionary Ridge, just south of Chattanooga, where we did duty until about November 1.

While we were on Missionary Ridge, the Twenty-Third and Seventeenth Tennessee Regiments were consolidated, and afterwards known as the Seventeenth and Twenty-Third Tennessee. R. H. Keeble was made colonel; — Floyd, lieutenant colonel; and John G. Lowe, major. About that time Johnson's Division was attached to Longstreet's Corps, and

did service with Longstreet in the winter of 1863 and 1864 in Upper East Tennessee, and did some fighting around Knoxville and at Bean Station.

The winter was an extremely cold one, and some of our men were barefooted and almost destitute of clothing. Gen. Longstreet issued an order for the men to make their own shoes out of the fresh skins of the cows that were being killed for beef. Part of the time we lived on jerked beef without salt, and bread made of unbolted wheat flour, and sometimes bread and no meat at all.

In the spring of 1864 we were moved to Petersburg, Va. In April of that year the regiment was in a hard-fought battle on the South Side railroad, between Petersburg and Richmond, losing a great number of men killed and wounded; but by that fight we saved the railroad connection between Richmond and Petersburg to the Confederates.

We fortified our position near Drewry's Bluff, on the James River, and did duty there under fire of the Federal gunboats until about June 15, when the army of Gen. Grant made its first attack on Petersburg. We moved around on the lines in front of that place, had hard fighting all day on the 16th, and on the morning of the 17th the Federals in heavy force attacked our brigade on the left flank (it being unsupported), and killed and wounded a great number of men and captured about four hundred men and officers. After that time the Twenty-Third Tennessee served under Gen. Lee around Petersburg and Richmond, losing men and officers until the final surrender of the Army of Virginia. Maj. Lowe was captured on the 17th of June, 1864; Col. Keeble and Col. Floyd were both killed in the battles around Petersburg.

I cannot give much account of what happened to our regiment after June 17, 1864, as I was wounded and made a prisoner that day, and remained in prison until the end of the war.

ONE COMPANY OF SEVENTEENTH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

B. A. Oehning, now of New York City, sends the following:

"For some time past I have been anxiously watching to see in the *VETERAN* an account from some member of our old regiment, the Seventeenth Tennessee, or from some member of Gen. Bushrod Johnson's old brigade of Tennessee veterans. Hoping others will follow, I give a brief account of our old company:

"At Winchester, Tenn., in the spring of 1861, the First Tennessee Volunteer Infantry Regiment was organized. Pete Turney, having been elected colonel of the regiment by acclamation, moved at once with his gallant command to Virginia, where it remained during the war.

"Immediately after the First Regiment had marched from Winchester, our fellow-townsmen, T. W. Newman, Albert S. Marks, Dr. McCutcheon, and others, were quite busily engaged getting together volunteers for another regiment. While the Winchester people were exerting their energies to raise the required number of men to form another company, Dr. Whitfield, J. C. Grant, Pink Cole, and others were bending their efforts to obtain a sufficient number of men to form a company at Marble Hill. In the meanwhile the boys from Winchester and the boys from Marble Hill had rendezvous at Camp Harris. Finding that neither Marble Hill nor Winchester had the required number of men separately to form a full military company, the two sections agreed to unite, and elected company officers as follows:

"*Captain*.—A. S. Marks.

"*Lieutenants*.—J. C. Grant, Pink Cole, and Wm. Newman.

"*Sergeants*.—Perry Newman, Josh Tipps, B. A. Oehning, B. Franklin, Charles Wagoner.

"Corporals—Winfield Scott, C. R. Handy, George Pless, James Walker.

"The company was composed of the following privates:

"Acklan, G.; Acklan, Joseph; Anderson, Marion.

"Black, N. B.; Black, Marcus; Bailey, —; Bickley, James; Birmingham, —; Bruce, Marshall; Bramage, John; Brewer, Buck; Butterworth, John.

"Chapman, William; Cherry, Cutler; Cherry, Fred; Church, Peter; Church, Jacob; Crawford, —; Chrisman, Edward; Chrisman, William; Curle, David.

"Dalton, Lee; Davis, Jeff; Donaldson, John; Durham, —.

"Edwards, Thomas.

"Farris, William; Foreman, Jess; Fitzpatrick, John; Fitzpatrick, James B.; Francis, Joseph.

"Gather, Phillip; Gillespie, James; Golden, James; Greenlee, Henderson; Grant, Thomas; Grant, —.

"Handly, Dr. Gip; Handly, J. R.; Hall, Isaac; Holland, —.

"Judd, Thomas; Johnson, James.

"Kitchens, William; Kitchens, Berry.

"Lewis, John; Lewis, Baily; Linbough, Mike; Linbough, Joel; Logan, L. P.; Logan, J. N.; Lockhart, James.

"Maddox, Robert; Martin, Nathan; Martin, Dallas; Martin, Thomas; Marshall, John; Middleton, Josiah; McCoy, David; McDaniel, James; McKenzie, Alfred.

"Olliver, Thomas; Osborne, William; Osborne, Jess.

"Patton, William; Parker, James; Perry, S.; Pless, Newton.

"Sanders, Wily; Sanders, John; Sanders, Jacob; Sanders, J. P.; Sandidge, —; Sims, John; Sims, S. L.; Sterritt, H. O.; Stewman, Rube; Stovall, Paul; Scivally, William; Scivally, Zack; Simmons, James; Simmons, Henry; Simpson, Kit; Speck, Amos.

"Taft, James; Taft, John; Taylor, Cap; Travis, Andrew; Travis, —; Tipps, Jacob; Tipps, General; Tipps, Wilson; Tipps, Henly; Tipps, Mike.

"Warner, George; Wagoner, George; Weaver, Judge; Williams, Matthew; Williams, John.

"Yarbrough, John; Yarbrough, Rufus; Young, John; Young, —.

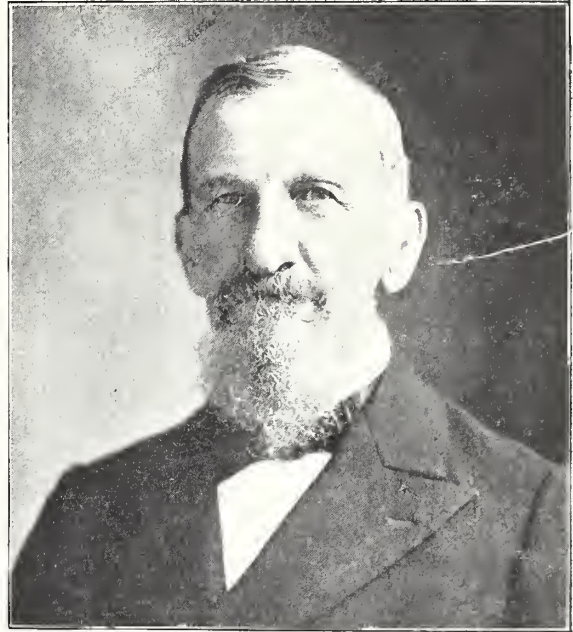
"On the twentieth day of May, 1861, our company was formally mustered into service at Camp Harris."

REORGANIZATION OF THE MONTICELLO CAMP.

A meeting of Confederate Veterans was called at Monticello, Fla., on the 4th of July for the purpose of reorganizing the U. C. V. Camp at that place. Comrade S. Pasco was made Chairman and B. W. Partridge Secretary. A most cordial welcome to the city was extended to the old veterans by Comrade S. C. Botts. Hon. W. B. Lamar, a distinguished son of a gallant soldier, responded in behalf of the Veterans. On motion of Hon. J. J. Willie, it was decided to reorganize the U. C. V.'s, and that the present organization should take its old name of Patton Anderson Camp, No. 59. The books were then opened for enlistment, and fifty-seven old veterans were enrolled. The election of officers followed, resulting in the unanimous election of Hon. S. Pasco, Commandant; C. T. Carroll, D. H. Bryan, and W. Z. Baily, Vice Commandants. Comrade S. C. Botts was chosen Adjutant; B. L. Baker, Chaplain; and J. J. Willie, Treasurer. The Camp decided by resolution to meet twice a year, on the 8th of January and 4th of July. Mrs. K. D. Scott, President of the Ladies' Memorial Association, with the assistance of other ladies, furnished an elegant dinner to the old veterans.

RIGHT OF THE SOUTH TO SECEDE.

The venerable and much-beloved Gen. Alex P. Stewart, who suffered a severe stroke of paralysis while at Epsom Springs some weeks ago, had many expressions of sympathy sent to him. The Frank Cheatham Bivouac, through a committee, sent expression of sympathy and esteem, in which the following occurred: "The committee expresses in this connection its



GEN. ALEX P. STEWART.

high esteem for you in the fact that your appointment to an important position in the service of the government has not induced you, at any time, to express any apology for the South's action in the most stupendous event in the history of her people—the war for her constitutional rights."

Gen. Stewart was much gratified by the many evidences of esteem and affection. In reply to the foregoing he wrote:

"I hold that the action of the Southern people was legally, constitutionally, and morally right. The Southern people were devoted to the Constitution and laws of the country, and never violated either. They never encroached upon the rights or property of the people of any section, and were entirely content in the enjoyment of those rights that were guaranteed to them by the Constitution. They did not create the institution of slavery nor introduce the negro into this country, and have no occasion to apologize for the existence of the one and the presence of the other, nor for their action in 1861-65.

WHEELER WHO PARTICIPATED IN CAPTURE OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.—Mr. J. M. Wheeler, one of the captors of President Jefferson Davis, died in a railway car in Wyoming September 7, while returning from the Grand Army meeting in San Francisco. From a special to the New Orleans *Picayune* the following is quoted: "Wheeler was with the company which captured Mr. Davis, and received part of the reward given by the government for the prisoner. He said that he was the first Northern soldier to lay hands on the Confederate President. Contrary to the story that Mr. Davis was dressed in woman's clothes, Wheeler always said that he wore a long waterproof coat when captured."

LAWS THAT UNITED CHOCTAW AND CHICKASAW INDIANS WITH THE CONFEDERACY.

ALBERT PIKE—FOR C. S. A.

Some names are stronger without prefix, so all titles to this man are omitted. Albert Pike was born in Massachusetts December 29, 1809. Being poor, he secured board and tuition by teaching for an undergraduate course, and afterwards applied himself to books till he was well educated.

In 1834 he moved to Arkansas, and in October of that year was married to Miss Mary Hamilton.

He commanded a company in Archibald Yell's regiment in the Mexican War. He was a member of the Supreme Court of Arkansas, and was regarded the leading lawyer in that State. In 1853 he was practicing law in New Orleans. It was he who first proposed the convention that resulted in a railroad across the continent.

Albert Pike espoused the cause of the South in the War between the States, and was made a brigadier general. His estate was confiscated by the United States and retained by it till after his death—about forty years—when part of it was returned to his children. He and Charles W. Adams, also of Massachusetts—grandfather of Helen Keller [see *JUNE VETERAN*], who went to Arkansas in early life, and who was also a brigadier general—practiced law as partners in Memphis for a while. Gen. Pike afterwards went to Washington, D. C., and practiced law there until 1880.

Of Albert Pike's poems a noted English critic, "Kit North," said their author deserved to rank high with American poets. He became versed in many languages, and was an able translator of many of them.

Albert Pike was esteemed as "the greatest Mason of any age." He was made a Mason in Little Rock in 1850 and a Knight Templar in 1853. He received the thirty-third degree at New Orleans in 1857, and was crowned an active member of the Supreme Council at Charleston March 20, 1858. He was Honorary Grand Commander of the Supreme Councils of Brazil, Egypt, and Tunis, Provincial Past Grand Prior of the Grand Priory of Canada, and was an honorary member of the Supreme Councils of Mexico, Colon, Hungary, New Granada, Italy, the Northern Jurisdiction of the United States, England, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, Canada, and Greece. His ability, learning, and character were thus recognized and honored throughout the world.

At the centennial celebration of the establishment of the Supreme Council of Thirty-Third Degree Masons in the Southern District of the United States a magnificent monument was dedicated to his memory in Washington City at a cost of \$15,000. There appears no inscription on the face of the monument but the name "Albert Pike."

Having anticipated that a monument would be erected to him, he said: "When I am dead, I wish my monument to be builded only in the hearts and memories of my brethren of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, and my name to be remembered by them in every country, no matter what language men speak there, where the light of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite shall shine and its oracles of truth and wisdom be listened to."

There is a memorial room to him in the Temple at Washington. It is the room in which he fell asleep April 2, 1892.

According to official publications, Albert Pike was placed in command of the Indian Territory early in November, 1861, and on the 22d of that month he was assigned to the department that included the Indian Territory. In 1862 he was still in command of that department.

The Masonic Brotherhood in the South feels just pride in the successor to Albert Pike by the selection of James Daniel

Richardson, a native of Rutherford County, Tenn., born March 10, 1843. He was at school at Franklin College, near Nashville, when the War between the States broke out, when he left school and entered the Confederate army. For a time he was a private, but for some three years he was adjutant of the Forty-Fifth Tennessee Regiment. He entered public life early, and became Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1871. In 1873-74 he was State Senator, and since 1884 he has been continuously a member of Congress. He was President of the National Democratic Convention in 1900, and has been the Democratic leader of that House for several years. He was Grand Master of Masons in Tennessee in 1873-74, and has advanced to the highest position in the order. The position is of much importance, and, as it is for life, this useful public servant retires so as to devote his entire time as the Acting Grand Commander of the Supreme Council.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE INDIAN NATIONS.

A short biographical sketch of the signers of the treaty of North Fork Village between the Confederate States of America and the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations of Indians. The Indian Territory: Robert M. Jones, a Choctaw Indian, member of the General Council of the Choctaw Nation, and member of the Confederate Congress as a delegate from the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations. Sampson Folsom, captain in Tandy C. Walker's Regiment, afterwards colonel of the First Choctaw Cavalry, a full-blood Choctaw. Forbis Leflore, a member of the General Council of the Choctaw Nation, a half-breed Choctaw. George W. Harkins, a doctor of medicine, a member of the Choctaw General Council, a half-breed Choctaw. Allen Wright, a member of the Choctaw General Council and Governor of the Choctaw Nation. Alfred Wade, captain commanding a company of cavalry. Coleman Cole, a member of the Choctaw General Council and Governor of the Choctaw Nation, a full-blood Choctaw. William B. Pitchlynn, captain of a company of cavalry, member of the Choctaw Senate and of the General Council, a half-breed Choctaw. McGee King, a member of the Senate and of the General Council, a full-blood Choctaw. William King, a large stock raiser, member of both houses of the Choctaw Council, a half-breed Choctaw. John P. Turnbull, member of the Choctaw General Council, a half-breed Choctaw. William Bryant, a member of both houses of the Choctaw General Council and Governor of the Choctaw Nation. All of them men of sterling worth and patriotism, men who would grace any forum.

The signers of the same treaty from the Chickasaw Nation were representative Chickasaws, as follows: Edmond Pickens, member of both houses of the Chickasaw Legislature; Holmes Colbert, also a member of the Chickasaw Legislature; James Cambile, a judge of the Circuit Court of the Chickasaw Nation; Joel Kemp, a member of the Chickasaw Council; William Kemp, a large agriculturist and stock man; Winchester Colbert, a member of the supreme bench of the Chickasaw Nation; Henry C. Colbert, a lawyer of renown in the Chickasaw Nation; James N. M'Lish, judge of the County Court of the Chickasaw Nation; Martin W. Allen, member of the Chickasaw Council; John M. Johnson, member of the Chickasaw Council, large stock raiser; Samuel Colbert, judge of the County Court of Pickens County, Chickasaw Nation; A. Alexander, stock raiser; Wilson Frazier, judge of the Circuit Court and member of the Supreme Court; C. Columbus, died shortly after; Ashalatubbee, commander of a company in the Chickasaw Battalion; John E. Anderson, farmer and stock raiser.

FULL TEXT OF NEGOTIATIONS.

SECESSION OF INDIANS FROM THE UNITED STATES.

SENT BY GEN. R. B. COLEMAN, U. C. V., M'ALESTER.

A Treaty of Friendship and Alliance, made and concluded at the North Fork Village, on the North Fork of the Canadian River, in the Creek Nation west of Arkansas, July 12, 1851, between the Confederate States of America, by Albert Pike, commissioned with plenary powers of the Confederate States, of the one part, and the Choctaw Nation of Indians by Robert M. Jones, Sampson Folsom, Forbes Leflare, George W. Harkins, Allen Wright, Alfred Wade, Coleman Cole, James Riley, Rufus Folsom, William Pitchlynn, McGee King, William King, John Turnbull, and William Bryant, commissioners appointed by the principal chief of the said Choctaw Nation, in pursuance of the Act of the Legislature thereof, and the Chickasaw Nation of Indians, by Edmond Pickens, Holmes Colbert, James Gamble, Joel Kemp, William Kemp, Winchester Colbert, Henry C. Colbert, James N. McLish, Martin W. Allen, John M. Johnson, Samuel Colbert, Archibald Alexander, Wilson Frazier, Christopher Columbus, A. Shulah Fribbie, and John E. Anderson, commissioners elected by the Legislature of the said Chickasaw Nation of the other part.

The Congress of the Confederate States of America, having by an Act for the protection of certain Indian tribes, approved May 21, 1861, offered to assume and accept the protectorate of the several nations and tribes of Indians occupying the country west of Arkansas and Missouri and to recognize them as their wards, subject to all the rights, privileges, and immunities, titles, and guarantees with each of said nations and tribes, under treaties made with them by the United States of America, and the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations of Indians, having each assented thereto, upon certain terms and conditions.

Now, therefore, the said Confederate States of America, by Albert Pike, their commissioner, constituted by the President under authority of the Act of Congress in their behalf with plenary powers for the purpose, and the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, by their respective commissioners aforementioned, have agreed to the following articles—that is, to say:

ARTICLE I. There shall be perpetual peace and friendship and an alliance offensive and defensive between the Confederate States of America and all of the States and people, and Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations of Indians and all the people thereof.

ART. II. The Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations of Indians acknowledge themselves to be under the protection of the Confederate States of America, and of no other power or sovereign whatever; and do hereby stipulate and agree with them that they will not hereafter, nor shall any of their people, contract any alliance or enter into any compact, treaty, or agreement with any individual State or with a foreign power, and the said Confederate States do hereby assume and accept the said protectorate, and recognize the said Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations as their wards; and by the consent of the said Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations now here fully given the country whereof they are proprietors in fee as the same is hereinafter defined, is annexed to the Confederate States in the same manner and to the same extent as it was annexed to the United States of America before that government was dissolved, with such modifications, however, of the terms of annexation, and upon such conditions as are hereinafter expressed: in addition to all the rights, privileges, immunities,

titles, and agreements with or in favor of the said nations under treaties made with them and under the statutes of the United States of America.

ART. III. The Confederate States of America, having accepted the said protectorate, hereby solemnly promise the said Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations never to desert or abandon them, and that under no consideration will they permit the Northern States or any other enemy to overcome them and sever the Choctaws and Chickasaws from the Confederacy; but that they will, at any cost and at all hazards, protect and defend them and maintain unbroken the ties created by identity of interests and institutions and strengthened and made perpetual by this treaty.

ART. IV. The following shall constitute and remain the boundary of the Choctaw and Chickasaw country—that is to say: Beginning at a point on the Arkansas River one hundred paces east of old Fort Smith, where the western boundary line of the State of Arkansas crosses that river, and running thence to Red River by the line between the State of Arkansas and the Choctaw and Chickasaw country, as the same was resurveyed and marked under the authority of the United States in 1855, thence up Red River to the point where the meridian of the one hundredth degree west longitude crosses the same; thence north along said meridian to the main Canadian River; thence down said river to the junction with the Arkansas River; thence down said river to the place of beginning. The boundaries of the said country on the north and on the south, between the said east and west lines being the same in all respects, with all riparian and other rights and privileges, as they were fixed, created, and contained by the treaties of October 18, 1820, and September 27, 1830.

ART. V. It is hereby agreed by and between the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations that the boundaries of the Chickasaw country shall hereafter continue to be as follows—that is to say: Beginning on the north bank of Red River at the mouth of Island Bayou, where it empties into Red River, about twenty-six miles on a straight line below the mouth of False Washita; thence running a northerly course along the main channel of said bayou to the junction of the three prongs of said bayou, nearest the dividing ridge between the Washita and Low Blue Rivers, as laid down on Capt. R. L. Hunter's map; thence northerly along the eastern prong of Island Bayou to its source; thence due north to the Canadian River; thence west along the main Canadian to the ninety-eighth degree of west longitude; thence south to Red River, and thence down Red River to the beginning. *Provided, however,* if the lines running due north from the eastern source of Island Bayou to the main Canadian shall not include ——— or Wa-pa-nocka Academy within the Chickasaw District, then an ——— shall be made from said line, so as to leave said academy two miles within the Chickasaw District, northwest and south from the line of boundary.

ART. VI. The remainder of the country held in common by the Choctaws and Chickasaws, including the leased district, shall constitute the Choctaw District, and their officers and people shall at all times have the right of safe conduct and free passage through the Chickasaw District.

ART. VII. The Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations hereby give their full, free, and unqualified assent to these provisions of the Act of Congress of the Confederate States of America, entitled "An Act for the Protection of Certain Indian Tribes," approved May 21, 1861, whereby it was declared that all revisionary and other interests, right, title, and proprietorship of the United States in and unto and over the Indian country in which that of the said nations is included, should pass to

and rest in the Confederate States; and whereby the President of the Confederate States was authorized to take military possession and occupation of said country; and whereby all the laws of the United States, with the exception thereafter made applicable to and in force in said country, and not inconsistent with the title or spirit of any treaty stipulations entered into with the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, among others, were reenacted, combined in form, and declared to be in force in said country, as laws and statutes of the said Confederate States; provided, however, and it is hereby agreed between the said parties that whatever in the said laws of the United States contained is or may be contrary to, or inconsistent with, any article or provision of this treaty is to be of none effect henceforward, and shall, upon the ratification hereof, be — and taken to have been repealed and amended as of the present date, and this assent as thus qualified and conditioned shall relate to and be taken to have been given upon the said day of the approval of the said Act of Congress.

ART. VIII. The Confederate States of America do hereby solemnly guarantee to the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, to be held by them to their own use and behoof in fee simple forever, the lands included within the boundaries defined in Article IV. of this Treaty; to be by the people of both the said nations in common, as they have heretofore been held, so long as the grass shall grow and water run, if the said nation shall so please, but with power to survey the same and divide it into sections and other legal subdivisions when it shall be so voted by a majority of the legal voters of each nation respectively and of making partition thereof and disposition of parcels of the same by virtue of laws of both of said nations duly enacted; by which partition or sale, title in fee simple absolute shall vest — and purchases whenever it shall please both nations of their own free will and accord, and without solicitation from any quarter to do so; which solicitation the Confederate States hereby solemnly agree never to use, and the title and tenure hereby guaranteed to the said nation is, and shall be, subject to no other condition, reservation, or restriction whatever than such as are hereinafter specially expressed.

ART. IX. None of the lands hereby granted to the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations shall be sold, ceded, or otherwise disposed of to any foreign nation or to any State or Government whatever, and in case any such sale, cession, or disposition should be made without the consent of the Confederate States, all the said lands shall thereupon revert to the Confederate States.

ART. X. The Confederate States of America do hereby solemnly agree and bind themselves that no State or Territory shall ever pass laws for the government of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, and that no portion of the country guaranteed to them shall ever be embraced or included within, or annexed to, any territory or province; nor shall any attempt ever be made, except upon the free, voluntary, and unsolicited application of both said nations, to erect therein said State or any other territorial or political organization or to incorporate it into any State previously created.

ART. XI. The lease made to the United States by the treaty of June 22, 1855, by the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations of all that portion of their common territory which lies west of the ninety-eighth parallel of west longitude is hereby — to the Confederate States, but for the term of ninety-nine years only from the date of this treaty, and it is agreed that the Confederate States may settle and maintain therein, upon reserves, with definite limits, but of sufficient extent, all the

bands of the Wichitas or La-wai-hash, Huicas, Caddos, La-hua-ca-ras, Ana-doyh-cos, Kichias, Low-ca-was, Ionais, Comanches, Delawares, Kickapoos, and Shawnees, and any other bands whose permanent ranges are south of the Canadian or between it and the Arkansas, and which are now therein or that they may desire hereafter to place therein, but not including any of the Indians of New Mexico nor any other bands than those included in the above specifications and descriptions without the consent of both Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations; *provided*, and it is hereby further agreed that whenever the said Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations become a State the reserves so apportioned to the said several bands shall belong to them in fee, not exceeding, however, for each band the same quantity of good land as would belong, upon a partition of the lands of the two nations, to an equal number of Choctaws or Chickasaws in the whole country; and when the said bands consent to a partition among themselves, each individual shall have and receive in fee, within the said leased country, as large a quantity of good land as shall or would be apportioned to each Choctaw or Chickasaw on partition of all the national lands, with the right, however, now and in all future time to the said several bands, so settled or to be settled in said leased district, to hunt upon all the vacant and unoccupied parts of the same without let or molestation.

ART. XII. It is hereby further agreed between the parties to this treaty that the Indians so settled upon reserves in the country so leased shall be, until they are capable of self-government, or until they shall be, with their own consent, incorporated among the Choctaws and Chickasaws, subject to the laws of the Confederate States, and to their exclusive control under such rules and regulations not inconsistent with the rights and interests of the Choctaws and Chickasaws or with the Constitution and laws of the Confederate States as may from time to time be prescribed by the President of their government; *provided*, however, that the country so leased shall continue open to settlement by Choctaws or Chickasaws as heretofore, and all members of each nation settled therein shall be subject to the jurisdiction and laws of the Choctaw Nation, except as is hereinafter provided, for which purpose the said leased district may be a district of that nation, but no interference with or trespasses upon the settlements or improvements of the Reserve Indians shall be permitted under any pretense whatever, nor shall any of the laws of either the Choctaw or Chickasaw Nations be in force in said leased country except so far as those of the Choctaw Nation can, without infraction of this treaty, apply to the members of either nation residing in the district in question.

ART. XIII. All navigable streams of the Confederate States and of the Indian country shall be free to the people of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, who shall pay no higher toll or tonnage duty or other duty than citizens of the Confederate States; and the citizens of those nations living upon Red River shall have, possess, and enjoy upon that river the same ferry privileges to the same extent in all respects as citizens of the Confederate States, on the opposite side thereof, subject to no other or different tax or charge than they.

ART. XIV. So far as may be compatible with the Constitution of the Confederate States and with the laws made, enacted, or adopted in conformity thereto, regulating trade and intercourse with the Indian tribes as the same are limited and modified by this treaty, the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations shall possess the otherwise unrestricted right of self-government and full jurisdiction, judicial and otherwise, over persons and property in their respective limits, excepting only

such white persons as are not by birth, adoption, or otherwise members of either the Choctaw or Chickasaw Nations; and that there may be no doubt as to the meaning of this exception, it is hereby declared that every white person who resides in the said Choctaw and Chickasaw country, or who, without intermarrying, is permanently domiciled therein with the consent of the authorities of the nation, and votes at elections is to be deemed and taken to be a member of the said nation within the term intended and meaning of this article; and that the exceptions contained in the laws for the punishment of offenses committed within the Indian country to the effect that they shall not extend or apply to offenses committed by one Indian against the person or property of another Indian shall be so extended and enlarged by virtue of this article when ratified, and without further legislation, as that none of said laws shall extend and apply to any offense committed by any Indian or negro or mulatto, or by any white person so by birth, adoption, or otherwise a member of such Choctaw or Chickasaw Nation against the person or property of any Indian, negro, or mulatto, or any such white person when the same shall be committed within the limits of the said Choctaw or Chickasaw Nation, as hereinbefore defined, but all such persons shall be subject to the laws of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations respectively, and to prosecution and trial before their tribunals, and to punishment according to such laws in all respects like native members of the said nations respectively.

ART. XV. All persons not members of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations who may be found in the Choctaw and Chickasaw country as hereinbefore limited shall be considered as intruders by the civil officers of the nation and be removed and kept out of the same, either by the civil officers of the nation under the direction of the executive or Legislature or by the agent of the Confederate States for the nation, who shall be authorized to demand, if necessary, the aid of the military for that purpose, with the following exceptions only—that is to say, such individuals, with their families, as may be in the employment of the government of the Confederate States; all persons peaceably traveling or temporarily sojourning in the country or trading therein under license from the proper authority, and such persons as may be permitted by the Choctaws or Chickasaws with the assent of the agent of the Confederate States to reside within their respective limits without becoming members of either of said nations.

ART. XVI. A tract of two sections of land in each of said nations, to be selected by the President of the Confederate States, at such point as he may deem most proper, including, if he pleases, the present site of the agency in each nation, is hereby ceded to the Confederate States, and when selected shall be within their sole and exclusive jurisdiction; *provided*, that whenever the agency for either nation shall be discontinued the tract so selected therein shall revert to the said Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations with all the buildings that there may be therein; and provided also that the President may at any time in his discretion select in lieu of within said reserves any unoccupied tract of land in the same nation and in any other part thereof, not greater in extent than two sections, as a site for the agency for such nation, which shall in such case constitute the reserve, and that first selection shall thereupon revert to the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations.

ART. XVII. The Confederate States shall have the right to build, establish, and maintain such forts and military post roads as the President may deem necessary within the Choctaw and Chickasaw country; and the quantity of one mile

square of land, including each foot or part, shall be reserved to the Confederate States, and within their sole and exclusive jurisdiction so long as such fort or post is occupied; but no greater quantity of land beyond one mile square shall be used or occupied, nor any greater quantity of timber felled than of each is actually requisite; and if in the establishment of such fort any individual member of the Choctaw or Chickasaw Nation or any property of either nation be taken, destroyed, or injured, just and adequate compensation shall be made.

ART. XVIII. The Confederate States or any company incorporated by them or any one of them shall have the right of way for railroads or telegraph lines through the Choctaw and Chickasaw country; but in the case of any incorporated company it shall have such right of way only upon such terms and payment of such amounts to the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations as may be agreed upon between it and the National Councils thereof; or in case of disagreement by making full compensation, not only to individual parties injured, but also to the nation; for the right of way all damage and injury done to be ascertained and determined in such manner as the President of the Confederate States shall direct, and the right of way granted by said nation for any railroad shall be perpetual, or for such shorter term as the same may be granted in the same manner as if no reversion of their lands to the Confederate States were provided for in case of abandonment by them or extinction of their nation.

ART. XIX. No person shall settle, farm, raise stock within the limits of any post or fort or of either agency except such as are or may be in employment of the Confederate States in some civil or military capacity; or such as being subject to the jurisdiction and laws of the Choctaw or Chickasaw Nation are permitted by the commanding officer of the fort or post to do so, thereat or by the agent to do so upon the agency reserve.

ART. XX. An agent of the Confederate States for the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations and an interpreter for each shall continue to be appointed. The interpreters shall reside at their respective agencies, and the agent at one of them or alternately at each, and whenever a vacancy shall occur in either of the said offices the authorities of the nation shall be consulted as to the person to be appointed to fill the same, and no one shall be appointed against whom they protest, and the agent may be removed on petition and formal charges preferred by the constituted authorities of the nations, the President being satisfied, upon full investigation, that there is sufficient cause for such removal.

ART. XXI. The Confederate States shall protect the Choctaws and Chickasaws from domestic strife, from hostile invasion, and from aggression by other Indians and white persons not subject to the jurisdiction and laws of the Choctaw or Chickasaw Nations, and for all injuries resulting from such invasion or aggression full indemnity is hereby guaranteed to the party or parties injured, out of the treasury of the Confederate States, upon the same principle and according to the same rules upon which white persons are entitled to indemnity for injuries or aggressions upon them committed by Indians.

ART. XXII. It is further agreed between the parties that the agent of the Confederate States, upon the application of the authorities of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, will not only resort to every proper legal remedy at the expense of the Confederate States to prevent intrusion upon the lands of the Choctaws and Chickasaws and to remove dangerous or improper persons; but he shall call upon the military power, if necessary, and to that end all commanders of military posts in the said country shall be required and directed to afford

him, upon his requisition, whatever aid may be necessary to effect the purpose of this article.

ART. XXIII. If any property of any Choctaw or Chickasaw be taken by citizens of the Confederate States by stealth or force, the agent, on complaint made to him in due form by affidavit, shall use all legal means and remedies in any State where the offender may be found to regain the property or compel a just remuneration; and on failure to procure redress, payment shall be made for the loss sustained by the Confederate States, upon the report of the agent, who shall have power to take testimony and examine witnesses in regard to the wrong done and the extent of the injury.

ART. XXIV. No persons shall be licensed to trade with the Choctaws and Chickasaws except by the agent and with the advice and consent of the National Council. Every such trader shall execute a bond to the Confederate States in such form and manner as was required by the United States or as may be required by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The authorities of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations may, by a general law duly enacted, levy and collect on all licensed traders in the nation a tax of not more than one-half of one per cent on all goods, wares, and merchandise brought by them into the Choctaw and Chickasaw country for sale, to be collected whenever such goods, wares, and merchandise are introduced and estimated upon the first cost of the same at the place of purchase as the same shall be shown by the copies of the invoice filed with the agent; *provided*, that no higher tax shall be levied and collected than is actually levied and collected in the same year of native traders in the nation, nor shall one be taxed at all unless the others are. No appeal shall hereafter be from the decision of the agent or council refusing a license to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs or elsewhere, except only to the superintendent in case of refusal by the agent, and no license shall be required to authorize any member of the Choctaw or Chickasaw Nations who is by birth and blood an Indian to trade in the Choctaw and Chickasaw country, nor to authorize any person to sell flour, meat, fruits, and other provisions, or stock, wagons, agricultural implements, or arms brought from any of the Confederate States into the country; nor shall any tax be levied upon such articles or the proceeds of sale thereof. And all other goods, wares, and merchandise exposed to sale by a person not qualified, without a license, shall be forfeited and be delivered and be given to the authorities of the nation, as also shall all wines and liquors illegally introduced.

ART. XXV. All restrictions contained in any treaty made with the United States or created by any law or regulation of the United States, upon the unlimited right of any member of the Choctaw or Chickasaw Nation, to sell and dispose of to any person whatever any chattel or other article of personal property, are hereby removed, and no such restrictions shall hereafter be imposed, except by their own legislation.

ART. XXVI. It is hereby further agreed by the Confederate States that all the members of the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations as hereinbefore defined shall be henceforward competent to take, hold, and possess by purchase or descent lands in any of the Confederate States heretofore or hereafter acquired by them.

ART. XXVII. In order to enable the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations to claim their rights and secure their interests without intervention of agents or consuls, and as they are now entitled to reside in the country of each other, they shall be jointly entitled to a delegate to the House of Representatives of the Confederate States of America, who shall serve for the term of two years, and be a member, by birth and blood

on either the father's or mother's side, ~~of~~ one of said nations, over twenty-one years of age, laboring under no legal disability by the laws of either nation, and such delegate shall be entitled to the same rights and privileges as may be enjoyed by delegates from any territory of the Confederate States. The first election for delegate shall be held at such time and places, and be conducted in such manner as shall be described by the agent of the Confederate States, to whom returns of such elections shall be made, and he shall declare the person having the greatest number of votes to be duly elected and give him a certificate of election accordingly, which shall entitle him to his seat. For all subsequent elections the times, places, and manner of holding them and ascertaining and certifying the result, shall be prescribed by law of the Confederate States. The delegate shall be elected alternately from each nation, the first being a Choctaw by blood, on either the father's or mother's side, and a resident in the Choctaw country, and the second a Chickasaw by blood, on either the father's or mother's side, and a resident in the Chickasaw country, and so on alternately. At the respective elections such persons only as fulfill the foregoing requisites shall be eligible, and when one is elected to fill a vacancy and serve out an unexpired term he must belong to and be a resident in the same nation as the person whose vacancy he fills.

ART. XXVIII. In consideration of the uniform loyalty and good faith, and the tried friendship for the people of the Confederate States of the Choctaw and Chickasaw people, and of their fitness and capacity for self-government proven by the establishment and successful maintenance by each of a regularly organized republican government, with all the forms and safeguards to which the people of the Confederate States are accustomed, it is hereby agreed by the Confederate States that whenever and so soon as the people of each said nation shall, by ordinance of a convention of delegates duly elected by majorities of the legal voters, at an election regularly held after due and ample notice in pursuance of an Act of the Legislature of each, respectively declare its desire to become a State of the Confederacy, the whole Choctaw and Chickasaw country as above defined shall be received and admitted into the Confederacy as one of the original States without regard to population; and all the members of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations shall thereby become citizens of the Confederate States, not including, however, among such members the individuals of the bands settled in the leased district aforesaid. *Provided*, that as a condition precedent to such admission the said nations shall provide for the survey of their lands, the holding in severalty of parts thereof by their people, the dedication of at least one section in every thirty-six to purposes of education, and the sale of such portions as are not reserved for these or other special purposes, to citizens of the Confederate States alone, on such terms as the said nations shall see fit to fix, not intended or calculated to prevent the sale thereof.

ART. XXIX. The proceeds of such sales shall belong entirely to members of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, and be distributed among them or invested for them in proportion to the whole population of each, in such manner as the Legislature of said nations shall provide; nor shall any other persons have any interest in the annuities or funds of either the Choctaw or Chickasaw people, nor any power to legislate in regard thereto.

ART. XXX. Whenever the desire of the Creek and Seminole people and of the Cherokees to become a part of the said State shall be expressed in the same manner and with the same formalities as is above provided for in the case of the Choctaw and Chickasaw people, the country of the Creeks and

Seminole and that of the Cherokees respectively or either by itself may be annexed to and become an integral part of said State upon the same conditions and terms and with the same rights to the people of each in regard to citizenship and the proceeds of their lands.

ART. XXXI. The Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations may by joint act of their legislative authorities receive and incorporate in either nation as members thereof, or permit to settle and reside upon the national lands, such Indians of any other nation or tribe as to them may seem good, and each nation alone shall determine who are members and citizens of the nation, entitled to vote at elections and share in annuities. Provided, that where persons of another nation or tribe shall once have been received as members of either nation, they shall not be disfranchised or subjected to any other restrictions upon the right of voting than such as shall apply to the Choctaws or Chickasaws themselves. But no Indians other than Choctaws and Chickasaws not settled in the Choctaw and Chickasaw country shall be permitted to come therein to reside without the consent and permission of the legislative authority of each nation.

ART. XXXII. If any citizen of the Confederate States or any other person not being permitted to so by the authorities of either of said nations, or authorized by the terms of this treaty, shall attempt to settle upon any lands of said nation, he shall forfeit the protection of the Confederate States, and such punishment may be inflicted upon him, not being cruel, unusual or excessive, as may have been previously prescribed by the law of said nation.

ART. XXXIII. No citizen or inhabitant of the Confederate States shall pasture stock on the lands of the Choctaw or Chickasaw Nation; but their citizens shall be at liberty at all times, and whether for business or pleasure, peaceably to travel the Choctaw and Chickasaw country, to drive their stock through the same, and to halt such reasonable time on the way as may be necessary to recruit their stock, such delay being in good faith for that purpose and for no other; and members of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations shall have the same rights and privileges under the same, and no other restrictions and limitations in each of the Confederate States.

ART. XXXIV. If any person hired or employed by the agent or any other person whatever within the agency reserve or any post or port shall violate the laws of the nation in such manner as to become an unfit person to continue in the Choctaw or Chickasaw country, he or she shall be removed by the superintendent, upon the application of the executive of the nation in which such person is, the superintendent being satisfied of the truth and sufficiency of the charges preferred.

ART. XXXV. The officers and people of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations respectively shall at all times have the right of safe conduct and free passage through the lands of each other; and the members of each nation shall have the right, freely and without seeking license or permission to settle within the country of the other, and shall thereupon be entitled to all the rights and immunities of members thereof, including the right of voting at all elections and of being deemed qualified to hold all offices whatever (except that no Choctaw shall be eligible in the Chickasaw Nation to the office of chief executive or to the Legislature); *provided also*, that no member of either nation shall be entitled to participate in any funds belonging to the other. Members of each nation shall have the right to institute and prosecute suits in the courts of the other, under such regulations as may from time to time be prescribed by their respective legislatures.

ART. XXXVI. Any person duly charged with a criminal

offense against the laws of the Choctaw or Chickasaw Nation and escaping into the jurisdiction of the other shall be promptly surrendered upon the demand of the proper authority of the nation within whose jurisdiction the offense shall be alleged to have been committed.

ART. XXXVII. The Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations shall promptly deliver up persons accused of any crime against the laws of the Confederate States or any State thereof who may be found within their limits, on the demand or requisition of the executive of a State or the executive or other proper officer of the Confederate States, and each of the Confederate States shall, on the like demand or requisition of the executive of the Choctaw or Chickasaw Nation, promptly deliver up all persons accused of any crime against the laws of said nation who may be found within their limits.

ART. XXXVIII. In order to secure the due enforcement of so much of the laws of the Confederate States in regard to criminal offenses and misdemeanors and to civil remedies as is or may be in force in the said Choctaw and Chickasaw country, and to prevent the Choctaws and Chickasaws from being further harassed by judicial proceedings had in foreign courts and be for juries not of the vicinage, the said country is hereby erected into and constituted a judicial district of the Confederate States, to be called the Tush-ca-hom-ma District, for the special purposes and jurisdiction hereinafter provided; and there shall be created and semi-annually held within such district, at Boggy Depot, a district court of the Confederate States, with the powers of a circuit court, so far as the same shall be necessary to carry out the provisions of this treaty, and with jurisdiction coextensive with the limits of such district, in such matters civil and criminal, to such extent and between such parties as may be prescribed by law, and in conformity to the terms of this treaty.

ART. XXXIX. In addition to much and such parts of the Acts of Congress of the United States, enacted to regulate trade and intercourse with Indian tribes, and to preserve peace on the frontiers, as has been reenacted and continued in force by the Confederate States, and as are not inconsistent with the provisions of the treaty, so much of the laws of the Confederate States as provides for the punishment of crimes amounting to felony, at common law or by statute, against the laws, authority, or treaties of the Confederate States, and over which the courts of the Confederate States have jurisdiction, including the counterfeiting of the coin of the Confederate States, and so much of such laws as provides for punishing violations of the neutrality laws, and resistance to the process of the Confederate States, and all the Acts of the Provisional Congress providing for the common defense and welfare, so far as the same are not locally inappreciable, shall hereafter be in force in the Choctaw and Chickasaw country, and the said district courts shall have exclusive jurisdiction to try, condemn, and punish offenders against any of such laws, to adjudge and pronounce sentence, and cause execution thereof to be done, in the same manner as is done in other district courts of the Confederate States.

ART. XL. The said district courts of the Confederate States of America for the district of Tush-ca-hom-ma shall have the same admiralty jurisdiction as other district courts of the Confederate States; and jurisdiction in all civil suits for fines, penalties, and forfeitures of the Confederate States against any person or persons residing or found within the district, and in all civil suits at law or in equity, when the matter in controversy is of greater value than five hundred dollars, between a citizen or citizens of any State or States of the Confederate States, or any territory of the same, or any alien or

aliens, and a citizen or citizens of the said district, or person or persons residing therein, and the Congress of the Confederate States will, by suitable enactments, provide for the appointment of a judge and other proper officers of the said court, and make all necessary enactments and regulations for the complete establishment and organization of the same, and to give full effect to its proceeding and jurisdiction.

ART. XLI. The trial of all offenses amounting to felony at common law or by statute committed by an Indian of any one of the tribes or bands settled in the leased district against the person or property of a member of the Choctaw or Chickasaw Nation, or by one of the latter against person or property of one of the former, shall be tried in the district court of the Confederate States hereby provided for, and until such court is established in the district court of the Confederate States for the district or for the western district of Arkansas.

ART. XLII. The said district court shall have no jurisdiction to try and punish any person for any offense committed prior to the day of the signing of this treaty; nor shall any action in law or equity be maintained therein except by the Confederate States or one of them, when the cause of action shall have occurred more than three years before the same day of the signing hereof, or before the bringing of the suit.

ART. XLIII. All persons who are members of the Choctaw or Chickasaw Nation, and are not otherwise disqualified or disabled, shall hereafter be competent witnesses in all civil and criminal suits and proceedings in any court of the Confederate States (*or of any one of the States*), any law to the contrary notwithstanding.

ART. XLIV. Whenever any person who is a member of the Choctaw or Chickasaw Nation shall be indicted for any offense in any court of the Confederate States, including the district court of Tush-ca-hom-ma District (*or in a State court*) he shall be entitled as of common right to subpoena and, if necessary, compulsory process for all such witnesses in his behalf as his council may think material for his defense; and the cost of process for such witnesses and of service thereof and the fees and mileage of such witnesses shall be paid by the Confederate States, being afterwards made, if practicable, in case of conviction, of the property of the accused. And whenever the accused is not able to employ counsel the court shall assign him one experienced counsel for his defense, who shall be paid by the Confederate States a reasonable compensation for his services, to be fixed by the court and paid upon the certificate of the judge.

ART. XLV. The provisions of all such acts of Congress of the Confederate States as may now be in force or as may hereafter be enacted for the purpose of carrying into effect the provisions of the constitution in regard to the redelivery or return of fugitive slaves or fugitives from labor or services, shall extend to and be in full force within the said Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, and shall also apply to all cases of escape of fugitive slaves from the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations into any other Indian nation, or into one of the Confederate States, the obligation upon each such nation or State to redeliver such slaves being in every case as complete as if they had escaped from another State, and the mode of procedure the same.

ART. XLVI. The official acts of all judicial officers in the said nations shall have the same effect and be entitled to like faith and credit everywhere as like acts of judicial officers of the same grade and jurisdiction in any one of the Confederate States, and the proceedings of the courts and tribunals of the said nations and the copies of the laws and judicial and other records of the said nations shall be authenticated like similar

proceedings of the courts of the Confederate States and the laws and office records of the same, and be entitled to the like faith and credit.

ART. XLVII. It is hereby declared and agreed that the institution of slavery in the said nations is legal, and has existed from time immemorial; that slaves are taken and deemed to be personal property; that the title to slaves and other property having its origin in the said nations shall be determined by the laws and customs thereof, and that the slaves and other personal property of every person domiciled in said nations shall pass and be distributed at his or her death in accordance with the laws, usages, and customs, and shall everywhere be held valid and binding within the scope of their operation.

ART. XLVIII. It is further agreed that the Congress of the Confederate States shall establish and maintain post offices at the most important places in the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, and cause the mail to be regularly carried at reasonable intervals to and from the same, at the same rates of postage and the same manner as in the Confederate States.

ART. XLIX. In consideration of the common interests of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations and the Confederate States, and of the protection and rights guaranteed to the said nations by the treaty, the said nations hereby agree that they will raise and furnish a regiment of ten companies of mounted men to serve in the armies of the Confederate States for twelve months. The company officers of the regiment shall be elected by the members of each company respectively. The colonel shall be appointed by the President, and the lieutenant colonel and major be elected by the members of the regiment. The men shall be armed by the Confederate States, receive the same pay and allowance as other mounted troops in the service, and not be marched beyond the limits of the Indian country west of Arkansas without their consent.

ART. L. It is further agreed by the Confederate States that neither the Choctaw nor Chickasaw Nation shall ever be called on or required to pay, in land or otherwise, any part of the expenses of the present war or of any war waged by or against the Confederate States.

ART. LI. The Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations hereby agree and bind themselves at any future time to raise and furnish, upon the requisition of the President, such number of troops for the defense of the Indian country and of the frontier of the Confederate States as he may fix, not out of fair proportion to the number of their inhabitants, to be employed for such terms of service as the President may fix; and such troops shall always receive the same pay and allowances as other troops of the same class in the services of the Confederate States.

ART. LII. It is further agreed that after the restoration of peace, the government of the Confederate States will defend the frontiers of the Indian country of which the Choctaw and Chickasaw country is a part, and hold the forts and posts therein with native troops recruited among the several Indian nations included, under the command of officers of the army of the Confederate States in preference to other troops.

ART. LIII. It is hereby ascertained and agreed by and between the Confederate States and the Choctaw Nation that the United States of America, of which the Confederate States were heretofore a part, were before the separation indebted and still continue to be indebted to the Choctaw Nation, and bound to the punctual payment thereof in the following sums annually on the first day of July of each year—that is to say: Perpetual annuities amounting to nine thousand dollars under the second article of the treaty of November 16, 1805, and the second article of the treaty of January 20, 1825. The sum of

six hundred dollars per annum for the support of light horsemen, under the thirteenth article of the treaty of October 18, 1820; the sum of six hundred dollars per annum in lieu of the permanent provision for the support of a blacksmith, and the sum of three hundred dollars in lieu of permanent provision for iron and steel under the sixth article of the said treaty of October 18, 1820, and the ninth article of the said treaty of January 20, 1825; the annual interest on the sum of five hundred thousand dollars, held in trust for the Choctaw Nation by the United States, under the thirteenth article of the treaty of June 22, 1855, which by that article was to be held in trust for the said nation and to constitute part of a general Choctaw fund, yielding an annual interest of not less than five per cent per annum, and no part thereof has been invested in stocks or bonds of any kind but remains in the hands of the United States; and it is hereby ascertained and agreed between the said Confederate States and the Choctaw Nation that there was due to the said nation on July 1, 1861, for and on the account of the annuities, annual payment and interest, the sum of thirty-five thousand five hundred and twenty dollars—that is to say: For the permanent annuities and other annual payments and allowances due them, ten thousand, five hundred, and twenty dollars; for interest on the said sum of five hundred thousand dollars for the year which ended on June 30, 1861, twenty-five thousand dollars. And it is not being desired by the Confederate States that the Choctaw Nation should continue to receive the annual sums from the Government of the United States, or otherwise have any further connections or communication with that government and its superintendents and agents. Therefore the Confederate States of America do hereby assume the payment for the future of all the above-recited annuities, annual payments, and interests, and do agree and bind themselves regularly and punctually to pay the same to the treasurer of the said nation or to such other person or persons as shall be appointed by the General Council of the Choctaw Nation to receive the same; and they do also agree to bind themselves to pay to the treasurer of the said nation, immediately upon the ratification by all parties of this treaty, the said sum of thirty-five thousand five hundred and twenty-five dollars due on the first day of July of the present year as aforesaid.

ART. LIV. And it is further ascertained and agreed between the Confederate States and the Choctaw Nation that the United States of America, while the said several Confederate States were included in the said union, held and do continue to hold in their hand the sum of five hundred thousand dollars, paid by the Chickasaw Nation to the United States for the Choctaw Nation under the treaty of January 17, 1837, and which it was agreed by that treaty should be invested in some safe and secure stocks under the direction of the Government of the United States, redeemable within a period of not less than twenty years, and the interest thereon to be annually paid to the Choctaw Nation and be subject to the entire control of the General Council, and which sum having been invested in bonds or stocks of certain States, part or all whereof are now members of the Confederate States, it was agreed by the United States, by the thirteenth article of the treaty of June 22, 1855, that the same should continue to be held in trust by the United States, and constitute, with certain other sums, a general Choctaw fund, yielding an annual interest of not less than five per cent; and it being further agreed that, in addition to the sum of money above mentioned, other moneys were justly due owing from the United States of America when the Confederate States were parts thereof, and still continue due and owing and unpaid to the said Choctaw Nation,

in part appropriated and part unappropriated by the Congress of the United States under existing treaties. Therefore the Confederate States do hereby assume the duty and obligation of collecting and paying over as trustees to the said Choctaw Nation all sums of money accruing, whether from interest or capital of the bonds of the several States of the Confederacy, or of any bonds or stocks guaranteed by either of them, now held by the Government of the United States in trust for the Choctaw Nation, and will pay over to the said nation the said interest and capital as the same shall be collected. And the said Confederate States will request the several States of the Confederacy whose bonds or stocks or any bonds or stocks guaranteed by them are so held to provide by legislation or otherwise that the capital or interest of such bonds or stocks shall not be paid to the Government of the United States, but to the Government of the Confederate States in trust for the Choctaw Nation. And the said Confederate States do hereby guarantee to the said Choctaw Nation the final settlement and full payment upon and after the restoration of peace and the establishment and recognition of their independence as of debts in good faith and conscience as well as in law, due and owing on good and valuable consideration, by the said Confederate States and the other of the United States jointly, before the secession of any of the States, of all sums of money that are so as aforesaid justly due and owing by the late United States, under existing treaties, to the Choctaw Nation or people, for itself or in trust for individuals, and of any sums received by that government and now held by it by way of interest on or as part of the capital of any of the bonds or stocks of any of the States wherein any funds of the Choctaws had been invested, and do also guarantee to it the final settlement and full payment at the same period of the capital and interest of all bonds or stocks of any of the Northern States in which any of the said Choctaw funds may have been invested.

ART. LV. All the said annuities, annual payments, and the interest and the arrearages thereof shall be applied under the exclusive direction of the General Council of the Choctaw Nation to the support of their government, to purposes of education, and to such other objects for the promotion and advancement of the improvements, welfare, and happiness of the Choctaw people and their descendants as shall to the General Council seem good; and the capital sums of five hundred thousand dollars each shall be invested or reinvested, after the restoration of peace, in stocks of the States at their market price, and in such as bear the highest rate of interest, or be paid over to the Choctaw Nation to be invested by its authorities or otherwise used, applied, and appropriated as its Legislature may direct; and the other moneys due and owing to the said nation, and payment whereof is hereby guaranteed, shall be used, applied, and appropriated by the Choctaw Nation in accordance with treaty stipulations, and so as to maintain unimpaired the good faith of the Choctaw Nation to those for whom it will thus become trustees. And no department or officer of the Government of the Confederate States shall have power to impose any conditions, limitations, or restrictions on the payment to the said nation of any of said annual sums or arrearages of the said capital sums of five hundred thousand dollars each, or in any wise to control or direct the mode in which such money when received by the authorities of the nation shall be disposed of or expended; nor shall any appeal be made to any Department Bureau or officer of the Confederate States from the decision of the General Council of the Choctaw Nation or of any committee, court, or tribunal to which it may commit the adjudication by any person or per-

sons from any decision that may be rendered under the twelfth article of the treaty of June 22, 1855, adverse to the justice and equity of any claim presented as one of those which, under that article, the Choctaw Nation became liable for and bound to pay; but the adjudication and decision of the Legislature, or of any committee, court, or tribunal to which it may intrust the investigation and decision against any such claim, shall be absolutely final.

ART. LVI. It is hereby ascertained and agreed by and between the Confederate States and the Chickasaw Nation that the United States of America, of which the Confederate States were heretofore a part, were, before the separation, indebted, and still continue to be indebted, to the Chickasaw Nation, and bound to the punctual payment thereof in the following amounts annually on July 1 in each year—that is to say: Permanent annuity of three thousand dollars under the Act of the Congress of the United States, approved on _____, 1790. The annual interest at six per cent on the sum of two hundred and seventy-six thousand seven hundred and eighty-one dollars and fifty-seven cents, the amount of so much of the United States six per cent loans in which the funds of the Chickasaw Nation were invested, under the third and eleventh articles of the treaty of May 24, 1834. And the annual interest at six per cent on the further sum of one hundred thousand dollars, the principal of that amount, Ohio six per cent stock, in which part of the Chickasaw funds had been invested under the same articles of the same treaties, and which was paid into the treasury of the United States on January 9, 1857, to the credit of the Treasurer of the United States, and having been duly covered into the treasury on January 14 in that year, where it remains. And it is also hereby ascertained and agreed between the said Confederate States and the Chickasaw Nation that there was due to the said nation on July 1, 1861, for and on account of the said annuity and interest, the sum of twenty-five thousand six hundred and six dollars and eighty-nine cents. And it not being desired by the Confederate States that the Chickasaw Nation continue to receive these annual sums from the Government of the United States, or otherwise have any communication or connection with that government, its superintendent, and agents, therefore the Confederate States of America do hereby assume the payment for the future of the above-recited annuity and interest, and do agree and bind themselves regularly and punctually to pay the same to the Treasurer of the said nation, or to such other person or persons as shall be appointed by the Legislature of the Chickasaw Nation to receive the same; and they do also agree and bind themselves to pay to the Treasurer of said nation, immediately upon ratification by all parties of this treaty, the sum of twenty-five thousand six hundred and six dollars and eighty-nine cents, due July 1 of the present year as aforesaid.

ART. LVII. Whereas it was agreed between the United States and the Chickasaw Nation, by the third article of the treaty made between them on October 20, 1832, that, as a full compensation to the Chickasaw Nation for the country ceded to the United States by that treaty, the United States would pay over to the said nation all the money arising from the sales of lands so ceded, after deducting therefrom the whole cost and expenses of surveying and selling the lands, including every expense attending the same; and whereas by the eleventh article of the treaty of May 24, 1834, between the United States and the Chickasaw Nation, it was agreed that all funds resulting from all entries and sales of such lands, after deduction of expenses of surveying and selling and other advances made by the United States, should, from time to time, be invested in some secure stocks, redeemable within a period of

not more than twenty years, the interest whereon the United States should cause to be annually paid to the Chickasaws; and whereas by the fifth article of the treaty of June 22, 1855, it was agreed between the United States and the Chickasaw Nation that the United States should continue to hold in trust the National Fund of the Chickasaws, and constantly keep the same invested in safe and profitable stocks, the interest on which should be annually paid to the Chickasaw Nation; and whereas it is now by the Confederate States and the Chickasaw Nation ascertained and agreed that the following sums, part of the said fund of the Chickasaws arising from the sale of their lands, were invested by the late United States, were part thereof in bonds and stocks of certain of the States, in manner following—that is to say: In the five per cent stock of the State of Indiana two hundred and ten thousand dollars; in six per cent stock of the State of Maryland, fourteen thousand four hundred and ninety-nine dollars and seventy-five cents; in six per cent stock of the State of Tennessee, one hundred and seventy thousand six hundred and sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents; in six per cent stock of the State of Arkansas, ninety thousand dollars, on which no interest has been paid since July 1, 1842; in six per cent stock of the State of Illinois, seventeen thousand dollars; in six per cent stock of the Richmond & Danville Railroad, guaranteed by the State of Virginia, one hundred thousand dollars; and in six per cent stock of the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad, guaranteed by the State of Tennessee, five hundred and twelve thousand dollars; and it being claimed by the Chickasaws that all the moneys received by the United States from the sale of their lands, after deduction of proper disbursements out thereof, have not been invested, that they have been charged with losses and expenses which should properly have been borne by the United States, and that in many cases money held in trust by the United States for the benefit of the orphan and incompetent Chickasaws had been wrongfully paid out to persons having no right to receive the same, and in consequence of which complaints, then as now made, it was agreed by the fourth article of the treaty by the same parties, June 22, 1852, that an account should be stated as soon thereafter as practicable, under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, exhibiting in detail all the moneys which had from time to time been placed in the treasury to the credit of the Chickasaw Nation, resulting from the said treaties of 1832 and 1834, and all the disbursements made therefrom; and that to the account so stated the Chickasaws should be entitled to take exceptions which should be referred to the Secretary of the Interior, who should adjudicate the same according to the principle of law and equity, and his decision should be final; and it was also by the same article agreed that the cases of wrongfully made payments should be investigated by the Congress of the United States under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, and if any person had been defrauded by such payments the United States should account for the amount so misapplied, as if no such payment had been made. Therefore the Confederate States do hereby assume the duty and obligation of collecting and paying over as trustees to the said Chickasaw Nation at par and dollar for dollar all sums of money accruing, whether from interest or capital, of the said bonds or stocks of the said States of the Confederacy, or of stocks guaranteed by them so held by the Government of the United States in trust for the Chickasaw Nation, and will pay over to the said nation the said interest and capital, as the same shall be collected; and the said Confederate States will request those States to provide, by legislation or otherwise, that the capital and interest of such bonds or stocks shall not be paid to the

Government of the United States, but to the Government of the Confederate States in trust for the Chickasaw Nation. And the said Confederate States do hereby guarantee to the said Chickasaw Nation the final settlement and full payment, upon and after the restoration of peace and the establishment of their independence, as of debts of good faith and conscience, as in law due and owing, on good and valuable consideration, by the said Confederate States and the other of the United States jointly before the secession of any of the States, of all sums of money received by that government from the sales of the Chickasaw lands or otherwise however in trust for the Chickasaw Nation or individuals thereof and which remain uninvested or which it expended in unwarranted disbursements, or in the payment of charges or expenses, not properly chargeable to the Chickasaws for the ascertainment whereof such account shall be taken after the restoration of peace, by or under the direction of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, as was directed by the fourth article of the treaty of June 22, 1852, and in accordance with the legal rules for stating accounts of trust funds and investments; and the Confederate States do hereby guarantee to the Chickasaw Nation the final settlement and full payment at the same period of all moneys belonging to the orphans or incompetent persons or to other Chickasaws, and wrongfully paid by the United States to persons unauthorized to receive them, and for that reason or for any other not yet paid to the proper persons, under the same fourth article of the treaty last mentioned, as qualified and limited by the proviso added thereto by way of amendment, or under article ten of the same treaty, which cases shall be investigated by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs or by the agent under his direction. And they also guarantee to it the final settlement and full payment, after the same period, of the said sums invested in United States stocks and the said sum of one hundred thousand dollars so covered into the treasury on January 14, 1857, and of any other sums received by the government and now held by it, by way of interest on or as part of the capital of any of the bonds or stocks of any of the States wherein any funds of the Chickasaws had been invested; and they do also guarantee to it the final settlement and full payment at the same period of the capital and interest of all bonds and stocks of any of the Northern States in which any of said Chickasaw funds have been invested.

ART. LVIII. It is further hereby agreed that the said annuity, interest, and arrearages hereby assumed and agreed to be paid by the Confederate States shall be applied under the exclusive direction of the Legislature of the Chickasaw Nation to the support of their government, to purposes of education, and to such other objects, for the promotion and advancement of the improvement, welfare, and happiness of the Chickasaw people, and their descendants, as shall to the Legislature seem good; and the capital in full of all the said bonds and stocks of States, corporations, and the United States, and the principal of money due by the United States shall be invested or reinvested after the restoration of peace in stocks of the States at their market price, and in such as bear the highest rate of interest, or be paid over to the Chickasaw Nation, to be invested by its authorities, or otherwise used, applied, and appropriated as its Legislature may direct, without any control or interference on the part of any department, bureau, or officer of the Confederate States.

ART. LIX. It is hereby further agreed that no claim or account shall hereafter be paid by the Government of the Confederate States out of the Chickasaw funds, unless the same shall have first been considered and allowed by the Chickasaw Legislature.

ART. LX. Whereas by the first article of the treaty between the United States of America and the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, on June 22, 1855, it was provided that the boundary of the Choctaw and Chickasaw country should begin "at a point on the Arkansas River one hundred paces east of old Fort Smith, where the western boundary of the State of Arkansas crosses the said river, and run thence due south to the Red River," which was also the line of boundary fixed by the treaties of January 20, 1825, and September 20, 1830; and whereas when the said line was originally run between the State of Arkansas and the Choctaw Nation it was erroneously run to the westward of a due south line from that point of beginning of the Arkansas River; and whereas when the said line was again run by the United States, after the making of the said treaty of June 22, 1855, it was arbitrarily ordered by the Secretary of the Interior, in violation of the said treaties, that the said line should not be run due south in accordance therewith, but that the old erroneous line should in lieu thereof be traced, and the same was accordingly done, thus leaving within the limits of the State of Arkansas a strip of country belonging to the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations in the shape of a triangle, having Red River for its base; and whereas all the lands contained therein that are of any value were sold or granted by the United States, and are chiefly held and have been improved by private individuals, it is therefore agreed by the Confederate States and the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations that the said line so run and retraced shall be perpetuated as the line between the Choctaw and Chickasaw country and the State of Arkansas, and that the said triangular tract of land shall belong to and continue to form an integral part of that State, and all titles to lands therein, from and under the United States, be confirmed. And it is further agreed that in consideration therefor the said Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations shall, upon the restoration of peace and the establishment and recognition of the independence of the Confederate States, be paid by them the fair value of the lands included in the said tract in their natural state and condition and unimproved, and of the Salt Springs therein at the date of the said treaty of 1855, and without interest; which fair actual value shall be ascertained by a commission of four persons, two of whom shall be appointed by the President of the Confederate States, one by the Choctaw Legislature, and one by the Chickasaw Legislature, and the expense of which commission shall be borne by the Confederate States.

ART. LXI. It is further agreed that if the present war continues the Confederate States will, upon request of the executive of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations respectively, advance to the Choctaw Nation the sum of fifty thousand dollars, and to the Chickasaw Nation two thousand dollars, in discharge of so much of the money due to each respectively by the United States, and will invest each sum in the purchase, for each nation respectively, of such arms and ammunition as shall be specified by the executive.

ART. LXII. All provisions of the treaties made by the Choctaws and Chickasaws, or either, with the United States, under which any rights or privileges were secured or guaranteed to the Choctaw or Chickasaw Nation, or to individuals of either, and the place whereof is not supplied by any provision of this treaty, and the same not being obsolete or no longer necessary, and so far as they are not repealed, annulled, changed, or modified by subsequent treaties or statutes, or by this treaty, are continued in force as if the same had been made with the Confederate States.

ART. LXIII. It is further agreed that the sum of two thou-

sand dollars shall be appropriated and paid by the Confederate States, immediately upon the ratification of this treaty, to defray the expenses of the delegation of the Choctaws and Chickasaws by whom this treaty has been negotiated, and that the same shall be paid over to R. M. Jones and by him equally divided among the members of the said delegation.

ART. XIV. A general amnesty of all past offenses against the laws of the United States, or of the Confederate States, committed before the signing of this treaty, by any member of the Choctaw or Chickasaw Nation, as such membership is defined in this treaty, is hereby declared; and all such persons, if any, charged with any such offense shall receive from the President full and free pardon, and if imprisoned or held to bail, before or after conviction, be discharged; and the Confederate States will especially request the States of Arkansas and Texas to grant the like amnesty unto all offenses committed by any Choctaws or Chickasaws against the laws of those States respectively, and request the Governor of each to reprieve or pardon the same, if necessary.

In perpetual testimony whereof the aforesaid Albert Pike, as commissioner with plenary powers on the part of the Confederate States, doth now set his hand and affix the seal of his arms, and the undersigned commissioners, with full powers of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, do hereunto set their hands and affix their seals.

Done in triplicate at North Fork village place, and upon the day, in the year 1861, aforesaid.

ALBERT PIKE, Commissioner of the Confederate States of America.

ROBERT M. JONES, SAMPSON FOLSOM, FARBIS LEFLORE, GEORGE W. HASKINS, ALLEN WRIGHT, ALFRED WADE, COLEMAN COLE, WILLIAM B. PITCHLYN, MCGEE KING, WILLIAM KING, JOHN P. TURNBULL, WILLIAM BRYANT, Commissioners of the Choctaw Nation.

EDMUND PICKENS, HOLMES COLBERT, JAMES GAMBLE, JOEL KEMP, WILLIAM KEMP, WINCHESTER COLBERT, HENRY C. COLBERT, JAMES N. McLISH, MARTIN W. ALLEN, JOHN M. JOHNSON, SAMUEL COLBERT, A. ALEXANDER, WILSON FRAZIER, C. COLUMBUS, A. SHALATUBBE, JOHN E. ANDERSON, Commissioners of the Chickasaw Nation.

Duly ratified and copies exchanged in North Fork village July 12, 1861.

WILLIAM QUEENSBERRY, Secretary of the Commission.

HOW I LOST AND RECOVERED MY HAT.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ACCOUNT BY CHAPLAIN J. WILLIAM JONES.

Every old soldier of the Army of Northwestern Virginia remembers the campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg, when Lee outgeneraled Grant at every point, and, despite his overwhelming numbers and resources, won from him a series of splendid victories. And we all remember our life in the trenches, when, with starvation rations and an inadequate supply of clothing, less than 40,000 men had to guard forty miles of breastworks and be constantly on the alert against a foe more than four times our numbers and abundantly supplied with rations, clothing, and everything necessary to the efficiency of an army.

The opposing lines were so close together at some places that the penalty of any exposure of the person was death or severe wounds. I remember going one day to the lines just south of the Appomattox to visit my old company (D, Thirteenth Virginia Regiment), in which I had had the honor of serving the first year. The lines were so close together that loud talking in one line could be easily heard in the other.

There were in the breastworks immense beams with port-holes for the muskets, and iron shutters to protect them when no firing was going on. I was looking through one of these portholes at "our friends, the enemy," fearing that some particular bullet might strike in that particular hole at that particular time, when a sudden gust of wind lifted my hat and landed it in between the lines. It was a new blockade hat, for which I had invested some \$300; but I gave it up at once, as I would not have risked going after that hat for all the hats that ever ran the blockade. I was on my way to the bomb-proof of a friend to borrow a second-hand hat—think of a second-hand Confederate hat in February, 1865—when my old comrade, George Hauer, came up and said: "Chaplain, I'll get your hat." His proposition to get my hat was earnestly declined, and I thought that I had dissuaded him from the undertaking, and had actually borrowed a second-hand hat and was about to leave the trenches, when the brave fellow came up with a proud smile and said: "Here is your hat, Chaplain."

"Why, how did you get it, George?"

"O, I crawled down the trench leading to the picket post, and fished it in with a pole."

"Did not the Yankees see and shoot at you?"

"Yes, they did," and the brave boy held up his right arm, with which he had worked the pole, and showed a number of bullet holes through the sleeve. He added: "I reckon they would have plugged me anyhow before I could get the hat, but I called out: 'Stop your foolishness, Yank. I am doing you no harm. I am just trying to get my Chaplain's hat!' A good-natured fellow replied: 'All right, Johnny; I will not shoot again if you will hurry up and get it before the officer comes with the relief.'"

RECKLESS AND WICKED WORDS OF SHERMAN.

BY COL. JAMES W. BOWLES, LOUISVILLE, KY.

I see that Sherman has characterized our cavalymen and their leaders in a manner much more discreditable to himself than to them, so preposterously unjust it is. He says in his "Memoirs:" "The young bloods of the South, sons of planters, lawyers about town, good billiard players, and sportsmen, who never did work and never will. . . . They care not a sou for niggers, land, or anything—the most dangerous set of men this war has turned loose upon the world." (If he had said *upon my men*, I should not dispute it, and that was just what was nettling him.) "They have no past, present, or future. They are splendid riders, first-rate shots, and utterly reckless. These men must all be killed or employed by us before we can hope for peace. Stuart, John Morgan, Forrest, and Jackson are the types of this class. They have no property or future, and therefore cannot be influenced by anything but personal considerations."

If they were sons of planters or farmers, how is it that they had no property or hope of ever having any? If they cared "nothing for niggers, land, or anything," how was it that they could be influenced by personal considerations—bribes? Are these nothing in the ordinary sense of the term? And how could he say that such sensible, industrious, high-toned, honorable gentlemen as Stuart, Morgan, Forrest, and Jackson were types of the men he so loosely describes? He writes like a crazy man.

Both Morgan and Forrest were industrious business men of means; and were they alive, they would be well off and enjoying a wonderful fame and popularity, and with Stuart and Jackson they would have had a brilliant future, even had they come out of the war penniless. Insurance companies, etc., even in the North, would have given them fine salaries simply for the weight their names would carry.

EULOGY ON OLD VIRGINIA.

Prof. William A. Obenchain, of Bowling Green, Ky., delivered an address on this theme; and the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, introducing it, says:

"Wherever a Virginian may go, and in whatever portion of the habitable globe he may make his home, he never ceases to love and to be proud of the land of his nativity, its history, achievements, and traditions. No true Virginian ever blushes for his native State, and, on the other hand, proclaims with pride his loyalty to her."

PROF. OBENCHAIN'S ADDRESS.

I have chosen for my theme on this occasion Virginia, and I trust that in my tribute to that grand old commonwealth, brief as it shall be, I may be able to utter some thought that will inspire you with loftier patriotism and stimulate in you a greater desire for one of the noblest of studies, the history of our own country.

A book agent who stopped recently at one of the hotels in our little city said to the clerk the next morning that he had had a remarkable dream. He dreamed, he said, that he was in heaven, and that, to his great surprise, he saw me standing near by, heavily chained. In answer to his inquiry what that meant, St. Peter said: "Why, if we were to turn that fool fellow loose, he would go straight back to Virginia."

I have no recollection of any conversation or remark on my part that could have suggested such a dream. I am proud of my native State, but I have always been modest in her praise. I am inclined to think, therefore, that, in the words of Sheridan, in his speech in reply to Mr. Dundas, the gentleman must have been "indebted to his memory for his jests and his imagination for his facts." But, dream or not, it is a good story.

When I think of old Virginia, land of my birth, I feel that

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untraveled, fondly turns to thee."

Why is it that every Virginian is so proud of his State? Why does he love her fields and forests and streams, her hills and valleys and mountains—every foot of her soil; in fact, from the lowest level of her sea-beat shore to the summits of her highest peaks? Why do descendants of Virginians, wherever found and however remote, speak with pride of their Virginia ancestry? Why is it that even those who fought against her feel for her more tenderness than for any other State? Because of her chivalrous, high-minded men, her true, noble-hearted women, and her grand old civilization, with its hospitality and graciousness of social life; of the great statesmen and soldiers she has produced, and the splendid part she has played, and played so magnanimously, in the history of our country. The soil of no other State has been the theater of so many great historic events. The history of no other State is so full of romantic interest. Her citizens have been the pioneers of other States, and they have carried with them her traditions and the impress of her institutions wherever they have gone.

Virginia was the first settled of all the colonies, and the first to establish representative government on American soil. Her loyalty to Charles II., in the days of Cromwell, won for her the proud title of the Old Dominion. Her Nathaniel Bacon struck the first blow against political and religious injustice and oppression in the New World, and her Thomas Hansford, one of Bacon's bravest followers, was "the first martyr to American liberty." That episode in her history has been misnamed "Bacon's Rebellion." It was really inchoate revolution, and it failed of success only because it was just one century in advance of the times.

In the founding and upbuilding of this mighty republic of ours, Virginia has done more than any other State. Against the mother country she had no grievance of her own, but she made common cause with Massachusetts.

It was her Patrick Henry who, in the House of Burgesses, sounded the first note of alarm against British tyranny, and, by his fiery eloquence, fanned into a flame the spark of resistance ten years before the battle of Lexington was fought.

Virginia was the first to move for a Continental Congress, to take measures against the assault on the chartered rights of Massachusetts. It was her Richard Henry Lee who was the author of the famous resolution in Congress, June 7, 1776, "That these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." It was her Jefferson who wrote the Declaration of Independence. It was her Washington who commanded the armies and won the cause of the patriots in the long and trying War of Independence, and is known as the "Father of His Country."

With her own men and money and arms she conquered the Northwest Territory and held it in possession, and it was that conquest and possession that enabled our commissioners at the treaty of Paris to make good their contention that our Western boundary should extend to the Mississippi River. And that territory, to which she alone had a valid title, she afterwards generously ceded to the United States for the benefit of the whole Union.

Virginia was the first State in the Union to abolish the slave trade.

It was an act of her Legislature that led to the convention which framed the Federal Constitution, and saved the country from anarchy. It was her Madison who is known as the "Father of the Constitution." To the lofty character and personal influence of her Washington, and the unshaken confidence in his patriotism, was mainly due the adoption of the Constitution; and it was her Marshall who, as Chief Justice, gave it vitality and force.

It was her Jefferson who, with wise foresight, brought about our first expansion, in the purchase of the Louisiana Territory, an empire in itself. It was the same Jefferson who sent an expedition under two young Virginians—Lewis and Clarke—to the far Northwest, and thereby strengthened our claims to the Oregon Territory. It was under her Monroe that our next acquisition of territory was made, in the purchase of Florida. It was her sons, Scott and Taylor, who commanded our troops in Mexico, and won victory for our arms, and additional territory.

Of the five greatest English-speaking generals, according to the ablest of English military critics, Virginia has produced three: Washington, Lee, and Jackson. And one of the ablest generals, if not in some respects the ablest, on the Federal side in the War between the States was also a Virginian by birth—Gen. George Henry Thomas.

Of the twenty-five Presidents of the United States, seven were born on Virginia soil; and of these, five were residents of the State at the time. Surely "old Virginia never tires."

In the early days of secession Virginia took a conservative position, notwithstanding the assault on her peace and dignity and the murder of some of her citizens in the John Brown raid. With characteristic devotion, the majority of her people were opposed to disunion. True to her motherly instincts, she tried to act as a mediator, to save the Union and avert the horrors of civil war. She proposed the Peace Congress that met in Washington in the early part of February, 1861, though it failed of its purpose. All the compromise measures proposed "were indignantly and insultingly rejected." Still hoping and persevering, she sent later a delegation of

her own to confer with Mr. Lincoln, but received from him no satisfactory reply. Instead came Mr. Lincoln's call for 75,000 men.

Virginia had now to fight for or against her Southern sisters. There was no other alternative. Hesitating no longer, she cast her lot with her own people and bared her bosom to the contest, well knowing that she would be made the chief battle ground of the war.

And Virginia, mother of States and statesmen; old Virginia, not only just, but ever generous, unselfish, and magnanimous in her dealings with other States; grand old Virginia, to which our country owes more for its independence, frame of government, growth, and greatness than to any other State in the Union—is the only State that has been torn asunder and robbed of part of her territory and population, by the act of other States in Congress, against her will and in violation of the principles her Washington was instrumental in establishing, and of the Constitution her Madison chiefly framed. And the saddest feature of all is, her own daughter aided in the "political rape!"

They could rob her, in her helplessness, of part of her territory, but, thank God! they can never rob her of one jot or tittle of her glory. Under changed conditions, the like of her old social fabric, with all that is implied in the phrase, "the old Virginia gentleman," may, alas! never be seen again in our land; but she is still the grand Old Dominion, proud of her sons, proud of the part she took in the winning of only independence, proud of the part she has played in the upbuilding of our country, and proud ever of the part she acted in the War between the States. Her soil has been reddened with the blood not only of men of almost every State and Territory in the Union but of men of nearly every European nationality; and all her battle scars are scars of honor.

Her banner, glorified on many a battlefield, still floats out proudly on the breeze, untarnished by any dishonorable act. Her escutcheon is without blot or blemish, and in its warning motto, "Sic Semper Tyrannis," is breathed the undying love of liberty and the unconquered and unconquerable spirit of her people. Her glorious history is inseparably interwoven with the history of our whole country from its earliest settlement down to the present time, and the fame of her Washingtons and her Lees and her Jacksons will lose nothing of its luster, but gather and grow as the years roll on.

"The roses nowhere bloom so white
As in Virginia;
The sunshine nowhere shines so bright
As in Virginia;
The birds nowhere sing so sweet,
And nowhere hearts so lightly beat,
For heaven and earth both seem to meet
Down in Virginia.

The days are never quite so long
As in Virginia,
Nor quite so filled with happy song
As in Virginia;
And when my time has come to die,
Just take me back and let me lie
Close where the James goes rolling by,
In old Virginia.

There is nowhere a land so fair
As old Virginia,
So full of song and free of care
As Old Virginia;
And I believe that happy land
The Lord's prepared for mortal man
Is built exactly on the plan
Of old Virginia."

THE NAME OF (R. E.) LEE.

BY L. C. H., TO SECRETARY U. D. C.

Keep, Virginians, keep this day,
'Tis your heritage for aye;
Treasure of an unknown worth,
Gave it not our Lee his birth?
Would ye seek a brighter fame,
Greater or more glorious name?
Search the nation's annals through,
Scan all future archives too.



MISS TEXA JORDAN, WHEELING, W. VA.,
Maid of Honor to New Orleans Reunion.



MRS. BUCHANAN,
First Vice President Tex. Div., U. D. C.



MISS MARJORIE CATCHINGS, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.,
Sponsor 4th Div., U. C. V., Ala., New Orleans Reunion.

Grant your feeble days extend,
Till your task shall have an end.
When dissolved each vale and hill,
Ye would be but searching still.

Know ye none surpass our chief,
Stancher than the wave-lashed reef,
Firmer than the oak limbs' joint,
Truer than the needle's point.

Tell, then, fathers, tell the youth
All his grandeur, all his truth,
All his tenderness and might,
His fidelity to right.

Tell them how he strove full long
To redress his country's wrong.
How not once he flinched before
Cannon's angry shot and roar.

How he stood beneath the shell,
Which hurled demons as it fell.
How he slaked a foeman's thirst,
How he blessed the lips that cursed.

Ah, kind, noble, generous Lee!
Reverence brims our hearts for thee.
Rest well now, the strife is o'er;
Thy loved Southland calls no more.

But ye Southrons, bless that sun
Which didst bring your mighty one.
Let your love with pride proclaim,
Such a record, such a name!"

AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY W. A. CLARK, AUGUSTA, GA.

The touching incident recorded in the following verses occurred on a bloody Western battlefield in the old war days in the sixties. Rev. J. B. McFerrin, formerly of Nashville, Tenn., and now in heaven, an able and honored minister of the Methodist Church and for four years a Confederate chaplain in the Army of Tennessee, was the Christian hero of this pathetic incident. His untiring devotion to the sick and wounded amid the dangers and hardships of camp and field are gratefully remembered by his surviving comrades, while his gentle kindness to a stricken foe will be embalmed in the loving memory of every veteran of both the blue and the gray:

'Twas evening on the battlefield;
O'er trampled plain, with carnage red,
The lines in blue were forced to yield,
Leaving their dying and their dead.

All day, mid storm of shot and shell,
With smoking crest, war's crimson tide
Had left its victims where they fell,
Nor heeding if they lived or died.

And now the cannon's roar was dumb,
The "Rebel yell" was hushed and still;
The shrieking shell, the bursting bomb
Were silent all, on plain and hill.

From out the lines of faded gray
To where the battle's shock was spent,
A Rebel chaplain made his way,
On mercy's kindly mission bent.

He knelt beside a stricken foe,
Whose life was ebbing fast away,
And then in gentle words and low
He asked if he might read and pray.

"No, no," the wounded man replied,
"My throat is parched, my lips are dry;"
And in his agony he cried,
"O, give me water or I'll die."

The chaplain hurried o'er the strand,
And in the stream his cup he dips,
Then, hastening back, with gentle hand
He pressed it to his waiting lips.

"Now shall I read?" he asked again,
While bleak winds blew across the wold.
"No," said the soldier in his pain,
"I'm growing cold, I'm growing cold."

Then in the wintry twilight air
His coat of gray the chaplain drew,
Leaving his own chilled body bare
To warm the dying boy in blue.

The soldier turned with softened look,
With quivering lip and moistened eye,
And said: "If you, in all that book,
Can find for me the reasons why

A Rebel chaplain such as you
Should show the kindness you have shown
To one who wears the Union blue,
I'll hear them gladly every one."

In tender tones the good man read
Of love and life beyond the grave,
And then in earnest prayer he plead
That God would pity, heal, and save.

Above the "blue," above the "gray"
Shone no cathedral's lofty spire,
Yet I am sure the songs that day
Were chanted by an angel choir.

The evening darkened into night,
The shadows fell on wood and strand,
But in their hearts gleamed softer light
Than ever shone on sea or land.

And ere the winter night was o'er,
Beyond the sunset's purpled hue,
The stars rose on a fairer shore
To greet the dying boy in blue.

Long years have come and gone since then,
Long years the good man lived to bless
With kindly deed his fellow-men,
And then to die in perfect peace.

And when in heaven's eternal day
They met before His throne of light,
There was no blue, there was no gray,
For both were robed in God's own white.

CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

"How can Confederate history be truthfully taught, portrayed, and preserved?" inquires Dr. S. H. Stout, of Dallas, Tex., who was surgeon and medical director of hospitals for the C. S. A. of Tennessee. He writes about it as follows:

"Whether the many false impressions touching Confederate history made by school text-books, newspaper sensational sketches, and magazine articles, written by Northern authors and by the members of the younger generation of Southern men and women who, in many instances, have followed the lead of Northern writers, can ever be removed, is a problem of grave importance. How it may or can be solved has been the subject of serious thought by many of us old Confederates, who know the facts that provoked the secession of the Southern States and were intelligent actors in the war of 1861-65 on the side of the Confederacy.

"Like 'swift witnesses' in trials for felony, who volunteer to testify that they may conceal their own complicity in the commission of crime, the money capitalists of the North, who provoked the Confederate war that they might reap a harvest of financial advantages therefrom, even before that war had ended utilized the millionaire publishing houses and hired authors to propagate falsehoods and utter them for the purpose of exciting prejudice against the motives and actions of those who acted on the Confederate side. Before the surrender of the Confederate arms text-books pretending to be veracious histories of the United States were introduced into the schools of Tennessee and such other territory (parts of the Southern States) as were earliest sufferers from the depredations of the carpetbaggers and their fanatical missionaries, whose support was furnished by wealthy financiers greedy to perpetuate the advantages of excessive tariff schedules and the banking system that were the spawn of Federal necessity in the waging of war against the Southern States. Thus it early came to pass that falsehoods piled upon falsehoods were intruded upon the attention of readers as truthful history. Can the falsehoods ever be refuted, and the minds of readers of them now beclouded by 'swift witnesses' ever be truly enlightened?

"This question may be answered in the affirmative if the living Confederates, though many of them are now bowed down with the weight of years, do their duty to themselves, and with pen record truthfully the knowledge of facts and events of which they are themselves cognizant, see that truthful histories are put into the hands of their children and grandchildren, and that those historical novels, such as 'The Crisis,' written to defend the foreigners who, without the warrant of Constitution or law, under their abolition leader captured Camp Jackson, inaugurated for the training of the Missouri State militia, be suppressed. This capture was a feat that could have been accomplished only by ignorant 'Black Dutch' under the leadership of fanaticism, and employed by usurping military men. Many of the descendants of Confederate soldiers have been led by the cunning of the financiers to believe that 'The Crisis' as an historical novel truly ventilates the animus of the people of St. Louis and the State of Missouri at the time Camp Jackson was captured.

"Of the historical narratives written by intelligent real actors in the war on the Confederate side, the book written by Gen. Samuel G. French, entitled 'Two Wars: An Autobiography,' is, in the estimation of this writer, the most accurate statement of facts and events. It ought to be in the home of every Confederate family, and be studied by the junior members thereof. Though not pretending to write a complete history, the author conscientiously states facts as he personally observed

them, and truthfully records events as he witnessed them when transpiring. The study of this book will tend to excite a desire on the part of the reader to learn more of the facts of the history of the great Confederate war. It is written in such a style that the junior reader can catch from it the true animus of the Confederates, and learn why their armies and navy made for four years so long and gallant a defense against great odds as to numbers and resources.

"History is often spoken of as 'philosophy teaching by example.' This aphorism cannot be acknowledged to be truthful by the students of our schools, whose study of history is confined to the meager outlines of history placed in their hands and in our schools, public and private. For those text-books are but the dry bones of the history of the country, or epoch, they only pretend to outline.

"Besides such works as Gen. French's autobiography, we need a multiplicity of historical novels or romances by authors acquainted with the facts of Confederate history and qualified by intellectuality, association, and tradition to teach through creations of the imagination the true animus of the people of our Southland and of our great statesmen and heroes, and the philosophy of the history enacted by them, which was so gloriously wise in colonial times, so promotive of free institutions, and achieved so much in extending and broadening the area of freedom on the North American continent.

"Among the historical novels that ought to be found in every Southern family is Thomas Dixon's 'Leopard Spots.' It is, under guise of romance, a truthful unveiling of the oppressions and insults endured by the Southern people under the reign of the dishonest, marauding carpetbaggers of the reconstruction period after the war of the sixties. There is not a fictitious name in the book that had not its existence in the real life of that most disgraceful period in the history of American civilization. That book is therefore worthy of the study of adults seeking to learn the philosophy of the history of that period of misrule in the South. The patience of Southern men and women under that misrule is suggestive of profoundest thought to all students of the philosophy of history. The organization of the Kuklux Klan saved Christian civilization in the rural sections of the South.

"There is another novel by a Southern author, young in years, who was born and reared in the valley of the Tennessee River in North Alabama, in close neighborhood with the blue limestone basin of Middle Tennessee. This region was the first cotton-growing section the invading Federals penetrated. The thrift and independence of the white families there excited the envy of avaricious soldiers and trading camp followers of the Federal Gen. Mitchell, "the stargazer," Turchin (the German), Dodge, and Wheeler. The abundance of the food products there was wonderful, and that abundance fostered a spirit of hospitality never excelled, if ever equaled, in any section of the country. This abundance also tended to excite the avaricious greed of the invaders, and made them yearn to supersede the landholders in the occupation of their farms and plantations. The happiness, comfort, and contentment of the slave were a disappointment to the fanatics of the Federal army. To alienate the affection of the slaves for the whites was therefore the aim of the policy of the Federals in introducing before the war ended the Freedman's Bureau agents to harass the negroes into leaving their white people by herding them on a large farm where they died by the thousands while the officers in charge were stealing from the Federal government.

"It was in Limestone County, Ala., that Miss Maia Pettus, the author of the historical novel entitled the 'Princess of

Glennedale,' was born. She is a daughter of Dr. J. A. Pettus, who was a boy soldier in his teens at the close of the war, and, though dependent for much information upon the narratives of parents and grandparents, Miss Pettus has certainly been fortunate in weaving into her story many historical incidents which transpired in that neighborhood and many scenes and events which are well known and remembered by her seniors.

"The pictures she draws of scenes in and about a large Southern plantation, with its numerous contented and happy slaves, are true in every lineament. The master was a gentleman of the old, high-toned Southern type—one of many whose wont was to exercise large hospitality in an unstinted way, and to treat all his dependents with honorable and charitable consideration in all of his intercourse with them.

"The heroine of the novel, the Princess, is a typical young lady of her class, and her character is drawn with skill. In the various phases of the fortune of the Princess the skill of the author is always patent, and the characteristics of the pure, refined, and educated young Southern woman of the olden time are truthfully and happily portrayed. Incidents of the story and the events narrated sometimes excite the sensitive reader to tears; nor is the author without skill in arousing the sense of the ludicrous.

"This book offers a feast for the adult student of history, and affords a good opportunity for the young student of either sex to gather some idea of the true mission of the historian, and to inspirit him to catch the animus of the times when and the people among whom the events it is the province of the truthful historian to record may have transpired.

"The 'Princess of Glennedale' is a work that can be profitably utilized by the aged Confederate soldier because of his natural fondness for reminiscences of the time in which he was an heroic actor. From it, too, the studious schoolboy or school-girl can learn the true causes of the war, related in such language as the young student can comprehend, and so truthfully and logically as to command the approval of adult readers.

"As a work of genius, the 'Princess of Glennedale' is destined to outlive this generation. As a text-book for the study of the spirit of the history of the time in which the Princess lived, and the philosophy of the actors in the war in that region, the 'Princess of Glennedale' offers large gleanings for the gathering of the honest student in future times."

THE BOOK "IS DAVIS A TRAITOR?"—Replying to the inquiry for a copy of the book "Is Davis a Traitor?" Capt. John J. Hood, of Meridian, Miss., wrote sometime ago that he has a copy, and of it says: "It was published, the second edition, in 1879, by Logan D. Dameron, manager of the Advocate Publishing Company, St. Louis, Mo. Dr. Bledsoe, the author, was one of the most learned and profound scholars of the South. He was as conversant with the Constitution and all that it compassed as Webster, Calhoun, or Mr. Davis, and his argument in this book is unanswerable. It is lucid, logical, and convincing. It ought to be a text-book in every school in the South, and should be alongside Mr. Davis's 'Rise and Fall of the Confederate States' in every home. The United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Sons of Confederate Veterans are now the custodians and guardians of the richest heritage of the South and the past history of this people. The history of the great cause is in their keeping, and they alone can perpetuate a memory of the deeds and heroism and hold reverentially sacred the chivalry and stainless honor of the old Confederates by placing in the hands of their

children and their children's children the books that state correctly facts of history, and especially should they see to it that the 'Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government' goes into every home, a monument to deeds of ancestral valor that should be graven in gold."

This book should not only be in every Southern library and school, but in every home alongside the Bible. It should be taught by fathers to their sons and daughters, so there may be no break in the continuity of devotion to that ever-living cause, loyalty to which has been the brightest jewel in the diadem of this glorious Southland. In this work are incarnated the sacred touch and gentle spirit of the sainted "Daughter of the Confederacy," wrought there during years of her untiring devotion to her father, her constant and unselfish ministration to him in his declining years of isolation, her filial help in his literary labors, and her absolute consecration of her splendid womanhood to his companionship and solace. What a great work! What a heritage, bearing on its face an imperishable monument to the peerless womanhood of the South! Will they cherish it? Will they perpetuate it? I answer for them: Yes! For they have always been true to the heroes who battled, bled, and died for the immortal trinity—Principle, Honor, and Womanhood.

SONGS OF THE SIXTIES.

It is the plan of the VETERAN to publish from time to time songs that were so popular in the South during the days of war. Herewith is a familiar one that was kindly sent by Mrs. J. A. King, of Eagle Lake, Tex.:

WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

Come, all you sons of freedom, and join our Southern band;
We're going to fight the enemy, and drive them from the land.
The South is our motto and Providence our guide;
So jump into the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

Chorus.

Wait for the wagon,,
The dissolution wagon;
The South is our wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

Secession is our password, and our rights we'll all demand,
And to defend our firesides we pledge our hearts and hands.
Jeff Davis is our President, with Stephens by his side;
Brave Beauregard, our general, will join us in the ride.

Our wagon's plenty large enough, our running gear is good;
It's stuffed with cotton round the sides, and made of Southern wood.

South Carolina is the driver, with Georgia by her side;
Virginia will hold our flag up, and we'll all take a ride.

There're Tennessee and Texas also in the ring—
They wouldn't have a government where cotton isn't king.
Alabama, too, and Florida have long ago replied;
Mississippi's in the wagon, anxious for a ride.

Kentucky and Maryland are slow—
They must join us ere long, or where will they go?
The Missouri boys are ready to join our noble tide;
So come along, brave Jackson, and join us in the ride.

Our cause is just and holy, our men are brave and true;
To whip the Lincoln invaders is all we have to do.
God bless our noble army! In Him we all confide;
So jump into the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

THE SUCCESS OF DEFEAT.

A memorial service of the General Turner Ashby Camp, No. 240 U. C. V., held in Christ Episcopal Church, Winchester, Va., April 19, 1903, was as follows: Hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," choir; Prayer, Rev. Henry M. White, D.D.; Introductory Address, Commander R. T. Barton; Roll Call of the Dead of the Camp, Adjutant P. W. Boyd. Other hymns sung were: "God Moves in a Mysterious Way," "Rock of Ages," and "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Scripture Reading, 1 Cor. xv. 20-58, Rev. Nelson P. Dame.

Rev. Chas. D. Bulla delivered the following oration: "Sir Walter Scott tells the story of Robert Paterson, that loving admirer of the Covenanters, who devoted his time and energies without fee or reward to the restoration of their monuments. The touch of time had mossed the marble on which their names were chiseled and their virtues recited, and these names were passing into oblivion. Then Old Mortality, as Paterson came to be called, wandered over Scotland's kirkyards, scraping away the moss, chiseling anew the letters and sacred story of the men who saved the liberties and faith of Auld Scotia. Thus he traveled for forty years till he was found on the highway in Dumfriesshire, dying, his old white pony, the companion of all his wanderings, standing by the side of his master. This religious itinerant considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion, even unto blood.

"We are here to-day for much the same sort of work—to perpetuate the memory of heroes. A memorial service in Winchester, April nineteenth. The day is significant. It was on the nineteenth of April that a body of American soldiers, organized under legal authority, resisted British aggression at Concord, Mass., the first battle ground of American independence.

'By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.'

"And Winchester is an appropriate place for a memorial service. Fair Daughter of the Shenandoah, you will be honored and sung by generations unborn, because in the heart of your mourning beauty first flamed that fine sentiment which expressed itself in memorial blooms on the ground where defeated valor lies.

"On this day, full of sad memories, we bring the tribute of our tears. We sorrow, but not as those who have no comfort, for glory stands beside our grief; grief it is, yet it is glory none the less that lifts on high a chaplet from the sons of grief. Our tribute is more than an expression of sectional feeling; it is the voice of that sentiment of admiration which responds to greatness in men. By this memorial service we say that to stand and suffer for the sake of conscientious convictions, as did these men in gray, of the sixties, is an act of courage to be honored forever.

"These were the men who followed Stonewall Jackson to battle! Jackson—like your own Ashby—in battle, as impetuous as a thunderbolt; in camp, as gentle as a woman. Jackson—the praying soldier, whom God had to re-

move before He could give victory to Union armies. And these were the men who followed the matchless Lee! Lee—the pattern gentleman of the South; the devout Christian, always attentive to the dictates of duty and honor. Lee—who, when President Lincoln offered him the command of the army which was to act against the South, said: 'I can take no part in an invasion of the Southern States.' Lee—that Virginian of Virginians, who loved the South with a true and noble devotion, and if armies are to be sent against her he must defend her, and so deliberately turned his back on wealth and fame and power, choosing rather to suffer affliction with his own people; and

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!

Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right;
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
Led on to victory.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air,
Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!

"Brave, uncomplaining, marching steadily on against four times their numbers, these men in steel-tipped lines of gray gave up their lives for their homes and home land.

"In the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, rests the body of that architect, Sir Christopher Wren. A tablet above bears the appropriate inscription, '*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*'—If you seek a monument, look around. There it was, the new St. Paul's, one of the finest cathedrals in the world, upon which he had worked thirty-five years. I write this inscription for these veterans to-day. This valley, covered with blossom-banners of apple and peach and cherry; land of schools and churches and happy homes—it was for this land that these heroes went forth to battle. If you seek their monument, look around upon this fairyland of sunshine and flowers.

"We chant with Father Ryan his pathetic lines:

Furl that banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never:
Let it droop there, furled forever—
For its people's hopes are fled!

"Well, veterans, our banner was conquered, but our cause was not lost; you and your fallen comrades did not suffer in vain; the lifeblood of hundreds of thousands of the slain, that flowed in crimson rivulets toward the rivers and toward the sea, was not wasted; like the perfume of Mary's alabaster box, its fragrance fills our Southland, and penetrates the souls of her sons, inspiring a holy patriotism.

"When Robert Bruce, hero of Bannockburn, died, his heart was embalmed and placed in a silver casket and en-

trusted to Sir James Douglas, to be carried to Palestine and buried in Jerusalem. Douglas was killed fighting against the Moors in Spain, and the sacred relic of Bruce with the body of its devoted champion was taken to Scotland and buried at Melrose. Before Douglas fell, he loosed the casket from about his neck, and throwing it amid his fierce assailants, exclaimed: 'And thou, brave heart of Bruce, go first in fight as thou wast wont, and Douglas will follow thee and die.' So, when hard pressed in the conflicts of life, the sons of these veterans will hold before them the heroism of their noble sires, and follow, and, if need be, die for the right.

"Franklin said: 'If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading, or do things worth writing.' The story of what these men did has been read around the world—

Nor shall their glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Nor wreck, nor change, nor Winter's blight
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds their deathless tomb.

"In a few years 'taps' will have sounded for us all; centuries will come and go; civilizations grow old and pass away; the earth burn into a cinder, and the heavens be rolled up as a scroll; but so long as God remembers, the men who follow honor, veering not, through all Time's Junes and through all Time's Decembers will not be forgot. God grant that the 'reveille' of the resurrection morning may summon us all to Heaven's roll call.

"During a sea fight between the Chilian and Peruvian navies in 1879, Admiral Miguel Grau was killed at his post in the conning-tower of the Peruvian iron-clad 'Huascar.' Only fifty of the crew and company came out unhurt; the vessel was disabled and captured. To this day, at every general muster of a Peruvian army division, at every monthly inspection on the ships comprising the fleet, the name of Grau is the first to be heard in the roll call. An officer steps forward, lifts his hat, points upward, and answers: 'Absent, but accounted for. He is with the heroes.' As your Adjutant called the roll of your fifty dead comrades to-day, a solemn hush fell upon this assembly. In the holy calm, methinks I heard a voice soft and low, like music sounding from afar, answering for these heroes: 'Absent. They are among the immortals.'"

The benediction was pronounced by Chaplain John P. Hyde.

"I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life—

The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife:

Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim

Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame—

But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,

Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;

Whose youth bore no flower on its branches whose hopes burned in ashes away:

From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at:
who stood at the dying of day
With the work of their life all around them, uplifted, unheeded, alone;
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown."

THE FIRST CONFEDERATE OF GEORGIA.

Thirteen years ago the surviving members of the First Confederate Regiment of Georgia organized an association, and since then have been holding annual reunions in Chickamauga Park. After the erection in the park of the Georgia monument, which is one of the most imposing on that historic battlefield, the reunions were located at its base. This regiment was of J. K. Jackson's Brigade of Cheatham's Division, and participated in the two days' struggle, losing forty-four per cent of their force. They have accomplished much good since their organization. They have placed neat and durable headstones over the graves of every member of the regiment, wherever found. They also have a complete roster of the regiment, showing where and when every member of the regiment enlisted, the names of all killed or captured, where they were confined, etc.—all of which is in the hands of their efficient Secretary, Capt. J. L. Hill, now of Nashville.

To this association also belongs the honor of being the first to agitate the question of erecting monuments to the noble women of the South, as shown by the following resolution passed at this annual meeting in 1899:

"Whereas the Confederate veteran owes it to himself during his life to see that suitable monuments are erected to commemorate the faithful, self-sacrificing, and heroic services of their wives, sisters, daughters, and sweethearts in the holy cause of the South; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we ask each Southern State to erect monuments to their patriotic women to show posterity that they appreciated and honored them for their devotion and services to the lost Confederacy.

Capt. W. J. Whittett, of Ringgold, Ga., and Capt. J. L. Hill, of this city, are officers of the Association, and both were members of the old regiment, Capt. Whittett being one of the few original members of the regiment at the surrender, and at that time in command of it. The last annual reunion was held on the 19th of September.

Dr. John D. Massengill, of Blountville, Tenn., writes of an article in the August VETERAN: "When I read what W. H. Davis had to say in regard to Gen. Tom Harrison's Cavalry Brigade, I was very forcibly struck with the truthfulness and accuracy of it. I was one of 'Paul's People,' and remember well the engagement referred to, and after forty years have passed I can still hear Jim Nance's bugle notes sounding 'Saddle up! Forward! Charge!' etc. I was a mere boy during the days mentioned; but how vivid they are to me to-day! It will not be long till there is not one left of Company B, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, Wheeler's Command, for the youngest of us now are not young by any means. The time is already here for Comrade Davis's reminiscences, and no member of the command will take greater pleasure in reading and keeping up with what he has to say than the writer."

Henry J. Myers, Equitable Building, Memphis, Tenn., wrote some months since that he had in his possession a Southern cross, picked up on the floor of the St. Charles Hotel during the New Orleans reunion. While there was no mark of identification, the loser may be able to prove the property.



"In peace they sleep—the brave Unknown—
Beneath the verdant sod;
Above them bends the azure zone—
The starlit arch of God.
They came not back who went to war,
Those heroes brave and true;
They fell beneath the Southern star
Before the ranks in blue."

COL. GEORGE W. CURTIS.

Col. W. S. Hawkins, of Tennessee, contributed the following to the memory of Col. George W. Curtis, who was mortally wounded at Cedar Run (sometimes called Slaughter Mountain), Va., August 9, 1862, while leading the Twenty-Third Virginia Volunteers, and, as Col. S. T. Walton's official report No. 46 says, "in attempting to rally his men, who, owing to a very destructive cross fire, had been ordered to fall back a short distance and were in some confusion. The regiment, again advancing, repulsed the enemy until ordered to stop by Gen. Jackson.

"But there is still another, and how shall I speak of him? The dauntless soldier! The ardent friend! The patriot faithful unto death! How well do I remember the firmness of his principles, his generous readiness to offer up all on the beloved shrine of his country's hope, his calm dignity, his gentle courtesy, and, over all, that sadness of his features in repose that seemed to betoken his early death! As I write I feel how weak and unworthy of him are these poor words. Let the historic page embalm his deeds of swift renown and his illustrious sacrifice in the cause which conscience blessed. Let some more skillful master of the art of praise depict his earnest valor and his manly worth. My humble province shall be to summon to my help fair Poesy, who comes, her bright eyes all bedewed above his sepulcher, and gladly aids me in tressing for that martyr tomb a wreath of immortelles.

Son of the Southland! Hast thou fallen,
O friend, thus soon in this wild strife?
Didst thou so many battles brave
To find at last this earthy grave,
And seal thy patriot vow with life?"



COL. G. W. CURTIS.

Another comrade writes:

"Col. G. W. Curtis, of Bethany, W. Va., was a man possessing a generous disposition and a soul truly noble. His amiable manners commended for himself the friendship and admiration of all his acquaintances. Prompted by the high sense of duty and honor, he left the home of his youth and the hallowed associations of relatives and friends and responded to the call of his State, and was assigned to duty in the Twenty-Third Virginia Regiment of Volunteers, bearing the rank of first lieutenant in Gen. Taliaferro's Brigade.

"In this position he acted for one year, enduring the fatigue and hardships of the memorable Valley Campaign of Stonewall Jackson, which will ever be green in the memory of the good and great of what is called 'Our Common Country.'

"At the close of the first year's strife, upon many a well-fought field, he was promoted to the rank of colonel, commanding the Twenty-Third Virginia Regiment of Volunteers. But his duration in this capacity was short-lived and lamentable, for he was mortally wounded at the battle of Cedar Run, near Culpeper Courthouse, Virginia, on the 7th day of August, 1862, and now sleeps beneath the blood-stained soil of glory. He had done his duty nobly upon the plains of Mexico, as he also did upon the soil of Virginia."

In his official report of the battle of Cedar Run, Col. A. G. Taliaferro says:

"Lieut. Col. Curtis, commanding the Twenty-Third Regiment of Virginia Volunteers, fell mortally wounded while gallantly leading his regiment into action. He came to the regiment in September, 1861, from Brooke County, Va., a private and a refugee from the tyrants of the Northwest, and in the reorganization he was called to the position he so gallantly filled, a fit testimonial by the officers to his gallantry and good conduct. He has fallen from his home and friends, but will long be remembered by all associated with him in the cause of liberty."

Thus, at the early age of thirty-five, his life was given for the cause he espoused. He was buried in the yard of a farmhouse near the battlefield, where the remains still lie. Surely such noble service and such sacrifices should entitle him to honorable burial among his brave comrades in some Confederate cemetery. Gen. W. B. Curtis, of the Union Army, was an elder brother of Col. Curtis, and obtained like distinction for bravery.

J. P. Humphreys, Collierville, Tenn.: "I have in my possession a silver dollar of 1859 (U. S.), engraved above the eagle's head, 'Lieut James Walker, Second Regiment, T. V's. On the left side of Goddess of Liberty, 'April 26, 1861.' Would be glad to hear from Lieut. Walker if living, or some of his family if they care for the dollar.

DR. ARTHUR R. BARRY.

Arthur R. Barry was born at Washington, D. C., in December, 1839, the son of David Barry and grandson of James D. Barry, who was one of the first settlers of Washington. He was reared partly at Washington and partly on his father's plantation in Prince George County, Md. He graduated at Georgetown University in March, 1861, and soon after enlisted in the Confederate army in Capt. Shaffer's Company, composed of Washingtonians and a few Marylanders, and attached to Gen. Philip St. George Cooke's command. They participated actively in the first battle of Manassas, and were highly complimented by Gen. Beauregard on the field. Dr. Barry was

detailed to attend the wounded, and sent with them to the hospital at Charlottesville. Afterwards he was appointed assistant surgeon in the army, and served in this capacity at various hospitals in Richmond, Va., and at Statesville, N. C. Later on he performed field duty with the Sixty-First Virginia Infantry. After promotion to surgeon he was assigned to the Ninth Virginia Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, with which he served during the greater part of the war. At the close of the war he walked from Appomattox to City Point, where he took steamer to Fortress Monroe. On account of the excitement following the assassination of President Lincoln, he was refused transportation to Baltimore, and therefore asked passage for Mexico, where war was then being waged between Maximilian and that country. He was sent in company with other Confederates of Louisiana and Texas to New Orleans, where they were received with great honor, being the first Confederate prisoners to arrive. Finding himself without money, he lectured on the Army of Northern Virginia, and made of it a financial success. Through the influence of some Texas friends, he went to Texas instead of Mexico, landing at Galveston on a government ship. He went into the interior and taught school in Polk County; then moved to Brazos County and practiced medicine successfully until he was called to the office of County Judge. He served for one or two terms, and removed to Weatherford in 1890, where he resided until death, in August, 1903. He was married in 1870 to Miss Angie Caruthers, who survives him with two children. Dr. Barry was a prominent and useful citizen, and in his death the State of Texas loses one who was devoted to her interests, and the community one whose memory will ever be cherished.

CALVIN W. TURNER.

Calvin W. Turner, a prominent citizen of Bastrop, Tex., and a true Confederate, died at his home on June 13, 1903, aged sixty-one years. He was born in Tennessee in 1835, and in 1849 went with his parents to Bastrop County, Tex., where he afterwards resided. In 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company D, Parson's Brigade, serving mostly in Arkansas and Louisiana. At the surrender he was doing service on the Little Brazos, where his command was disbanded. After the war he began merchandising, but in 1875 again turned his attention to farming. He was twice married—to Miss Mattie E. Linton, who died in 1868, and then to Mrs. Kate N. Hamilton in 1871. She and eight children are left to mourn the loss of husband and father. He purchased the Exchange Hotel at Bastrop in 1895, and lived there until his death.

J. ELAM CALDWELL.

J. E. Caldwell, a member of Mecklenburg Camp of Charlotte, N. C., died on the 19th of June, 1903, after a short illness. His comrades of the old "Hornet's Nest" Company of the First or Bethel Regiment gave him highest praise, and for the cause he loved so well he consecrated his all. After the war he ever strove to keep true the friends of the South, and under no circumstances would he have the Confederate soldier forgotten. He had used all of his powers to build up the material wealth and schools of the State, and his administration of the affairs of State had been with its best welfare at heart. Mecklenburg Camp passed resolutions of respect for this dear comrade and in eulogy of his many sterling qualities.

CAPT. ALBERT RENNOLDS.

Albert Rennolds, the son of Otway Rennolds and Malvera Cason, was born at Rockland, Essex County, Va.—the home

of his ancestors for seven generations—on June 11, 1841. He attended Fleetwood Academy, and at the age of eighteen was sent to the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va. He stood high in his classes, and left the Institute on the 18th day of April, 1861, the day after Virginia seceded, for Richmond, where he was assigned by Gov. Letcher and employed in drilling the volunteers that were coming in from all parts of the State.

After staying in Richmond a few months, he resigned, returned home, and enlisted as a member of the Essex Sharpshooters, which became Company F, Fifty-Fifth Virginia Infantry. He was elected lieutenant of his company in about a year, and rose to the rank of captain for gallantry in his twenty-first year.

In Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, he followed the starry cross of the Confederacy and participated in most of the battles in which the Army of Northern Virginia was engaged.



CAPT. RENNOLDS.

He was wounded at Mechanicsville, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, and at the Weldon Railroad—very severely at Chancellorsville and the Wilderness. He was left in command of the rear guard of one wing of the army in the evacuation of Fort Harrison and its memorable retreat from Richmond. He was captured at Sailor's Creek and carried to Johnson's Island, and from there transferred to the old capitol prison at Washington. While there the assassination of Lincoln occurred. The spirit of revenge on the part of the authorities and the mob held high carnival, and the *lex talionis* ran so high and riotous as to threaten the massacre of the Confederate prisoners there in retaliation for the foul deed for which they were in no way responsible. This engendered in time a riotous and mutinous determination on the part of the prisoners to preserve themselves.

After the war, Capt. Rennolds at first engaged in farming;

but in 1878 began teaching, and taught until his death, thus following the example of his beloved commander, R. E. Lee. He was an ardent schoolman, of high standards and up-to-date methods, and his work in the public school system was not excelled in his county. He was county surveyor for a number of years, and at his death was Chairman of the Pension Board and Commander of Wright-Latané Camp, having been re-elected several times. He was the fourth of his name to bear the title of captain. His grandfather, Sthreshly Rennolds, was on the staff of Gen. Lafayette, with the rank of captain; his uncle, Albert Rennolds, was on the staff of Sam Houston, with the same rank; and another uncle, William Rennolds, was captain of a Virginia company in the War of 1812.

Albert Rennolds was wrapped up with the idea of establishing the justice of the cause of his beloved Confederacy, and as a historian in all matters pertaining to that there were few in Virginia better posted. His address on the "Battle of Chancellorsville" before Wright-Latané Camp, published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and *Tidewater Democrat*, was a thrilling and valuable contribution to history. He never failed to impress upon the minds of the youth of his country, and others as well with whom he came in contact, the necessity of keeping bright in their memories the glorious deeds performed by the men in gray in their heroic struggle for constitutional liberty.

Capt. Rennolds was married in 1867 to Miss Christian Tribble, daughter of Dr. John S. Tribble, of Dunnsville, Va., who died in 1883; and of their six children five are living. He always was religiously inclined, and ardently so in his latter days. Every Sunday he drove five miles to teach a Sunday school and Bible class of Confederate veterans. He was buried at Rockland, wrapped in gray. He was a gallant captain, an honest man, a Virginia gentleman, and a pure Christian.

CAPT. T. H. FRANCIS.

Capt. T. H. Francis, of Atlanta, died September 4. His health was considered excellent. He had hardly ever been known to complain, and heart failure is considered the cause of his death. Comrade Francis was a native of Virginia. He was sixty-seven years old. He lived in Memphis, Tenn., in 1861, and enlisted in the Fourth Tennessee Regiment, and was chosen captain of a company. He was desperately wounded in the battle of Murfreesboro, and captured on the withdrawal of the Confederate forces. He was imprisoned at the North afterwards until exchanged. He was a member of the Atlanta Camp, No. 159, U. C. V. After the war, Capt. Francis lived at Montgomery, Ala., Covington, Ky., Jackson, Tenn., and Atlanta. He was survived by his wife, a daughter, Mrs. J. B. Brown, of St. Louis, and three sons: Montgomery D., Henry L., and Wallace K. Francis.

CAPT. JOHN W. FRATER.

In Pensacola, Fla., on August 26, Capt. John W. Frater gave up the mortal for immortality. He was born in Santa Rosa County, Fla., in 1839. He enlisted for the Confederacy at the beginning of the war, and had command of a company of State troops during the occupation of the Fort and Navy Yard at Warrington, by the mouth of Pensacola harbor. When this was evacuated by Gen. Bragg, he resigned his command and entered the cavalry service, becoming a captain in Myers's Brigade under Gen. Maury. While on special service in Escambia County, he and twenty-eight of his command were taken prisoners and sent to Ship Island, where they remained until the close of the war.

At the time of his death Capt. Frater was commander of

Camp Ward, U. C. V., of Pensacola, and was borne to his last rest by comrades, clad in his Confederate uniform. He was an ardent Confederate and a typical Southern gentleman, brave and true-hearted.

A. J. PARRISH.

After a long illness from consumption, A. J. Parrish died at his home in Goodnight, Ky., in August, 1903. He was one of the best-known men of his county. He was a Confederate soldier, having enlisted in Capt. William W. Bagby's Company F, Sixth Kentucky Infantry, at the outbreak of the war. After the battle of Shiloh he was transferred to Company E, under Capt. D. P. Barclay. At the battle of Stone's River he was wounded through the left thigh, but rejoined his regiment and was with it to the end. He was wounded by a horse thief sometime after the war, and never recovered from that wound. He is survived by his wife and five children. Members of Joseph H. Lewis Camp, U. C. V., acted as pallbearers. He was one of the most prominent men in his county.

J. L. LEMONDS.

After weeks of patient suffering, our comrade and friend J. L. Lemonds passed away in October, 1902, at his home in Paris, Tenn., aged sixty-five years. In all the relations of life he had fulfilled his part nobly, and no one can take his place. This son of Henry County enlisted for the Confederacy in May, 1861, in Company C, Fifth Tennessee Infantry, and was elected third lieutenant, under Capt. Conway. After the reorganization, he reenlisted as a private under Capt. Caldwell. When the battle of Perryville had been fought, reliable officers were in demand, and Comrade Lemonds was called to the first lieutenantcy of Capt. R. B. Peebles's company, where he was noted for efficiency in every sense. He was in the "hundred days' fighting" from Rockyface Ridge to Atlanta and Jonesboro. In the severe battle of Peachtree Creek he received his fourth and last wound, which put him permanently out of active field service. His captain states that, although shot through, he never gave up as long as he was allowed to stay in the field. He went back home, not to murmur or despair, but in the race of life he distanced many who were not so handicapped. Ex-Gov. Porter, who was chief of staff to Gen. B. F. Cheatham, spoke of him as "the always reliable."

REV. C. T. BLAIR.

Calvin T. Blair was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., near Smyrna, December 9, 1842; and died March 25, 1903, at Decherd, Tenn. In 1862 he enlisted in Company H, Third Alabama Cavalry, and served in this company till some time in 1864, when he was wounded, captured, and taken North, where he remained till the close of the war. Comrade Blair was a minister of the Presbyterian Church, and for a number of years was stationed in Nashville, and was identified with Cheatham Bivouac. He was also a Mason.

THOMAS O. HALL.

One of the most faithful contributors to the VETERAN has passed away in the death of "Tom" Hall at his home in Louisville, Ky., on September 4. Death came to him suddenly in the early morning. The previous day had been one of his usual activity, and the summons came with but slight warning.

Thomas Hall was born at Mt. Washington, Ky., 1841, and at twelve years of age entered the male high school of Louisville, graduating at the end of four years as one of the honor boys of his class. He then went to Hendersonville and learned

the tobacco business, but at the outbreak of the war went to Southern Mississippi, joined an uncle, and enlisted in the Third Mississippi Infantry as a private. It was his pride that he served through the war and took part in many of the battles of the West; that he was twice wounded and once captured, but escaped from the Federal troops and rejoined his command. While his service was in the army, much of what he wrote about was service in the navy.

It was at Tom Hall's suggestion that the battleship Kentucky was named for that State, and he was honored with its christening.

On account of his health he went to Canada immediately after the war, and for several years was connected with a steamboat company. It was then that he formed such a love for nautical affairs. He was in Canada for several years, then returned to Louisville and took up newspaper work. He was connected with the different newspapers of that city, and was also for some years Kentucky representative for the *Cincinnati Inquirer*. He was sent to Cuba by the latter paper, and wrote some very interesting articles about that island. As river editor of the Louisville papers he was well known by the river men from Pittsburg to New Orleans.

The funeral services were conducted by the George B. Eastin Camp, U. C. V., of Louisville, of which he was a member, and in conformity with his special request Confederate comrades were his pallbearers. He was also a member

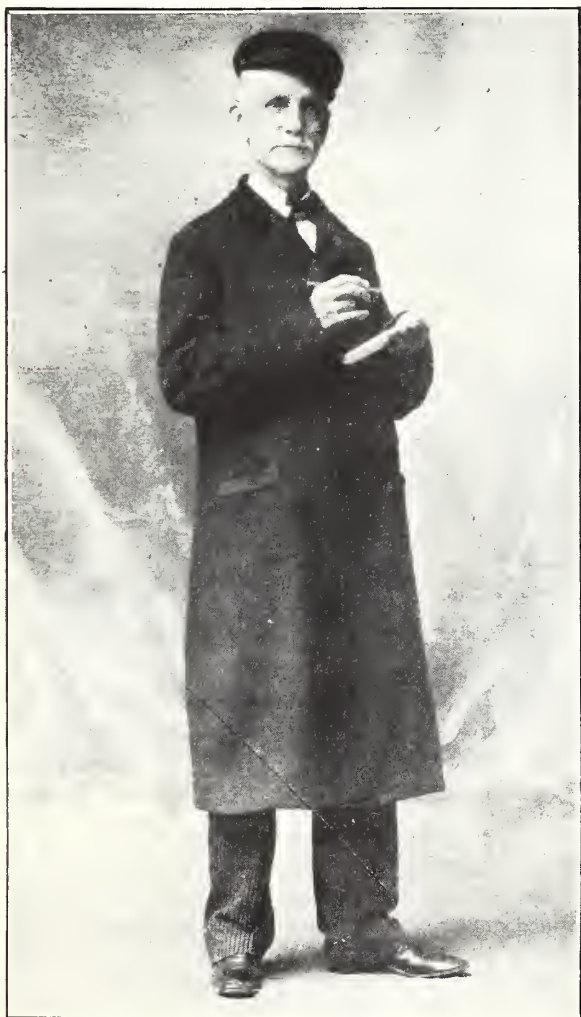
of the Veteran Firemen's Association, which he first conceived and worked to its organization, and for which he acted as Secretary for several years, the Marine Engineers' Association, Stationary Firemen's Association, and the Progressive Union of New Orleans.

Comrade Hall had many mementos of his service in the war, and the most valued was an iron medal given him several years ago by Gen. John B. Gordon. It had been made from one of the guns of the Merrimac, and was presented to Gen. Gordon during the reunion in Richmond, Va. Mr. Hall was in the crowd during the presentation, and afterwards several of them were talking with Gen. Gordon, and some one mentioned Hall's bravery, saying that he had never been censured by his superiors but once, and that was for recklessness. Gen. Gordon asked him his rank, and, on learning that he had served as a private, he then unpinned the medal and handed it to Mr. Hall, saying: "I want to make you a present of this medal. I would rather a private soldier like you had it than any general in the army."

His wife, daughter, and two sons survive him.

JUDGE LAFAYETTE BENTON HALL.

In the death of Judge L. B. Hall, of Dixon, Ky., that community has lost one of its most prominent and enterprising citizens, and his family is bereft of a loving husband and father. Death came to him suddenly in his sixty-second year. Lafayette Benton Hall enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861, joining the Eighth Kentucky Infantry and serving under Capt. Jones, Gens. N. B. Forrest, Buford, and Lyon, as he was transferred from time to time. He was First Sergeant during the greater part of his service, and went through the war without getting wounded. He was a brave soldier and always true to the cause he served. This is also said of him:



THOMAS O. HALL.



JUDGE L. B. HALL.

"The official career of Judge Hall was one of the most successful and remarkable of any man in his county. In 1874 he became a member of the fiscal court of Webster County and served four years, and in 1879 was elected county judge, and so well did he serve the people that he was indorsed for that position every time he asked it, serving as judge for twenty-three years—till January, 1902. His name was synonymous with justice and right. He was married in 1874 to Miss Martha Williams, and of the eleven children born of this union ten survive."

Judge Hall was a member of the order of Masons from 1866; and after the usual religious services at the funeral, the remains were taken in charge by the Masons and interred according to their rites.

M. A. HINES.

Miles A. Hines was born in Green County, Ga., in July, 1839, and when a young man removed to Mississippi. He answered the patriot's call, and enlisted in April, 1861, for the Confederacy, in the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment. After twelve months of active service, he received a wound at the battle of Shiloh which disabled him for further service. He was a prisoner of war for a year; then was exchanged and went home, not being able to rejoin his command. He went to Texas in 1865, and cast his interests with the enterprises and achievements of that State, making a worthy and faithful citizen. His death occurred on February 3, 1903.

ISHMAEL BARABARGER.

Ishmael Barabarger died at Union Springs, Ala., in July, 1903, after a long and useful life, being in his eighty-second year. He was a splendid soldier, having served as a private in Fowler's Battery during the War between the States.

FAITHFUL SLAVE, "COL. ROBERT."

BY MRS. M. F. AKIN, CARTERSVILLE, GA.

Bob, or as he sometimes, when a slave, liked to be called, "Col. Robert," was the slave, the carriage driver, and general all-round helpful servant of the late Hon. Warren Akin, ex-member of the Congress of the Confederate States. From the beginning of the War between the States he was keenly interested in all that occurred, so much so that some persons thought he was eagerly looking for freedom. His master did not think so, and trusted Bob implicitly to care for his family during his absence from home and to care for his property as far as he could. Bob always expressed and showed the utmost interest in the Southern soldier; so much so that when boxes of home-made comforts were sent to our soldiers he always put in his contribution of well-knit gloves, knit with a needle like a crochet needle that was of his own make. Soldiers in Virginia often sent thanks for the gloves that added to their comfort. When Stoneman's raiders came through Oxford, Ga., by Bob's warning and management his master barely escaped to the woods as they entered the village. Their first inquiry was for Col. Akin. Bob was offered \$500 in gold if he would secure his capture. He was not even tempted to betray. The offer was raised to \$1,000. He told me: "I had to tell a heap of lies, but I said nothing about Marster." At that time he was much excited, and, with his ax held behind him, followed a Federal soldier who was plundering the house. I was alarmed, and, calling him aside, asked what he was doing with that ax. He replied: "Why, Miss Mary, 'if that man insults you, I will kill him.'" With a warning for him to be quiet, I took the ax away and hid it.

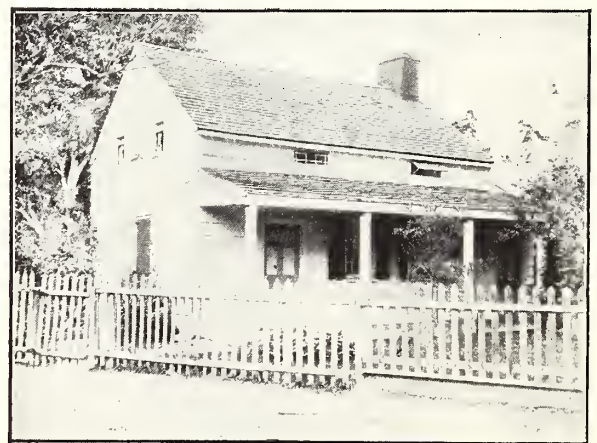
During Col. Akin's "hide out" Bob carried his food to him and protected him in every way possible. When told he was a free man, he seemed depressed, and remarked: "I don't want

to be free; I don't know what to do with myself. I don't know how to support my family." It was a large family, and he was the only one who seemed to have any conception of what it was to support them. His master made arrangements for him to get back to Bartow County, bought for him a cow, a horse, some few hogs, and went security for his year's supply. But he was extravagant, and could not understand the necessity for economy. After many changes of place, he finally settled down at Cassville, where he had lived from boyhood, and just said: "Master, you will have to help me." Then the master died, and Bob became dependent on the sons. He worked hard, was honest and respectable, was always cheerful and gay, with perfect confidence in the "Akin boys" to care for him. He joined the Methodist Church several times, and at last settled down into a devout and pious life. After a long illness he seemed to recover his health, but was suddenly stricken with paralysis, and after a few days' silent suffering he died. He was seventy-three years of age. When a negro has lived long as slave and as a freedman, has been faithful in what he considered his Christian duty, without even making any attempt at social equality with the white race, has always been cheerful and hopeful, even under adverse circumstances, it seems right to me that some notice should be taken of that man's life, and after death he should be remembered with grateful hearts by those he served; and it is thus Bob Beavers is remembered by the wife and children of the man he so faithfully served.

THE EDGAR ALLAN POE COTTAGE.

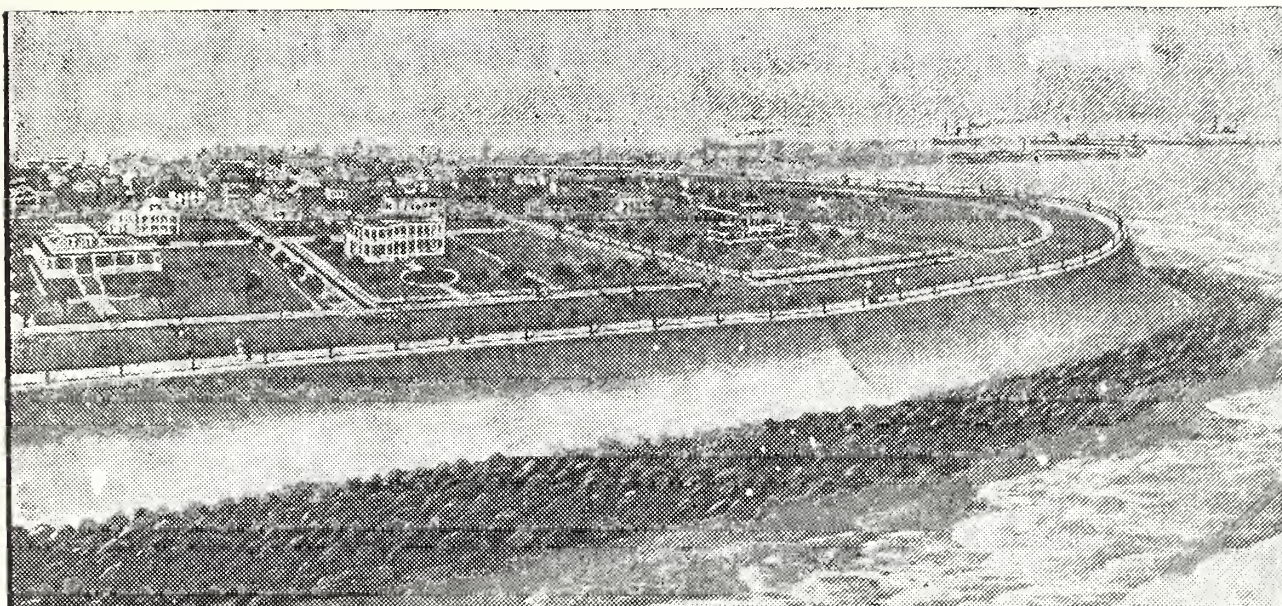
On an elevated place in Fordham, an uptown suburb of New York City, stands the cottage. It was while a resident there that Poe wrote "The Raven" and did much of his other best work. He was not in high esteem of himself at the time, but ventured to show "The Raven" to a neighbor, George P. Morris, author of "Woodman, spare that tree," etc., who was so pleased that, in returning the manuscript, he said: "That is one of the best things you have written, and you ought to have it published."

Twenty years ago the editor of the *VETERAN* had the pleasure of being a guest in the Poe cottage for weeks. It was the resi-



THE EDGAR POE COTTAGE.

dence of a noble Christian Southern woman. Poe's neighbors were there still, to some of whom he had given articles of household furniture, valued above price not because of his fame but in remembrance of his neighborly kindness. An old woman had a Bible, a clock, and a rocking-chair. A New York banker pleaded with her to sell him the clock, offering twenty times its real value, but she would not part with it.



MARVELOUS SHOWING FROM THE CITY OF GALVESTON, TEXAS—THE NEW SEA WALL.

The admiration of the civilized world for the courage, endurance, and patriotism of the Confederate soldier and the people of the South from 1861 to 1865 was equaled only by their astonishment at the wonderful recuperative powers and energy displayed by them after the conflict in rebuilding and beautifying the waste places that had been seared by fire and sword; in developing their iron and coal fields; in building factories, and with their products, in a few years, first challenging, then defeating in the markets of the world, other sections that had more than half a century the start of them in enterprises of this kind.

The latest evidence of these self-reliant and recuperative powers of the Southern people is to be seen at Galveston, Tex. To have restored the unfortunate city to its former greatness within a period of twenty or thirty years would have been a gratifying work elsewhere than in the South, but the people who had so quickly restored prosperity to their country directly after the War between the States could brook no such delay. Scarcely had the waters receded and the dead been buried before they, with that home-loving spirit characteristic of the Southern people, began preparations not only to rebuild but to make a greater city and securer than ever from the intrusions of the sea. How well they are succeeding is evidenced by the following extracts taken from the *Galveston Daily News*, whose stanch loyalty and firm faith in the future greatness of the city has been a powerful factor in accomplishing these wonderful results:

"The cataclysm of September 8, 1900, aroused the people of Galveston to the necessity of providing this port and city protection from the sea. Not that it was feared Galveston would be visited by another such calamity, but the preservation of the city and port and its future success depended upon an impregnable defense against further attack from the sea. The courage and patriotic confidence displayed by Galveston's citizenship after the storm were to be given another test, and the sea wall idea was born to live and develop to a solid concrete wall seventeen feet high along the Gulf front for a distance of three miles. It may also be interesting to note that one milc, or one-third, of the sea wall is finished. One million five hundred thousand dollars in bonds was issued by Gal-

veston City and County to build the sea wall. Of this amount, \$475,400 has already been expended. In addition to this, the government within the past year has expended on Galveston Island and in Galveston waters \$848,000. As an indication of her future greatness it is only necessary to show that Galveston has passed Boston-Charlestown, Mass., and now holds third place in the rank of exporting points in the United States, having advanced from twenty-third place to eighteenth place as a port of entry among the ocean and Gulf ports.

"Foreign export values for the fiscal year amounted to \$104,121,087, an increase over the values of the previous year of \$5,096,097, and an increase over the previous banner year of the port by \$2,158,295, being the only port in the United States passing her old high record.

"All records in Custom House receipts were broken, last year's receipts being exceeded 116 per cent.

"Total value of freight handled in Galveston harbor for the year was \$447,910,707, an increase of \$201,343,461 over the previous year.

"Total value of freight handled in the coastwise trade was \$342,278,279, a sum more than double the value of freight handled in any previous year in the history of the port."

"EFFECT OF A CUP OF COLD COFFEE."—W. G. Lewis, Company E., Ballentine's Regiment of Cavalry, Hope, Ark.: "Will you please have Comrade H. K. Nelson, who writes an interesting account in the July number of the *VETERAN* about 'Dead Angle' near Kennesaw Mountain, explain how a Federal soldier could approach our fortifications in broad daylight, with no other weapon save a coffeepot and tin cup, climb upon the works and, with the utmost composure, survey our army without even being persuaded to come over by some of the boys, and then depart in peace without even a good-bye or offering any one a cup of coffee? I have pondered over this part of Comrade Nelson's sketch, and can only advance one theory by way of explanation: That Yankee, knowing how short the Rebels were on coffee rations, and their fondness for this beverage, took advantage of the situation and bought off the Rebel videttes with a cup of cold coffee. How is this, brother? They were not as tame as this fellow with the coffeepot on our part of the line near Lost Mountain."

Confederate Veteran.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Loving Are the Daring.

Repeatedly during the recent Confederate reunion, both press and orators quoted from Bayard Taylor's famous poem, written upon an incident in the Crimean War of England, France, Sardinia, and Turkey against Russia, in 1854. The poem is entitled the "Song of the Camp," and is as follows:

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.
The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow.
Sing while we may; another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon,
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing.
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

A Handsome Pair of Rolled Gold SPECTACLES FREE



Spectacle Wearers! Send us ten names of other spectacle wearers and we will mail you **Free** our Perfect Home Eye Tester, which will enable you to select a perfect fitting set of Dr. Haux' Famous Perfect Vision Spectacles at our lowest Wholesale Price (a full family set costing \$2.50 will be sold to you for only \$1.00 and will wear yourself and family a lifetime) and we will also include a Handsome Pair of Rolled Gold Spectacles **Free**, in order to introduce Dr. Haux' Famous Perfect Vision Spectacles to all spectacle wearers. Address:—

DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO., St. Louis, Mo.
NOTE:—This firm is the originator of the Perfect Home system of Eye Testing and is the largest and most reliable mail order spectacle house in the United States.

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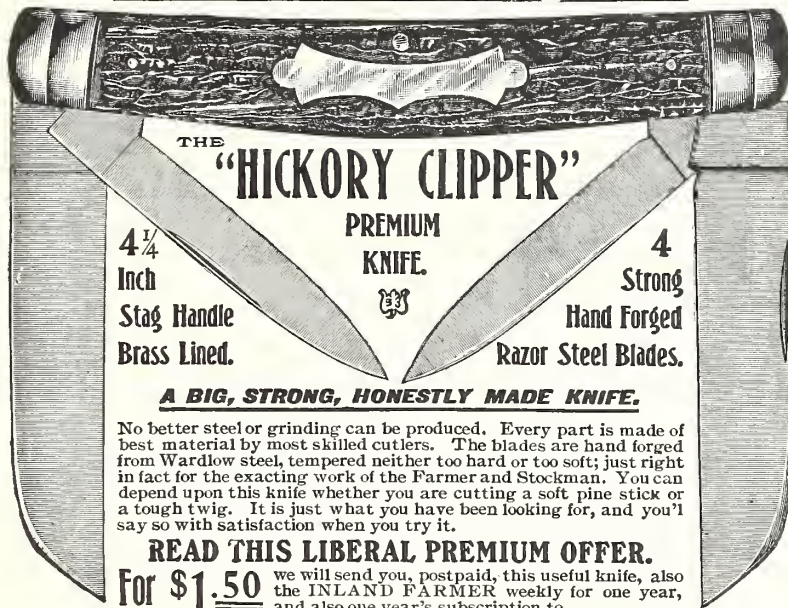
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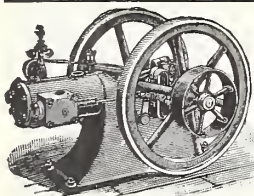
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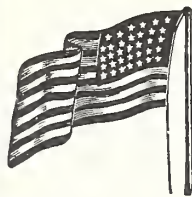
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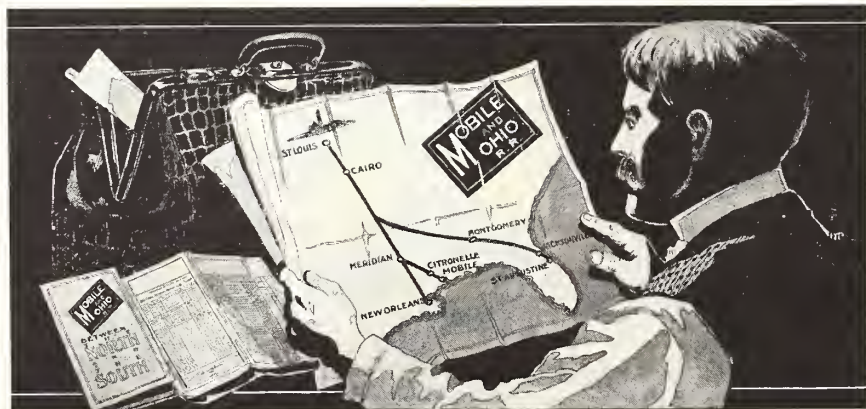
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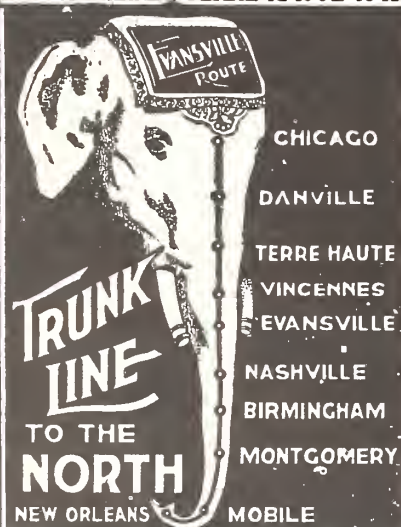
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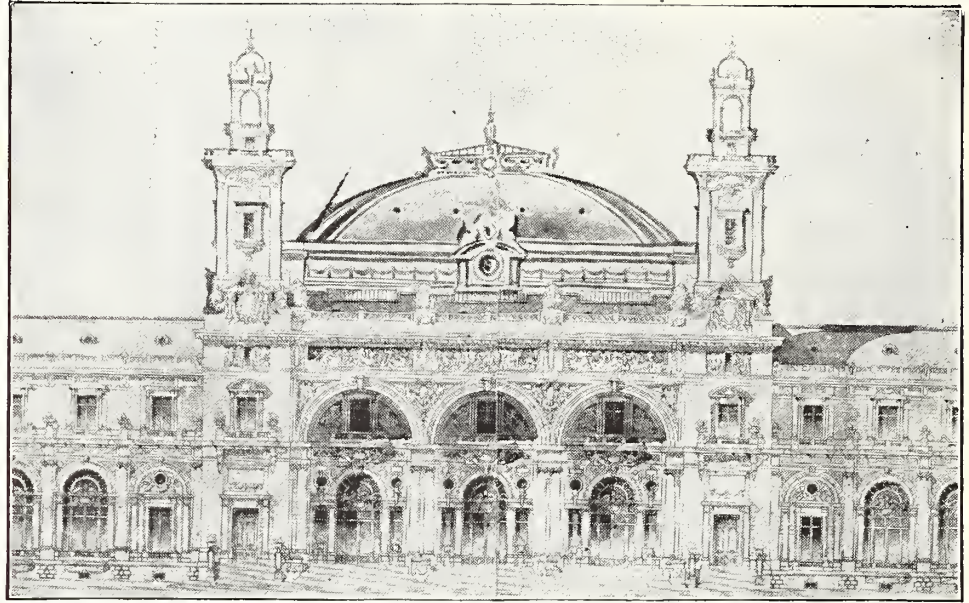
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Indicated with
SORE EYES Use **Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

**World's
Largest
Hotel Being
Built on the
World's
Fair
Grounds,
St. Louis, by
The Cook
Hotel and
Excursion
Co.**



Entrance to Hotel "Napoleon Bonaparte"—The Largest Hotel in the World.
World's Fair Site, St. Louis.

Owned and Operated by The Cook Hotel and Excursion Co.

THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT SAYS:

THE largest hotel in the world and the only private business enterprise on the World's Fair grounds, apart from the exhibits of the concessionaires on the Pike, is now in course of erection. The Napoleon Bonaparte will be the name of this mammoth building. The hotel will stand on one of the highest elevations of the Fair grounds, at the southwest corner. The immense size of the building will make it one of the sights of the city. It will have a frontage of 2,500 feet, a greater length than eight city blocks, or approximately about one-half mile. In depth the structure will average about 250 feet at its deepest part, but even at this the total ground area covered by the hotel will be over fourteen acres. The plans contemplate the accommodation of 7,000 guests at one time. It will be but two stories in height. On the first floor will be located the office rotunda, dining rooms, and lunch rooms. The main dining room will be 175 by 200 feet in size, the rotunda will be 200 feet square, and the lunch room will be 120 by 48 feet. In the dining room a brigade of soldiers might eat at one time, while the rotunda could furnish lounging quarters for a regiment. One of the attractive features of the gigantic hotel will be the broad piazza, extending along the full front of the building, from which a bird's-eye view of the entire Fair may be obtained.

WILLIAM MODE COOK, President; C. M. HILL, Vice President; L. C. SPOONER, Secretary; G. H. TEN BROEK, Treasurer and Attorney for Company.

THE COOK HOTEL AND EXCURSION CO.,

(A MISSOURI CORPORATION—CAPITAL, \$150,000)

Owners of the NAPOLEON BONAPARTE HOTEL (the largest the world has ever known), which is located on ground donated by the Exposition Company, on the World's Fair site, in appreciation of the merit of this enterprise and its great educational value. ♪ ♪

THIS COMPANY is now prepared to offer to school-teachers and to the public at large unusual advantages and opportunities. These are:

The positive reservation of accommodations in the Hotel Napoleon Bonaparte upon one week's notice.

The saving of street car fares, and the avoidance of the ordeal of going to and from the grounds by the overtaxed street car service.

Medical attendance whenever necessary without extra charge.

The privilege of living in the largest hotel the world has ever known, and the only one ever located on a World's Fair site and on high ground overlooking it all.

The privilege of transferring your rights to any other person if through sickness or other unavoidable causes you cannot go yourself.

Daily admissions to the Fair.

The opportunity of enjoying all the above at a cost so nominal as to place them within the reach of every one.

Street cars run from the Hotel to every part of the city. Fare, five cents.

The Intramural Railroad, which runs through all parts of the Fair grounds, is directly in front of the Napoleon Bonaparte Hotel. Fare, five cents.

During the World's Fair railroads will make low rates, and it will be easy for members to estimate their total expenses for trip to the Fair.

The rooms in the hotel will be of all sizes to accommodate large or small parties. All rooms will be furnished neatly and comfortably. The table will be supplied with all there is in the market, of the best quality, and prepared by experts. Electric fans will be provided for every room.

Under no circumstances will these advantages and rights be given unless secured by contract in advance. As soon as the limited number of memberships are sold this offer will be withdrawn and memberships will be worth a premium. Our rates are made possible only by the large number we expect to entertain, and because of the action of the Exposition Company in donating to us a portion of the World's Fair site on which to erect our hotel.

AMERICAN PLAN.

For \$15—that is, \$2 down and the balance monthly until paid before May, 1904—we will issue a certificate entitling the holder to all of the above accommodations and privileges, to wit: six days' board and lodging (and longer, if desired, at proportionate rates), six admissions to the Fair, and medical attention when necessary.

EUROPEAN PLAN.

For an engagement of rooms for no less than six days, and for as many more as desired, rates have been placed at from \$1 to \$5 per day, graded according to size and location of room, etc. First payment on membership fee is \$2, balance monthly until paid before May, 1904. The memberships, as already stated, being limited, it behooves all contemplating a visit to the Fair to at once send their \$2, first payment, to the Cook Hotel and Excursion Co., at the general offices of the Company named below, when proper certificate will be forwarded.

GENERAL OFFICES, HOLLAND BUILDING,

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REFERENCES: Leading men of St. Louis, including Exposition officials, and many bankers in various cities.

DEPOSITORY, THIRD NATIONAL BANK, ST. LOUIS.

The CONFEDERATE MINING COMPANY

To the Officers, Directors, and Stockholders of the Confederate Mining Co.

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Some are impatient, and want dividends at once. They will take stock on Saturday, and expect the dividends to follow on the next Monday. It takes time to establish any great enterprise. It will take time to develop a great mine and put it on a paying basis; yet the Confederate Mining Company has made rapid strides toward a great success since its organization. You have a property now that is worth, in my opinion, half a million dollars, and you have only to hold on to your stock and to add to it all you can get.

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I urge all those who have not gotten the limit of 200 shares to do so out of this block of stock, and those who have no stock to take what they can now, for when this is gone you will surely have to pay \$5 or more per share for it. I warned you last May that the stock would be advanced at the New Orleans reunion, and it went up 100 per cent, and now I feel doubly sure that it will go higher when this block of stock is gone.

Have all your old comrades and Southern friends to take what they can now. Those who took the first block of stock doubled their money the first year. I recommend it to my old comrades as the best investment they can get. I would not do so if I were not sure it is all right.

R. W. CRABB, Treasurer.

Uniontown, Ky., Oct. 1, 1903.

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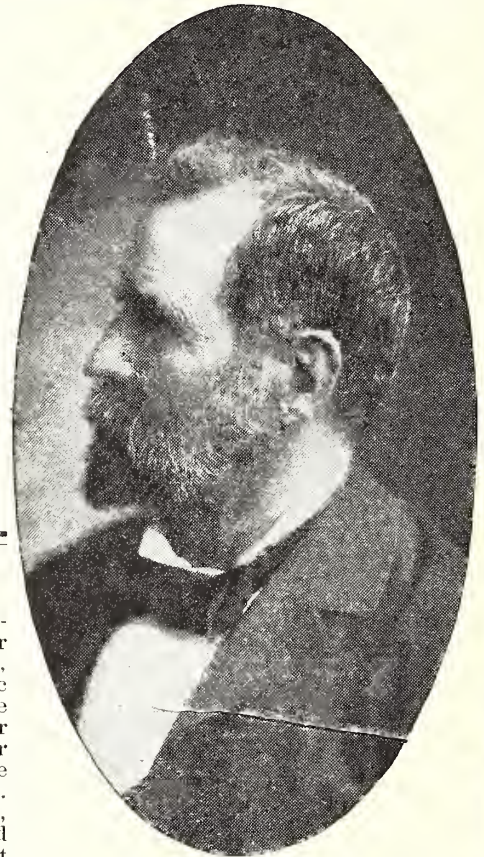
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NOEL SAYS he doesn't want your money unless Vitæ-Ore benefits you, and **NOEL** is old enough to know what he wants. **NOEL SAYS** that the Theo. Noel Company has instructions to send a full-sized one-dollar package on thirty days' trial to every sick or ailing reader of this paper who requests it, the receiver to **BE THE JUDGE**, and not to pay **ONE CENT** unless satisfied, and **NOEL** is the President and principal stockholder of the Theo. Noel Company, and what **HE** says goes. Here is his **SIGNATURE ON IT:**

Theo Noel



Read This Special Offer.

WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader of the **THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN**, or worthy person recommended by a subscriber or reader, a full-sized One-Dollar package of **VITÆ-ORE**, by mail. Postpaid, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. We take all the risk. You have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. Vitæ-Ore is a natural, hard, adamantine, rocklike substance—mineral—Ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur, and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which nothing is added and from which nothing is taken. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility, as thousands testify, and as no one answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. Vitæ-Ore has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

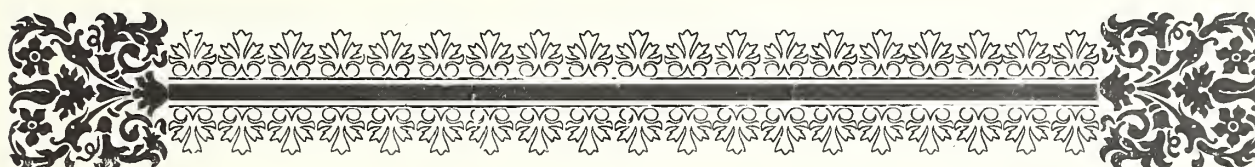


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A geological wonder, discovered by Theo. Noel, Geologist, and mined from the ground like Gold and Silver.

Vitæ-Ore will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of this paper if you will give it a trial. Send for a \$1 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the judge! Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try Vitæ-Ore on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say in this announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer. This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterwards the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. **ADDRESS**

THEO. NOEL COMPANY,
VETERAN DEPT.,
VITÆ-ORE BLDG.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Confederate Veteran



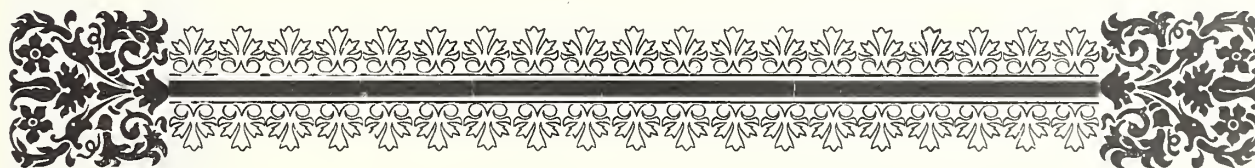
JAMES BANNERMAN, Brigadier General,
St. Louis.

ELIJAH GATES, Major General,
St. Joseph.

H. W. SALMON, Brigadier General,
Clinton.

Commanding Officers Missouri Division, United Confederate Veterans.

(See page 49.)



Confederate Veteran.

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Write
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Atlanta and West Point Railroad,
The Western Railway of Alabama.

Transcontinental Lines Fast Mail Route

Operating the fastest scheduled train
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THE MULDOON MONUMENT CO.,

322, 324, 326, 328 GREEN STREET, LOUISVILLE, KY.

(OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE HOUSE IN AMERICA.)

Have erected nine-tenths of the Confederate Monuments in the United States. These monuments cost from five to thirty thousand dollars. The following is a partial list of monuments they have erected. To see these monuments is to appreciate them.

Cynthiana, Ky.
Lexington, Ky.
Louisville, Ky.
Raleigh, N. C.
J. C. Calhoun Sarcophagus,
Charleston, S. C.
Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne,
Helena, Ark.
Helena, Ark.
Macon, Ga.
Columbus, Ga.
Thomasville, Ga.
Sparta, Ga.

Dalton, Ga.
Nashville, Tenn.
Columbia, Tenn.
Shelbyville, Tenn.
Franklin, Tenn.
Kentucky State Monument,
Chickamauga Park, Ga.
Lynchburg, Va.
Tennessee and North Caro-
lina Monuments, Chicka-
mauga Park, Ga.
Winchester, Va.

When needing first-class, plain, or artistic work made from the finest quality of material, write them for designs and prices.



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R. W. CRABB, Treasurer.

UNIONTOWN, KY., Oct. 1, 1903.

ESTABLISHED 1858



THE B. H. STIEF JEWELRY CO.

These Illustrations Actual Size.

20 Solid Gold Fob.....	\$ 6 00	31 Gold-Filled Cuff Buttons, pair.....	\$ 1 50
21 Solid Gold Brooch, Pearl and Enamel.....	4 50	32 Solid Silver Stick Pin.....	50
22 Solid Gold Scarf Pin, Pearls.....	2 25	33 Solid Gold Locket, Rose Diamond.....	5 50
23 Solid Gold Ring, Ruby Doublet and Pearls.....	2 50	34 Solid Gold Scarf Pin, Real Pearls.....	3 00
24 Solid Silver Gilt Scarf Pin.....	50	35 Diamond Ring, Fine Quality.....	50 00
25 Solid Silver Belt Pin.....	2 75	36 Solid Gold and Enamel Button.....	1 00
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27 Solid Gold Signet Ring.....	3 50	38 Solid Gold Ring, Hungarian Opals.....	9 00
28 Gold-Filled Scarf Pin.....	1 00	39 Solid Gold Brooch, Pearls.....	4 00
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30 Gold-Filled Watch, Elgin (case guaranteed to wear 25 years).....	18 00	41 Gold-Filled Brooch or Watch Pin.....	1 00
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J.B. CARR
TREAS-MGR

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR, } VOL. XI.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1903.

No. 11. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

BADGE FOR THE C. S. M. A.



This badge, designed by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, of Memphis, was adopted at the New Orleans Convention, and the following beautiful poem from her pen in regard to it was read by her. It was a memorable feature of the meeting. The Confederate Memorial Association must be proud of its official badge, and proud of the inspiration of its member, the gifted author of the following poem:

War has played the game of battles on the bloody field of Mars,
With fate behind the mask of hope, for clashing gray and blue;
And beside its broken altars one has furled its stars and bars—
The whitest flower of chivalry that heraldry e'er knew;

And the knighthood of the Southland kept the memory of the cross
Above the bitter lees of life the darkened years have quaffed—
For its spirit lives, invincible, beyond life's woe and loss—
Its wassail bowl was valor and immortal truth the draught.

How they charged! The whole world wondered at the thrilling battle stroke.
In life's grandest panorama, like Crusaders they had come;
But knightlier far than legend e'er in song or story woke—
For their cross was love and honor, and their Holy Grail was Home!

What marvel, then, that nations heard and gave of their applause,
Before the clash of right with might, of principle with gold?
That cradle and the grave were robbed to swell the living cause
That left upon the sodden field the grandest record told?

Fate won, and knew not mercy in that awful molten glare,
When the Southrons turned in sorrow from the smoking cannon's mouth.
Eut the arms of love were round them, and above a grim despair
Rose the voices of their vestals, faithful women of the South!

Theirs were the hands that tied the sash and girt the blade of light;
Theirs were the hearts that fared them forth, the bravest of the brave;
Theirs were the feet that trod the loom from morn till weary night,
And theirs the love that knelt in faith beside a warrior's grave!

Far out upon the wrecks of love their cradle songs were cast—
The songs of nursing mothers, as they wept the blood-stained shields,
And hymned unto the boom of guns, the rattling of the blast;
Their days of youth lie buried on forgotten battlefields;

Eut they builded, in the twilight of their hopes and of their fears,
Love's memorial unto valor, that shall stand while time shall bide;
Blent of springtime's crimson roses and the purity of tears—
The Southron's glory-chaplet, for the victor's shaft denied.

And the wide world heard no murmur from the keepers of the shrine—
In the birth throes of a nation, nor the death pang that it brought—
In the tending of the cypress that a faithful few will twine,
When fate tramples down the laurels that a dauntless people sought.

Give the laurel to the victor; give the song unto the slain;
Give the iron cross of honor, ere death lays the Southron down!
But give to these, soul-proven, tried by fire and pain,
A memory of their mother love that pressed an iron crown!

THE BILL ARP MEMORIAL.

Responses are not liberal so far as they should be to the memorial fund the VETERAN desires to deliver to the family of Maj. Charles H. Smith (Bill Arp). It is not lack of interest, but that kind of delay that is often calamitous to Confederate enterprises. Notice is now given that all money received for this purpose should be in hand so as to be forwarded to the family before Christmas, with a list of the donors. So far as the VETERAN is concerned, it seeks to complete this matter and send to the family without suggestion as to the manner of memorial. Comrades and friends who want to compliment the VETERAN or its owner are earnestly requested to send one dollar subscriptions right away. This is the only medium employed; and if it is not worthy the cause, those who do not respond must share the humiliation of failure. Some send clubs. That is the best way. One exception to the rule of one dollar is made in the following, from Capt. George C. Norton, of Louisville, Ky., who writes: "I inclose you my check for \$5 for the monument fund for Maj. Smith. I certainly commend you for making an effort to erect a monument to one who did so much for the Southern people. He was my first cousin. We were both born at Lawrenceville, Ga., and moved to Rome, Ga., about the same time. We were in the same regiment and brigade in the army."

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

BY MRS. I. M. P. OCHENDEN.

"Proudly as our Southern forests
Meet the winter's shaft so keen,
Time-defying memories cluster
Round our hearts in living green."

It is with grateful hearts that we acknowledge the mercy of Almighty God in that the revered and beloved widow of our only President, Hon. Jefferson Davis, is convalescing after a critical illness, during which the tender sympathies of Southern men and women were with her and her remaining loved ones and our prayers ascended to Heaven for her recovery.

In this connection the power of woman and the sweetness of sympathy are suggestive. Memory reproduces, from the pen of her illustrious husband, the matchless dedication to "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." It contains in beautiful simplicity the sacredness of the cause, the most touching gratitude, and the knightliest appreciation of woman. May the woman he loved long be spared to her daughter and her people, and may "The Flag of Tears" lie lightly over his noble heart!

The local Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans, La., recently held a good meeting at Memorial Hall.

Subscriptions are being received by Mrs. Joseph R. Davis for a portrait of President Davis for the Memorial Hall.

Among the relics in that already famous collection will be placed a unique painting which was presented to the Association by Mrs. Frank M. Kerr. It was executed by the late talented Achille Guibet, father of the late Capt. Achille Guibet, one of the leaders in the battle of September 14, 1874, and grandfather of Mr. Achille Guibet, third of the name, now on the Louisiana State Board of Engineers. The gift is from young Mr. Guibet, through Mrs. Kerr, the wife of Mr. F. M. Kerr, an associate on the same board. The painting is remarkable in conception and execution. Apparently it is a beautiful heap of red and white roses and star jasmine, a fresh and bright flower piece, the colors perfectly preserved, although painted more than forty years ago. But it is more. From another standpoint it is a Confederate flag, the jasmines being the stars. When Prof. Guibet was thus inspired a reign of terror was threatening that devoted city. When it came, the picture was sacredly guarded in the family, or it would have been seized by Federal authority and the artist imprisoned. Mrs. Behan, in accepting the historic gift, returned the thanks of the Association with grateful expressions of appreciation. Imprisonment for such a thing was by no means unusual during that grievous time. A young lady was arrested for singing "A Lament for Mumford," and imprisoned in evening dress. The incident is related in an old pamphlet published for limited circulation, of which only a few copies remain.

Many valuable books on the Confederate war from the library of the late Judge Sambola have been presented by his widow and daughter to the Memorial Association of New Orleans.

The Ladies' Memorial Association of Montgomery, Ala., whose monument to the Confederate soldiers and sailors is said to be the most beautiful in the South, met in the Council Chamber October 5, resuming their work of love after a summer's rest. There was general rejoicing in the fact that the President, Mrs. M. D. Bibb, has returned to her post, after having been an invalid for a year, and is greatly improved in health. The meeting, however, had the usual element of sadness, two members having died during the summer, and others having been bereft.

The members have not been idle during the vacation. Mrs. J. C. Lee, the Vice President, in behalf of the Association, ac-

cepted the offer of the Amateur Minstrels, and the result was an enjoyable entertainment at Pickett Springs and a most gratifying addition to the treasury for the Chickamauga fund. In tendering the amount to the Association Mrs. Lee made some appropriate remarks, and expressed the hope that "every Memorial woman will exercise a new energy in this sacred cause, and that by another year we of Alabama will have built a monument on Chickamauga's victorious field, where Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland, South Carolina, and Georgia have completed beautiful shafts to their noble martyrs. Let us hasten to erect one for the many, many Alabama soldiers who there sleep their last sleep." The *Historian* says: "It is peculiarly appropriate that while the crowning triumph of the Union arms was won at Gettysburg, the Southern battle ground was the scene of a great Confederate victory fairly achieved by desperate valor battling against superior numbers."

Mrs. Lee was tendered the thanks of the Association for this addition to the fund now being collected for Chickamauga.

Among the letters read by the Secretary were two from Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederation of Associations, containing items of interest and expressing her abiding love for the cause for which we are united; and one from Dr. John A. Wyeth, the well-known medical scientist, the eminent surgeon and veteran, who gave to literature his thrilling "Life of Forrest." Dr. Wyeth will subscribe to the Chickamauga monument, an assurance most gratifying to Memorial workers of his native State.

A letter to the *Montgomery Advertiser* asks: "What is the matter with the old words to 'Dixie?'" The writer also quotes from remarks made by a lady at the reunion in New Orleans: "If it was good enough to fight by, it is good enough to sing." The matter is simply this: The words are unworthy of the air. They were composed by Dan Emmett for a negro minstrel performance. He never intended them for anything but amusement. The air became popular, but the words are nothing but daggery and negro dialect. Some do not even rhyme. The Confederate war was far from being an amusing performance. Now that we wish to preserve the air and have our children sing it in the schools and hand it down to posterity, is it fitting that a tune which awakens the saddest and most sacred recollections should be wedded to comic words? When annually at reunions we assemble with the veterans who meet each other with tear-dimmed eyes; when we have listened with kindling cheek to the gray-bearded old soldier or the proud son of a veteran report the four years' tragedy; when Memorial ladies and Daughters of the Confederacy wreath garlands for the graves of our dead—is it in harmony with our feelings that little children sing those words to "Dixie?" There is nothing derogatory to Dan Emmett in this sentiment. God bless him! We shall never forget him. But let us reply in the words of a veteran, who said when the subject was discussed in New Orleans: "We did not fight to those words; it was the tune. I, for one, never heard the words to 'Dixie' until the war was over. There is nothing inspiring in them. We never sang going into battle—it was too serious a matter—but the bands played 'Dixie.'"

WORDS FOR "DIXIE."

BY T. A. HAMILTON, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Much has been said as to new words for "Dixie." I have always regarded the words of Mr. Emmett's minstrel song as most inappropriate to be coupled with the music which the South adopted as its martial air when, for the second time, we had to defend "the right of the colonies." I have greatly

hoped that some genius would arise equal to the task of suiting words to the music as harmoniously and grandly as in that greatest of battle songs that was evolved from the throes of the French Revolution. Of all the suggestions that have come within my notice, nothing equals the words written by Gen. Albert Pike early in the sixties. I inclose a copy, which was much sung at the time by everybody and in concerts, to the exclusion to Mr. Emmett's minstrel song.

The music of "Dixie" is inspiring—the blood flows faster in one's veins on hearing it—but my spirits flap as an empty sail in a calm on hearing the comic words of a cheap show coupled with music that has become famous and glorified by the most gallant associations. There is a conservative element that opposes all changes, and in this case seem to have a mistaken idea that the meaningless words of the show song are entitled to come in, or to stay within, the halo of glory which shone about Southern arms in 1861. But they are too light—too frivolous to live—they mean nothing; they neither "point a moral nor adorn a tale"—there is probably now not a person in the whole South that can repeat the original song—there is nothing in them to remember. No deep emotions can be aroused by them. The battle song of a proud and gallant people cannot be written in negro dialect, nor can it be written otherwise than in the chaste, refined, and educated language of a refined and gallant people.

Contrast any part of the great French hymn with a line from Emmett's song, and see how uncomfortable and small you feel. Let me quote a couplet:

"Here's a health to the next old missus
And all de gals what wants to kiss us."

Could the General quote this to inspire his men? Why, the Rebel yell would never have become historic.

The glint of our bayonets would never have flashed around the world the glory of our defense if these insignificant words were a part of *our* "Dixie." No, we have never had any words to "Dixie" before Gen. Pike wrote. Let's have our "Dixie" in dignified, soul-stirring Anglo-Saxon words that *live* and *breathe* and *burn*; something that a mother can teach the boy and the girl; something that will make them feel and think and awaken patriotism. And if they ever have to fight, it will not be "like dumb, driven cattle;" they'll be "heroes in the fight." If any man or woman can do better than Gen. Pike has written, bring him or her to the front.

The move for something better, or to center on one version, came first from the Daughters. God bless them! The masterpiece in the great drama of the creation was woman. There is nothing done, that is done right, unless she has a hand in it, and we cannot do without her. I utterly dissent from the former part of a speech made to me some years since by a rather remarkable old man, though an uneducated one. He announced as his opinion (he had his second wife then) that "wimens is curious things; you can't git along wid 'em, and you can't git along widout 'em."

Let us have words for *our* "Dixie."

ALBERT PIKE'S VERSION.

Southrons, hear, your country calls you!

Up! lest worse than death befall you!

To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Lo! all the beacon fires are lighted;

Let all hearts be now united!

To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Chorus.

Advance the flag of Dixie!

Hurrah! hurrah!

For Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
To live or die for Dixie!

To arms! to arms!

And conquer peace for Dixie;

To arms! to arms!

And conquer peace for Dixie.

Hear the Northern thunders mutter;

Northern flags in South winds flutter!

To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Send them back your fierce defiance,

Stamp upon th' accursed alliance!

To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Fear no danger; shun no labor;

Lift up rifle, pike, and saber!

To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,

Let the odds make each heart bolder!

To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

How the South's great heart rejoice

At your cannon's ringing voice!

To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

For faith betrayed and pledges broken,

Wrong inflicted, insult spoken.

To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Swear upon your country's altar

Never to submit or falter.

To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Till the spoilers are defeated,

Till the Lord's work is completed.

To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Halt not till our federation

Secures among earth's powers its station.

To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Then at peace, and crowned with glory,

Hear your children tell the story.

To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

If the loved ones weep in sadness,

Vict'ry soon shall bring them gladness.

To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Exultant pride soon banish sorrow,

Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.

To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

These words were taken from a scrapbook, which I recognize as having been published early in the war over the name of Gen. Albert Pike, of Mississippi, and were sung extensively by young and old and in concerts, etc.

KNEW THEIR MAN—GEN. WILLIAM McCOMB.

In the galaxy of stubborn fighters of the Army of Northern Virginia none more justly deserves a fairly won reputation than Gen. William McComb. He went out as adjutant of the Fourteenth Tennessee, and at the close of the war was a brigadier general commanding Archer's famous brigade, to which his old regiment belonged.

Gen. McComb was a Pennsylvanian by birth, and on a recent visit to his native county was invited to attend, as a guest of honor, a meeting of the Union Veteran Legion at New Castle, Pa., composed of old soldiers whose average time of service in the army was three years and three months. Gen. McComb was royally entertained by them.

In a letter to the VETERAN Gen. McComb says: "It certainly

was very gratifying to me to find the kind feeling existing with the rank and file of the true soldiers. I mean those who saw service in the field from 1861 to 1865. The Camp referred to above admits no one to membership who was not at least two years in active service. All old soldiers on either side know that much of the strife or feeling kept up between the North and South for years past has been caused by men who saw but little, if any, active service on the field of battle.

"I was present on memorial day by invitation of Col. Daugherty, Commander of the G. A. R., and I never received a more cordial greeting than by the Union veterans on that day. It was more gratifying to find that the Confederate soldiers' graves in the cemetery received the same care and attention as those of the Union soldiers. They were marked and covered with flowers. When I left my native State for my adopted State in the sunny South, many a warm shake of the hand was given me by veterans of the Union army, with the expression of 'God bless you in your Southern home!'"

"I mention the above facts to show that there is very little bitter feeling existing between the true ex-soldiers, as some people try to make it appear.

"It was my good fortune to be connected with the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, and later with the First, Seventh, Fourteenth Tennessee and Thirteenth Alabama; also Gen. Bushrod Johnson's old brigade of Tennesseans. More intelligent or braver soldiers the sun has never shone upon. It was due to the deeds of these noble, brave men that so much respect and attention was shown me by the veterans of the other side."

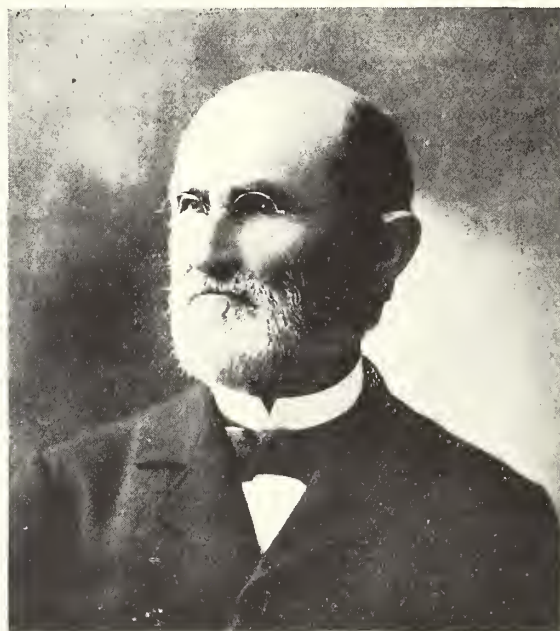
Col. J. S. DuShane introduced Gen. McComb, who said that he would not make a speech, but thanked his hosts for the great courtesy shown him. He said that he came to New Castle in 1847, and in January, 1855, he started for the West. A little incident on the trip changed the whole course of his life. He had paid his fare at Pittsburg for a river trip to St. Louis, but near Marietta the boat ran on to a sand bar, and before it could be gotten off the river froze, and it was not possible to proceed farther. He went to Cincinnati by rail, and there friends advised him to go South rather than West. Yielding to their advice, he went to Tennessee; "and thus," said he, "my lines were cast with the people of the South and the whole course of my life was changed."

A local paper, telling the story of that meeting or reunion, reports this pathetic story by a Union veteran named Morris: "At South Mountain I had been sent out on picket duty, and lying under a tree I found a Confederate soldier, a mere boy. I was about to pass him as one dead when the poor fellow lifted an arm. I asked him if he had been wounded, and he replied that he had not been, but was ill almost unto death. He begged me for water, and I got him a drink. I got permission from my colonel to take him to my tent. I secured medical attendance for him and kept him in my tent for two days. When he left, he told me he was a volunteer aid on the staff of Gen. Winter, and told me that if I was ever captured to let him know. Well, I was captured and sent to Belle Isle, thence to Libby and to Andersonville. I had written as directed from each of those places, but had gotten no answer. One morning, at the latter place, I was called out and told to advance three paces. I believed that my turn had come, as it had come to many of the other prisoners; but as I advanced I was told to report at headquarters. I went there, and as I reached it a young man sprang forward and, throwing his arms around me, cried out: 'My God, I have found you at last.' He took me to Richmond, where he bought me a pair of shoes, for which he paid \$75. It was the boy I had saved at South Mountain. He is still my friend."

CONFEDERATE MEDICAL RECORDS.

For the information of all who are, or may become, interested, Dr. E. A. Flewellen (post office address, The Rock, Ga.) announces herein that he has forwarded four manuscript volumes pertaining to the office of medical director of the Army of Tennessee to Gen. F. C. Ainsworth, Chief of the Record and Pension Office, War Department, Washington, D. C., to be preserved with other archives of the army to which they pertain.

The four volumes referred to do not contain full and complete records—others having been lost or destroyed. Notwith-



E. A. FLEWELLEN, M.D.,
A Medical Director of the Army of Tennessee.

standing that fact, it is believed that they should be preserved by being placed in the repository above named, where many Confederate records are in safe-keeping.

Those volumes contain the official orders and correspondence of Medical Directors E. A. Flewellen and A. J. Foard from January 20, 1863, to August 15, 1864 (the records of previous and later dates were lost or destroyed); also copies of orders and communications from Surgeon General S. P. Moore and reports to him of casualties from January 21, 1863, to February 20, 1865. They contain, in addition, a record made by the purveyors from November 20, 1862, to August 19, 1863; also an incomplete roster of the surgeons and assistant surgeons.

TENNESSEE REGIMENT OF CONFEDERATES.

A movement has been inaugurated by Confederate veterans in Tennessee to organize a regiment for the public service. The officers are to be as follows: Edwin Bourne, of Memphis, Colonel; J. H. McDowell, Union City, Lieutenant Colonel; I. T. Howlett, Nashville, Major. So far the captains are: Company A, George B. Malone, Memphis; Company C, L. E. Talbot, Jackson; Company D, John A. Crofford, Covington; Company E, J. H. McDowell, Union City; Company F, William T. Lawler, Martin; Company G, William O. Gordon, Trenton; Troop A, George F. Hager, Nashville.

CONFEDERATE HOME OF MISSOURI.

BY COL. H. A. NEWMAN, SECRETARY, HUNTSVILLE.

In accordance with the promise I made you at our State reunion, I send a statement of the appropriation made for our Confederate Home by our General Assembly of Missouri. This appropriation is made for the years 1903 and 1904: Support, \$40,000; salaries, \$19,000; drugs, \$2,000; stationery and printing, \$1,000; general repairs, \$2,500; hospital excavation, \$500; fencing, \$500; cottage for hired help, \$800; for better water supply, \$2,000; total, \$68,300.

In addition to this appropriation made by the State, we have three hundred and sixty-two acres of land in a high state of cultivation. The farm produced this year five hundred bushels of wheat for our rents. Last fall we butchered sixty-four hogs. We had in about forty acres of vegetables. For the six months ending June 30 the cost *per capita*, including everything, for the two hundred inmates, was forty-two cents. This is about as cheap as we care to feed them, as they deserve all that they derive.

We have now two hundred inmates in the Home. We have buried eighteen during the past six months in the Home cemetery. The inmates represent the different States of the South as follows: Missouri, 111; Virginia, 30; Tennessee, 10; Kentucky, 3; Louisiana, 5; Arkansas, 5; South Carolina, 4; North Carolina, 6; Georgia, 5; Alabama, 6; Texas, 6; Maryland, 3; Mississippi, 6; Florida, 1.

Every State in the Confederacy is represented in the Home.

We estimate our appropriation from the State at forty-two cents per capita; the remainder is the product of the farm. This estimate of forty-two cents per day includes support, salaries, and all expenses.

The Confederate Home of Missouri is in fine condition, with splendid officers and well-behaved inmates, who are spending the evenings of their lives as well as old people can. We have a library with over four thousand volumes. We have a chapel where divine service is held every Sabbath by different denominations. We have a cemetery where one hundred and thirty old soldiers are buried, with neat headstones at most of their graves. In addition to raising hogs, we keep a dairy of about twenty-five cows, and everything is done to make the inmates as happy as possible. We feel gratified that we can extend our brethren of the Southern States a helping hand. It requires two years' residence in the State of Missouri for admission to the Home. The General Assembly gives us whatever estimates we make. We have a splendid new hospital that cost \$15,000, with now forty inmates. We put up our own ice, and raise our own corn, oats, and vegetables. We don't want the words of Dixie changed, and we will

"Hoe it down and scratch the gravel,
In Dixie land we're bound to travel."

REUNION OF MISSOURI CONFEDERATES.

The seventh annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans of Missouri, which was held this year in Columbia, was one of the most successful in the history of the organization. The local committees had made every conceivable preparation for the visitors, and details were complete.

A thorough canvass had been made of the town and entertainment secured for the visitors at the homes of citizens.

Business houses as well as a great number of the residences were decorated with Confederate flags and colors, mingled with the stars and stripes. A huge sign, extending across Broadway, bore the legend "Welcome to the United Confederate Veterans."

The meetings of the reunion were held in the University auditorium. The University cadet band received much applause. The lower floor was filled with the old soldiers, while the other visitors filled the galleries. The popularity of "Dixie" was shown by the enthusiasm with which the Veterans and others greeted it.

Maj. Gen. Elijah Cates, of St. Joseph, addressed a few words of welcome to his old comrades.

The meeting was presided over by his adjutant general, John C. Landis, of St. Joseph.

E. W. Stephens, editor of the Columbia Herald, said on behalf of the citizens of Columbia and Boone County:

"On this good day Columbia and Boone County extend comfort and heartfelt welcome to the old soldiers of the Southern Confederacy. In this greeting all the people join, without regard to politics or religion. There was a time when this salutation would have been high treason, and at the risk of liberty and life; but to-day Union men and Southern sympathizers, Federal and Confederate bushwhackers, and the militia, and especially your brethren of the J. J. Searcy Camp of Veterans, vie with each other in the cordiality of their welcome, and authorize the statement that all they have is for you contraband of war. Even the Rebel yell has become a loyal hallelujah, and you can indulge in it to your heart's content. If this be treason, make the most of it. You can, therefore, organize your foraging squads, send them in all directions, commanding them to confiscate whatsoever they can lay their hands on, and there will be no post commander or provost marshal to molest or to attempt to make them afraid.

"The old university building, with which some of you were once familiar as a gloomy prison house, has long ago burned down, and this splendid edifice, constructed largely by your munificence, is now consecrated to peace alone, its classic halls bid you hospitable welcome, and only the silken cords of love will bind you willing prisoners as you sit beneath its roof-tree.

"As you go forth you will find hogs fatter and corn and chickens more plentiful than they were in the strenuous and scanty sixties, but we trust your appetites are no less keen and your passion for possession no less ardent now than they were then. You are welcome to whatever you see, except our wives and sweethearts. It is presumed that you have—at least you ought to have—wives or sweethearts or daughters or granddaughters along with you. The welcome extended to you is accorded to them in double measure. Especially do we hail with joyous greeting the fair young daughters of the Confederacy who grace this occasion as its sponsors and maids of honor.

"It is not forgotten that the Southern woman has her share of glory fully equaling that of the Southern soldier. The brave self-sacrifice and the stout heart of her who sent her husband or son to battle while she maintained the long and lonely vigil in his absence, uncomplainingly, with the deepening anxieties as the fateful years rolled on, represents a heroism even greater than that which had the solace of companionship in the weary march or the inspiration of excitement in the wild tumult of battle. The Confederacy could not have maintained itself a year but for these gentle and dauntless heroines of the home. In all the elements of refinement, graciousness, beauty, and loveliness the world awards the palm to the Southern woman; and like good wine, she grows better as she grows older.

"The time has arrived when the heroism, the patriotism, and the lofty manhood of the Confederate soldier are the

common pride and glory of the American people. The mists of passion and prejudice have been lifted. We see face to face, and he who wore the blue has no more treasured legacy to leave to his children than that it was his proud honor to receive in surrender the stainless sword of his brother who wore the gray, a sword whose history sheds deathless luster upon American valor.

"Whatever may have been the privilege of others, it has been your proud fortune to have illustrated the self-sacrifice, the fortitude, the long-suffering, the recuperative possibilities of American manhood as have none others since Washington led his devoted legions in the war for independence. Others might have acquitted themselves as nobly, but they had not the opportunity for suffering in war or for resignation in defeat that has been yours. Adversity is the crucible which tests and refines true gold, and you have endured the test and have come forth the purer and the brighter from its chastening flame.

"In peace you have been no less heroic and true. You honorably accepted your defeat, returned to desolate homes and ruined fortunes and manfully took up the battle of life with the same courage with which you had faced the storm of war.

"Vividly we recall the whirlwind of excitement and enthusiasm which swept over Missouri when Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson issued his call for troops, and when for the first time the bugle call rang throughout our State. The scene again arises before us as, mounted on farm horses or mules, or in two-horse wagons, or afoot, and armed with shotguns or rusty muskets or revolvers, or not armed at all, the raw, undisciplined, unsophisticated young chivalry of Missouri rushed headlong to Boonville to rally under the banner of that majestic and beloved old leader, Sterling Price.

"The curtain was to be lifted and Wilson Creek, Pea Ridge, Lexington, Springfield, Corinth, Vicksburg, Franklin, and all the other bloody tragedies were to be enacted in the dread drama of war. The blood of thousands of gallant Missourians was to stain many a battlefield, and their bones yet sleep on plain, valley, and mountain:

'But their names shall never be forgot
While Fame her record keeps
And Glory points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.'

"While it is a record of blood and carnage, it is also one of glory and honor. With just pride we recall the heroism of those days, the faithfulness, self-sacrifice, and devotion of the private soldiers, and the gallant and brilliant achievements of their leaders. What an opportunity it gave for Missouri to demonstrate to all the world the heroism and patriotism of her sons! Proudly we recall Sterling Price, the noble commander in chief, the manly and gallant Marmaduke, the chivalrous Shelby, the lion-hearted Parsons, the picturesque John B. Clark, Sr., and the brave John B. Clark, Jr., and Rains and Bowen and Martin Green and Porter and Steen and McKinney and Caleb Dorsey, and a long list of others who long ago passed to the great unknown. Some equally as worthy, with empty sleeves or with whitened heads, yet remain.

"You have been as strong in peace as you were brave in war. To-day we behold a State teeming with a prosperous population, with splendid cities and thriving towns and villages pulsating with commerce, radiant with schoolhouses and churches and the spirit of progress. For all this splendid civilization of the new Missouri we are indebted to no one cause more than to the energy and courage with which the Confederate soldiers applied themselves to the rebuilding of their shattered fortunes after the War between the States.

"Patriotism and progress are possessions upon which no

man or class of men hold a trust. Missouri is cosmopolitan. In the honor of its development Federal soldiers as well as Confederates, Northern men and Southern men, foreign- and native-born, have had a share, and to its hospitable soil every man of whatsoever clime has cordial welcome, and from none more than from those who followed the stars and bars in the War between the States. So broad is our patriotism and so world-wide our humanitarianism that they include the nations of the earth, and in 1904 it will greet them all in such an exhibition of the world's resources, history, and progress as has never been beheld in the history of mankind. The day of Missouri's glory is at hand.

"You not only returned with your fealty and enthusiasm for Missouri unweakened; you came back loyal to the Union and to the flag. You never were disloyal. You were not guilty of treason.

"Most of the actors in that bloody drama have passed over the river and rest under the shade of the trees. The remorseless march of time admonishes you that ere long you must join them. Soon the last reunion will adjourn on earth to meet beyond the stars. But neither time nor change can efface the record of those who shed luster upon their country's name nor rob their descendants of the glorious legacy of their achievements.

'Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the nighttime of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be our hearts with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.'

Judge J. D. Lawson, Dean of the Law Department of Missouri University, representing the University, welcomed the veterans on behalf of President Jesse, who was too ill to attend.

Thursday evening the veterans were very enjoyably entertained with a complimentary reception at Christian College, which was largely attended. The *Columbia Herald*, a model newspaper, reports:

Twenty members of "Bob" Stockton's company during the war were banqueted by him at the Gordon Hotel Thursday evening. Besides the men of his command, some of the more distinguished guests were present. The table was beautifully decorated with small Confederate flags and flowers, and a banquet of five courses with wine was served. Rev. Dr. Cobb pronounced the blessing and benediction. Maj. Harvey Salmon acted as toastmaster, and the following gentlemen responded to toasts: S. A. Cunningham, editor of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, Nashville, Tenn.; Hon. Frank L. Pitts, of Paris, Mo.; Col. William T. Anderson, Maj. Harvey Salmon, James P. Bannerman, and Gen. Gates, and the venerable Dorsey who procured Stockton's first position after the war—more of this later. The other guests and members of Col. Stockton's company were: P. E. Chesnut, St. Joseph; George P. Gross, Kansas City; James Synamon, Platte County; T. D. Scudder, J. P. Bull, J. D. Holliday, and Frank Grannon, of St. Louis; Albert O. Allen, Jefferson City; W. H. Kennan, Mexico; and several others. This was one of the most elaborate affairs of the reunion, and it was greatly enjoyed by all present.

The parade was under the direction of C. G. Gillaspay, Assistant Chief of Police of St. Louis, and of Capt. W. C. Chitty, Commandant of Cadets.

Gen. Gates, Commander of the Missouri Division of United Confederate Veterans, and Maj. John C. Landis, Chief of Staff, headed the parade in a carriage. They were followed by the

University Cadet Band. After the band came the Confederate Veterans, about five hundred in number, on foot. The maids of honor, chaperons, and sponsors in carriages brought up the rear of the parade.

Senator Cockrell made an address that was conservative but eloquent. He confined himself to a discussion of the War between the States. He began his address with the statement that the Constitution of the United States was adopted leaving many questions in doubt, among which was the question of the sovereign rights of States. "The emergency," said Senator Cockrell, "which brought the question to an issue occurred in 1861, and the War between the States was the result."

Judge John C. Stone, of Kansas City, introduced a resolution to change the words of "Dixie." He said the words to "Dixie" were not expressive of the true sentiment of the South, and were not suitable to be sung in parlors. He asked that a committee be appointed by the various Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy to take the matter up and provide suitable words, and that the music of the song not be changed in any particular.

One old veteran was recognized by the chairman, who said: "We fought all through the war to the words of 'Dixie.' When we were lying in camp, one part of the camp would begin singing it and the others would answer with the next verse. When we won victories, the words of 'Dixie' were our shouts of victory; and when we were defeated, the old words of 'Dixie' were our greatest comfort. They were good enough for us then and are good enough now. I am not in favor of changing the words of 'Dixie,' and move that the resolution be laid on the table."

When the motion for the adoption of the resolution was put to the house, vociferous "No!" echoed from every part of the hall, most men voting just as if it had been proposed to repudiate "Dixie."

The meeting adjourned a few minutes after twelve o'clock to the campus, where dinner was served by the townspeople. The dinner was under the direction of Prof. L. M. DeFoe, of the University faculty, and passed off with none of the confusion that is generally common at such affairs.

United States Senator W. J. Stone spoke Friday afternoon, confining himself to a discussion of the War between the States, the causes leading up to it, and the effects of the war on the country at large. While discussing the effects of the war, Senator Stone said: "In many States the race question is still the dominant issue, and its peril increases daily. The question will be solved some day, but I don't know how, nor will I discuss it." Mr. Stone's speech was frequently interrupted with cheers when he spoke of the bravery shown by the soldiers of the South and of their enterprise and industry in building up the country devastated by the war.

Following Senator Stone's speech, Miss Julia Sampson, of the faculty of Stephens College, sang "The Wearers of the Gray," and responded to an encore, accompanied on the violin by Mr. George Venable. Miss Sampson, always popular as a soloist, won new admirers here.

Miss Todhunter, of Lexington, charmed the audience with a reading, and was encored.

Rev. Dr. Jones, of Richmond, former chaplain in Lee's army, made some impromptu remarks, consisting of war stories, etc.

The most important business of the meeting was the introduction of the following resolutions by W. H. Kennan:

"Whereas the Confederate cemetery is situated near Springfield, Mo., and contains the graves of three hundred and eighty-five Confederates, marked with neat head and foot stones, who fell at Wilson's Creek and other battles fought in Missouri

during the War between the States. It consists of a tract of three and one-half acres, inclosed with a solid stone wall, in which is erected a marble monument, with pedestal sixteen feet high, mounted by a statue in bronze, representing a Confederate soldier, and which is twelve feet and seven inches high, to the memory of Missouri Confederate soldiers. Lying north and contiguous to the Confederate cemetery is the Federal cemetery, inclosed by a stone wall, separated from the Confederate cemetery by a single stone partition wall, belonging to and well kept by the United States. The Confederate cemetery is duly incorporated by the laws of Missouri under and by the name of Confederate Cemetery Association of Missouri, for a period of two thousand years, and holds title to said land, on which said cemetery is situated, and is empowered to transfer the title to said land either to the city of Springfield, County of Green, State of Missouri, or United States, whenever county, State, or United States should agree to receive and hold the same in trust for the sole use and purpose as a cemetery for the graves of men who were in the military, naval, or civil service of the Confederate States of America, and agree to incur the expense necessary to keep in good order, and, at least, up to its present condition of beauty and care-taking. The Confederate Cemetery Association of Missouri is without means of any kind or sort to maintain and properly care for said cemetery; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That the United Confederate Veterans of Missouri, in meeting assembled, at the seventh annual reunion, earnestly pray the Representatives in Congress from Missouri to introduce and pass a bill transferring the title of said cemetery to the United States, under the terms and conditions expressed fully in its articles of association at the earliest period possible.

"2. That when said cemetery is transferred and accepted by the United States the partition wall dividing the Confederate cemetery and Federal cemetery be torn down."

The resolution brought forth the most violent discussion, and was opposed as bitterly as was the resolution to change the words to "Dixie." B. F. Murdock, of Platte City, moved to refer the resolution to a vote of the Camps of the Missouri Division, which motion was carried.

For the temporary relief of the cemetery a *per capita* tax of ten cents was voted on all ex-Confederates in Missouri. An additional *per capita* tax of ten cents was voted for headquarters expenses.

A MISSOURI ENCAMPMENT AT BARNITY LAKE.

Miss Dora Pettigrew, of Salem, Mo., kindly sends an account of the seventh annual encampment of the South Central Missouri ex-Confederate Association, held at Barnity Lake, in the Ozarks:

"This splendid site was donated by Mr. Barnity, and could not be excelled as a camping ground. It was a tract of land of about three hundred acres and covered with forest trees of all kinds and with numerous springs, and was near the side of a mountain, forming a most beautiful and ideal place for the encampment. It was estimated that about 20,000 people were in attendance during the week beginning September 1, and over 2,200 camp fires animated the scene at night. The programme opened with an invocation by Rev. J. H. Hicks, who served in a Missouri battery, followed by an address by Hon. Robert Lamar, one of Missouri's statesmen and the son of a Confederate. An address was also delivered by Hon. James Reed, Mayor of Kansas City; and Judge Gautt, of Jefferson City, spoke very touchingly of the past. Some recitations were given by Misses Olga and Maggie Williams."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

SAM DAVIS—FORTY YEARS AGO.

The committee designated by the Tennessee Legislature with authority to erect a monument on Capitol Hill in honor of the hero Sam Davis met in the office of the chairman, Maj. E. C. Lewis, in Nashville, October 26, 1903. The special purpose of the meeting was to consider a design submitted by the sculptor, F. Wellington Ruchstuhl. After considering the subject, resolutions were adopted that no contract be made until the necessary money is in hand, and that the chairman enter into negotiation with other sculptors for a more satisfactory design, if such can be secured. It was resolved by the committee that steps be at once taken to complete the raising of necessary funds to erect a memorial at least fitting the high character of Sam Davis and a credit to Tennessee and the South. Sam Davis, however, is already the pride of the entire country, and liberal contributions have been sent in by some who were of his executioners.

The committee is now composed of President J. W. Thomas, Maj. E. C. Lewis, Maj. R. H. Dudley, Judge J. W. Childress, Messrs. G. H. Baskette, Jno. C. Kennedy, and S. A. Cunningham. Since the last meeting of the committee the two senior members, Joseph W. Allen and Judge John M. Lea, have died.

It is explained that the committee has met with great difficulty in procuring a satisfactory design. No photograph of Sam Davis has ever been found. The composite picture in bust, which is so well known and so pleasing to VETERAN readers, is not considered as portraying the expression merited by the hero in the crucial moment when, for the last time, he is offered his life for his honor and he so determinedly puts Satan behind him and declares that if he had a thousand lives he would surrender them all then and there rather than falsify his honor or betray a friend. To present him in bronze, standing by the noose that is to choke him to death, embodying the honor of the Confederate soldier, the scene must have been thrilling beyond the gift of most sculptors. To present such a scene and locate it in the choicest spot of the Capitol grounds of his native State is an undertaking in which the committee is deeply concerned. Practically considering the subject, the committee, which comprises some of the most representative men in Tennessee, appeals to every patriot who would like to share in the glory of honoring this matchless hero to contribute to the fund.

The editor of the VETERAN, as is well known, inaugurated this monument movement, and is as ardent as ever. His original plea was that those who favored the undertaking remit to him November 27. This November 27 will be the fortieth anniversary of that tragic event which immortalized the character of this private Confederate scout. Will you write that day and send your two mites, or one even, that the work may be closed? That original appeal brought one check for \$100 from a man who has since gone the way of all the earth, and many other checks for smaller amounts. Who knows but that on this November 27 Sam Davis and Joseph W. Allen may together rest their harps and look down to see who in this way will help to take the earth closer to them? Don't fail to write and re-

mit whatever you may be inclined for this fund on Friday, November 27, 1903.

With an interesting report of the reunion near Warrenton, Va., by the Joe Kendall Camp, which will appear in the next issue of the VETERAN, Miss Kate Mason Rowland writes: "The Camp was named for the brave Virginia boy whose dying deed of heroism has rendered his name immortal. Joe Kendall went out to the war from a humble home among his native hills as a gunner in the Fauquier Artillery. His battery, commanded by Col. Robert M. Stribling, was engaged in a hot artillery duel in one of the battles around Richmond. Struck by a cannon ball, young Kendall fell mortally wounded. As he was borne all mangled and bleeding from the field, he was carried past the artillery horses. 'Stop!' cried the young hero to his bearers. 'Put me down here and let me hold the horses while their driver takes my place at the guns.' Continuing, as a plea he said: 'You see I must die. Nothing can be done for me. But I can at least hold the horses while I lie here.' He pleaded so earnestly and his condition was so hopeless that his request was granted. The reins were wound firmly around his hands, his friends moved off, and the driver left him. After the battle was over, the enemy having been repulsed, young Kendall was found dead at his post, the reins of the horses still in the grasp of his lifeless hands."

REGARDING THE NEXT REUNION.

In a reported interview with Gen. J. B. Gordon concerning the general U. C. V. reunion for 1904, he is quoted by the *Picayune* as saying: "All over the South there is a disposition on the part of Confederate veterans to return to New Orleans and make it the permanent meeting place. The next meeting, however, will not be held in New Orleans. The Executive Committee will meet some time in November, and after that the place for the next reunion will be announced. The committee is exceedingly anxious to make some arrangements, if possible, to arrange for the veterans to visit, at small personal cost, the World's Fair at St. Louis; but the general opinion is that it would not do to hold the next reunion in St. Louis, for the reason that St. Louis will be visited by such multitudes of people."

There is an exaggerated idea concerning the cost of these reunions. They will hardly ever again be as large as they have been. It would seem opportune to have the next gathering in Nashville, as trains could carry delegations to St. Louis in a night or day. Nashville has her great auditorium, and is as full of Confederate devotion as ever.

The Georgia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is holding its annual convention in Atlanta in the closing days of October. Miss Mildred Rutherford, the President, being abroad, Mrs. A. B. Hull, of Savannah, State Vice President, is officiating. The attendance is increased, as on Friday, the 30th, the beautiful memorial to Winnie Davis at Athens will be dedicated, and many no doubt will attend. The *Constitution* says: "The building is now completed, beautifully furnished, and is ready for presentation." This is no doubt the greatest enterprise successfully completed in the great organization by the women of any State during so short a period. The dedication is to be on the first anniversary after its corner stone was laid.

OFFICERS OF THE VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. D. C.—Honorary Presidents: Mrs. James Mercer Garnett, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Philip T. Yeatman, Alexandria, Va.; Miss Mary Amelia

Smith, Warrenton, Va. President: Mrs. William A. Smoot, Alexandria. Vice Presidents: Miss Ruth Jennings, Lynchburg; Mrs. James Y. Leigh, Norfolk; Mrs. Robert T. Meade, Petersburg; Mrs. Charles E. Heald, Lynchburg. Recording Secretary: Mrs. Otto L. Evans, Amherst. Corresponding Secretary: Mrs. E. H. O'Brien, Alexandria. Treasurer: Mrs. Tate, Pulaski. Registrar: Mrs. A. C. Wyckoff, Alexandria. Historian: Mrs. Philip E. Yeatman, Norfolk. Custodian: Mrs. Bolling, Richmond.

CALIFORNIA CONVENTION, PACIFIC DIVISION.

The Pacific Division, U. C. V., held its annual convention in Los Angeles, Cal., September 25. It was called to order by Maj. Louis Tiemann, Commander of Camp No. 770, the senior Camp in Los Angeles. Adj. Gen. E. H. Owen called the roll of Camps in the division, and where there were more delegates than the authorized number the delegations adjusted their membership in the convention. Hon. A. W. Hutton was

elected major general to command the division for the ensuing year. Los Angeles was chosen as the place for holding the next reunion.

Miss Nannie Harl is the daughter of a highly esteemed Confederate comrade of Colusa, Cal., and was chosen by Camp "Pap" Price as its sponsor. This Camp is under the command of Maj. John B. Moore, of South Carolina, and embraces all of California north of Sacramento, this being so



MISS NANNIE HARL.

far the only U. C. V. Camp in all that vast section.

"STAR OF THE WEST" GAVEL.

Miss Mary C. Kimbrough is the daughter of Judge A. McC. Kimbrough, of Greenwood, Miss., and niece of Mrs. W. S. Green, of Colusa, Cal. She presented to the U. C. V. at Memphis a gavel made from the wood of the celebrated "Star of the West," which, after being captured by the Confederates at Hampton Roads, was taken to Galveston, Tex., then brought back to New Orleans and run up the Mississippi and Yazoo Rivers and sunk at the junction of the Yazoo and Tallahatchie Rivers at Greenwood.



MISS MARY C. KIMBROUGH.

SOUTHERNERS IN PITTSBURG.

Among the latest Camps organized in the U. S. C. V. is that at Pittsburg, Pa., which will be known as the Robert E. Lee Camp. The organization was effected through the efforts of W. H. Kearfott, of West Virginia, who holds the office of Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, U. S. C. V., and is now a resident of Pittsburg. It is the ultimate aim of this Camp to resolve itself into an independent military organization, that discipline and military regulations may add to the interest of the members, and social features will not be overlooked in the desire to entertain those who are now and may hereafter be affiliated with the Camp. A membership of fifteen was enrolled at organization, and it is expected to add many more during the next month. J. P. Lindsay, who is an officer in the National Guard of Pennsylvania, was elected Commander; T. B. Lee, First Lieutenant Commander; C. S. Woods, Adjutant; Dr. R. E. Poole, Surgeon; L. W. O'Rear, Quartermaster.

Last year a Southern Society, composed of members born in the South, was organized in this city, and it now has about one hundred on the rolls. There are many descendants of those who wore the gray engaged in the various industries of the busy city of Pittsburg and vicinity, and in these organizations the Sons of the South will find a hearty welcome when coming as strangers into a strange land. Their social life will be enlarged, and they will be brought into closer contact with their fellow-men.

GRAND CAMP OF VIRGINIA REUNION.

James Macgill, of Pulaski City, commanding the Grand Camp of Virginia, writes the VETERAN: "I am glad that you expect to be with us in Newport News October 28-30, during the reunion of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia. Col. Edward Owen, Commander of the New York Camp, informs me that he will be there with his Camp, together with many of their wives and daughters. From all reports, the coming reunion will be the largest ever held of the Grand Camp. The Veterans of Virginia seem to be more in sympathy with our work than ever. I will report fifteen or twenty new Camps formed this year, with a large increase of numbers in all Camps. The parade will be in the afternoon of the 29th, when the local Camps, the R. E. Lee and Pickett, of Richmond, A. P. Hill, of Petersburg, and others, will take part. On the 28th there will also be the annual meeting of Virginia Division, U. C. V., which it has been the custom each year to hold on one of the days of the annual meeting of the Grand Camp. They elect officers for the ensuing year and transact any business for the division that may come before the meeting. Maj. Gen. Theodore S. Garnett, commanding the Virginia Division, U. C. V., has tendered his resignation; and should he insist upon its acceptance, a major general will be elected."

The following appointments of sponsors and maids of honor have been made by Gen. Macgill, Commander for this sixteenth annual meeting of the Grand Camp:

For the State at Large—Sponsor, Miss Virginia Holmes Greever, Chilhowie, Va.; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Mary Paul Roper, Petersburg, Va.; Maid of Honor, Miss Elizabeth W. Curtis, Hampton, Va.

Second District—Sponsor, Miss Mary Clarence Garnett, Newport News, Va.; Maid of Honor, Miss Minnie Boykin, Smithfield, Va.

Third District—Sponsor, Miss Imogene Gregory, Manchester, Va.

Fourth District—Sponsor, Miss Hall Davis, Petersburg, Va.; Maid of Honor, Miss Pattie Manson, Jorgensen, Va.

Fifth District—Sponsor, Miss Annie Curtis, Berkley, Va.; Maid of Honor, Miss Nellie Martin, Lynchburg, Va.

Sixth District—Sponsor, Mrs. Rosa Roberts Evans, Salem.

Seventh District—Sponsor, Mrs. Louise Fletcher Green, Gaines's Cross Roads, Va.; Maid of Honor, Miss Mary Richard, Strasburg, Va.

Eighth District—Sponsor, Miss Edith Ramsey, Alexandria, Va.; Maid of Honor, Miss Flora Davison, Alexandria, Va.

Ninth District—Sponsor, Miss Rosalie M. Williams, Wytheville, Va.; Matron of Honor, Mrs. Lucy P. Levell, Wytheville.

Tenth District—Sponsor, Miss Nannie Brooke Scott, Staunton, Va.; Maid of Honor, Miss Minnie S. Morton, Staunton.

The following new Camps have been chartered:

No. 112—E. J. Perkins Camp, U. C. V., White Top, Grayson County, Va.; Commander, W. J. Cornett; Adjutant, J. F. Russell. Post office, White Top, Va.

No. 113—A. M. Davis Camp, U. C. V., Baywood, Grayson County, Va.; Commander, Haywood Blevins; Adjutant, H. W. Fields. Post office, Baywood, Va.

"OLD DOUGLAS"—THE CAMEL BURDEN BEARER.

J. W. Cook, of Helena, Ark., who belonged to Company A, Forty-Third Mississippi Regiment, writes of an interesting attaché of the regiment who could not speak for himself even had he survived the carnage of war:

"'Old Douglas' was an African camel and belonged to the Forty-Third Mississippi Regiment. He was given to Col. William M. Moore, of the regiment, by Lieut. Hargrove, of Company B. Col. Moore assigned Douglas to the regimental band, for whom he carried instruments and knapsacks. The camel's first active service was with Gen. Price in the Iuka campaign. He was sent to the wagon train, and stampeded all the teams. There was only one horse in Little's Division which would face Douglas at first, and that was Pompey, the little bay stallion belonging to Col. Moore, but it was not long till he was on intimate terms with all. His keeper would chain him to keep him from wandering off, but Douglas would sit back and snap any kind of chain, then proceed to graze at leisure, though never leaving the regiment or interfering with anything that did not interrupt him. When the regiment was ready to start Douglas would be led up to the pile of things he was to carry, and his leader would say, 'Pushay, Douglas,' and he would gracefully drop to his knees and haunches and remain so till his load was adjusted and he was told to get up. His long, swinging gait was soon familiar with the entire command, and ours was called the 'Camel Regiment.' Douglas was in the engagements of Price and Van Dorn in Mississippi, and went with us to Pemberton at Vicksburg, where he was killed by a skirmisher during the siege. His gallant owner had fallen in the second day's fight at Corinth. Douglas was a faithful, patient animal, and his service merits record in the VETERAN."

GREENWOOD, S. C., DEDICATES HER MONUMENT.—A monument was dedicated at Greenwood, S. C., October 22. The address was made by Judge W. T. Gary, of Augusta, Ga. The east side of the monument is inscribed: "Our Confederate Soldiers." On the south and west are appropriate inscriptions, while the north side bears this significant statement: "1861-1865. Patriots who were animated by the same faith, actuated by the same love of country, beset by the same trials and dangers, endowed with the same fortitude, and who fought as heroically to maintain self-government as did the colonial fathers to attain the same end, who, with them, are immortalized in the same halo of glory."

PRAYER WEEK OVER THE WORLD.

The World's Young Women's Christian Association has issued a call to a week of prayer for the young women of the world, November 8-14. The topics are:

November 8, for the World's Committee.

November 9, Africa, including Cairo and South Africa.

November 10, America, including Canada, the United States, and the scattered associations in South America and the West Indies.

November 11, Asia, including the national work in India and the scattered associations in China, Japan, and Asia Minor.

November 12, Australasia.

November 13, Europe, including Denmark, France, Germany, and Great Britain.

November 14, Europe, including Italy, Norway, Spain, Sweden, and Switzerland.

Four American young women go out this fall as foreign secretaries: Alice Newell, of Radcliffe College, and Miss Mary McElroy, General Secretary of the Harlem Young Women's Christian Association, to India; Theresa Morrison, of the University of Minnesota, to the Women's University of Tokio; and Miss Martha Berninger, of the Presbyterian Board, to work among the factory girls of Shanghai. On account of the death of Miss R. F. Morse, one of the original American members of the World's Committee, Mrs. Thomas S. Gladding, of Montclair, has been appointed by the American Committee to represent them on the World's Committee.

LIEUT. OWEN SNUFFER AND "UNCLE" GEORGE.

The *Osceola* (Mo.) *Democrat* raised money to send "Uncle" George McDonald, of St. Clair County, a colored Confederate veteran, and perhaps the only one, to the Confederate reunion at Columbia last month. "Uncle" George went with the Confederates from St. Clair County, and fought in several engagements. At Wilson's Creek a Minie ball plowed through his hip and a buckshot struck him in the face.

George lay groaning upon the ground when he was found by Owen Snuffer, lieutenant of his company. Snuffer stooped down, examined the black man's wounds, and stanching the flow of blood from them. "For God's sake," cried the suffering negro, "give me a drink of water." Snuffer's canteen was empty, but midway between the firing lines was a well. To reach it the lieutenant was to become the target of sharpshooters, and it meant almost certain death. But with bullets falling around him like hailstones he pushed forward until the well was reached. And then he discovered that the bucket had been taken away and the windlass removed. The water was far down and the depth unknown. The well was old-fashioned—stone-walled. Owen pulled off his long cavalry boots, and, taking one in his teeth, he let himself down slowly, hand over hand, until the water was reached and the boot filled, and then he climbed up, straddling the well and clutching with hands and feet the rocky walls. Reaching the surface again, he picked up the other boot and safely made his way back to the Confederate lines.

Returning from the war, "Uncle" George settled near Monegaw Springs, and has reared an intelligent, honest, industrious family. One of his children educated himself, graduated at the Smith University, in Sedalia, and is now in charge of a Church in Kansas. Another is waiter at the Commercial Hotel in Osceola, and is known for his strict integrity.

THE BOWIE PELHAM CAMP, NO. 572.

The Bowie Pelhams held their third annual reunion at Bowie, Tex., August 19, 20, 21. The attendance was estimated at 5,000, including veterans, wives, and children. Confederates from as far as thirty and forty miles were present. A good band of Bowie discoursed inspiring music.

While Judge C. C. Cummings was speaking to the assembly he was asked to desist for a few minutes that a marriage ceremony might be performed, after which he proceeded in his ever-forceful way.

The eating was fine, and the multitude enjoyed the hospitality of the Camp and the Bowie Daughters. Capt. James A. Cummins had worked a month for its success, and enjoys well-earned gratitude.

Gen. Cabell ("Old Tige") and Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie contributed to the fires of patriotism, which burned brightly throughout the encampment.

The Bowie *Cross Times* published the list of registered veterans, which is here copied to illustrate whence Texans came:

"J. A. Cummins, C, 13th Tex.; John Friend, A, 9th Tex.; R. C. Levister, H, 6th S. C.; F. M. Whatley, E, 25th Ga.; W. J. Brock, G, 3d Tenn.; H. Nichols, A, 32d Miss.; H. C. Maddox, Standford Battalion, Miss.; S. H. Lancaster, B, 7th Tenn.; J. W. Black, G, 4th Tex. Cav.; E. Bates, A, 10th Miss.; W. J. Brice, 3d Battalion, Ga.; W. H. Grigg, G, 20th Tenn.; J. A. Sanders, A, 3d Cadets; L. B. Ballard, A, Texas Reg.; W. A. McDaniel, G, Gano; Ing Morgan, E, 4th Ark.; S. L. Hickman, K, 9th Tex.; J. M. Adamson, D, 5th Tex.; W. F. Bailey, —, —; T. W. Gardner, E, 14th Ala.; J. H. Crouch, Carrolls, Ark.; Jno. Helton, A, 3d Ga.; P. T. Luna, I, 2d Miss.; Levi Perryman, I, 31st Tex.; W. Yarbrough, C, 1st Tex.; T. W. Pulliam, Maj, 22d Miss.; B. Faulkner, B, 2d Ky.; E. S. Allen, I, 20th Ala.; J. D. Sinclair, C, 42d Tex.; A. B. Tomme, E, 15th Ala.; W. H. Nix, F, Hampton Leg.; J. L. Sanders, B, 1st Tex.; G. McGuire, I, 27th La.; T. J. Cochran, I, 53d Tenn.; Sam McDonald, Bowling Co.; D. W. Spelts, B, Griffin's Reg.; J. P. Parker, A, 56th Ala.; A. M. Ralph, E, 4th Tenn.; John Clark, C, 2d Ga.; B. Prater, F, 48th Tenn.; N. H. Hardester, B, 14th Ark.; T. W. Johnson, G, 16th S. C.; Sam Heath, B, 10th Mo.; M. B. Clay, I, 42d Ga.; T. A. Major, C, Ark. Div.; J. C. Oliver, B, Forrest Cav.; R. D. Tucker, K, 1st Tex.; T. T. Ralph, E, 1st La. Cav.; C. C. Nixon, C, 29th Tex.; W. S. Robinson, G, 34th Tex.; J. P. Gambill, B, 9th Tenn.; R. F. Lee, D, 20th Tex.; B. M. Lee, Lane's Regiment; W. W. Dillard, I, 13th Miss.; J. N. Huddleston, E, 19th Ga.; J. T. Leftwich, D, 27th Tenn.; A. Jackson, H, Ala.; E. W. Heard, A, 1st Ala.; C. C. Coats, A, 2d Tex.; G. B. Cleaveland, E, 33d Tex.; F. E. Price, E, Ala.; J. M. Long, Tex. Reg.; J. M. Fox, G, 34th Tex.; J. H. Pace, I, 13th Tex.; E. P. Cleaver, Ranger's Div., Mo.; S. R. Bourland, F, 9th Miss.; J. W. Lain, G, 29th Ala.; Eli Armstrong, B, 2d Ala.; C. W. Jones, A, 3d Ark.; F. M. Ivy, 2d Miss. Infantry; T. P. Phagan, 41st Tenn.; J. A. Holbrook, D, Martins; Dr. E. P. Brown, D, 39th Mo.; R. B. White, Ark. Div.; J. S. Phillips, K, 12th Tenn.; L. W. Dalton, I, 2d Miss.; W. A. Morgan, A, 21st Ark.; J. H. Patterson, Price's Div.; J. K. McGriggor, F, Mo. Div.; J. I. Jetton, I, 19th Tex.; Robt. Bean, B, 11th Tex.; J. N. Peery, A, 10th Mo. Cav.; J. A. Roddin, H, 55th Ala.; J. McCartney, J, Ark. Reg.; W. F. Mull, A, 2d N. C.; H. M. Looper, H, 4th S. C.; W. M. Kirby, K, 25th Tenn.; S. D. Glazner, F, 18th Ala.; M. V. Day, G, 1st S. C.; J. T. Trice, I, 46th Ga.; J. M. Cockrell, I, 46th Miss.; J. A. Metcalf, 2d Ky. Inf.; R. M. Burnett, H, 11th Ark.; Jno. Harvill, E, Tex. Reg.; J. M. Beasley, G, 41st Ala.; J. S. Downs, F, 45th N. C.; J. A. Lance, F, 6th Ga.; G. L. Arledge,

J, 3d La.; R. F. Crim, C, 15th S. C.; G. F. Davis, 12th Tenn. Cav.; C. Pigg, I, Mo. Div.; J. L. Banks, A, 1st Ark.; M. P. Bauknight, A, 11th Fla.; R. H. Templeton, A, 44th Tenn.; T. J. Grisham, H, 59th Tenn.; R. O. West, G, 3d N. C.; J. W. Raines, E, 9th Tenn.; D. Speer, K, 10th Tex.; Sam Smith, A, Bowler Reg.; S. A. Lunn, E, 10th Tenn.; W. F. Moore, A, Lane's Reg.; J. R. Simmons, K, 3d Tenn.; H. K. Stone, Ga. Legion; W. C. Knightstep, Lyon's Bat., Va.; G. W. Herald, G, 1st Mo. Cav.; H. C. Whitley, B, 13th Tex.; Col. J. A. Wilson, 24th Tenn. Inf.; J. J. Tomlinson, G, 1st Ga.; G. W. Herron, B, 13th Ark.; W. L. Neece, F, 6th Ga. Cav.; F. A. Sayre, 14th Tex. Cav.; W. M. Robinson, G, 1st Ga.; J. M. Tisdal, I, 9th Ark.; T. M. Grisham, F, 9th Miss.; Joe Johnston, F, 3d Mo. Cav.; J. A. McNutt, K, 7th Cav.; W. H. Redwine, Wheaty Reg.; W. S. Cummins, A, 9th Tex. Cav.; John Archer, A, 12th Ky.; J. H. Bowers, G, 2d Mo.; G. B. Moore, B, Braddock Bat.; R. F. Presley, A, Ala. Res.; A. Steelman, D, 10th Tex.; W. A. White, A, 11th Tex.; S. V. Camp, B, 13th Tex.; Z. J. Arnold, F, Johnson's Reg.; T. P. Payne, F, 43d Tenn.; Joel Melton, B, 10th Mo. Cav.; S. D. Gafford, A, Lane's Reg.; J. A. Martin, R, 20th Tenn.; Thomas Robinson, G, 6th Ga.; F. G. Hankins, F, 1st Trans-Miss.; J. S. P. McNatt, G, 16th Mo.; J. M. Stone, E, Mo.; J. P. Wyatt, C, 12th Tenn.; A. J. Holcomb, E, 7th Ark.; W. M. Mayo, F, 4th Ala.; S. L. Connor, A, 49th N. C.; F. M. Williamson, C, 11th Tenn.; F. G. Henderson, B, La.; J. M. Stallings, K, 2d La. Cav.; E. L. King, B, 33d Tenn.; T. R. Wood, A, 16th Ga.; J. W. Pate, F, 23d Tex.; R. F. Huggins, I, 3d Miss.; J. P. Kimbrough, F, 34th Ala.; J. G. Rosson, H, 41st Tenn.; J. H. White, H, 16th Ga.; B. Walters, Tenn. Bat.; F. J. Chandler, D, 7th Ky.; A. J. Howk, E, Guerrillas; T. D. Ditto, K, 9th Ala.; P. L. Kendal, C, 8th Tex.; O. B. Elliott, F, 5th Tex. Cav.; D. Weathersby, B, 11th Tex.; A. F. Williams, H, 56th Ala.; H. G. Chandler, E, 12th Ky.; E. T. Whitley, Whaley's Co.; John M. Martin, Ga. Res.; T. A. Mounts, C, 16th Tex.; J. A. Boyd, Chester Artill., Ga.; J. J. Stanley, Baxter's Reg.; G. W. Tinkle, C, Ark. Bat.; J. D. Jones, A, Parson's Rangers; R. N. Boone, B, Miss. Cav.; L. E. Harlan, E, 8th Miss.; J. W. Slaughter, K, 38th Tenn.; J. H. Armstrong, Morgan's Bat., Ark.; M. M. Tankersley, Montgomery Bat., Miss.; W. R. Havens, Good's Tex. Bat.; J. R. Humphreys, H, 10th Mo.; D. H. Barnett, C, 8th La. Cav.; A. B. Ridling, C, 12th Ark. Inf.; W. L. Cabell, Com. Trans-Miss. Department; J. B. Gibson, N, 38th Ga."

SIXTEENTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT AND GEN. LEE.—R. K. Gillespie, of Raymond, Miss., writes that Comrade J. V. LeCand is correct in saying that Gen. Lee was led to the rear on that memorable day, May 12, 1864. He sends this certificate: "I. R. J. Gillespie, of the Raymond Fencibles, Company A, Twelfth Mississippi, Harris's Brigade, certify that I saw him make this offer, but could not hear his words. The General rode out in front of our line about forty or fifty steps, and while in that position the Yankees threw a shell at him, which exploded just in front of him, but failed to injure him or his escort; however, one of the privates in our company was injured by that shell. Gen. Lee then rode forward to the head of the brigade, of which was the Sixteenth Mississippi, where he was stopped by the boys of the Sixteenth and his horse led to the rear. Then we went into the "Death Angle," where we lost Licut. Robert Hunter, Lafayette Kelly, and Vernon Phelps—all killed. These three lived in Raymond, Miss., and Willie Gibbs, who lived southwest of Edwards, Miss., lost a leg. Never did men do braver work. Trees were cut down, and the bark torn off within three feet of the ground.

WOMEN AS PATRIOTS.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN for October of last year contained an address by Miss Edmonda Augusta Nickerson, of Warrensburg, at the Missouri U. C. V. at St. Joseph, September 9, 1902. There was so great demand for that issue that orders could not be supplied, and the following revised is expected to meet that demand, while it suitably represents the noble women who meet in Charleston this month.

Soldiers of the Confederacy, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The domestic isolation of women has deterred them, as a sex, from taking an active part in the affairs of the world. Indeed, their home surroundings and their own inclinations are in harmony with this condition of their lives. Yet notwithstanding this social custom that has set a limit to their sphere of life, the history of the world shows that in time of danger and trouble and distress they have always risen to the highest ideal of courage and devotion, and have performed their part on all the great occasions that have agitated and convulsed the nations of the world. In all the ages, both the highborn and the lowly have been the objects of intolerant persecution, the same as the men; and when their lives have been cast in times of revolutionary convulsions, their sex has given them no exemption from the toils, the disappointments, and the perils of political life, but they have always suffered their share in the prison, on the scaffold, and at the stake, and have met their fate with all the courage of the Christian martyrs in the Roman age.

In the time of war and governmental commotion they have met the duties of patriotism and performed their part in all its emergencies. Their great love of country, their terror of military invasion, their hatred of wrong and oppression have ever made them the equals of men, so far as their strength would go, in the defense of their homes and in the desperate resistance to the advance of an invading host.

The women of Judea bore their part in defending the city of Jerusalem from the Roman armies under Titus. So great was their courage and so desperate their resistance in the midst of peril, pestilence, and famine, that it was not until the Holy City, its temples, its towers, and its monuments were laid in shapeless ruins, the very site itself destroyed, and the whole Jewish race reduced to servitude, did they submit to the all-conquering legions of Rome.

When the Duke of Alva, on his mission to destroy the civil and religious liberties of the Netherlands, laid siege to the city of Haarlem, hundreds of both noble and untitled women enrolled themselves in the army of their country and stood side by side with the men and endured with unflinching courage all the hardships and dangers of a long, bloody, and disastrous siege, and never laid down their arms until their homes were in ruins and they themselves surrounded and taken captives by an overwhelming foe.

When the French army encompassed the doomed city of Saragossa, razed its ancient walls to the ground, and carried it by storm, they found the bodies of forty thousand dead Spaniards in the midst of the ruins, a great portion of whom were women—women, noble, self-sacrificing women of all ranks of life, who had guarded the ramparts of their city as long as there was one stone left upon another, and had fought by the side of their fathers, their husbands, and their brothers from house to house and from street to street, disputing every step, refusing to surrender, and at last giving up their lives rather than live under the domination of a hated alien race.

In all ages and in all climes women have done the best they could to preserve the integrity of their country and to maintain its freedom and independence.

This fierce spirit of resistance to oppression comes to the Anglo-Saxons from their ancestors, who ever maintained it in the German forests against the all-conquering legions of the Roman Empire, and they have preserved it with varying fortunes under the reigns of the most autocratic of the English kings. This love of liberty comes by inheritance to the women as well as to the men, and, although it is masked by attributes of an effeminate nature, it has ever been developed in times of extreme danger and peril. It has been the guiding star of their descendants, who have preserved it in all the emergencies of their social and political life and transplanted it in the wilds of America, to grow stronger and stronger in the new world under the impulsive energy of a branch of the same race. And at a later day, when the chartered rights of Massachusetts were assailed, her people made subject to the exactions of the British king, and the port of Boston closed, the same spirit of liberty was manifested throughout the whole land, from Salem to Savannah; and although the Southern colonies had no grievances of their own, still the unselfish cry went up from women and men alike that "the cause of Massachusetts is the cause of us all." The call for aid from the North was answered by a demand for colonial independence by the people of the South, and the Mecklenburg Resolutions urged by the patriots of North Carolina, regardless of sex, were the first popular declaration that defied the authority of the English crown. And thus was sounded from the South the first open declaration of colonial independence that eventually bound all the colonies together



MISS EDMONDA AUGUSTA NICKERSON.

in a common cause and inaugurated that bond of fraternal union that was destined to drive from this continent the reign of tyrant kings and establish forever the rule of the people. From the beginning at Concord to the end at Yorktown, all through the desolating scenes of a seven years' revolutionary war, the women all over this land, in the North as well as the South, met its privations, its sorrows, and its perils with the same resolute courage that inspired their ancestors through so many ages of strife against arbitrary power. And whether amid the surroundings of a desolated home, or in the hospitals relieving the sufferings of the sick, or on the field of battle administering to the wounded and the dying, they performed their part in the great struggle that convulsed the nations of the earth and brought life and freedom and independence to the American world; and afterwards, when independence was won, with the gentle helpfulness of their sex, they made haste to emerge from the poverty and privation that had entered their households and to repair the wreck and ruin that war's desolation had wrought around them, so that the peace that had come might cheer and gladden and bless their humble homes.

The members of the Amphictyonic Council that directed the destinies of the Grecian States have not achieved a greater renown than history will accord to the distinguished men who sat in the Continental Congress under the first Confederacy and wrought the wondrous revolution that fixed the name of the great republic upon the map of the globe. They combined the political and military strength of all the colonies into a Federal Union under the Articles of Confederation of 1777, and, after a long and bloody struggle with the greatest earthly power then in existence, they sustained the cause for which the American armies fought, and established the independence of their country. All honor and glory to their names! With halts around their necks, they directed the sacred cause of freedom and braved the vengeance of the British throne. Illustrious men! who escaped the rebel's fate to wear a patriot's crown, and to live for their country's sake to direct the destiny of a triumphant and happy land.

And afterwards, when the independence of the several States was acknowledged by the British crown and the Confederacy had entered upon that glorious destiny that the God of nations had ordained, it was realized by the great statesmen who had organized it that the powers delegated to the Federal government were not sufficient to meet the demands of the people in the changed condition of the country, and, at their instigation, a convention was called for the "purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation and making them adequate to the exigencies of government and the preservation of the Union." The convention met, as called, at Philadelphia, and twelve sovereign States responded and were represented in its discussions, and, after a prolonged and laborious session of four months, the result of their deliberations was the formation of the "more perfect Union" under the Constitution of 1787, the foundation of which was laid upon those great principles of civil and religious freedom set forth in the Declaration of Independence: "That governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and when the form of government becomes destructive to those ends, it is the right of the people to abolish it and institute a new government that shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." This immortal declaration was saved and sanctified to the world by the blood that was shed during the American Revolution, and was made the corner stone upon which the Union of the States was erected, and under the wise provisions of which the country extended its boundaries, the people increased in numbers, grew

greatly in wealth, and prospered as no people on earth ever prospered before.

The members of the Philadelphia Convention of 1787, who framed the Constitution, and those statesmen who advocated its adoption, declared by their speeches and writings that it was founded upon the principles of the Declaration of Independence of 1776, otherwise it would never have been adopted by the convention or ratified by the sovereign States that created the American Union. And because the spirit of this provision was not set forth and expressly stated in words in the body of the instrument itself, Sam Adams, of Massachusetts, Patrick Henry, of Virginia, and hundreds of patriots and statesmen of the North and South, as members of the ratifying conventions of the States, denounced its centralizing tendency and opposed its ratification until assurances were given that the compact should be so amended as to secure to the people a Bill of Rights, and reserve, by an express provision, the sovereignty, freedom, and independence of the several States; and it was by reason of these patriotic objections that the Bill of Rights, as set forth in the amendments, was afterwards adopted and made a part of the instrument, the tenth of which provides that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or the people." The provisions of this amendment were written in simple and unequivocal language, and seemed too plain to be construed away by the recusants of a later generation. They were recognized by all the States and the people as being the palladium of the reserved rights of the States, and especially did the North, by the writings of her statesmen, the acts of State Legislatures, and the declarations of her press, clergy, platforms, and people, from the foundation of the government, avow and advocate those principles, and continued to do so up to the fateful year of 1861, when a sectional faction, dominating the political destiny of the Northern States and organized in envious hatred to the people and institutions of the South, obtained control of the Federal government, defied the conservative influences of the country, and under the delusive shibboleth of "Save the Union" and the passionate outcry for war, invasion, and bloodshed, they reversed the constitutional construction that had sustained the national glory for more than threescore years, and by the lawless exercise of an absolutism, an executive usurpation, an unconstitutional "war power," the Southern States were invaded by a hostile military force, and "thus the flames of a civil war, the grandest, saddest, and bloodiest in history, lighted up the whole heavens," and carried dismay and sorrow and death into a million American homes.

The truth is that in this experimental amalgamation of two kindred but distinct castes of people that seemed so happy and presaged such a great and glorious political future two incompatible civilizations had been constitutionally yoked together—the Cavalier of the South and the Puritan of the North; the one the descendants of the men who followed Prince Rupert when he saved the day for King Charles I. on the bloody field of Edgehill; and the other came from the religious zealots who rode in the ranks of the Ironsides and charged with Cromwell on the fateful field of Marston Moor and Naseby. This racial difference was manifested in the American army during the struggle for independence, and was denounced by Gen. Washington by a special order issued in 1775 from his headquarters, near Boston. It appeared in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 in a more violent form, and developed into a contest between the North and the South for sectional supremacy, and would, at one time, have dissolved the

convention and destroyed all hope of forming the "more perfect Union," had not the wisest counsels prevailed, and the discordance between the contending sections been harmonized by the compromises that made possible the adoption of the new Constitution. And after the War of the Revolution had ended and the independence of the several colonies was won, this natural antagonism was made stronger by the divergent and opposing interests of the soil, climate, and productions of the two sections. The prosperity of the North was involved in manufacturing and commercial occupations, and required the protection of a high tariff for their successful pursuit. The great interests of the South were entirely agricultural, and they demanded free trade with all the world for their growth and expansion. The North, addicted from the landing of the Pilgrims to Indian and African servitude in all of its forms, consigned the most of its slaves to the rice fields of the South because they were unprofitable at home, and at last entirely abolished the institution and adopted free labor as the most lucrative form for its industries. The South, depending for the production of its staples upon the existence of African slavery, which had been introduced into its midst by the commercial greed of the Northern merchants, in an evil hour accepted it as an agricultural necessity; and the ill-fated race became interwoven as a part of its political and social organization. And it was not long after this unnatural alliance was consummated and the "more perfect Union" was formed before the fell spirit of sectional jealousy and hate, kept in abeyance by the memory of a common revolutionary contest, arose between the discordant civilizations, and a struggle against each other for sectional supremacy began.

The dreaded specter that was foretold by the prophetic warnings of Patrick Henry appeared at last, as if he had looked through the ages and caught a glimpse of the fearful invasion that was to drench the soil of Virginia with blood. It was the "fire bell at night" whose angry peal fell upon the ear of Thomas Jefferson and awakened him and filled him with terror, as if it sounded the knell of the Union. It was the ill-boding spirit that lingered around the deathbed of John Caldwell Calhoun, "the purest citizen, the most exalted patriot, and the greatest statesman this country ever produced," and caused him, as he beheld the terrible vision, to utter the endearing sentence: "The South, the poor South—God only knows what will become of her!" Prophetic words! words of loving warning that lingered upon his trembling lips and "now speak from his honored grave with the truth and wisdom of inspiration."

The sectional agitation that began with the formation of the government and continued with but slight intermission for nearly three-quarters of a century came to a culmination when at last the leaders of the dominant faction of the North, appealing to the angry passions of men, raised a moral and political issue that divided the country by a geographical line, and, under the pretext that African slavery, which their own fathers, by bargain and sale, had transplanted in the South, was an unpardonable sin, that there was an "irrepressible conflict" between the two great sections of the country, and that the Union "could not endure half slave and half free," they commenced those unlawful aggressions against the constitutional rights of the South that destroyed all social and religious intercourse between the sections, marred their political welfare, dissolved the fraternal Union, and at last deluged the whole land in blood. They conspired to do this, and did do it, in order to extend their political power and establish a sectional empire that would be dominated for all time to come by a majority of

the State and the people of the North. They organized a mighty military and naval force, and sent it to invade the Southern States by sea and land, to inaugurate against them a ruthless and bloody war, to destroy their sovereignty, and to subjugate their people to the domination of an unconstitutional power.

The people of the South—men, women, and children—arose *en masse* to resist the invasion, and for four long, bloody, and desolating years they defended their homes with an intrepidity, courage, and fortitude unparalleled in all the annals of unhallowed war. The high-spirited youths of the entire South enrolled themselves in the ranks of the army with the greatest enthusiasm. The mass of them were highly educated, and many were the heirs of great wealth and high social standing. Their boyhood had been passed upon the farm, and they grew to manhood hardy, self-reliant, skilled in the use of fire-arms, and proficient in all those manly sports that had been followed by many preceding generations of their race.

From the day of the battle of Bull Run to the end of a long and bloody war the destiny of the mass of the Southern youth was changed. They were to leave the avocations of civil life, their educational prospects, and the comforts of home, to bear the exposure, the hardships, and the dangers of military life; and, above all, by their devotion to duty, their submission to military discipline, their courage on the field of battle, their kindness and mercy to the fallen, they were to weave around the name of the Confederate soldier a halo of glory, a deathless renown that will survive all the monuments raised by the hand of man and go sounding down through all the ages.

The moral influence of their homes was in keeping with the beneficent training of their boyhood. "Family prayers, open recognition of an overruling Providence, habitual and reverent instruction in religious truths, made them sincere believers in the great truths of Christianity," and which, throughout all the hardships and dangers of their military lives, they never forgot; and when they left their homes to do battle in the defense of their country, they took with the parting blessing of their mother the little Bible with her last admonition written on its fly leaf; and in all their wanderings during the war—in trial, in suffering, and in peril—they turned to its pages for consolation and thought of her and all their loved ones at the far-off home. It was this love of home and the remembrance of its Christian teachings, this early belief in the providing goodness of God, that afterwards developed in the Southern armies, as the war progressed, those marvelous religious gatherings held by night and by day, before and after battle, sometimes in the midst of shot and shell, that made their encampments echo and reëcho with songs and thanksgiving to the great God that decides the destinies of nations. The highest in military station, as well as the rank and file, were there, and as they stood uncovered in Christian devotion around the altar erected in God's holy temple, an altar that leveled all ranks and laid the officer's sword beside the soldier's musket, inspired by the same lofty sentiment, cheered by the same hope, in the midst of a common danger and whilst devoting their lives to the same cause, officers and soldiers alike prayed to the great God of battles that their arms might be crowned with success, that the ruthless invader might be driven from their land, and that the people of their country might again be free.

The women of Judea or of Haarlem or of Saragossa did not suffer or sacrifice more in the defense of their homes than the women of the Southern States for the land they loved so well. Amid the wildest blasts of the storms of war they stood undismayed, and hoped and prayed for a brighter future to come;

with loving confidence they encouraged all around them and made their sorrow-stricken homes brighter by their cheerful presence. The Southern home, that model of quietude and domestic happiness, gave up its all. The women, as usual, made the greatest sacrifice; the mother gave up her son, the wife her husband, the sister her brother, the engaged girl gave up her betrothed, and, with a blessing and a tear, they bade them goodbye and sent them forth to do battle for their country.

"The wife whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair, fond bride of yester eve,
And aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors haste away,
And deemed it sin to grieve."

The women of the South gave all they had to their country. They saw their fathers, husbands, and brothers depart to the field of battle, and they saw them no more forever. They put away their imported and store-bought garments and dressed in clothes that were woven and made by their own hands. They tore the carpets from the floors of the mansion and cottage, and sent them to the camps to be used as blankets by the soldiers. Hands that never knew the task of an hour's labor were willingly turned to daily and nightly toil. They wove blankets, knit socks, made over and patched old garments and sent them to clothe a half-naked army. They took charge of the hospitals and nursed the sick and wounded back to life and health, or, with gentle and loving hands, they dressed the dead and laid them away in their last resting places. They followed the army on the field of battle and hung like ministering angels at the side of the wounded and dying. They bound up the wounds of friend and foe alike, and cheered them with words of sympathy and kindness. They heard the last wish of the dying boy, and sent it with a lock of hair and his words of undying love to the mother at the far-off home. When the Southern army gave way before the overwhelming hosts that surrounded it, the women of the South bore the great disaster and met their fate with as much courage as the men; and when the governments of the Southern States, in violation of the terms under which their armies in the field had surrendered, were overthrown by military violence, their territory held under martial law and reduced to the condition of conquered provinces, they passed through the dark days of the desolating reconstruction, and met with resolute fortitude the triumphant presence of the foe that had invaded their land, destroyed their institutions, usurped their governments, bonded their property, and held them beneath their slaves in social and political bondage. And when at last their political thralldom ended and local self-government was once more recognized in the land, they made haste to care for the maimed and needy heroes who had fought in their defense, and to preserve the memory of the dead who had died for them on the field of battle. They organized associations that extended over every Southern State and had members in every Southern home, and under the name of the Daughters of the Confederacy they went forth on their holy mission of mercy and of love. By lectures, festivals, and entertainments they enlisted the patronage of the people and collected large sums of money and expended them in building retreats where the decrepit soldiers could find the care and comforts of a home. They gathered together the scattered remains of their dead heroes and gave them burial in places beautified by their own hands and made attractive by magnificent and costly monuments that will mark their last resting place and perpetuate their glorious fame.

All hail to the Daughters of the Confederacy! May the great

God of mercy bless them! They have builded well and wisely and better than they knew. They have laid the foundation of a work of gratitude, a labor of love that will be continued by their children and their children's children, until a monumental memorial shall crown every battlefield and every cemetery where their martial heroes lie, and their glorious work and self-sacrificing labors will be linked with the deathless fame of their fallen heroes and be made to live forever.

The annals of the human race will show that our sex have ever been true and loyal to those who in the time of trouble and peril and war have stood high in the councils of the nation, and have sacrificed much for its welfare and defense. Jefferson Davis, as the chosen leader of the Southern Confederacy, had their full confidence; and as time wore on and his great ability, patriotism, and courage were developed by the progress of the war, they learned to honor, admire, and love him; and when his armies were overwhelmed, and to symbolize the bondage of his people whom he had served so faithfully and so well, he was made a chained captive in the casemated cell of Fortress Monroe—then from that moment he became the object of their tenderest affection, and will for all time to come hold the first place in their memory as the beloved chief of their wrecked and ruined cause. And this kindly sympathy, this love, this admiration followed him through all the days of his illustrious and honored life; and when he died, high above the general sorrow of the people of the South could be heard the unfeigned grief of its women, as if the dark shadow of death had been cast athwart their own households.

Animated by a spirit of sectional hate, the political writers of the North, in order to degrade the cause of the South, have sought to cast reproach upon the name and fame of its chosen leader, Jefferson Davis, by seeking to hold him responsible for all the calamities that attended a bloody and destructive war; but the great scholars of the globe have turned the search light of scientific investigation upon the constitutional history of this country, and, in vindication of the truth, have declared to the world that the parties to the constitutional compact were sovereign States, and had the right, as it was their duty, to withdraw from the Union whenever, in their judgment, it endangered their safety and happiness, and that Jefferson Davis was justified in all that he did to secure a political separation from a factional section of States that had for so many years violated and broken the fundamental agreement. They exonerate him from all blame for the blood that was shed, and place its responsibility upon the heads of those who violated the Constitution of their country and inaugurated the war. They applaud him for the great part that he took in the greatest drama ever enacted in the history of the world, and now that he is dead they honor his memory for all that he sacrificed and suffered in the sacred cause of constitutional liberty. And thus it is that the whole world now knows that Jefferson Davis led only where the freemen of thirteen commonwealths were glad to follow, and that the six hundred thousand Confederate officers and soldiers who fought for home and friends and kindred and for separation from a broken and discarded Union would have followed the same flag and fought the same battles if their great leader in the contest and the greatest of his compeers had never been born. Time has shown that all those defeated Confederate veterans who still live take upon themselves all the responsibility for what they did as soldiers in the war between the States; and now that the mighty issue has been tried and the wager lost, they demand that they bear with their great leader their full portion of blame for its failure, and claim their share of the glory which was won on a thousand

battlefields by those wondrous deeds of valor that astonished the nations of the earth and linked that gigantic struggle for constitutional independence with a fame that will be immortal.

And the women of the Southland, true to their love for the triumph of justice and right, will denounce the untruthful writings against the fair name of Jefferson Davis. They will defend all the great acts of his illustrious life, and keep ever bright and green their love for his memory. They will remember the purity of his private life, his fortitude under many trying difficulties, his indomitable courage throughout all the vicissitudes of his eventful career, and, above all, his suffering as a vicarious victim for the cause of the people; and should they forget all this, the cruel scene enacted within the casemated cell of Fortress Monroe would rise up as a vision and remind them of the duty they owe to the memory of the most illustrious of their dead.

The greatest benefactors of the human race have ever devoted their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to the cause of the people in all the emergencies of revolutionary strife; and because they have resisted the cruel edicts of political despotisms, the usurpation of undelegated powers in constitutional governments, or the unchained violence of sectional majorities in a democracy run mad, they have suffered chains, imprisonment, and death from the hands of those whose lust of ambition has led them to seize unlawful, arbitrary power and exercise it in despotic sway. Algernon Sidney was judicially murdered on the scaffold because he opposed the tyranny of a British king. John Hampden escaped the same fate when he fell in the defense of liberty in the battle of Chalgrove Field. George Washington would have languished in a felon's cell and died with a rope around his neck if he had not won success in the revolutionary war he led. It is success, and success alone, that separates the "rebel" from the "patriot" and commands the condemnation or the admiration of the world. The experience of Jefferson Davis has been no exception to this rule that an exacting world has made. He did not succeed, and imprisonment, chains, and impending death were for years his portion. It was history that repeated the tragic story of the martyrs to the cause of liberty, and it will be history in its own good time that will do him justice. It will bear recorded testimony to his great love of republican government, his burning patriotism, and the lofty ideal of his political life, and by its paramount authority cause his name to be placed high on the scroll of immortal fame, side by side with the names of Hampden and Sidney and Washington as the greatest of all the great champions of freedom's cause.

After his death, Winnie Davis, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," became doubly endeared to the people of the Southern States, and when she appeared at the annual reunions her advent was hailed by all the women of the South as the coming of their queen. The most honored ladies of the land gathered to bid her welcome among a people who honored and loved her illustrious father so much, and lavished upon her their fond and loving attentions. The officers and soldiers, the remnant of his ragged and invincible armies, gathered in knightly array around their enthroned idol and attested by the wildest acclaim that the love they bore the father had descended in full measure to his child. And when death came and took her from them, the people of the whole South—men, women, and children alike—stood uncovered around her grave and in sincere and silent grief shed tears of bitter sorrow. Her last remains are laid away in the beautiful cemetery of Hollywood, in the city of Richmond. Over her grave stands a marble mausoleum, erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy in loving remem-

brance of the father and a pledge of tenderest affection for his child—a memorial so beautiful in its conception, so exquisite in its design, and so perfect in its proportions that it has attracted the admiration of all beholders and is made by its massive strength to endure for many ages to come. An angelic figure surmounts the classic pedestal and portrays the beauty of her spotless life and her virgin hope of a glorious immortality. And thus was laid away the first and only adopted Daughter of the Confederacy. As fate ordained that there should be no succession to the high office her father had held, so it was fitting that no other should succeed the daughter to the throne where the love of the Southern people had placed her.

The present generation, in taking steps to raise a monument to commemorate the services of the women of the Confederacy, seems to have forgotten that our beloved President in his lifetime erected a memorial to their memory more enduring than tablets of marble or brass. In ever-loving remembrance, he has consecrated to their unselfish devotion his great work, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," in which, as with the hand of a master, he has traced the constitutional history of this country, gathered together and systematized its scattered fragments, analyzed its principles, and by an argument that has never been answered demonstrated to the world:

That the Congress which assembled at Philadelphia was composed of representatives from thirteen distinct and separate colonies, and as such announced to the world by the immortal declaration of the 4th of July, 1776, "that they are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States" and "absolved from all allegiance to the British crown."

That afterwards, in the same Congress, as such separate and distinct colonies, they did enter into Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union whereby they agreed, under the style of the "United States of America," to form "a firm league of friendship with each other for the common defense, the security of their liberties, and their mutual and general welfare," reserving to each State its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right which was not expressly delegated to the United States in convention assembled.

That when the war of the revolution ended and independence was won, His Britannic Majesty, in the treaty of peace made at Paris with the United States in 1783, acknowledged each of the several colonies separately and by their respective names to be free, sovereign, and independent States, treated with them as such, and "relinquished all claim of sovereignty over their territorial rights forever."

That the Constitutional Convention of 1787 was called for the "sole and express purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation of 1777, and to form a 'more perfect Union,' but 'not to change the character of the Federal system.'" And in accordance with this design it framed a constitutional compact which, by its terms, did not create a national, consolidated government that derived its powers from the people of the United States in the aggregate, but a confederated republic composed of several sovereign, free, and independent States, which reserved to the people thereof every power, jurisdiction, and right that was not expressly delegated to the general government which they established.

That history shows that the Constitution of this country owes its existence to the exercise of the right of secession on the part of the States that assembled in the Constitutional Convention of 1787, in that eleven States seceded from the Confederacy formed under the Articles of Confederation of 1777,

which they had declared to be perpetual. And as they withdrew from one Federal Union to form another that would better met the exigencies of their political life, they could not, without a criminal suppression of the truth and a monstrous perversion of public duty, have formulated a constitutional compact that would be silent in its terms as to the right of secession, yet by implication and construction deny to their posterity the same inalienable right that they themselves had exercised as sovereign, free, and independent States.

That political sovereignty, wherever it may be lodged, exists as a whole and, like the human soul, cannot be divided. In this country it resides with the people of the several sovereign States. It belongs to posterity, and cannot be alienated, and when the people of the States created the Federal government and delegated to its three departments certain express powers, they did not and could not transfer to them the whole or any portion of their sovereignty.

That this paramount authority resided with the people of the several independent communities that formed the Confederate Republics, and when, in the exercise of their sovereign power, the Southern States passed ordinances of secession and dissolved their Confederate connection, the allegiance of the people thereof became due to the different States of which they were citizens, and not to the Federal government, which was a mere corporate agent of their creation.

That under the provisions of the Constitution of 1787 the States in severalty reserved the same right which they held under the Articles of Confederation to withdraw from a Union into which they had voluntarily entered as sovereign communities, "whenever it proved destructive to the ends for which it was created, and endangered their safety and happiness."

That the great fundamental safeguards thus engrafted upon the written Constitution of this country, and without which the Union of these States could never have been formed, came

down from their forefathers as the inalienable rights of the people of the South, established the righteousness of the cause for which the Confederate soldiers fought, and justified them in resisting the advance of the Federal armies and in defending their homes from invasion.

Instinct with the mighty, all-pervading spirit that rules the moral world, this great historical masterpiece repudiates the jurisdiction of the sword that presumed to decide a great political controversy involving the constitutional rights of ten millions of the Anglo-Saxon race, and in the full triumph of a righteous cause it turns from the unhallowed slaughter fields of an internecine war to the forum of reason, justice, and truth as the only tribunal fit to hear and determine the mighty issue.

It appeals to history, to time, for the vindication of the Confederate soldiers, and, like a flambeau in the night held high aloft, a torch of liberty, it goes down to posterity to enlighten and instruct the world. All over the pages of this immortal book, and in its dedication, "To the Women of the Confederacy," he has described their burning patriotism, their unflinching devotion and patient suffering in such glowing eloquence of words that their fame is coupled with his own illustrious name, and will live and endure forever.

Glorious dedication! whose imperishable lines are inscribed:

"To
The women of the Confederacy,
Whose pious ministrations to our wounded soldiers
Soothed the last hours of those
Who died far from the objects of their tenderest love;
Whose domestic labors
Contributed much to supply the wants of our defenders in the
field;
Whose zealous faith in our cause
Shone a guiding star undimmed by the darkest clouds of war;
Whose fortitude
Sustained them under all the privations to which they were subjected;
Whose floral tribute
Annually expresses their enduring love and reverence
For our sacred dead;
and
Whose patriotism
Will teach their children
To emulate the deeds of our Revolutionary sires."

The story of Marathon and Salamis has outlived the republics of Greece. The warlike exploits of Alexander's army have survived the empire that he erected. The Roman republic has disappeared from the map of the world, but the imperishable record of her imperial legions still endures to interest and instruct mankind; and as those great historical achievements have outlived the mighty governments that directed them, so will the story of the heroism, devotion, and patriotism of the women of the Confederacy, as pictured in words of golden fire on the pages of that immortal work of Jefferson Davis, be read and known of all men long after this new-born American empire that has risen from the ruins of a Federal Union of sovereign, coequal, and independent States shall have declined and fallen and passed away.

Many valuable books on the Confederate war from the library of the late Judge Sambola have been presented by his widow and daughter to the Memorial Association of New Orleans.



MRS. HESTER H. BARNHART,
State Chaperon, Missouri Reunion.

"FALSIFYING HISTORY."

BY GEORGE T. TODD, ADJUTANT DICK TAYLOR CAMP, U. C. V., TEXAS.

Under this head the editor of the *National Tribune* quotes and criticises a report of the History Committee of the Grand Camp of Confederates through its Chairman, Judge George L. Christen, held at Wytheville, Va. This report recites two facts: One that the Confederate Congress passed a law that Federal soldiers in Southern prisons should be treated as were the soldiers in the armies of the Confederacy, and the other charges Gen. Grant with having contended that "a general exchange of prisoners would mean that the South would fight to extermination, and he would rather see Northern soldiers die in Southern prisons than to release Confederate prisoners, who would recruit the army of Lee."

The writer becomes furiously angry and denunciatory, without attempting to prove a single statement in the report as false. He charges intent to "whitewash" the vilest crime in the history of the "so-called" Confederacy by repeating "stale old lies," etc. He then virtually concedes the passage of the law by the Confederate Congress as claimed in the report, but charges, I presume as a true fact in history, "that something like 70,000 Union soldiers were starved to death in Rebel prisons;" "that the rebels had 4,000,000 slaves raising food, and if it were true that Gen. Grant refused exchange, it would not excuse the barbarities inflicted by the Rebels upon their prisoners."

Now I shall quote entirely from reliable Northern sources in order to show who is "falsifying history."

Col. W. F. Fox, a Union soldier of New York and President of the Society of the Twelfth Army Corps, in his excellent work on "Regimental Losses in the Civil War" (page 50), says: "The total number of Union soldiers who died while in the hands of the enemy, according to official report, was 30,156." He then gives the causes of death, including disease, wounds, sunstroke, accident, drowning, etc., not one of which is charged to starvation—altogether less than one-half the number this veracious writer says were "starved to death." On page 529 Col. Fox gives the same statistics, and adds: "The total deaths among prisoners include all who died while in the enemy's hands, whether in prison or on their way there, or in field hospitals, or lying disabled within the enemy's lines."

But Col. Fox also gives the mortality in Northern prisons. On the same page (50) he says: "In Northern military prisons, where (of course) the inmates were furnished with good food and quarters, yet 30,152 Confederates died in Northern prisons. But this number does not include the deaths at Johnson's Island and some other places of confinement, neither does it include deaths in field hospitals."

Now, to reach a fair percentage of the mortality among prisoners on both sides, I quote from the official report of Surgeon General Barnes, U. S. A., who states "that in round numbers the Confederate prisoners held by the North amounted to 220,000, while the number of prisoners of the United States held by the Confederates was 270,000." Thus out of 270,000 cared for by Confederates, 30,156 died, while out of only 220,000 held in Northern prisons, 30,152 died, "not including Johnson's Island and some other places of confinement, nor deaths in field hospitals," which, of course, will swell the aggregate many thousands. Judging by the percentage, rat soup and starvation must have created more deaths in Northern than in Southern prisons.

Now, coming to the second claim in the report that Gen. Grant and his government refused exchanges, preferring to let their own men die in prison rather than face released Confederates again in the field, I might quote many Southern authors, but prefer Northern authority.

In the summer of 1864 a delegation of Federal prisoners was sent from Andersonville to Washington to plead for their exchange. One of that delegation, Henry M. Brennan, writes as follows: "In my opinion, and that of a good many others, a good part of the responsibility for the horrors of Andersonville rests with Gen. U. S. Grant, who refused to make a fair exchange of prisoners." And the chairman of that delegation said that he "was more contemptuously treated by Secretary of War Stanton than he ever was at Andersonville."

Gen. U. S. Grant wrote to Gen. B. F. Butler from City Point, Va., August 18, 1864, as follows: "It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on till the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time, to release all Rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat, and would compromise our safety here."

Maj. Gen. B. F. Butler, in his official report to the Committee on the Conduct of the War, says: "I wrote an argument showing our right to our colored soldiers. This argument set forth our claims in the most offensive form possible for the purpose of carrying out the wishes of the lieutenant general (Grant), that no prisoners of war should be exchanged. . . . The argument was enough. . . . No exchange was afterwards offered."

Now, in all candor, and in the light and truth of history, at whose door lies the blame for prison sufferings and mortality? It can be excused only by conceding the truth of Gen. Grant's position that the South could not have been overcome without keeping, at all hazards, her prisoners held at the North. According to the truth of history, starvation cuts only one great figure in the entire war, and that was the starving of Confederates, not Federals. Only "Gen. Starvation" could assail and capture the 20,000 brave Confederates at Vicksburg on the day after Gen. Pickett assailed and captured, but for want of support could not hold, the heights of Gettysburg.

Other unfounded charges, such as "4,000,000 slaves at work for the South raising food," might be noticed. That was the entire number—men, women, and children. Of the able-bodied portion, many thousands were Federal soldiers, and other thousands "contrabands," following the camps and sutlers' wagons of the Federal army. Not to fan and revive, but to allay the bygone fires and passions of the war, should be our aim to-day.

However, it requires no spirit of prophecy to predict that never again will one section of the States dare to invade another in order to conquer by armed force an unwilling people. The multiplied thousands of bloody graves, marked and unmarked, scattered from Gettysburg to Vicksburg and the Rio Grande River, form an unanswerable argument against it, and will forever forbid.

[This report has been delayed, so much proof having already been adduced; but persistent malignity requires that the old story be repeated.]

A comrade writes from Atlanta: "Passing through Montgomery on August 23, and strolling around generally, I passed the undertaking establishment of W. H. Tice, the coroner of the county. A handsome casket was wrapped in a Confederate flag, which attracted my attention. I asked who that was, and Mr. Tice replied: 'That is an old Confederate soldier, and I intend to bury him as if he were worth \$100,000.'"

"FORREST'S RAID INTO MEMPHIS."

BY W. B. STEWART, ARLINGTON, TENN.

About 4 A.M., Sunday, August 21, 1864, Gen. Forrest, with part each of Bell's and Neely's Brigades and two pieces of artillery, moved briskly through the hazy twilight in columns of fours along the Hernando road, toward Memphis. The General, on his superb charger, soon glided toward the head of the column. His command, in low, firm tones, was: "Forward, men!" Capt. W. H. Forrest moved into the lead with his company, to clear the way of pickets. Our detachment was led by Col. T. H. Logwood, with orders to proceed to the Gayoso Hotel and capture Gen. Hurlburt, whose headquarters were there. Col. Jesse Forrest was directed to make for Gen. C. C. Washburn's headquarters, on Union Street, and to send one detachment to capture Gen. R. P. Buckland, and another to the Irving Block, on Second Street, to release the Confederate prisoners held there. Gen. Forrest, with Col. Bell and parts of Barteau's, Newsom's, and Russell's regiments, and Lieut. Sale, with his two pieces of artillery, were to remain in the neighborhood of the State Female College, to cover the return of the columns sent into town.

Onward sped the troopers. A shot was heard, the outmost pickets having been reached and captured. When the second reserve was reached a few more shots were heard. Faster moved the column, and the excitement was intense, but the injunction of silence had to be observed. Some delay was caused by the column proceeding due north toward the college, then countermarching to follow the Hernando road around to the left. Our detachment closely followed the lead of Capt. Forrest, and passed by a Federal battery on the left side of the road, which had been swept of its men by the onrush of Capt. Forrest. Though daylight was abroad, a thick fog enveloped our right, from which a Federal officer was heard trying to rally his scattered men, saying: "Fall in here, men! It is nothing but a band of guerrillas."

Treasured memories came to mind as we passed places familiar from my childhood: the Provine residence, McKinney's, the old bed of the Memphis and Lagrange railroad, over which only one train ever passed, but it is now the much-used Broadway; the residences of Col. R. F. Looney and Gen. Preston Smith; just opposite, at the intersection of Hernando road by Lauderdale Street, the home of my mother, three sisters, and two young brothers. There were three of us then who could not really call it our home, for we had dared to fight for that home.

I had hoped to see my home folks as we passed, and perchance breakfast with them that Sunday morning, but it was so early that there was no one astir. Sweeping past like an avalanche along Hernando Street to Beale, thence to Gayoso Street, we dismounted. Just then from a window above some Federal cried out: "Hello, boys! What luck on your raid?"

We hastened to the Gayoso Hotel, where we found Capt. Forrest with some of his men on horseback in the rotunda of the hotel. As we entered I heard him call to them: "Come out of here, you forty thieves!" Some were upstairs, making so much noise battering doors with the butts of their guns that it sounded like a skirmish. A cigar case in the hotel was broken, and occasionally in passing a Confederate would grab something. I got two pipes and a few cigars. This incident, among others, is why I could not stand up at one of Sam Jones's meetings when he called on any one who did not steal anything during the war to stand up. Col. Logwood conscripted a clerk in the hotel, and commanded me to take him in charge and go with him to his room to get his pistol and

such other articles as he desired to take with him. His room was upstairs, and I waited at the door. He seemed slow; but as he was an acquaintance of Col. Logwood, I did not unduly hurry him. Some ladies—hotel attendants, I suppose—entreated me not to take him. When he was ready we hastened downstairs. The command was mounted and in the act of leaving. I asked Col. Logwood what to do with the man, and he said: "Turn him loose and mount your horse. We are going to leave here immediately." The clerk was overjoyed. He bowed humbly, thanking the Colonel. I felt thankful also, for the task was unpleasant to me. I have forgotten his name, but should like to hear from him.

Squads of Federals began to gather and fire at us from house corners. Not finding Col. Hurlburt at the hotel, he having spent the night with Col. Eddy, our mission in that respect was a failure, and the other detachment also failed to accomplish the object of its mission.

Hurriedly we retraced our way down Beale to Hernando Street. At every cross street we were fired at by scattered bands. One or two of our horses were killed here, and one man wounded. I was told that a large, strong woman, a Mrs. Beethe, succeeded in getting the wounded man into her store, near by, and with an ax successfully kept off some negroes who were anxious to kill him. We moved out down Vance to Echols Street, thence to the Hernando road. On Echols Street Comrade Perkins was killed. As we passed him several ladies were seen going to where he lay dead with upturned face.

On passing my old home I turned to the gate, where I saw standing my mother, sisters, brothers, and one or two others, watching our column pass. Just then some Federals from Stewart Avenue fired across our yard at the passing Confederates, when mother and the others ran toward the house to get out of the way of the flying balls. I called to my youngest brother, but in the confusion he did not realize who it was.

The command moved down Lauderdale Street to Trigg, thence east to Hernando, and in passing a battery stable we had orders not to break ranks, even to get the horses. I tried in vain, however, to grab the halter of a fine claybank horse.

We soon reached the command, where Gen. Forrest was. After remaining there an hour or so skirmishing, we moved out toward Nonconnah Creek, where we halted two or three hours to communicate with Gen. Washburn in regard to exchanging and paroling prisoners and furnishing the Federal prisoners, four or five hundred, with food and clothing. Many of them were taken in their nightclothes, and our stock of provisions, as well as of clothing, was running low.

Being convinced, though without positive knowledge, that our camp that night would be near Horn Lake Depot road, I concluded to spend the night with Stephen Lester, an old friend of our family. The Lesters welcomed me heartily, and on leaving the next morning they filled my haversack.

My command did not stay where I expected, but had moved on to Hernando. After riding two or three miles, I suddenly approached a squad of bluecoats, and was too close to escape. Another trial of prison life seemed to be my fate. I had been a prisoner at Alton, Ill., and had no desire to be one again. I soon saw a white flag, when I felt relieved. It was Col. W. P. Hepburne and Capt. H. S. Lee, with a detachment, who had gone to Hernando with clothing and provisions for the Federal prisoners. As they passed me Capt. Lee asked: "How far back to our men?" "Three or four miles," I replied. I came near telling the truth, but did not know it. The Federals had camped the night before within one mile of where I stayed.

Hastening on, I reached Hernando. The first man I met in the edge of town was Capt. W. M. Forrest looking for stragglers, to which class I belonged.

SWETT'S BATTERY AT JONESBORO.

BY GEORGE D. VAN HORN, PARIS, TENN.

The battle of Jonesboro, Ga., occurred on the ———, 1864, and the incident I wish to relate happened on that day. We arrived at Jonesboro early that morning and took position to the north of the railroad about three hundred yards, at the elbow, where we immediately commenced to throw up a breastwork for our artillery, four Armstrong ten-pound rifles, the very best guns in the army. By one o'clock we had finished our works, brought up the ammunition wagons and caissons, and placed them under the hill immediately behind the guns.

Our support consisted of a very thin line of the old Arkansas Brigade of Infantry. The troops on our left had been fighting for over two hours, and we had been looking out eagerly expecting every moment to see the Yankees come out of the woods in our front. It was about five o'clock when the first line made its appearance, then another and another, until five double lines were in full view, coming in double-quick. Our guns opened on them at a distance of three-quarters of a mile, and kept it up, the Yankees halting only at times to re-line, then on again. Shortly our infantry commenced on them, and we began to use double charges of canister, but they kept coming. Their rear lines caught up with the front ones, and soon they were on our breastworks. Our infantry and artillery were still firing as rapidly as possible, but hundreds of them were climbing over the works. The first ones that came in found the gun already loaded and ready to fire. The embrasure was filled with howling Yanks. One of them called to the man who was firing the gun that if he fired again he would run his bayonet through him, but the gunner paid no attention and fired, clearing out the porthole. The Yank pulled down his gun and drove his bayonet through the gunner's breast, pinning him to the ground, and, putting his foot on the man's breast, jerked the bayonet out, leaving his man on the ground, as he thought, dead.

There were others in the battery who distinguished themselves. Another, a gunner, took his ramrod and struck a Yankee on the head, crushing his skull.

The battery and all of the Arkansas Brigade were captured at this point. That night they were all marched to Atlanta, among them the man who was run through with a bayonet. The next day some one told Gen. Jeff Davis, who was in command at Atlanta, that there had been a hand-to-hand fight at Jonesboro. He hooted at it, and asked his informer to show him some of the bayoneted men; and, when informed that there was one now down at the bull pen with the prisoners, he instantly gave orders to bring him up, as he was anxious to see him. The man was brought to headquarters and showed the wound, but Davis was not satisfied until the surgeon passed a probe through it from front to back, the surgeon pulling it through. Gen. Davis was satisfied. He gave the man a good suit of citizen's clothes and a pass, giving him the freedom of Atlanta. The man walked out, looked around to get his bearings, turned south, and on the morning of the next day was at Gen. Hardee's headquarters in Lovejoy Station in fine spirits. I suppose you would like to know this man's name and what became of him. Of course the Confederate government gave him a medal of honor, or recognized his gallantry in some way. No, such deeds were not uncom-

mon with the Confederate soldier at that time, so no special attention was made of it. His name is "Bob" Stricker, and he lives now at Vicksburg, Miss. He was at the time a member of Swett's Battery, commanded by Capt. Harvey Shannon.

MORE ABOUT THE KATYDIDS.

FROM A FRIEND AND ADMIRER OF THE VETERAN.

In a recent issue of your valued publication a sketch appeared called "The Capture of the Katydids." In the issue following was a criticism of the sketch, which challenged in the most positive manner the statements made by its writer. An inquiry into their accuracy may interest your readers, for it is only just to state that they are, in the main, sustained by the highest authorities, such as: The official reports of Capt. Harcastle, Commandant of the Post of Tuscaloosa, Nos. 103 and 104, War Records; letters of Col. Garland and Gen. Jackson; Col. Croxton's report; the dispatches of Gen. Forrest; and the recent article in the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* by James T. Murphee, Commandant of Alabama Corps of Cadets, 1862-65.

In addition, Judge J. P. Young, of Memphis, Tenn., who was at seventeen a member of Company A, Seventh Tennessee Cavalry, says: "Jackson's Division of Cavalry was at Northport March 30, 31, 1865. The men *were* worn from months of fighting, *were* poorly clad and ill fed. The boys from the military academy at Tuscaloosa, several dozen of them, *did* visit Jackson's Division on March 30. They wore trim uniforms, *were* called Katydids by the men, and *did* become indignant at the humorous epithet. I was present at the time, as were also many other members of my command. A courier on horseback *did* ride to the university and give warning of the approach of Croxton's force. The Federals, under Croxton, *did* attack the bridge on April 4. The cadet cannon *was* put in position, and a squad composed of boys and men hastened to the defense of the bridge. The camp story brought by eye-witnesses, belated in Tuscaloosa during the fight, supplies the remainder of the incidents related in the sketch, 'The Capture of the Katydids.' In its narration the main, essential facts are all correctly set out."

Mr. James C. Jones, who was acting assistant adjutant general on the staff of Gen. W. H. Jackson, says: "We arrived at Tuscaloosa on March 30, and remained there that day and part of the next, camping at Northport, just across the river from the town. While there I distinctly remember the cadets in considerable numbers visiting our encampment and headquarters at Northport. There were perhaps several dozen of them. They were clad in neat little uniforms, and offered quite a contrast to the veterans of Forrest's Cavalry in their dusty and dingy clothing. I also remember the men playfully calling them 'Katydids.' They were nice, brave-looking little fellows, and evidently deemed themselves every whit the equals of the veterans as warriors, and I have no doubt, if opportunity offered, would have shown themselves so. Later we heard, either from Confederate soldiers or from Federal prisoners, I do not now recall which, the incidents of the capture of Tuscaloosa. It was stated by these persons that an officer in advance of Croxton's column had discovered that the stockade at the bridge was defended by lads of the cadet corps only, who reported that fact to Gen. Croxton, and that the General had then given orders to his command to charge the bridge and barricades, but not for their lives to take the life of one of those boys. They were to capture the boys, but not to harm them; but the General added, so we were told, that the troopers might paddle the lads with the flat of their

sabers if they could catch them. That is about the way the story was reported to us, and I have no doubt of its truth. There are other surviving comrades who will remember these incidents."

So it would appear that "The Capture of the Katyids," as given in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is corroborated by the strongest testimony, and that its inaccuracy is limited to the most trivial points, such as the hour at which the attack occurred, the use of a fictitious name, and the supposition that the cadets acted upon their own responsibility rather than under orders in their gallant defense of the bridge. The material furnished the author by old soldiers was put into narrative form and published in a magazine several years ago.

SOME MISSISSIPPI HEROES.

BY F. G. BARRY, WEST POINT, MISS.

I find the following names in Volume XL., Series 1, page 813, "War of the Rebellion Official Records," on the "Roll of Honor" for bravery at the battle of Hanover Junction in 1864, which was read to every regiment in Lee's army at the first dress parade after its receipt:

"Privates J. C. Halbert, Company E; A. L. McJunkin, Company H; James M. Gillespie, Company I; G. W. Williams, Company K, of the Eleventh Mississippi Regiment, whose gallant colonel, R. O. Reynolds, lost an arm at the very last battle before Petersburg, Va."

I ask the insertion of this in the VETERAN to see if any of those then young heroes yet survive. Some of them may answer this, or else some friend. Col. Reynolds passed away several years since. He was one of Mississippi's finest lawyers and public men. The name of Halbert is familiar in Noxubee County, and Gillespie in Monroe.

This complete Roll of Honor should have been published ere this. It may be expected in the VETERAN. The list is made up largely of Second and Forty-Second Mississippi Infantry Regiments, Forty-Seventh and Fifty-Fifth North Carolina Regiments, and the Jeff Davis Legion of Cavalry from Maryland.

SHOT THROUGH BY A CANNON BALL.

I. E. Hirsh, Brooklyn, N. Y., tells an amusing story:

"It may interest some of the VETERAN readers to hear how Capt. Elliott, of Company B, Twenty-Second Mississippi, had a six-inch solid shot pass clear through him without disabling him.

"On the morning of the second day's battle of Corinth, October 4, 1862, our division (Lovell's) held the extreme right of the line opposite the enemy's strongest position, College Hill. We had the hardest of the fight on the first day, October 3, while Price had it on the 4th on our left. We were ordered to lie down on the crest of a ridge opposite College Hill. The First Missouri, under Col. Bowen, was to our left, and between us a battery of four pieces took up position. After firing just one round from each gun, College Hill opened on them, and in less than five minutes there was scarcely a man, horse, gun carriage, or caisson left of the outfit. The Federals had their guns massed on College Hill, some sixty pieces or more, and had been practicing all summer at that very spot. At the same time we were within range of their Springfields. The ridge on which we were had a rise of about one inch to the mile; all timber and brush had been cleared away, and there was nothing larger or better to hide behind than an occasional blade of grass, or a dead leaf. There was therefore no complaint when orders to fall back were passed along the line. Capt. Elliott had been holding down the

ground just behind me. Being rather slim, and having longer legs than I, he was gaining on me. When he was about a dozen yards ahead of me, I saw, heard, and felt a solid six-inch shot pass by me, strike the Captain fair and square on the hip, passing through him, and dropping to the ground some distance in front of us, and rolling farther. Of course the Captain fell. I stopped when I reached him, and asked, "Captain, are you hurt?" to which he replied, "I am killed—a cannon ball passed through me. I saw it as it came out in front." I offered to assist him to the rear, which offer he at first declined, as he was killed anyway, and ordered me to keep on and get some protection. But I helped him to his feet, and after he had taken a few steps he broke away and beat me to the rear. It seems the shot was pretty well spent when it struck him; it turned him so quickly that neither he nor I noticed the turn, and then it passed harmlessly by, while both of us were sure it went through him."

CONFEDERATES IN DYERSBURG.

The Confederate reunion and barbecue was a splendid success. At eleven o'clock a detachment from Dawson Bivouac, commanded by Capt. W. H. Roark, and bearing a large Confederate flag, marched to the Hotel Tucker for the purpose of escorting Gen. Bate to the court room, where the meeting of the morning was held.

The procession formed with Gen. Bate, accompanied by the Hon. R. D. Chambers and Gen. S. L. Cockroft at its head, Gov. Frazier, with Hon. T. C. Gordon and Hon. M. M. Marshall following. Commander Roark and his gallant boys in gray completed the parade. Smiley's Mechanics' Band played "Dixie;" and the inspiring music, together with the marching veterans with their old general at their head, brought from the crowd cheer after cheer. The large court room was filled to its utmost capacity. Many ladies were present.

Rev. H. W. Brooks invoked divine blessings upon the proceedings of the day. He paid an eloquent tribute to the older soldier.

At the conclusion of the prayer the Hon. R. D. Chambers introduced Gen. Bate to the audience in a patriotic and eloquent speech. Gen. Bate was greeted with great applause. He paid a fine tribute to the people of Dyer County, to her ladies and her soldiers, recounted much of the history of the war, and appealed to the citizens to go on with the undertaking to build a monument to their dead.

After Senator Bate's address there was an adjournment to the barbecue grounds, and the multitude was fed with an abundance.

Hon. T. C. Gordon introduced Gov. J. B. Frazier. Col. Gordon is always happy on such occasions. Gov. Frazier said that he was glad to be present and to rejoice with the people upon this festal occasion.

In those polished sentences for which he is noted the Governor paid tribute to the old soldiers; to the women, who had sustained and supported them while engaged in war and who had soothed and comforted them when, broken in fortune, they had returned from the conflict. He dwelt upon the loyalty of the Confederate soldier to the reconstructed government, and brought tears to the eyes of the old soldiers on the stand as he demanded that history truthfully record their valor and patriotism.

J. F. Dickson, of Howe, Tex., would like to hear from some survivors of the Second New York Cavalry, especially of two members who chased him quite a while on the retreat from Gettysburg. He was riding a mule, and thinks they would remember him from that circumstance.

SEVEN PINES TO PRISON—VIVID INCIDENTS.

BY J. M. JONES, ORLINDA, TENN.

I recall an incident which occurred within the Federal lines on the day after the battle of Seven Pines, which led to a scene some two months later on the streets of Richmond, reviving memories of mingled joy and sadness. It was the event of two Confederate soldiers bearing a third from that bloody field of carnage. I am one of the three, and think the other two were North Carolinians.

On the morning of May 31, 1862, after a night of incessant rain, which fell in torrents, a Tennessee brigade (of which I was a member), then under command of Gen. Robert Hattton, and known afterwards as Archer's Brigade, struck tents and began preparations to march. While we were yet in camp, some of the "knowing ones" of my company stated that orders had been intercepted by the commanding officer, that we were to take part in bagging about six thousand Yankees who had crossed the Chickahominy River the evening before, and were then completely entrapped by the flooded condition of the stream and cut off from the only route of retreat. This story, however, as the sequel shows, proved to be false, in part at least.

After marching and maneuvering the greater part of the day, we reached the place where we were to enter upon our first general engagement with the enemy. It soon appeared that we were about to lose the glorious victory anticipated, for the Federals had been reinforced and already took the aggressive. In our advance we entered a thick wood which, together with the shadows of evening, so enveloped the scene as to make it almost impossible to tell friend from foe; and, to add to the peril of the situation, those of us who formed the first two files of my company had gone several paces in advance of the main line. We soon found, to our horror, that we were left in the darkness, and we all beat a hasty retreat, every man for himself. After going about twenty paces, to what I supposed to be my rear, a heavy volley of musket shots poured in from that direction. I at once commanded myself to "lie down," which order was instantly obeyed. Soon the firing of small arms ceased, after which some two or three cannon shots were fired in quick succession, and the battle of Seven Pines was over. A deathlike stillness prevailed. I didn't know in what direction to move, but go I must, as it was then well into the night and I was wet, cold, and hungry. I started in the same direction I was going before, and soon confronted a dense line of soldiers in the shadow of the timber by the edge of the old field. The videttes discovered my presence about as soon as I did theirs, and called "Halt!" whereupon I suspiciously inquired as to what it was, when instantly two men came from the ranks with guns at a charge and asked what regiment I was hunting. Seeing they were Yankees and that parley would be useless, I acknowledged that I was a Confederate soldier and belonged to the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, upon which they proposed to introduce me to their major. After my introduction, the jolly major told me that his regiment was the Forty-Ninth New York, and then drew from his pocket a handsome silver flask filled with brandy, and asked me to join him in a toast to good old Tennessee, which I confess I did with a hearty good will, for I was very wet and chilled. I was several times assured that I would be well treated as a prisoner of war. My gun and cartridge box had been taken and I was escorted to the quarters of the provost guard at an old farmhouse near by, where I spent the balance of the night with a number of other Confederates who had been captured during the fight. A field hospital had been established at this same farmhouse.

In the morning following the Confederate prisoners were

given the liberty to ramble over the battlefield, then within the Federal lines, in search of their wounded comrades. I was thus engaged, between ten and eleven o'clock, when I was attracted by the groans and struggles of a wounded man who had apparently just reached the shade of a little pine bush. He pleaded for water by a touch of his fingers upon his dry and almost bloodless lips. I had no water, but went in search of help to carry him to the hospital. I soon found another Confederate soldier, and we got our wounded comrade on a litter and started on our way, my assistant in front. After making about half the distance, we stopped for a moment's rest, but soon on we went again for thirty or forty yards, when my assistant, a tall and physically strong-looking man, though of a despondent temperament, said that he must rest again, and instantly came to the ground with his end of the litter. The wounded boy had become faint and almost lifeless from the suffering, fatigue, and the oppressive heat of the sun, which was beaming down in his face with all the force of a June midday. I urged the man, who was all the help I had, to consider that a moment's delay there in the hot sun might be fatal to our comrade, and that we must pick him up and hurry on. We again started, but got only a few yards this time when the despondent fellow came to the ground again, saying that he could go no further with such a load. Then I became indignant over the situation, believing that his inability to go was more the want of will power than physical strength, and I used severe language, when he gathered up the stretcher and we pulled through to the hospital without another stop. Our comrade by that time had more the appearance of a corpse than a living being. We turned the poor fellow over to the doctor and nurses.

I was soon taken from that place, with the dead and dying all around, for a Northern prison—Fort Delaware. After about two months an exchange of prisoners was made, and I was landed at City Point, on the James River. From there I went to Richmond, expecting to find my regiment, but found only the sick and disabled, who were quartered just outside the city limits, the rest of the command having gone with Jackson to meet Pope's army, then advancing on Richmond. As soon as I could get transportation I went to my command.

On the morning that I was to leave Richmond, and while hurrying to the station by a hospital, a smooth-faced young fellow in a Confederate uniform, with a smile of recognition beckoned me to stop. He saw my surprise, and with that same happy smile offered me his hand with the question: "Do you not remember the wounded boy who was carried from the battlefield of Seven Pines to a Yankee hospital?" I replied that I did, but did not expect him to live to the end of that day. Said he, "I am the boy," and, again taking my hand in his, and with the most profound gratitude that I have ever seen expressed in voice and countenance, he thanked me again and again, saying that though he could not utter a word while being carried to the hospital, his mind was clear, and he knew all I did from the time I first spoke until I laid him down at the hospital, and that he believed if it had not been for me he would have died all alone in that old pine field. Expressing gratitude that I had been able to help him, I hurried on my way to the depot. I should be gratified to hear from any of my comrades, especially this one.

IN ENEMY'S LINES WITH PRISONERS.

BY T. J. CORN, ESTILL SPRINGS, TENN.

I was fourth sergeant in Company K, Thirty-Second Tennessee Infantry, Col. Ed Cook's regiment, of Gen. John C. Brown's old brigade, then commanded by Gen. J. B. Palmer, under Col. J. P. McGuire.

On the 18th of March, 1865, while camped at Smithfield, N. C., we received orders to cook three days' rations and be ready to move by one o'clock. We marched about sixteen miles in a southeastern direction and camped for the night. We were not permitted to light fires or to make any noise. This was the only indication that we were near the enemy, but at the first streak of daylight a roar of guns in our front told us that the fight was on. We quickly formed and moved by the right flank through the woods into an old field, which we were crossing in quick time when "Old Jo," as the boys loved to call Gen. Johnston, dashed by us going to the front. Although we had been instructed to make no noise, the boys gave him a cheer. He lifted his hat, but did not halt or speak. The Yankees, however, answered the cheer with a few shells, but they did no damage.

On reaching the timber on the far side of the field we formed in line of battle, and, after halting a few moments, were ordered to throw up breastworks. With two or three old axes we cut some pine poles, and with our bayonets dug a little trench, making rifle pits some eight or ten inches high. We were sitting or lounging about when Col. McGuire came walking leisurely by down the line and said: "Boys, you remember the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, at Chickamauga? Well, this is the 19th of March, and you may look out for some work to-day as hot as it was there." He had scarcely finished speaking when a heavy fire opened on our skirmishers in front. They fell back rapidly, closely followed by a brigade of the enemy, who now began to move slowly and in splendid order. Col. McGuire was standing close behind our lines, and ordered us to wait for the command to fire. We were lying down behind our little breastworks in the brush, and the Yankees were within forty steps of us when the order came to fire. It demoralized them completely, and we were ordered to charge. We went at them and drove them over and beyond their works some two hundred yards, capturing all their knapsacks, shovels, picks, etc. After halting long enough to re-form our lines, Gen. Palmer ordered us forward. We struck them next time on their flank, and captured a second line of works. We evidently broke their line in this last charge, for they fell back right and left, and we passed through on a half wheel to the left.

I was on the extreme right of our line, which threw me far inside of the Yankee lines. We were halted a moment to re-form, and I knew from the heavy firing in our rear that the Yanks were making a desperate effort to reestablish their line; and if they did so, we, especially those of us on our right, were in a ticklish place. I looked to the left of our line, and saw Gen. Palmer sitting on his horse directing the fire on the enemy in front of our left, and just at that time the Yankees came up in his rear and opened on him. It was more than our boys could stand, and they broke in disorder, running to the left. I started out by the same route, but the Yanks closed in behind them solid with their line re-formed, and, after firing a few scattering shots in our direction, went in pursuit. I saw all of this before I dodged behind a tree. The firing grew farther and farther away before I ventured out to look around. Not a living soul could I see. I was thinking what best to do when I heard some one call me. I looked around in the direction from whence the voice came, and saw Col. Searcy, of the Forty-Fifth Tennessee, step from behind a tree, and I never in my life was so glad to see any one. I went to him, and we were discussing the situation, when, to our surprise, our boys began to crawl out from under the brush, logs, etc., until there were seventy-five of us. The Colonel told us the only thing we could do would be to throw away our guns and cartridge boxes to keep the Yankees from getting them; that

we were a mile or more inside of their lines, and they were liable to come upon us at any moment. We had just about decided to do this when he said: "Boys, let's get back here a little bit on dry land"—the place we were in being a low, marshy spot covered with water. We all moved back together about fifty yards to an old log and halted, when, to our surprise, a Yank crawled out from underneath and said that he would surrender; then another and another. They came from under and behind logs and brush just as we had until there were ten of them, including a Yankee captain, who surrendered his sword to Col. Searcy. They proved to be of the Ninth Indiana, that had become detached from their command in our last assault when we went through their line and made a half wheel to the left. Seeing we had carried everything in front of us, and being cut off from their men, they naturally "took to the bush" and had not seen the last act in the drama. One of them remarked: "Well, Johnnies, you seem to have the earth to-day, and we might as well surrender." Col. Searcy at once realized the situation, ordered us to fall in (after first allowing us to empty the canteens out of the Yankee knapsacks), which we did in single file, two Rebs, then a Yank, until we were all in line, and in this order moved us back into the swamp some two miles or more, and waited for nightfall. Our prisoners never discovered the real situation, but Col. Searcy told them we were going out, quietly if we could, but fight out if we must, and that if it came to a fight they would be the ones most surely to suffer, and advised them to keep quiet and make no attempts to escape or betray us. They accepted the situation, and gave us no trouble. We took a north-east course, keeping concealed in the swamps and dense woodland during the day and taking up our line of march after night. On the 28th of March we arrived at Raleigh and turned our prisoners over to the provost marshal.

I followed the Confederate flag from the beginning to the end of the war, but in all that time never suffered as much from hunger as I did those eight days we were trying to get through the Yankee lines.

HONORING AN AGED COMRADE.

July 8 was an interesting day in Lawrence County, Tenn. Camp George H. Nixon, U. C. V., held a reunion and celebrated the eighty-third birthday anniversary of their comrade, J. R. Kelso. An account of it is given by Thomas J. Doss, who served in Company F. Thirty-Second Tennessee:

"Mr. Kelso is a fair specimen of that soldierly character of which every true Southerner, as well as every true American, should feel proud. He was born in Giles County July 8, 1820, moved to Lawrence County in 1853, and has lived at his present home fifty years, except when in the war.

"On November 27, 1861, he enlisted in the Forty-Eighth Regiment of Tennessee Infantry, and served through the war. A thousand or more people were present at the reunion, and after speeches by Rev. Gibson and Dr. Harvey, the old soldiers, led by Capt. Thomas H. Meredith, formed in line and marched around the grounds. When dinner was announced, our aged friend, Mr. Kelso, led the way to a table abundantly supplied and especially prepared for the old veterans. Ample provision was made for everybody. After dinner a picture was made of the veterans and sponsors for the Camp. Except for these latter, every face in the picture is framed with 'silver threads among the gold.'

"Next on the programme came an eloquent and patriotic address by Judge Robert B. Williams, who justly eulogized the Confederate as a hero and Jefferson Davis as a martyr. In the course of his remarks, when speaking of Jefferson Davis, Judge Williams related the following incident, showing how

he was respected and admired even by those who denounced him as a traitor:

"Up in the hill country of Kentucky there were two Union soldiers who stood for election to the Legislature just after the close of the war, in 1865. Gen. Frank Wolford and Col. Silas Adams had both seen service as officers in the First Kentucky Regiment, Federal. It was a Republican stronghold—a county that had furnished two regiments to the Federal army, but scarcely a dozen men to the Confederacy. The time was just two days before the election. Wolford was for general and complete amnesty; Adams turned in his speech to Gen. Wolford and insisted that he state to the audience, and especially to the old Union soldiers present, if he would be in favor of releasing that arch traitor, Jeff Davis, who was then in prison and in irons at Fortress Monroe. Wolford told him he would answer when it came his time to speak. His reply was as follows:

"“Fellow-citizens, I was at Buena Vista. I saw the battle lost and victory in the grasp of the brutal and accursed foe; I saw the favorite son of our Harry of the West, my colonel, weltering in his blood; I saw death, or captivity—worse than death—for every surviving Kentuckian on that gory field—everything lost or hopeless. Then I saw a Mississippi regiment, with Jefferson Davis at its head, appear on the scene. I see him now as he was then, the incarnation of battle, a thunderbolt of war, the apotheosis of victory, the avatar of rescue. He turned the tide; he snatched victory from defeat. His heroic hand wrote the words of Buena Vista in letters of everlasting glory on our broad escutcheon. I greeted him then as a hero, my countryman, my brother, and my rescuer. He is no less so to-day, and I would strike the shackles from his aged limbs and make him as free as the vital air of heaven, and clothe him with every right I enjoy, had I the power. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Silas Adams!”

"Even though deserved, it took courage to pay such a tribute at that time."

"The old fellows enjoyed themselves thoroughly, but many of them doubtless shook hands at parting for the last time, for the ranks are rapidly thinning by the hand of death. Only a few years more and the last of that hungry, barefooted, ragged, but heroic army, that for four years hurled itself with triumphant and exultant shout against overwhelming odds, shall have passed away, but they leave a priceless heritage of valor, truth, and honor to their descendants."

INCIDENTS OF BATTLE AT GETTYSBURG.

Dick Reid, Sergeant of Police, Nashville, Tenn., gives personal recollections of the battle of Gettysburg, which show that he "was there:"

"Gettysburg; yes, I will never forget that fatal day, as I stood at the last gun, a three-inch rifle, with the lanyard in my hand, awaiting orders to open fire on Cemetery Heights and clear the way for Pickett's charge. We had one hundred and eighty-six pieces of artillery in this line, from ten-pound Parrott's up to thirty-pounders and three-inch rifles. I was at the extreme gun on the left, and opposite Cemetery Heights. Gen. Bob Toombs, with his Georgia brigade, marched up to where we were in position, and commenced deploying his brigade to protect our artillery against a charge, and about this time the Yankee skirmishers opened on us with a pretty heavy fire. Gen. Toombs was sitting on a poor sorrel horse, and he noticed some of his men dodge their heads in the line as the Minie balls passed by, and at last he raised up in his saddle

and gave a yell: 'Stop that dodging, boys.' The boys closed up and stood erect in line. About this time the Yankees opened thirty-pound Parrott guns on us, and as the shells came screeching over us from little Round Top one of them passed close to Gen. Toombs's head, and he dodged it. One of his men in the line yelled at the General, and said, 'Stop that dodging, General,' and immediately Gen. Toombs raised up in his saddle and said, 'That's right, boys, dodge all the big ones, but d— the little ones.'

"Pickett's Virginia division was laying just in the rear of our long line of artillery, in two lines of battle, with Gen. Heth's Division in supporting distance. In Heth's Division was Gen. Archer's Tennessee brigade, composed of the Thirteenth Alabama, Fifth Alabama Battalion, First Tennessee, Seventh Tennessee, and Fourteenth Tennessee. It was a small brigade, but their loss was terrible. In the charge they lost six hundred and seventy-seven men killed, wounded, and missing. This terrible loss shows how the sons of old Tennessee immortalized themselves at Gettysburg. [Reid was a Virginian.—Ed.]

"Gen. Robert E. Lee, sitting on old Traveler, came down the line of artillery and gave us orders that he did not want us to open fire by single guns. At the fire of the first gun on the right we were to open up by batteries, from right to left. The one hundred and eighty-six guns in this line opened up on Cemetery Heights. The ground under our feet shook like an earthquake. The enemy responded, and the only thing that I can compare it to is some terrible cyclone. In the midst of this awful fire at this time Gen. Longstreet, the corps commander, appeared on his horse whittling a stick, and Gen Pickett rode up to him, saluted him, and told him that he was ready to move forward.

"Gen. Pickett was a small man, about five feet eight and a half inches tall, with long, curly hair hanging over his shoulders, and looked every inch the soldier he was. He had blonde whiskers, and wore a small blue cap on the side of his head. He moved out in front of the artillery with his Virginia division, and at the head of each regiment was the blue flag of Virginia, bearing the State motto: '*Sic semper tyrannis*.'

"Gallant boys, the flower of the South, as they moved forward in that terrible charge with 'guns to the right of them and guns to the left of them, that volleyed and thundered,' they marched as steadily as on dress parade.

"Pickett's Division, with Heth's supporting, gave the old Confederate yell and went over the breastworks into the cemetery, and planted their battle flags on the enemy's artillery. The brave Gen. Armistead, an old man, seventy years old, with his white hair hanging over his shoulders and his hat on top of his sword, commanding one of the brigades in Pickett's Division, was the first man, mounted on his horse, to reach Cemetery Heights, and just as he halloosed at Archer's Tennessee Brigade to stand by Virginia he was shot dead in his saddle. Ten Confederate generals lay dead and wounded in front of the enemy's breastworks.

"I saw the remnant of Pickett's Division when it returned from the charge. They were forming in line, and I think three hundred and twenty men comprised all that was left. Gen. Pickett was standing in front of them, wiping his face with his handkerchief. At this time Gen. Lee rode up to Gen. Pickett, placed his hand on Pickett's shoulder, and said: 'Never mind this, sir. I am responsible for it. Get your men in line. I need all the men you have.' I think Gen. Lee was expecting a countercharge from the enemy; but it did not come, and that night we commenced falling back to Hagerstown, Md."

MEMORIAL ADDRESS AT NEW ORLEANS.*

General, Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: As in the days never to be forgotten we were wont to halt when the roar of battle ceased, and stand with bowed heads and hearts beside the graves of fallen comrades, so to-day we pause amid the stress and strain of the warfare of life each of us is waging to drop a tear to the memory of our departed brothers.

Called to express the thought and feelings that fill your breasts, and to weave for you the garlands you would place upon their tombs, well may I devoutly wish, as I do, that mine were the tongue and hand of some poet-priest, like him whose harp, alas! hangs hushed, but whose song, clear and sweet, still thrills the sunny Southland he loved so well. For then might I hope to bring some word or flower worthy of this hour and alike of those

"Who glorified
Their righteous cause, and they who made
The sacrifice supreme, in that they died
To keep their country free."

But though this be denied me and I bring only a few broken words, a handful of wild flowers, they are brought with the love and loyalty of a heart within whose inmost sanctuary these fallen brothers and the cause they so nobly strove to maintain are enshrined—a heart that still believes and dares to say that

"The men were right who wore the gray,
And right can never die."

We would not forget the just and imperative limitations of an occasion like this, nor suffer ourselves to present themes we would gladly discuss at other times and places. Far less to catch the thought, if not the words, of others would we come, "for harmsake nor for hatesake," to "stir with a breath the ashes of a settled strife," to speak one word unworthy of this hour and of the memory of those we mourn. The rather would we seek to show, though necessarily in briefest outline, why the Confederate soldier—of whom in peace and in war our departed comrades were such noble representatives—should ever have high praise and honor from all whose souls can kindle into just appreciation of men who strive manfully for truth and right, though, seemingly, in vain.

To demonstrate this, let us go back "over years that have flown" to the days of 1860-61, when the great drops, forerunners of the coming storm, were falling upon our land, and see who and what were the men who so soon, and as if by strongest native right, sprang to so tall a stature among earth's heroes and, with the banner under which they marched and fought, challenged, and still challenge, "the gaze of the world." Who and what were they? An ignorant rabble, imbruted by long oppression until they loved the chains that had ceased to gall, fit tools for the unholy work of unscrupulous and ambitious demagogues? Base hirelings ready to sell their blood for gold to do a tyrant's bidding? Mere adventurers, free lances spurred on by the cry of "Booty and Beauty?" Thoughtless youth, panting for opportunity to seize "the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth?" Worn-out politicians crazed by lust for place and power? There is not a mountain nor a valley, a forest nor a field, in all our land that, if gifted with ten thousand tongues, would not thunder back the answer: "No! No! No!"

Freemen, taught and trained by the foremost men of their day to know and appreciate the principles of the government

founded by their fathers, they understood the issues forced upon them; they knew the blessings of peace, and loved the Union. But they loved liberty and justice more, and shrank not from war to defend and secure them. In proof, see their spring to fill the ranks of the army, young and old, rich and poor, from town and village, mountain and plain, homes on the river and "by the sounding sea." Professors and students deserted the halls of learning; lawyers and judges abandoned the bar and the bench; physicians left their practice in quiet homes for the surgeon's horrid work; political leaders, tried and true, exchanged the forum for the camp; officers of the army and navy resigned their commissions and offered to the States that gave them birth their swords and their skill; ministers, farmers, merchants, mechanics, and laborers turned from the beneficent pursuits of peace to tread the bloody paths of war, and all cheered on by the smiles and prayers of mothers and wives, sisters and sweethearts, than whom none fairer, purer, nobler, and braver ever adorned and blessed any land beneath the sun.

Would we further see who and what manner of men they were? Look for a moment at some of their leaders, whose fame has been so widely blown and whose names still thrill with emotions so deep and strong the hearts of us who followed them. Ashby, "knightly as knightliest Bayard could crave;" Stuart, "bold as the Lion Heart, dauntless and brave;" Forrest, that born genius for war, almost always "there first with the most men and ready to mix with 'em;" Beauregard, the gallant; Taylor, worthy son of a noble sire; and a host of others, with him of whom our president said, "If one head, one heart, and one hand could have saved the Confederacy, that hand and heart and head were lost when Albert Sidney Johnston fell at Shiloh;" or that hero who came amongst us—

"At first he lowly knelt;
Then, gathering up a thousand spears,
He swept across the field of Mars,
Then bowed farewell and walked beyond the stars,"

but not until his

"Cross Keys unlock new paths to fame,
And Port Republic's story
Wrests from his ever-vanquished foes
Fresh tribute to his glory;"

or him who

"Down into history grandly rides,
Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,
The gray-bearded man in the black slouch hat,"

of whom we and all the ages sing with Father Ryan:

"Go, Glory, and forever guard
Our chieftian's hallowed dust;
And, Honor, keep eternal ward;
And, Fame, be this thy trust!

Go with your bright emblazoned scroll,
And tell the years to be
The first of names to flash your roll
Is ours—great Robert Lee!"

And one more, the grand old man from the banks of the Mississippi—need I name him?—who, undeterred by the clamor his every public appearance evoked, undismayed by the cruel and cowardly attacks of his enemies, and the still bitterer and cowardlier defection of former friends, gave the best efforts of his declining days, as he had given the full power of his prime, to the vindication of the principles upon which the Southern Confederacy was founded, and for which her sons

* Rev. G. W. Finley, of Virginia, made the beautiful memorial address at New Orleans, and, though late, it now appears in full in the VETERAN.

and daughters strove and suffered with a courage and devotion unsurpassed, if ever equaled, in all the annals of time.

"Ah, they chained his feeble frame,
But they could not chain his thought,
Nor the right for which he fought;
And they could not chain his fame,
But they riveted his name
To the hearts of you and me;"

as worthy now our love and homage as when we hailed him "chief" on Manassas's bloody plains—our first, our last, our only President!

Despite the too frequent misrepresentation and heedless misunderstanding of their motives and conduct, the world, happily, is coming more and more to see and acknowledge that such men and their leaders were not—aye, could not have been—moved by any ignoble impulse or insufficient cause to dare and to endure, as they did, four long years of bloody strife; but were true patriots contending for principles and rights they could not yield without a struggle, save at the cost of their manhood and honor. They had heard, like their great leader, the call of Duty—"that stern daughter of the voice of God, ever the most potent inducement to noblest service"—and, true to their birth and traditions, were ready to follow with swift and steady step wherever she might lead. The great questions of constitutional rights had been made clear to them by the profoundest students of history, philosophy, and ethics, the wisest and purest statesmen their land had ever known. When these rights were imperiled, and even denied, they sought most earnestly, as their fathers had long been doing, by all available means peacefully to secure and maintain them; and, when all these failed, their spirit and purpose may best be seen in the noble answer of John B. Baldwin, who, when a prominent politician of the North after the fall of Fort Sumter and the proclamation of Mr. Lincoln wrote, asking, "What will the Union men of Virginia do now?" replied: "There are now no Union men in Virginia. But those who were Union men will stand to their arms and make a fight which shall go down in history as an illustration of what a brave people can do in defense of their liberties after having exhausted every means of pacification." How splendidly those words were fulfilled, let the record all the way from Philippi and Big Bethel to Bentonville and Appomattox answer, as the "men who wore the gray" made theirs

" . . . the land that is blessed with their dust,
And bright with the deeds of the downtrodden just;
The land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past."

Of their superb courage in battle, of their cheerfulness, patience, and fortitude in camp and on the march, in the dreary and deadly prisons of their captors, as, half-clothed and worse than half-fed, they marched and fought against odds that might have justified the bravest in yielding—there is no need for me to speak at length, but I will borrow and apply to them words once spoken by a gifted son of Virginia: "This much is undoubtedly true: They heroically maintained the principles for which the South contended with an eye that never quailed, with a cheek that never blanched, a step that never faltered, a courage that never flinched, a fortitude that never failed, a fidelity that even captivity could not repress, and with a constancy even unto death," and thus "upheld a conflict which was the miracle of the age in which it occurred and will be the romance of the future historian."

Such was the Confederate soldier in war, until, yielding to

overwhelming numbers and resources, he sadly, yet tenderly and proudly, furled that banner he had borne and defended with valor and devotion so splendid.

Grand in war, what was he when

"The long, hard fight was done,
Silenced was every gun,"

and

"When came the bitter end, the bugle blew
Its last sad note that brought the blinding tears
Down wasted cheeks, from eyes that only knew
Honor and death through all the weary years?"

Sour and sullen, did he turn to his desolated home to sit idly down and curse the fate that had wrought such wreck and ruin? Disfranchised, pursued, and harassed through all those dark reconstruction days by the cruel hate not of his soldier foes but of corrupt and scheming politicians, with few resources save his own brave heart and indomitable will and the recuperative powers of a land on which shone the Southern sun—see him take up and manfully bear the burdens of life until wasted lands again waved with bountiful harvests, cities rose from their ashes and, with new ones that sprang from his enterprise and energy, adorned the land as busy marts of trade, while field and forest echoed and reechoed with the roar of the multitudinous wheels of prosperous industry.

Steadily came the recognition of his quality until the high places in commerce and manufacture, in schools of learning and legislative halls, in courts of law and in pulpits that proclaimed the "gospel of the blessed God," sought and claimed him as their own.

The history of the wonderful development and prosperity of our land for the past thirty years is largely the record of the energy, wisdom, and skill of such men as Echols, Hotchkiss, and Randolph, of Virginia; Vance, Ransom, and Carr, of North Carolina; Hampton and the Haskels, of South Carolina; Gordon and Howell, of Georgia; Herbert and Jones, of Alabama; Lamar and Walthall, of Mississippi; Nichols, of Louisiana; Reagan, of Texas; Young, of Kentucky; with the host of their compeers from their sister States.

And when once more "the war drums throbbed" and bugles called for brave hearts and strong arms to uphold the common flag of a reunited people against a foreign foe, side by side with the sons of the North and West marched our Wheeler and our Lee, with their sons and ours, to show that at duty's call their loyal hearts, unchilled by age, still flamed with the fires that glowed in their breasts of old.

Comrades, all imperfect as this sketch of the Confederate is, would it not be much more so if we fail to remember how,

"Back of lines that never quailed
Far from battle banners' flash,"

there ever stood that noble band—the foremost of the heroic spirits that made the man in gray what he was—the women of our Southland? If, as has been so well and beautifully said by one whose battle-scarred form lends added force to the eloquence he delights to use in behalf of the Confederate cause, "there can be no heroism without self-sacrifices," then "her sacrifices were greater, as her courage was more sublime even than that of the soldier who carried the tattered battle flag, leaped into the "imminent deadly breach," and gave his body to the sword and to the shot and shell of battle. She was the soldier's best and truest friend in the war, as she has been in peace his helpmate and consolation. Hers, too, was the greatest glory; and as the circle, whose line hath neither beginning nor end, is the emblem of eternity, so must our silent

and reverent homage to her memory be the sign of our adoration which no word of the lip and no image of poesy or brush or chisel could express save to narrow and diminish." Mothers and Daughters of the Confederacy, reverently and loyally we salute you to-day. For well we know that the "sun that went down on the stricken field of Appomattox had seemed gone to rise no more for the Confederate soldier had not the Confederate woman remained to sustain and soothe with her unfaltering trust and deathless fortitude."

Surely in this presence and on such an occasion I need not hesitate, before bringing this sketch to a close, to point to the record of the Southern soldier as a "soldier of the cross." Our honored Chaplain General, in his valued book, "Christ in the Camp," has shown how readily and generally the preaching of the gospel was received, and how many, from Davis, Lee, Jackson, Polk, and Stuart, down to the humblest private, loved and followed Jesus and gave to the world Christian lives and characters so beautiful, so pure, and so strong. Nor is it an unseemly boast when I advert to the fact that the Churches and synagogues of our land, Jew and Gentile, Romanist and Protestant, and the blessed and uplifting influences that have flowed from them, owe so much under God to the old Confederates who have filled and are filling their pews and pulpits. As examples, recall such names as Hoge, Dabney, and him for whom the tears of this city and the South are still falling—the gifted and princely Palmer—Jones and Broadus, Duncan and Granbury, Repass, Capers, and Peterkin, with the host of those trained with and by them to meet and to discharge their duty to themselves, their country, and their God.

O comrades, if, alas! there be any among us who now as of old, so true to other claims upon their hearts and lives, have never yet given allegiance to the great Captain of Salvation, may I not plead with you in his name to enlist under his banner, while I tenderly remind you that "there is nothing great but God, there is nothing solemn but death, there is nothing momentous but judgment," and that "he who seeks any enduring portion from anything lower than the skies, from anything less stable than the heavens, from anything less sufficient than God, is doomed to disappointment. The man with a mortal body inhabited by an immortal soul, drifting to an eternal future without preparation for it, is like a richly freighted ship sailing round and round in an open sea, bound for no port, and which, by and by, goes down in darkness and storm."

One by one, as the sad roll call we have heard to-day so clearly shows, we are marching with ever-nearer step to the grave. Soon at the latest each of us will have made his last march and fought his last battle. May we so prepare for that hour that every one of us may by God's grace and love be ready, and, following still our departed chieftains, "take our places among those who have nobly fought and grandly triumphed," with the hand of truth and love to write above our graves: "Here lie true Confederates and Christian soldiers."

And now, comrades, as best we could we have discharged the duty assigned us. Do we not well to claim for the Confederate soldier in peace and in war the honor, love, and praise due to what is best and noblest in man? Of such were those who have passed away since last this grand Camp met. Other and abler tongues than mine have told and will tell you how well they filled their places. While Virginia and Louisiana mourn their Randolph and their Moorman, their sisters weep for sons as worthy. As we stand in thought beside their graves, let us take up the song of some who loved and honored our living and our dead, and sing with them how

"A king once said of a prince struck down,
'Taller he seems in death,'
And this speech holds truth, for now as then,
'Tis after death that we measure men,
And as mists of the past are rolled away,
Our heroes who died in their tattered gray
Grow taller and larger in all their parts,
And fill our minds as they fill our hearts;
And for those who lament them, there's this relief,
That Glory sits by the side of Grief,"

for

"Their names, like bayonet points when massed,
Blaze out as we gaze upon that past.

That past is now an arctic sea

Where the living currents have ceased to run;

But over that past the fame of Lee

Shines out as "The Midnight Sun;"

And that glorious orb in its march sublime

Shall gild their graves till the end of time."

Aye,

"Time shall not dim their memory. The web

The spider weaves may hang across the mouth

Of the dismantled cannon, and the ebb

And flow of erstwhile battle in the South

Be but the shadowy gleam,

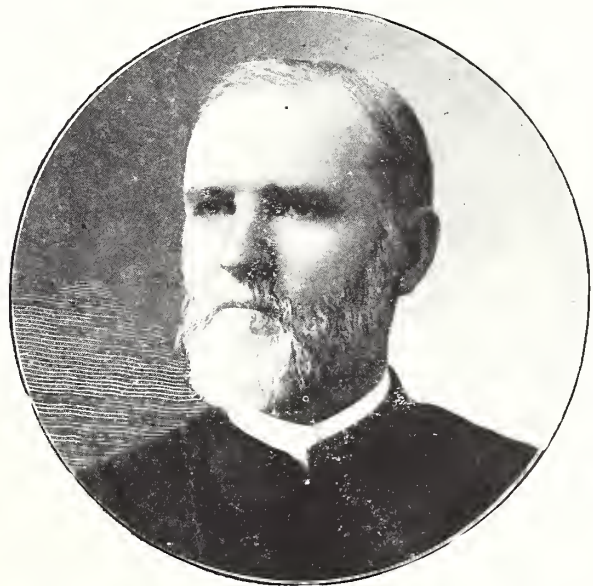
Of a long-vanished dream,

But over all their deeds shall loom supreme, telling

Through all the years the story of their faith,

Their love of truth, of freedom, and of duty,

While stands the Sacred Hill or flows the Shining River."



REV. G. W. FINLEY.

Rev. G. W. Finley served in Armistead's and Garnett's Brigades of Pickett's Division, A. N. V., as First Lieutenant, Co. K, Fifty-Sixth Regiment Virginia Infantry. Garnett's Brigade participated in the charge on Cemetery Hill, July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg. He was captured on that hill and held as prisoner until May 14, 1865. He is now pastor of the Tinkling Spring Church, Va., and Chaplain of the Third Brigade, Virginia Division, U. C. V., on the staff of Brigadier General H. C. Michie.

REUNION AT FRANKLIN, N. C.

The reunion at Franklin, N. C., this year was an event of widespread interest. It lasted two days—Friday and Saturday, September 4, 5. The ladies were in charge of the dinner, hence it was a feast. Maj. N. P. Rankin drilled and marched the old boys as when they were in their teens. Rev. E. L. Bain preached at the Methodist Church, taking as his text Ephesians vi. 14, 15: "Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace."

At ten A.M. Saturday the Camp held a business meeting, which was presided over by Maj. N. P. Rankin, Commander. Three new members were received. The Commander was authorized to appoint four delegates to the State reunion.

The death of Comrade John H. Matlock, June 25, 1903, was announced, and his name was ordered to be put on "The Last Roll."

Maj. Rankin addressed the Camp, suggesting that a memorial association be formed for Macon County, and that an effort be made to erect a monument on the public square of Franklin to the memory of the soldiers who volunteered from that county in the War between the States.

R. Q. Mallard, D.D., of New Orleans, La., having been invited to address the veterans at eleven o'clock, he spoke for fifty minutes in a very interesting manner, which was much enjoyed by the veterans and people.

After a resolution of thanks to Dr. Mallard and Rev. Mr. Bain for their services, which was adopted by a rising vote, the Camp adjourned and the reunion disbanded.

The assistance of the good people of Franklin in furnishing aid in procuring rations was much appreciated by the veterans.

A. A. Howe, of the First Maine Battalion, Company A, a veteran of the Federal army, was present, and handled the drum.

One hundred and thirty veterans attended.

Veterans of the old North State maintain a dignity and pride in their extraordinary record that is most commendable. They were slow to espouse the cause of their sister States of the South, but when once enlisted they were there "the whole war to stay," and they are still doing more to perpetuate a history of their achievements than any other State. Their roster includes every honorably discharged soldier of those who survived the Confederate war.

ILLINOIS DEDICATION AT SHILOH POSTPONED.—Capt. J. W. Irwin, of Savannah, Tenn., wrote September 28: "Having informed you that Illinois would dedicate her monuments at Shiloh October 6, 7, I write to notify you that this ceremony has been postponed until April 6, 7, 1904. This change has been made by the Illinois State Commission because of the low stage of the rivers and the uncertainty of transportation."

Miss Myrtle Lawson, of Hopkinsville, Ky., desires the war record of Maran Dew, knowing nothing further than that he was killed during the war, though thinks he joined the army of Sumner County, Tenn. Any comrade remembering him may serve her.

FINGER RING OF LIEUT. A. C. GRAHAM, SEVENTH TEXAS.—J. Ogden Murray writes from Winchester, Va.: "Some months ago, as chairman of a committee appointed by the Gen. Turner Ashby Camp, U. C. V., of this place, to remove the bodies of



OFFICERS CHARLES L. ROBINSON CAMP NO. 947, U. C. V., FRANKLIN, TENN.
1. Maj. N. P. Rankin, Commander. 2. C. L. Luther, First Lieutenant Commander. 3. E. Ioe, Second Lieutenant Commander. 4. W. A. Curtis, Adjutant. 5. W. R. Stallcup, Quartermaster. 6. G. A. Campbell, Commissary. 7. J. G. Bates, Third Lieutenant Commander.

some Confederate soldiers killed in 1862 at Bruceton to Mt. Hebron Cemetery, Winchester, I found in the coffin of First Lieut. A. C. Graham, Company One, Fifth Texas, a ring which had been buried with him all these years. It would give me great pleasure to deliver it to some one of his family if living, or near relative. Will you please print this note in the VETERAN, as it might be the means of restoring the ring to the proper person?"

S. W. Brooker, President of the Confederate Soldiers' Relief Association at Columbia, S. C., acting for the association, makes inquiry concerning the bequest of Mrs. S. P. Lees, of New York, of \$60,000 to survivors of the Confederacy. Notice of this bequest was published in the VETERAN for April, 1902, but nothing further is known about it. Any one informed as to the conditions of this benefaction will confer a favor by writing to Mr. Brooker or to the VETERAN.

HOLDING A BRIDGE FOR FORREST.

BY E. MILLER, CANTON, MISS.

It is not always the largest battles that are the bloodiest, as witnessed by the little fight of which I wish to write, and mention of which I have never seen.

During the latter part of 1863 there was organized in Atala, Leake, and Holmes Counties, Miss., a company of boys. None of us were over eighteen years of age, except our captain, John Kennedy, who was nineteen and had seen two years' service in the cavalry. I was just eighteen, and was first lieutenant. As soon as mustered in we were ordered to report to Gen. Wirt Adams at Jackson, Miss., and he assigned us to Col. Griffith's Eleventh and Seventeenth consolidated Arkansas Regiment. In a short time we were ordered to report to Gen. Forrest at Tupelo. From that time on we were in all the battles fought by that great military genius. At Harrisburg we had six killed and ten wounded out of our boy company.

But the bloody little fight of which I write was a few days after that. Our troops were on the move when Kennedy was ordered to report in person to Gen. Forrest, who ordered him to take his company and a detail of twenty-five from another company, making about seventy-five in all, and to hold a long, tall bridge that spanned a river (Big Black, I think it was), and extending some distance out in the swamp on each side. Kennedy's orders were to hold the bridge at all hazards until sundown, and under no circumstances was he to burn it. It was about 2 P.M. before the troops had all passed over, and we began to make preparation for emergencies, confident that the enemy would soon be up. We first took up some planks about the middle of the bridge, which was about three hundred yards long; then began to fortify our position, which commanded the bridge. On our side of the river there was a rail fence along the road, and a low, marshy swamp on the other. We had scarcely finished making breastworks out of the rails before the enemy appeared on the opposite side. Their advance guard rode out on the bridge until they reached the opening we made by removing the planks, which they had not noticed until they were right on it. We opened on them in their huddled-up position a murderous fire, which we kept up until the few that were left, and able to do so, retreated rapidly. After the smoke cleared away we saw that the passage by the bridge was completely blocked with dead men and horses. Their reinforcements were hurried up, with three pieces of artillery. Fortunately the ground was such that their shells went over us, and our rail breastworks protected us fairly well from the rifles of their dismounted men. Up to this time we had only two killed and three or four wounded. We were congratulating ourselves on our success when some one discovered a line of Yankees advancing on the rear of our right. When first discovered they were not more than a hundred yards away, deployed as skirmishers, slowly feeling their way through the switch cane that covered the swamp. Orders were whispered down our line to hold our fire, for as yet they had not located us exactly. When they came within fifty or sixty yards of us we opened on them. For a moment they were in confusion, but their officer soon rallied them and, ordered a charge, placing himself at their head. They made a rush, firing as they came, but when within forty steps of us they were stopped by a deep slough (of which we were not aware) filled with water. Under our rapid fire they were compelled to fall back again, which they did in great confusion, but leaving seven of our boys dead and a number wounded. Again we were congratulating ourselves that the bridge was

safe and the fight over, when we saw the enemy coming, the same line re-formed, still farther to our right and rear, evidently with the purpose of avoiding the slough that had stopped their first attempt; but they were mistaken, for the slough, as we discovered afterwards, was an old cut-off of the river in the shape of a horseshoe, and filled with water when the river rose as it then was. Their second charge was as dashing as their first. This time the bend in the slough brought them within thirty steps of us before they came to a halt. As they began to give away again under our fire, Capt. Kennedy ordered us to charge, which we did up to the slough from our side, and some of the boys went in up to their shoulders; but our exposure cost us dear. The enemy on the opposite side of the river, as well as those in front, were pouring their fire upon us. It was now sundown, and we prepared to withdraw according to our orders. We found that sixteen of our little command were dead and eighteen wounded. We counted thirty-seven dead Yankees along the edges of the slough and as far in the switch cane as we could see, to say nothing of those on the bridge, which we could not see for the dead horses. We reached Gen. Forrest's headquarters about midnight. He was so well pleased with Capt. Kennedy's report that the latter ventured to ask him how he happened to select him with such a small force for such a perilous job, to which the "old man" replied: "Because I thought you were d— fool enough to stay there." Our company was paroled at Crystal Springs, Miss. If Capt. Kennedy is alive, and will write me, I will return him his old army pistol, which I've kept all these years in remembrance of him.

THE LAST MAN KILLED IN THE WAR.

Judge R. C. Beckett, of West Point, Miss., thinks the last man killed in the Confederate service was in his regiment. He states: "I was a member of Armistead's Regiment of Mississippi Cavalry at the surrender. When Mobile was captured by the Yankee squadron we retreated up the Mobile & Ohio railroad to State Line Station, Miss. The next day after leaving Mobile we had a small skirmish with the advance guard of the Federal army, which was following us, and one man in our regiment was killed. This was about the 4th or 5th of May, 1865, and I remember talking about it after we had surrendered that our regiment had the last man killed that was killed in the war, and I think it is a fact. The exact date of this man's death could no doubt be ascertained if necessary, and it would be an interesting historical event to establish."

NEW CAMP AT BEAVER DAM, VA.

Thomas Shannon, Assistant Adjutant of Stonewall Camp, Portsmouth, Va., reports the organization of a Camp at Beaver Dam, Isle of Wight County, Va., by Col. William H. Stewart, Assistant Inspector General of the Grand Camp of Virginia. A meeting was called for this special purpose, and at the conclusion of addresses by Cols. Griffin and Stewart the organization was perfected by electing the following officers: Commander, Jacob T. Bradshaw; Lieutenant Commanders, John W. Robertson, J. P. Rhodes, J. J. Andrews; Adjutant, D. L. Butler; Quartermaster, W. H. Beale; Surgeon, Dr. T. H. Barnes; Chaplain, Spencer Carr; Treasurer, Timothy Hays; Sergeant Major, John Beale; Vidette, J. P. Whitfield; Color Sergeant, James H. Butler. This meeting was thoroughly enjoyed by the attendants, and the occasion will long linger pleasantly in memory.



"What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
 'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap.
 But strew his ashes to the wind,
 Whose sword or voice has blessed mankind;
 And is he dead whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high?
 To live in hearts we leave behind
 Is not to die."

WIFE OF GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE.

A friend of the family writes from Mississippi:

"The death at her home in Columbus, Miss., a few weeks ago, of Mrs. Regina Harrison Lee, wife of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, is very widely lamented. As a young girl during the War between the States, when the hospitals at Columbus were filled with the sick and wounded of both armies, she was ever among the first in those gentle ministrations that gave relief to tortured bodies and minds. And in this service the same solicitude was shown for the Union soldiers as for the Confederate, all the good women of Columbus as well as Mrs. Lee (at that time Miss Regina Harrison) dispensing their charity alike to wounded friend and foe, though they themselves were intensely Confederate.

"During the twenty years in which Gen. Lee served as President of the Agricultural and Mechanical College Mrs. Lee was the good angel of the boys, exerting ever a wonderful influence over them by reason of her gentle, motherly interest and sweet, kindly disposition. She was a daily visitor to the hospital whenever it had a tenant, and many there are who have reason to remember her for her earnest solicitude and tender nursing during hours of suffering. During Gen. Lee's incumbency as President more than 10,000 boys and young men were students at the A. and M. College, and not one of them but shared in some way in the kindly interest of Mrs. Lee. Thus it is that so many in every part of this country and in foreign lands will learn of the death of this good woman and feel it a personal bereavement."

TRIBUTE BY THE U. D. C. OF MISSISSIPPI.

In the death of Mrs. Stephen D. Lee, our Honorary President, the great heart of the Southern people is heavy to-day and shrinks beneath the burden of grief and loving sympathy that is laid upon it by the sorrow of one we dearly love—a statesman and soldier whose name shines with brilliance in Mississippi's galaxy of noble sons (Gen. Stephen D. Lee), but whose heart now quivers beneath the stroke of the chastening rod, and whose home lies within shadows so dense that the gloom creeps forth and falls upon loyal Southern hearts the broad land over.

In the peace and quiet of her stately ancestral home in Columbus, Miss., amid the scenes of her happy youth and happier womanhood, among her own and her husband's friends, and with her best beloved beside her, this woman who had bravely lived and nobly served as friend, as wife, as mother, "fell on sleep" and entered into rest.

With the passing of this splendid representative of the Southern gentlewoman of *ante-bellum* days—a gentlewoman

born and reared and lavishly dowered with all that was best of the South's culture and refinement—another golden link has fallen away from the rapidly shortening chain that blends the life of to-day with the beautiful yesterday.

Mrs. Lee was the daughter of one of Mississippi's most distinguished sons and brilliant lawyers, James P. Harrison, who bestowed upon his little girl a name which was prophetic—Regina. And from the care-free childhood days on to the days of her splendid maturity she proved on every side her right to the royal title.

Within ancestral halls she ruled right royally in girlhood's realm, and later of her husband's heart and home she proved the queen. In darker days, when war clouds enshrouded her beloved country, her reign was extended and her throne found anchor in the hearts of the splendid men who followed her soldier-husband through the four years' agony.

Again in later life, when silver threads had twined the crown of age about her brow, she found her realm within the hearts of thousands of Mississippi boys who studied at the A. and M. College while her husband was President. And never was queen more loyally loved and served with truer devotion.

That she merited the love and honor which overflowed her latter days is proven by the strength with which she trod the uneven, thorn-pricked path of life, and the courage she displayed in overcoming the obstacles with which all Southern women had to contend in those years.

She was the "true descendant of a patriot line," and throughout his distinguished career strengthened her husband's courage and comforted his heart as he forged onward to eminence which his splendid worth achieved.

For many years the heavy burden of invalidism had been upon this frail woman, but her courage never faltered even when her family and most eminent physicians lost all hope. Bravely, cheerfully, she set her heart to the task of accepting the will of Him who doeth all things well, and was thus triumphant to the end.

Always a devoted friend of the soldiers who fought beside her husband, Mrs. Lee, in late years, gave added thought and affection to the remnant that is left, and her home in Columbus grew to be headquarters for all work and workers in the cause we love. There the veterans loved to gather, and there they found a tender greeting and gracious hospitality. There the Daughters learned to go in person or by letter, as pilgrims go to the Mecca of their love and hope; nor did one ever turn away not comforted.

To-day the gentle spirit that had sweetened life for so many has passed on, and is at rest beyond the river beneath the shade of the trees, where we know she has found many thousands of those who exchanged the ragged gray jacket for the shining robes "that saints immortal wear."

Behind her she has left the veterans hastening on to join their comrades now at rest and the great army of Daughters, each one of whom should strive to keep as a precious gift the memory of such service as these noble women gave to God and home and native land.

In the grief-darkened home of the Lees, the husband, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, the only son, Blewett, the sister, Miss Mary Harrison, and the brother, Gov. James T. Harrison, mourn together, but are comforted with a sympathy as wide as the land she loved.

CAPT. JOHN T. PURVIS.

Surrounded by a large assemblage of admirers and friends, John Turnbull Purvis, a gallant Confederate veteran, was recently laid to rest at Girod Cemetery, New Orleans, La.

LAURA DOAN STEELE.

Mrs. L. D. Steele, of Mexico, Mo., was born in Audrain County, Mo., near Mexico. She was the youngest daughter of Judge Hezekiah and Matilda (Berry) Doan. Her parents moved to Audrain County from Cynthiana, Ky. Judge Doan was one of the first judges of Audrain County.

Miss Laura Doan was a girl in her teens at the close of the war, but during the war and until her death always took an active part in any movement for the betterment of the Southern soldier. Capt. F. L. Pitts, former State Treasurer of Missouri, in writing of her work, recently said: "She was one of the best friends the Confederate soldier had, and did a great deal more good than a great many who were in the ranks."

Her brother Augustus was a Confederate soldier, and died of smallpox contracted in the army.

Mrs. Steele was an active member of the Southern Aid Society of Mexico, which was organized just after the war. Later, she was President of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and at her death was Vice President of the Blandford Memorial Association of Mexico.

She was indefatigable in her efforts to assist in raising money for the erection of the monument to our gallant dead at Springfield, Mo., and the last visit she made from home was to its unveiling.

At the famous Centralia Massacre, Mrs. Steele, then Miss Doan, was arrested and taken to the guardhouse, and made to wash and prepare the Union soldiers for burial. She and her father were arrested many times.

Miss Loua Steele, her only daughter, and her son, Master Lockridge Steele, have a relic left them by their mother—an autograph album sent to Mrs. Steele from Johnson's Island prison, February 24, 1864, by Capt. T. B. Wilson, captain of the Second Missouri Infantry. This album contains several hundred names, both officers and privates, who were captured and taken to that prison. She died July 22, 1902, having survived her husband, Robert S. Steele, a little over six years.

Only two children surviving, the youngest, Robert Lockridge Steele, and Loua Perrin Steele, who was State sponsor at St. Joseph in September, 1902, and maid of honor to sponsor at Columbia in September, 1903; also alternate for W. H. Kernan, who was appointed to represent the Confederate Camp at Dallas in April, 1902, from Mexico.

After reporting to the VETERAN (February, 1901) the work of the women of Mexico, Mo., for the State monument at Springfield, Mrs. Steele stated that it was the third time in her life that she had taken up this work. First in the Southern Aid Societies established in Missouri just after the war, and again for the Confederate Home at Higginsville; and she added, in compliment to the VETERAN: "But however much I may have done then and do now, I feel that it all sinks into nothingness compared with your noble and unselfish labors."

ELIE GANIER, MEMBER OF CAMP No. 32.

On October 4, 1903, the soul of the brave Elie Ganier passed away. He was born in St. James Parish, La., in 1839. His father, Francois Ganier, was a native of France, who came to Louisiana in 1820 and engaged in merchandising, afterwards in sugar-planting. He married Mademoiselle Heloise Le Bouef, a daughter of one of the oldest settlers in Louisiana. They reared a family of seven children—namely, Joseph, Prosper, Jules, Francois, Marie Louise, Eloide, and Elie Ganier—all of whom were educated in France. His daughters married and remained there, in the city of Nantes. His sons returned to the United States. Elie engaged in the business of a wine

merchant for a time, but soon closed the business to enter the service of the Confederacy. He and his brother Francois joined the St. James Chasseurs, and went to Virginia among the first volunteers. Francois was first lieutenant and Elie a noncommissioned officer. They were assigned to the Trans-Mississippi Department, under Kirby Smith. Both were wounded at the battle of Mansfield, Elie Ganier being shot in the knee. He was carried off the field and placed on a rude bench in a vacant church among many wounded, where he lay unattended for thirty-six hours. His leg was so swollen that his boot had to be cut off, and he was disabled for six months.



ELIE GANIER.

Through life he suffered from it, but by his indomitable fortitude he concealed the fact from the public. After the surrender of Gen. Lee, he purchased a cotton plantation in Madison Parish, where he spent thirty years in the cultivation of cotton.

As a citizen he was highly esteemed for his public spirit, his interest in the levees, where he first introduced the banquet or protection levee, which is now universally accepted as the best method of strengthening levees. As a social companion he was beloved for his generous hospitality, his refined humor, his modesty, and his incorruptible purity and honesty.

Comrade Ganier was married in 1877 to Miss Amanda Davis Mitchell, a daughter of Dr. C. J. Mitchell and a niece of President Jefferson Davis. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ganier were accomplished musicians, who charmed and delighted their friends by their performance on piano and violin. He leaves three sons—Elie, Mitchell, and Albert—all young men of promise and devoted to their widowed mother.

COL. GEORGE W. SCOTT.

Col. George W. Scott, of Decatur, Ga., founder and supporter of the Agnes Scott Institute, died on the morning of October 4. He was a member of a distinguished and prominent family of Pennsylvania, but came South in 1850 on account of his health, and had been identified with its interests ever since. He was well known in Georgia and Florida, and esteemed for his many high qualities. He fought for the Confederacy, and was made colonel of a regiment. He partici-

pated prominently in the battle of Olustee, in which the Federals were badly beaten, and in the battle of Natural Bridge helped to save the capital of Florida from capture. This was the only Southern capital not captured during the war. When the war closed he was colonel in command of Middle and West Florida and part of South Georgia.

Although the war left him ruined financially, he had won the good opinion and regard of every man in his State, and in 1866 was nominated for Governor over his own vigorous protest, but was counted out by the military power controlling Florida. His business ventures had been remarkably successful, and at his death he possessed a large fortune. He gave bountifully to charity, and in a way that was not known. Above everything else he loved his family, the Agnes Scott Institute, named for his mother, and the cause of the Confederacy, being one of the most devoted Southerners of the State. Every year he sent to Florida for a Confederate badge, which he prized highly.

GEORGE MARSHALL FRANCISCO.

Commander George M. Francisco, of the John H. Marmaduke Camp, Marshall, Mo., died on the 5th of October, aged sixty years. He had served but a month as Commander of the Camp. He was born at Marshall in 1843, and was taken, when an infant, to Virginia by his parents to grow up in the land of his forefathers. When the war broke out he was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, and, although only seventeen years of age, with manly heart he enlisted in the cause of his country and served her faithfully for four long years, enduring the vicissitudes of war with unflinching courage in prison, the camp, and the field.

Comrade Francisco went back to Missouri after the war, and from 1867 was almost continuously a citizen of Marshall, living a life full of all that is best in humanity. Resolutions of respect were passed by a committee from the Camp composed of Messrs. D. F. Bell, G. W. Lankford, and R. W. Nicolds.

COL. L. SPRATT.

Col. Leonidas Spratt, one of the surviving members of the South Carolina Secession Convention, died in Jacksonville, Fla., on the 4th of October, in his eighty-fifth year. He had advocated secession strenuously, and was sent by the Convention as its ambassador to Florida to induce that State to cast its lot with South Carolina, in which he succeeded. He was editor of the *Southern Standard*, established in Charleston in 1853, and had written several well-known scientific books. Col. Spratt was a cousin of President Polk.

N. B. FORREST CAMP—HISTORIAN'S REPORT.

BY JOHN W. FAXON, CHATTANOOGA.

Comrades: As living soldiers of the South, spared by a gracious Father to return to our homes from a fratricidal war scarcely equaled, in its destructive effects, by any war in the history of the world; many of us growing weaker and more tremulous each year as we assemble to decorate the graves of our heroes, or drop a tear in memory of those who have been called within a twelvemonth "to report to the headquarters of eternity"—we have come to-day to commemorate our dead as brothers of a cause, in which we hold a common interest yet, as dear and near to us as when we faced the storms of destruction or charged a determined foe. It is now time for reflection. As we read over the names and deeds of those who so recently gave us a cordial greeting, we cannot but wonder why they have been translated from earth, while the all-wise

Ruler has permitted us to still abide. It is only a few short months, or years at best, when we shall each of us have to answer to the bugle call from above.

"Man lives to-day,

To-morrow he is gone;

And when he passes from the eyes of men,
Even so soon he passes from the mind."

If we are not ready to-day to meet the great change from life unto death, will we be ready to-morrow? A true soldier never incurs the risks or dangers of uncertainties.

Since we last assembled in this sanctuary on a similar occasion ten of our comrades have proven to us the frailty of human life, and have, like a shadow, quickly passed from our vision, we trust to a glorious reward.

S. K. PHILLIPS was born in Washington City, on the Maryland side, October 7, 1833. He was reared and educated in Maryland. His occupation was that of an accountant. He entered the Confederate service in 1861, at Big Shanty, Ga., as a private in Company I, Fourth Georgia Regiment of Infantry. He was discharged twice on account of deafness, but volunteered the third time in his old regiment. He had served in the war department at Washington. His efficiency as an accountant and his inefficient hearing caused him to be transferred to the War Department of the South. However, he went through the Kentucky campaign with Gen. Bragg, and after the return of our army to Tennessee he was assigned to Vicksburg, where he passed through that notable siege and surrendered with the Confederate army. He was afterwards detailed as chief clerk and disbursing officer of Gen. Gabbott, who was in charge of the Niter and Mining Bureau. In May, 1865, he was paroled at Talladega, Ala. He never lost a day from his regiment, never having had a furlough nor asked for one. After the establishment of Chickamauga Military Park, he was appointed to a position, which he held until 1898, when his health failed, and he was sent to the Confederate Soldiers' Home, near Nashville, Tenn., where he died November 15, 1902, and he was buried in the soldiers' cemetery. He was a man of brilliant attainments, a genial companion, a poet of merit, and one who was ever faithful to the cause he so robustly espoused. He held the position of Historian of this Camp at one time, which he filled most efficiently.

CAPT. G. M. CLARK was born in Haywood County, N. C., July 28, 1845. He enlisted as a private in Company E, Sixth North Carolina Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia, April 4, 1861. His company was on detached service for about twelve months with the Thomas Legion. He was wounded in the battle of Malvern Hill in the seven days' fight around Richmond, and was captured near Jonesboro, Tenn., in November, 1863, and paroled in 1865. His rank at the close of the war was captain. He resided in Chattanooga at the time of his death, March 7, 1903. By occupation he was a carpenter. His remains were buried by the Camp in the Confederate cemetery.

CAPT. H. M. MIDDLETON was born August 20, 1835, in Gwinnett County, Ga. He enlisted in Company H, Thirty-Ninth Georgia Regiment, as lieutenant, in March, 1862. He was wounded at Mission Ridge; was captured at Vicksburg July 4, 1863, again at Summerville, Ga., February 22, 1864, and released July 25, 1865. He resided in this city for a number of years, and was at one time connected with the Morrison Lumber Company, and later was elected justice of the peace. He died suddenly at his home in this city March 28, 1903. He was most highly esteemed for his many virtues. He was buried with the honors of the Camp in the citizens' cemetery here.

C. P. ROBERTSON was born in Habersham County, Ga.,

in 1845. He enlisted in the Confederate army about the 13th of August, 1861, at Clarksville, Ga. He was in the infantry service, but the records furnish no information as to the number of the regiment or the name of his company. He served from private to captain. He was wounded at the battles of Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, was captured at Front Royal, and was in prison at Washington City and Elmira, N. Y. After being in prison for eight months, he was exchanged at Bermuda Hundred, and surrendered at Appomattox C. H. in April, 1865. His residence was Chattanooga, and his occupation a merchant. He died April 25, 1903, and was buried in the Confederate cemetery, this city.

LIEUT. COL. GARNETT ANDREWS was born in Washington, Ga., May 15, 1837. He entered the Confederate service April 5, 1861, at Savannah, Ga., when he was commissioned second lieutenant; promoted in May, 1861, to be first lieutenant; in June, 1861, he was detailed as acting adjutant general on the staff of Gen. H. R. Jackson, in the Army of Northern Virginia; commissioned captain and adjutant general of Provisional Army of Confederate States October 29, 1861. He was at Fredericksburg, Richmond, East Tennessee, Wilderness, Spottsylvania C. H., South Anna River, Second Cold Harbor, Bermuda Hundred, Petersburg, and Appomattox. He was promoted to major and adjutant general July 14, 1863. In November, 1864, he was assigned to command the Second Foreign Legion at Charlotte, N. C., the name of which was afterwards changed to the Eighth Battalion, Confederate Infantry, composed of six companies, of which he was lieutenant colonel. In the fight with Stoneman's Cavalry at Salisbury, N. C., April 12, 1865, he was badly wounded by a pistol shot through the shoulder and a saber thrust through the neck. He was slightly wounded at Spottsylvania C. H. and at Second Cold Harbor, but did not leave the field. He organized, by order of the Secretary of War, the local force of four thousand detailed men at Richmond, which were commanded by Gen. Custis Lee against the famous raids of Kilpatrick and Dahlgren. He fought with these troops at Brook's turnpike, where an assault by Dahlgren's troops was repelled. Col. Andrews posted the first picket line of Gen. Lee's along the river front at Fredericksburg on the night when the army first took position, at which time he was adjutant general of Drayton's Brigade, McLaw's Division of Longstreet's Corps. He had command of the detail which burned the long bridge at South Anna after Gen. Lee began his retreat to Cold Harbor, an exceedingly dangerous duty, but successfully performed. September 26, 1885, he was elected Commander of this Camp. As a charter member he worked faithfully in its organization. He was an able Commander and devoted to the Camp. He died at his residence in Chattanooga, Tenn., May 6, 1903, and was buried at his old Georgia home.

COMRADE N. C. FORD was also a charter member of this Camp. He was born in Campbell County, Va., March 6, 1833. He enlisted in the Confederate service June 20, 1861, as first lieutenant of Company A, Twenty-First Virginia Regiment of Infantry. His first fight was at the battle of Kinston. On the reorganization of the army in 1862, and reelection of officers, he was absent on sick leave and was not reelected. On recovering his health he joined Stuart's Horse Artillery as a private, and remained with them until the close of the war. He participated in the battles of Fredericksburg, Brandy Station, Spottsylvania, Trevilian Depot, Gettysburg, and in various actions from the time Grant crossed the Rappahannock until he reached Petersburg. He was in the retreat from Petersburg, and reached Lynchburg before learning of Gen. Lee's surrender. He was also with Stonewall Jackson from Win-

chester, Va., at Bath and Romney, and with Gen. Early at Winchester. He was never wounded nor taken prisoner. His home was in Chattanooga, where he died July 6, 1903.

L. V. GILBERT was born February 11, 1842, in Coosa County, Ala. His application for membership in this Camp, indorsed strongly by Hon. E. W. Pettus and Mr. F. L. Chadwick, of Alabama, had been favorably received and acted upon, but he was not elected to membership on account of his death. He enlisted at Perryville, Perry County, Ala., in August, 1861, in Company A, Twentieth Alabama Regiment, in the Western Army. He served also in Cheatham's Division and Hood's Corps. He was slightly wounded; was captured July 22, 1864, and released from prison March 22, 1865. He was a private, and his occupation after the war was that of carpenter. He resided in Chattanooga, where he died July 20, 1903. He was buried at Steele Station.

A. M. JOHNSON was born at Gainesville, Ga., January 31, 1830. He never enlisted in the service of the Confederacy, but served the South during the war in the railroad department. At one time he was superintendent of the Wills Valley Road (now the Alabama Great Southern Railway), and afterwards assisted in operating the Macon & Brunswick, Atlanta & West Point, and the Georgia Railroad under Confederate military orders. He was a charter member of Forrest Camp. He died April 21, 1903, after a long illness.

JOHN A. COOPER was born in Hamilton County, Tenn., May 27, 1815. He enlisted in the Confederate army at Chattanooga in Capt. Thomas R. Mitchell's Company, Thirty-Fifth Tennessee Infantry, Gen. Ben Hill's Command, afterwards Gen. Pat Cleburne's. He was wounded at Chickamauga; captured at Jonesboro, N. C., May 1, 1865. He was paroled May 26, 1865, near Jonesboro, N. C. He resided in Chattanooga, and died September 21, 1903, and was buried at Forest Hill cemetery.

DAVID B. RANKIN was born in Marion County, Tenn., March 2, 1845. He formerly resided at Cleveland, Tenn. He was a merchant. He entered the Confederate service in May, 1863, at McMinnville, Tenn., in N. B. Collin's Company, Wheeler's Scouts, and was on detached service, scouting all the time. He was once captured, and escaped the same night with his horse. He was a charter member of this camp. He died at Red Bank, Hamilton County, Tenn., October 2, 1903, and was buried at his home October 3, 1903.

This ends the list of our departed comrades.

For them the last sad taps have sounded;
For them the "Rebel shout" is stayed;
But heaven's the happy camp, unbounded,
Where God's orders are obeyed.
There the Prince of Peace benignly
Lulls to rest the soul divinely.

R. N. COOLEY.

R. N. Cooley was a gallant member of Company A, Eleventh Tennessee Infantry, and served faithfully from May, '61, to the close of the war. His death occurred on May 2, 1903, in Memphis, Tenn., where he had gone for treatment. He was found by comrades at St. Joseph's Hospital of that city, dying alone and unattended by any of his family. He had left three children in Desha County, Ark., when he went to the hospital, and rather than distress them by the information of his dying condition, he bravely endured his suffering and died in loneliness. He lived as it becomes a man to live, and died as becomes a hero.

DR. S. H. STOUT.

Dr. Samuel Hollingsworth Stout, A.M., M.D., LL.D., was born in March, 1822; and died in September, 1903. Much has been published in the *VETERAN* from the pen of Dr. Stout. He was a native of Nashville.

Reaching his eighty-second year, more than three score years of his useful and valuable life he wrought most earnestly in behalf of his fellow-man; and to no one man in all that devoted band who formed the medical staff of the Army of the Confederate States was given such opportunities of relieving the sufferings and prolonging the lives of the rank and file who wore the gray. He availed himself of these advantages, and with self-sacrificing zeal and almost superhuman energy that was most commendable he achieved much. Systematic and methodical in everything, with a clearness of intellect and logical reasoning, never overlooking the rights of others, their peculiarities and environments, his services, whether as surgeon of Brown's (Third Tennessee) Regiment of Infantry during the first year of the great war or in the more arduous and responsible position he held during the three subsequent years of that memorable struggle as Medical Director of the Hospitals of the Army of Tennessee, are deserving of high commendation.

Although in comparatively good health for his advanced age, he evidently wrote with prophetic view, as if he apprehended that the end was near. Having recently removed from Dallas to Clarendon, he stated: "I am more satisfactorily situated here in Clarendon than I have ever been anywhere in Texas. (I have been in Texas twenty-one years.) I decline to visit patients, and I now have nothing to do save to work upon my records, write my 'Narrative,' and to take care of myself. My wife and I have greatly improved in health and strength since we have been here."

W. H. Reynolds, Commander of Birmingham, reports that Dr. A. C. Henry, a member of Camp Bedford Forrest No. 1387, U. C. V., of Woodlawn, Ala., died suddenly on September 24, 1903. Dr. Henry was a true and tried soldier. He was a surgeon in the Confederate army. At the time of his death he was a minister in the Christian Church, highly respected, and loved by all his comrades and friends. The Camp passed suitable resolutions in respect and honor to his many sterling qualities.

DANIEL M. HUETT.

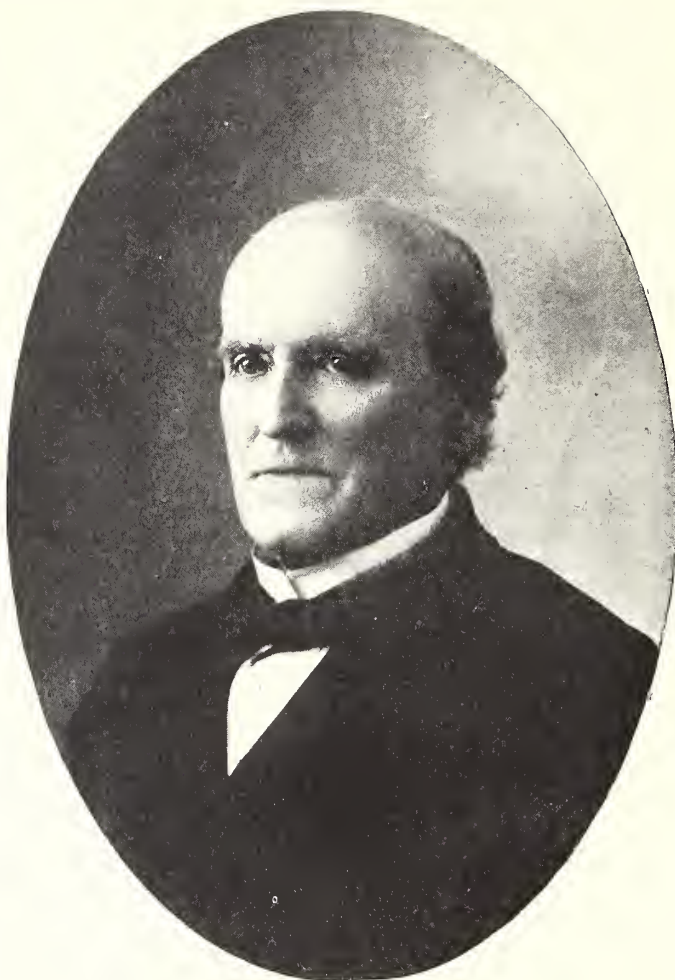
Daniel M. Huett, of Company C, Sixth Kentucky Infantry, died at his home near Burlington, Ky., September 9, 1903.

GEORGE W. STEELE.

George W. Steele, of Trousdale, Tenn., member of Leonidas Polk Bivouac and William Henry Trousdale Camp, died on April 5, 1903. He served as a private in Company E, Fifty-Third Tennessee Regiment, from January, 1862.

JAMES WILLIAM HOLT.

J. W. Holt, a member of R. A. Smith Camp, of Jackson, Miss., died on September 11, 1903, in his seventy-first year. Comrade Holt was one of the first to enlist in the Confederate army, and when the troops marched off in 1861 he left Woodville, Miss., as color bearer for the Wilkinson Rifles, Company K, Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment. He was soon promoted to ensign of the regiment, and it was the pride of his life to recount the grand charges of his command, how the colors were shot down and recovered, and his devotion



DR. S. H. STOUT.

to the bullet-riddled flag, emblem of his overpowered country. He served through the entire war, and in one of the last charges at Petersburg he received a fearful wound in the head, from which he had a long siege in the hospital. His Christian faith was perfect. No child ever trusted a devoted father more implicitly than he trusted his God and Saviour, whom he ever served in spirit and in truth.

MAJ. JOHN FOSTER HEARN.

Maj. John Foster Hearn, a native of Wilson County, Tenn., who served in the Fifteenth Tennessee Infantry, died in Mississippi several years ago. Information is wanted concerning his service. Kindly address the *VETERAN*. He was familiarly known as "Jack" Hearn.

P. M. GUERRANT.

P. M. Guerrant, son of Rev. Peter D. Guerrant, was born in North Carolina in 1863. When a small boy his family moved to Danville, Va. He was married to Miss Maria Cole in 1855, and moved to Kentucky in 1887. Up to the time of Mr. Guerrant's death, February 12, 1903, at Fulton, Ky., he lived a consistent life as a Christian, and as husband, father, and neighbor he was faithful in the discharge of every duty in life. He served for three years under Gens. Wheeler and Forrest, Second Kentucky Regiment, and was noted for his bravery.

HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE ASSOCIATION.

BY GEORGE A. BRANARD, SECRETARY AND TREASURER PERPETUAL,
HOUSTON, TEX.

The officers for the following year are Dr. Sam R. Burroughs, of the First Texas Regiment, President; W. H. Lessing, of the Fourth Texas, Vice President; Dr. J. C. Jones, of the Fourth Texas, reelected Surgeon (Dr. Jones was brigade surgeon at the Appomattox surrender); W. E. Copeland, of the Fourth Texas, reelected Chaplain. The office of Treasurer was made perpetual, and added to the office of Secretary, which also is perpetual. It is the wish of the Brigade Association for you to publish as much of its proceedings as you can conveniently do.

We had a fine reunion. Over eighty members answered to their names. Our numbers are growing less rapidly. In 1862, early in the spring, we numbered, all told, in the three regiments—First, Fourth, and Fifth Texas—4,000 men and officers, and at the surrender a little over 475. A large percentage of those who died were killed on the battlefield. I have in my possession the casualty list of our campaigns until May, 1864. Our next reunion is named for June 29 and 30, 1904. This change is to avoid meeting on Sunday. It will be held at Ennis, Tex.

The hearts of the survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade are with you, and we hope the VETERAN will be perpetuated as long as a survivor or a son of one lives.

ALABAMA REUNION AT BIRMINGHAM.

Thomas M. Owen, Commander of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans in Alabama, issues reunion orders for November 4, 5, at Birmingham, in which he states:

"Much important business will come before this meeting, and it is earnestly desired that there should be a full and enthusiastic attendance. Every Camp in the division *must* be represented. The Confederate veterans have their reunion at the same time, and this in itself should be an inspiration to all loyal Sons and arouse enthusiasm sufficient to bring delegations from all the Camps.

"Each Camp is entitled to one delegate for every ten active members in good standing on its rolls, and one additional for every fraction of five or more members, but every Camp in good standing is entitled to at least two delegates. Delegates must present written credentials, signed by the commandant and adjutant of their Camps.

"Camps should at once elect delegates, elect or appoint local sponsors, and pay the annual per capita tax. Commandants are requested to make a report on the general condition of the Camp, the historical work accomplished during the year, and the contributions made by the Camp to patriotic causes, giving names of the objects to which help has been given, etc.

"The annual oration will be made by Hon. Thomas Goode Jones, of Montgomery. This oration will be delivered before a joint meeting of the veterans, Sons of Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and visitors.

"For information at Birmingham, Hugh M. McNutt, Commander of Camp Clayton, will respond."

EVACUATING MORRIS ISLAND.

BY H. S. FULLER, MALVERN, ARK.

After the battle of Chancellorsville, Gen. Colquitt's Brigade, to which my regiment, the Twenty-Third Georgia Infantry, belonged, was ordered to Charleston, S. C., to form a part of the garrison at Morris Island. It was not a pleasant change for men who had been marching and fighting with the Army of Northern Virginia to be cooped up on a little sandy island

of not more than fifteen or twenty acres of land almost surrounded by a fleet of from fifty to sixty armed vessels carrying guns of the heaviest caliber, pouring their deadly missiles on us, and supported by land batteries of heavy artillery and mortars, to say nothing of their sharpshooters, who were ready and willing to pick us off if we ventured to show a hand above our fortification. It made the place almost intolerable day or night. During the day they would knock down so much of our fortifications, principally of sand, that it would require almost the entire force at the garrison to repair it through the night. Our walls were fifteen feet high and from twelve to fourteen feet thick, but their mortar batteries would throw their shells over in our midst, doing great damage, especially at night, when the detail of workers were repairing damages done during the day. On dark nights the lighted fuses to these shells would look like falling stars, and they would come sometimes in such showers as to appear that all the stars were falling at once. It was a veritable death trap, and it was a relief to us when we learned that the island was to be evacuated. On August 31, about 3 P.M., my regiment and a North Carolina regiment boarded a steamboat at Cummins Point, bound for Sullivan's Island, and the North Carolina regiment for James Island, on the opposite side of the harbor. For some reason, designedly or otherwise, the pilot of the boat took the wrong channel, and when about a mile and a half from land we came in range of the guns from Fort Moultrie, occupied by the enemy, and in a few moments they knocked our wooden steamboat into splinters, and she went down with a thousand or twelve hundred men on board. Fortunately, the channel was shallow at this point and the tide was out, which left the upper deck out of water, and we hung on to it through the night, anxiously looking for relief which did not come. We all knew what to expect when daylight would expose us to the fleets as well as the land batteries of the enemy, all of which were in easy range of us. The outlook was not made more hopeful by the fact that the tide had begun to come in and would soon sweep us off, except that it gave us the choice of either being drowned or shot to death by the enemy. Daylight came, and not a shot was fired at us; then sun-up, and still not a shot from the enemy. In the meantime our marine corps came to our relief, and in yaws and barges carried us over to Fort Sumter, landing the last of us about eight o'clock. The Yankees evidently saw our helpless condition and refrained from firing on us, for which I have always had the greatest respect for that particular command, but I've never understood why our marine corps was so slow in coming or attempting to come to our relief.

I wish to correct W. A. Day concerning his account of the charge on the Crater at Petersburg July 30, 1864, as it appeared in the August VETERAN. I was an eyewitness to the charge. My brigade occupied the works not over three hundred yards east of the Crater, and on ground elevated enough for us to see all that transpired. The memorable charge in the evening was made by Wright's Georgia Brigade, Wilcox's Alabama Brigade, and Mahone's Virginia Brigade. If there were any Tennesseans, South Carolinians, or North Carolinians engaged, it was at some other place than at the final assault made by the three brigades named.

THOUGHT HE HAD GEN. G. W. GORDON'S SPURS.

BY H. E. WAPD, 1023 22D ST., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

On the 9th of July, 1864, I was mustered out of Company F, Ninetecnth Illinois Infantry, at Chicago, after a service of three years and two months. I then went to Nashville, Tenn., and was appointed Sutler of Hospital No. 3, located

on the corner of the Square and Front Street. When the Confederates evacuated Nashville, they burned the bridge over the Cumberland River at that point, and I built my store-room in Bridge Street, approaching the Square.

The surgeon in charge of the hospital was J. R. Ludlow, of Philadelphia, and the steward was Horace Baker, from Maine. I had some trouble with the latter, and an altercation ensued, in which I knocked him over. The surgeon in charge of the hospital preferred charges against me, and I was arrested and taken before the provost marshal of the city, who was a Lieut. Goodwin, of the Thirty-Seventh Indiana Infantry. This officer said that I would have to go to prison and stand trial. I argued that a hospital steward was not a commissioned officer, and my offense was no greater than if I had struck a private soldier. He contended that, as charges had been preferred against me, he had no discretion in the matter and no alternative but to send me to prison. I had a friend, Martin C. Cotton, a druggist of South Nashville, who offered to go on my bond and also to get another bondsman. Of course the marshal could not accept their proposition.

I was marched out to prison, which was the penitentiary west of the city, between two guards with bayoneted guns. There were men in the prison from all classes and conditions of life and for all manner of charges. I remained there a little over three weeks, during all which time my friend Cotton was untiring in his efforts to get me released. It was just after the battle of Nashville, and there were a number of Confederate soldiers in the prison, taken in that and the battle of Franklin, among whom was Gen. G. W. Gordon. One day a man came along showing a pair of spurs, which he said Gen. Gordon wore at the battle of Franklin, and which the General had presented to him. A happy thought struck me, to purchase the spurs, present them to the provost marshal, and get out of prison. While we were looking at them, I asked the man if he would sell them. He said he would if he could get enough for them. We agreed on five dollars, and I bought them. That afternoon I wrote a note to Lieut. Goodwin, presenting him the spurs. The next day he came out to the prison and had me called before him. In an arrogant tone he asked me if I wrote him that letter which he held in his hand. I replied, "Yes," and in reply to "where" I got the spurs I said: "I bought them from a man in the prison." He demanded that I show him the man. We soon found the man, and he demanded to know where he got them. "Gen. Gordon gave them to me," he replied. They started off to find Gen. Gordon, and I never spoke to either of them afterwards, and never again saw the man I bought the spurs from. The next day I was released from prison. After the war I saw Lieut. Goodwin in this city, but did not speak to him.

[Mr. Ward also inclosed a letter from Gen. G. W. Gordon of July 27, 1903, in which he disclaims any recollection of the matter, but doesn't consider it remarkable, as his mind was engaged in graver things. This significant sentence appears in Gen. Gordon's letter: "I was then a prisoner of war, many of my brave soldiers and comrades had been slain at Franklin, and I then realized that the Confederate cause was in extreme peril."]

Frank A. Taulman, of Hubbard City, Tex., wants to make a roster of Company G, Thirty-Second Texas, Ector's Brigade, with which he served. He asks that all comrades seeing this will send in their names and those of all other members of whom they know. The Hon. Travis Henderson, of Paris, Tex., was captain of the company.

JOE JOHNSTON CAMP, MEXIA, TEX.

Joe Johnston Camp, of Mexia, Tex., is the model for the U. C. V. While not so large in membership, numbering only one hundred and sixty, its enthusiasm and good management elicit praise. It has grown from a small beginning until at its annual reunions there are from 10,000 to 12,000 persons in attendance daily.

This Camp owns a beautiful park of seventy-two acres six miles out from Mexia, at the mouth of Jack's Creek on the high bluffs of the Navasota River. The park is laid off in lots, 40x80 feet, with regular avenues and streets. These lots were sold to comrades at \$5 each, and some have resold at \$75. Some have built substantial shacks on their lots. They have a large pavilion, dance hall, waterworks, telephone, electric lights, and many other improvements.

For fifteen years the Camp has been self-sustaining, its revenues being derived from privileges let out on the grounds during each reunion. This year the gross receipts were \$801, and expenses \$503, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$298. Their treasury has never been empty, notwithstanding the many calls for charity, which are always responded to if the applicant is found worthy.

The reunions are held during the moonlight nights of July or August. In the daytime the crowd is entertained by music, distinguished speakers, and business meetings; at night there is a free concert at the pavilion. There are many attractions on the Midway, and it is from these that the Camp derives its revenue; and under the management of the Camp there are during each reunion plenty of barbecued meats, bread, etc., on the grounds, a restaurant, grocery store, and lodging house. The Daughters of the Confederacy and Sons of Veterans have a day each for their annual meetings. The entire community takes great interest in and looks forward to each reunion for a week's outing of pleasure. Many protract it by going before and remaining after it closes. Morning and evening salutes are fired from a piece of the noted Val Verde battery, which was used during the war by both armies, and which was buried three different times for safe-keeping. An electric railway which will run by these grounds is now in contemplation.

The fifteenth annual reunion was held in July of this year. Maj. H. A. Boyd, a veteran of two wars, was elected Commander, and H. W. Williams Adjutant.

AVERAGE AGE OF VETERANS.—Comrade W. H. Patterson, of Paducah, Ky., at the recent reunion there, took the ages of Comrades registering, and he reports the following to the VETERAN: "I find that the total ages of one hundred comrades who were present at our reunion, October 15, 16, aggregated 63,409. Thus you see the average age was 63.4 years. The oldest was J. B. Rark, Third Kentucky, eighty-one years, and the youngest were H. E. Hord, Third Kentucky, and Jacob Penn, Seventh Kentucky, each fifty-six years."

The following list embraces, as far as known, all of the survivors of Company H, Second Kentucky Infantry, who served to the close of the war: Joseph H. Robinson, James H. Summers, Robert M. Jones, Paschal T. Baker, and Elijah Parker. The company was organized at Camp Boone, Tenn., with ninety-five men early in July, 1861.

The Camp at Poolville, Tex., held a reunion on September 17, which was well attended. Addresses were delivered by Judges J. M. Richards and D. M. Alexander, and there were recitations appropriate to the occasion by young ladies. The meeting was a specially good one.

REUNION AT PADUCAH, KY.

The reunion of the Second Brigade of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., was held at Paducah, Ky., October 15 and 16. There were in attendance six hundred and fifty old soldiers. The reunion was held at the Fair Grounds, just beyond the corporate limits of the city. Visitors were met at the railway stations and conducted to the Palmer House, where they were enrolled and furnished badges and had their return railroad tickets stamped. All Confederate veterans were guests of J. T. Walbert Camp No. 463, and the badge was a passport entitling the wearer to free transportation on street railways, entertainment and sleeping accommodations by the citizens; also to free meals on the grounds, where preparations were made to give four meals to each of twelve hundred persons. A sumptuous dinner was served at 1:30 P.M. on the 15th. After dinner the old soldiers assembled in the amphitheater, J. B. Briggs commanding the brigade, where a love feast was held until supper, at 5:30 P.M. It was a part of the programme to hold a camp fire at 8 P.M.; but owing to the difficulty of providing suitable sleeping quarters on the grounds, it was declared off, and all but those who preferred to remain on the grounds and sleep soldier fashion on straw returned to the city, where the citizens entertained them for the night. Those remaining on the grounds had a good time until late at night, and then retired to their straw beds and left the camp to the guards, Company I, Third Regiment, Kentucky N. G.

We had breakfast at the grounds. There was a reorganization of the regiments composing the brigade and a short parade on Broadway from First to Ninth Street, with soldiers on foot, officers and staff mounted, followed by the National Guards. After the parade, we took cars for the Fair Grounds, where dinner was served. After dinner we had a love feast, at which all got happy. Speeches were made by Gen. H. B. Lyon, Col. H. S. Hale, Capt. W. C. Clark, R. J. Barber, and others. Among our visitors were S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn., and Maj. Lawson, of Jefferson County, Ky., Financial Agent of the Confederate Home at Peewee Valley.

The Daughters of the Confederacy held a delightful reception at the Palmer House, where refreshments were served. The Daughters were on the ground in force each day, mixing freely with the boys, and thereby contributing greatly to the success of the reunion.

REUNION AT GATESVILLE, TEX.

Report of the annual reunion of Gatesville (Tex.) Camp, August 12-14, comes through R. L. Suggs, its adjutant, and the programme seems to have been especially enjoyable. The reunion was decidedly the most successful yet held. A Confederate Park and Auditorium Company has been formed there, beautiful grounds purchased, and a large auditorium erected thereon. The old soldiers have the use of this free.

A fine programme was carried out each day and night. Since the last meeting, a Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy has been formed, and it was through their efforts that the veterans were so royally entertained. While they arranged the programme for the three days, yet the second day might be designated specially as the Daughters' Day. On that morning there was a grand carnival and street parade. In this each Southern State was represented by a young lady who, with her attendants, rode on a beautifully decorated float to the grounds. There were also a sponsor and her maids on a Confederate float; a "Daughter of the Confederacy;" twelve little girls in the Maypole dance; twelve little boys in gray representing the "Rising Generation" of the South; a soldier

in gray and a soldier in blue; a sergeant at arms and color bearer.

After reaching the auditorium, a beautiful Southern drama, entitled "The Furling Banner of the South," was given, in which the sponsor advances from the Confederate veterans with the furling battleflag to be placed in the keeping of that State which can prove itself most loyal to it when unfurled. It is finally given into the keeping of the "Rising Generation."

On the evening of the last day they were tendered a reception by the citizens of the town, and the great reunion closed with a regular "love feast."

Comrade J. W. Minnick writes from Grand Isle, La., concerning a command at Chickamauga. He asks: "What brigade was it that, coming to our relief, passed through our horses huddled around Jay's Mill by a swing to the right, and then by an 'oblique left,' and struck a Federal command to our right? We asked some of the men what command theirs was, and the replies were: 'Longstreet's, Hood's Division, Hood's Texas. We've come down from Virginia to help you fellows.' I went around their way during a lull and asked a lieutenant, who was sheltered behind a big pine tree with a bullet hole through his shoulder, how they were making out, and he said badly; that 'Hood ran into a masked battery, and they have fought us to a standstill.'"

Mr. Minnick's paper concludes with this paragraph:

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Miss Anne Hobson, whose "In Old Alabama" has recently been published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is a sister of Lieut. Richmond Pearson Hobson.

Miss Hobson knows negro life in the South thoroughly, and these new dialect stories are said to be a most accurate delineation of negro character. "Miss Mouse, the Little Black Merchant" tells the stories, which form a very humorous picture of life in a small Southern town. The illustrations are vividly interesting, being from photographic studies from life. Aside of her fitness to write such a book, Miss Hobson is a loyal, practical Daughter of the Confederacy, and she will appreciate the friendly interests of her father's comrades and other families in behalf of "Miss Mouse."

Mrs. S. J. Nolen writes from Sharon, La., asking for the address of the lady who sent the notice about the grave of B. L. Wise, who was buried somewhere in Tennessee. This lady had been keeping the grave in good order.

L. M. Graham, Conner, Fla., would like to hear from any comrade of his brother, W. B. Graham, of the Sixth Florida Battalion, while in Fort Delaware prison. It was reported that he died there, but nothing definite was ever learned.

Capt. S. T. Kingsbery, of Valdosta, Ga., writes that a lady of that community has a Bible picked up by her husband on Malvern Hill, Va., in 1862. On the fly leaf is inscribed: "Mr. Smith Sage's Bible, presented to him by his sister Jennie," and below this is written the name "S. T. Sherman, Richmond, Va." There is a perforated

card in the book in which is worked, "I'll not forget thee," and a wreath of flowers is also attached to the fly leaf. The Bible will be gladly surrendered to the owner or any member of his family.

Thomas F. Mobley, of Pewee Valley, Ky. (Kentucky Confederate Home), would like to get some information about his brother George, who died at Dixon's Springs, Tenn., at the home of Mrs. Gipson and was buried in her garden. George belonged to the First Kentucky Cavalry, Col. Ben Hardin Helm's Regiment.

L. McLendon, Company G, First Arkansas Cavalry, Rison, Ark.: "For the purpose of assisting Col. S. H. Nowlin, Chairman of the Historical Committee of United Confederate Veterans of Arkansas, I should like for any member of Company G, First Arkansas Cavalry, to make out a list of the members so far as recalled and send to me to be forwarded to Col. Nowlin. If Orderly Sergeant McKelvy is still living, he will doubtless have the roll of our company. He was elected at Fredricktown, Mo.

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includes a history of Forrest's Cavalry for the last fifteen months of the war. R. R. Hancock was a member of Bell's Brigade, Buford's Division of Forrest's Cavalry. The book is bound in cloth and contains 644 octavo pages. Price, single copy, \$2. This book and the VETERAN one year, \$2.

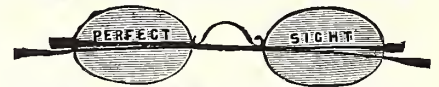
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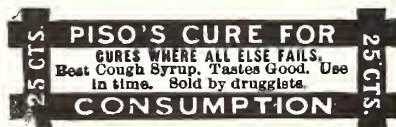
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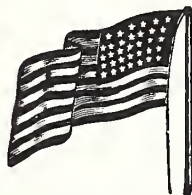
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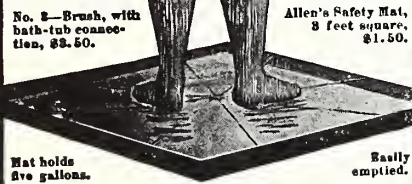
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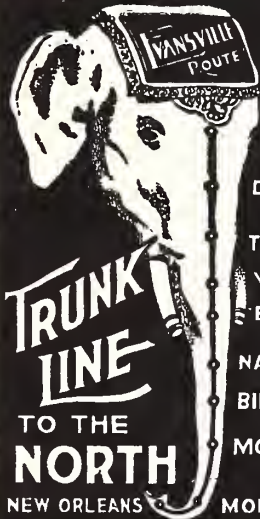
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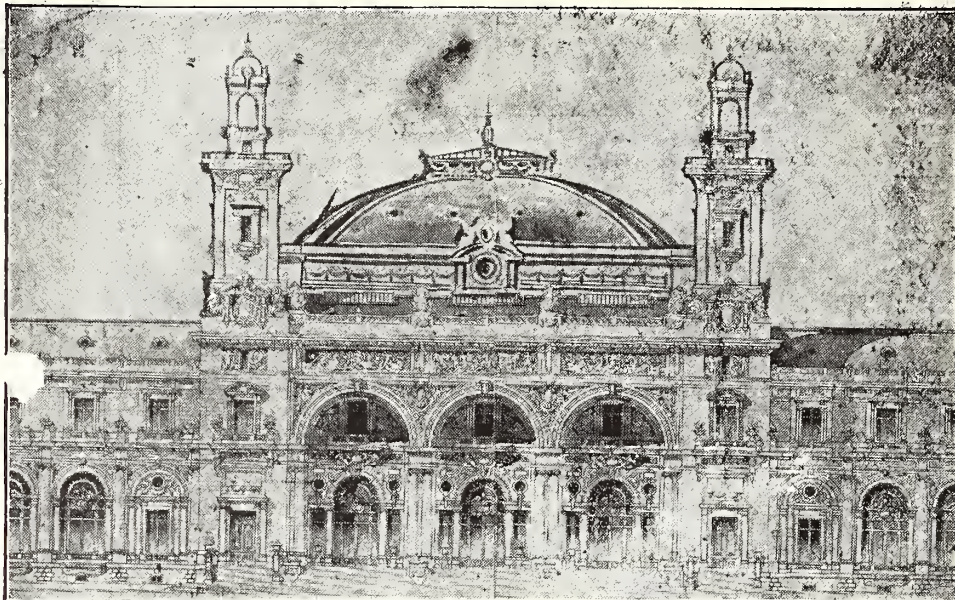
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Entrance to Hotel "Napoleon Bonaparte"—The Largest Hotel in the World.
World's Fair Site, St. Louis.

Owned and Operated by The Cook Hotel and Excursion Co.

THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT SAYS:

THE largest hotel in the world and the only private business enterprise on the World's Fair grounds, apart from the exhibits of the concessionaires on the Pike, is now in course of erection. The Napoleon Bonaparte will be the name of this mammoth building. The hotel will stand on one of the highest elevations of the Fair grounds, at the southwest corner. The immense size of the building will make it one of the sights of the city. It will have a frontage of 2,500 feet, a greater length than eight city blocks, or approximately about one-half mile. In depth the structure will average about 250 feet at its deepest part, but even at this the total ground area covered by the hotel will be over fourteen acres. The plans contemplate the accommodation of 7,000 guests at one time. It will be but two stories in height. On the first floor will be located the office rotunda, dining rooms, and lunch rooms. The main dining room will be 175 by 200 feet in size, the rotunda will be 200 feet square, and the lunch room will be 120 by 48 feet. In the dining room a brigade of soldiers might eat at one time, while the rotunda could furnish lounging quarters for a regiment. One of the attractive features of the gigantic hotel will be the broad piazza, extending along the full front of the building, from which a bird's-eye view of the entire Fair may be obtained.

WILLIAM MODE COOK, President; C. M. HILL, Vice President; L. C. SPOONER, Secretary; G. H. TEN BROEK, Treasurer and Attorney for Company.

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Owners of the NAPOLEON BONAPARTE HOTEL (the largest the world has ever known), which is located on ground donated by the Exposition Company, on the World's Fair site, in appreciation of the merit of this enterprise and its great educational value. **JB JB**

THIS COMPANY is now prepared to offer to school-teachers and to the public at large unusual advantages and opportunities. These are:

The positive reservation of accommodations in the Hotel Napoleon Bonaparte upon one week's notice.

The saving of street car fares, and the avoidance of the ordeal of going to and from the grounds by the overtaxed street car service.

Medical attendance whenever necessary without extra charge.

The privilege of living in the largest hotel the world has ever known, and the only one ever located on a World's Fair site and on high ground overlooking it all.

The privilege of transferring your rights to any other person if through sickness or other unavoidable causes you cannot go yourself.

Daily admissions to the Fair.

The opportunity of enjoying all the above at a cost so nominal as to place them within the reach of every one.

Street cars run from the Hotel to every part of the city. Fare, five cents.

The Intramural Railroad, which runs through all parts of the Fair grounds, is directly in front of the Napoleon Bonaparte Hotel. Fare, five cents.

During the World's Fair railroads will make low rates, and it will be easy for members to estimate their total expenses for trip to the Fair.

The rooms in the hotel will be of all sizes to accommodate large or small parties. All rooms will be furnished neatly and comfortably. The table will be supplied with all there is in the market, of the best quality, and prepared by experts. Electric fans will be provided for every room.

Under no circumstances will these advantages and rights be given unless secured by contract in advance. As soon as the limited number of memberships are sold this offer will be withdrawn and memberships will be worth a premium. Our rates are made possible only by the large number we expect to entertain, and because of the action of the Exposition Company in donating to us a portion of the World's Fair site on which to erect our hotel.

AMERICAN PLAN.

For \$15—that is, \$2 down and the balance monthly until paid before May, 1904—we will issue a certificate entitling the holder to all of the above accommodations and privileges, to wit: six days' board and lodging (and longer, if desired, at proportionate rates), six admissions to the Fair, and medical attention when necessary.

EUROPEAN PLAN.

For an engagement of rooms for no less than six days, and for as many more as desired, rates have been placed at from \$1 to \$5 per day, graded according to size and location of room, etc. First payment on membership fee is \$2, balance monthly until paid before May, 1904. The memberships, as already stated, being limited, it behooves all contemplating a visit to the Fair to at once send their \$2, first payment, to the Cook Hotel and Excursion Co., at the general offices of the Company named below, when proper certificate will be forwarded.

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Confederate Veteran



GROUP OF U. D. C. AT ANNUAL CONVENTION, CHARLESTON, S. C., NOVEMBER, 1903.

Among the gentlemen in the group will be seen the Governor of South Carolina, Mayor Smythe, of Charleston, and Hon. Ed L. Valentine and E. D. Taylor, of Richmond.

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Have erected nine-tenths of the Confederate Monuments in the United States. These monuments cost from five to thirty thousand dollars. The following is a partial list of monuments they have erected. To see these monuments is to appreciate them.

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Macon, Ga.
Columbus, Ga.
Thomasville, Ga.
Sparta, Ga.

Dalton, Ga.
Nashville, Tenn.
Columbia, Tenn.
Shelbyville, Tenn.
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mauga Park, Ga.
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Confederate Veteran.

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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important. Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application. The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR, } Vol. XI.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1903.

No. 12. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

DELAYED REPORTS AND THE REASONS.

Explanation rather than apology is given for delay of the proceedings of the great convention of United Daughters of the Confederacy at Charleston November 11-14. It is not the fault of the VETERAN. Diligence was exercised to procure photographs and reports which singularly have been withheld in so important a sense that the entire report is deferred for the next issue. An important lesson is worthy to be learned by all who desire the widespread information given through the VETERAN, which is that the publication *cannot wait*. All patriotic women, as well as men, who want all the South to know what they are doing should send reports in promptly.

A picture of U. D. C. delegates at Charleston on front page.

Proceedings of the Grand Camp of Virginia Veterans, the State organization, including the able report of the Historical Committees, is withheld for the succeeding issue. Briefly, it was a great reunion. Newport News, the city that entertained them royally, was a mere landing for steamers twenty years ago. Now of its population five or six thousand are employed in ship-building for the government and for large corporations. Long streets of asphalt and electric cars, with splendid business blocks and beautiful residences, indicate the ability of that city and the smaller contiguous places of Hampton and Fortress Monroe, all connected by electric cars, to entertain the Virginia Veterans in a manner honorable to that distinguished commonwealth, with its glorious historic record.

PLEA BY GEN. LEE FOR A TENT.

Maj. W. F. Alexander, of Augusta, Ga., possesses a pathetically characteristic letter from Gen. R. E. Lee to the Quartermaster General, C. S. A., which was never published until recently. The *Chronicle* mentions it as "the simple words from the general of a great army courteously petitioning a personal comfort with no semblance of high authority:"

"HEADQUARTERS, July 21, 1864.

"General: I find it necessary to ask you for a new tent. My present one was among the first that were made in Richmond in 1861, and has been my principal habitation ever since, wherever I have been. Its weary journeyings and the storms, especially of the last two months, have made distressing ravages upon its roof and walls. It now, I regret to say, affords an insecure shelter. I doubt whether it will hold together longer than the current summer months.

"Have you any good canvas from which you can have me one made? If so, I shall be obliged to you for a new one. Please have it made properly, so that the front can be well closed,

and let the apron at the bottom extend all the way round and the fly be sufficiently capacious.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant, R. E. LEE."

THE VETERAN BY "THE OTHER SIDE."

G. S. Conger, Esq., Gouverneur, N. Y., writes:

"Dear Sir: Inclosed find my check for \$2. I have been a subscriber since the time of the Atlanta Exposition, when I took occasion to look over the battlefields of the Southwest, especially Pittsburg Landing, Corinth, and Chickamauga. I was much interested. Meeting on my journey a Confederate at Corinth, who had a CONFEDERATE VETERAN on his desk, I subscribed, and have ever since read it with interest and profit. I say profit because it has helped me to put myself in the other fellow's place, for that I think is the only way we can do justice by those who differ with us. I was a member of Battery D, First New York Light Artillery, and was with the Fifth Corps of our army from the Wilderness to Appomattox. We lost two guns near Wilderness tavern, on Orange turnpike, on the morning of May 5, 1864, and I always read with peculiar interest anything said in the VETERAN covering the period and location of my service. The common experiences of our soldier life were the same, and, though differing from you in many matters of fact and principle, as set forth in the VETERAN, still I read all with interest, and the "Last Roll" with a deep feeling of sadness. How foolish the bitterness displayed on either side during the war now appears to us as we calmly review the irrepressible conflict of ideas—issues—that had to be fought to a finish. How helpless on either side to avert the awful carnage, but how considerate we now ought to be of each other! Instead of the bitterness I once felt, I now feel a special tenderness for every Confederate whose battle smoke I saw, and I would entertain most royally and with the greatest pleasure the man who wounded me in the leg at Bethesda Church.

"Cunningham, you are a good fighter. I admire you for the heroic struggle you are making for your comrades. They, no doubt, appreciate it, and well they may. Truly you have given the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a high rank among soldier papers. It excels all others in many respects. If it were not so far to have you come, I would invite you to come and talk to the soldiers of St. Lawrence County. They would accord you a most hearty reception."

This patriot is a lawyer at Gouverneur, and is President of the Grand Army Post at that place. At a recent reunion of his battery there were forty-four members present, and he had as guest at the time Department Commander Foster.

GEORGIA STATE REUNION.

The Georgia Division of United Confederate Veterans held its annual reunion in Augusta November 10-12. The *Chronicle*, in reporting it, states that the convention hall was crowded to the doors when Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander, called the Convention of 1903 to order.

Looking out on the sea of faces, crowned in the great majority of instances with the silvery locks of those who have grown wrinkled and worn in the battle against time, no one could be surprised that the speakers were fired with a seeming enthusiasm. The inspiration lay before them. No heart could fail to beat faster, no mind could fail to think higher thoughts, no tongue would have attempted to say less than was said. It was a case of heroes meeting heroes. On the faces of the multitude were written in unmistakable characters the signs of intelligence and courage, tempered in sufferings and hardships, and purified in tears and regrets. It was probably the greatest audience that ever assembled in the city of Augusta. At least it is true that no audience were ever more in sympathy with the reasons of their coming together.

When Gen. Evans, accompanied by many members of his staff, was making his way to the stage, a mighty shout rent the air and rattled the glasses in the windows. Men all over the hall were on their feet, wildly waving their hats.

A moment later the Artillery Band struck up "Dixie," and a second storm of cheering followed. Gen. Evans was forced to take a seat and wait the time when enthusiasm could no longer prevail because of the want of breath.

In calling the meeting to order, Gen. Evans said the Confederate States of America was a religious body; that they believed in a God, and said so in their organization. Their great leader was the grandest of all spiritual leaders, the man of Galilee, Jesus Christ. He wished the convention to be opened with bowed heads in religious exercise, and introduced the Chaplain General of the U. C. V., Dr. J. W. Jones, to lead in the devotions. Dr. Jones led in a beautiful and appropriate prayer.

Organization of the convention was effected. The Adjutant General, W. M. Crumley, read the list of Camps in the State, and a Committee on Credentials was designated, the following members being named: Maj. L. L. Middlebrooks, Capt. John W. Clark, and Capt. E. J. O'Connor.

MAYOR PHINIZY'S WELCOME.

"It is my privilege and pleasure to welcome you to our city, and I but voice the sentiments of the entire community when I assert that Augusta has never known a prouder moment than when, throwing open wide her hospitable arms, she welcomes the gray and battle-scarred veterans—the representatives of a cause never to be known as a lost one in the present or future history, while Southern hearts hold in memory the deeds of these valiant men. We capitulate on your advance with greeting and hospitable thought intent; and lay in your trend not the ashes of forgetfulness, but the unquenchable fire of pride and patriotism that we will ever feel for our Confederate soldiers. . . .

"God grant that your remaining days may be peaceful and happy, and when the last drum tap is sounded, may you be ready, as you always were in the days of the sixties, to respond to the final summons, and may God, in his mercy, show you the way to cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.

"To the sweet and lovely little lady [Laura Galt, of Louisville] who is our guest upon this auspicious occasion, we bid you a tender, warm, and loving greeting. In after life, when

you have reached the age of maturity, may the event that has made you so famous never be forgotten by you, and may your loyalty always be strong and steadfast to the sentiments expressed on that occasion.

"We count ourselves most honored to welcome to his old home our valued friend, Gen. C. A. Evans. Augusta holds her claim upon him with a tender allegiance that the years



GEN. EVANS.

but strengthen and deepen, and that he may continue to fight the good fight that his life work so fully demonstrates I feel is a sentiment that finds response in thousands of hearts.

"Our sister State, South Carolina, could have bestowed upon us no greater honor on this momentous occasion than the presence of the gallant M. C. Butler affords.

"Augusta with all her bounding pride, on this great day, would yet be a derelict to Georgia loyalty did she fail to memorialize by some evidence our grand and gallant Gordon. Though unavoidably prevented from meeting with us, I know he is with us in spirit, and to make this, in very truth, a reunion of brave souls, I call for three cheers for the illustrious John B. Gordon." [They were given with zest.]

Almost unobserved, Miss Galt had entered the hall during the early part of the meeting, and when discovered by the audience was seated next to Capt. William Dunbar, her escort. Amid the wildest enthusiasm some one moved that she be escorted to the stage and given a seat of honor. The motion was carried amid renewed enthusiasm, and Miss Galt was led to a seat directly behind Gen. Evans. Ovation after ovation was accorded the little girl.

Maj. James C. C. Black welcomed the Veterans to Augusta in behalf of the local Camps and the reunion committee.

Maj. Black's speech was a gem of patriotic oratory. As he resumed his seat, friends pressed around to grasp him by the hand and congratulate him on the magnificent effort. While this was going on, the Artillery Band, which was stationed in the gallery, struck up "My Old Kentucky Home," and the old veterans cheered until they fell exhausted into their seats.

Gen. Evans responded to the addresses of welcome. As a preface to his speech he declared that Maj. Black could not have been such an orator if he had not been the Confederate soldier he was. At his command the great audience arose as one man to its feet and gave three cheers for Mayor Phinizy and Maj. Black, giving them with a will.

In Gen. Evans's hearty response on behalf of the Georgia Division, and after some special complimentary remarks in regard to the addresses of welcome, he said:

"I do not know, in making this response, whether or not I should yield myself to a sunshine and shower effusion of combined tears and laughter produced by sheer excess of grateful joy. All preparations for this reunion are on a magnificent scale, and they proclaim like a pictorial poem the rare hospitable intent of our gracious host. Words of welcome have also eloquently informed us that the great warm heart of this dear city is the power that produced all these signal honors to the Confederate soldier. You have played, by word and deed, upon the responsive chord of our Confederate emotions until they are tremulous with the excitement of this wondrous scene.

"I am not capable of responding by the use of that quality of speech which is likened to silver. I am, in fact, uncertain whether it is best to speak at all or whether all of us, sitting subdued into happy, eloquent silence, should thus more suitably express our golden gratitude.

"It is one of those truths, stranger than fiction, that Augusta has been invaded by a multitude of friends, but the invaded city has captured all the invaders. Augusta has not merely thrown its gates wide open, but has torn down the fences and bidden every Confederate to be his own automobile, self-moved, to come straight into the city anywhere. It says, by all tokens, that it is a blessed privilege to give ovations to the men who wore the gray; and our gray eagle Georgia Division replies that it is still more blessed to receive welcomes such as Augusta gives.

"There is on the fair face of this beautiful day a smile which will not come off. Music is in the air, and there is dancing by the sunbeams. Broad Street blazes like a king's highway. Greene Street is grand and glad, and other streets are clad in gay attire. The stately monuments salute the scene with patriotic fervor, and North Augusta, across the Savannah, with Carolina as her flowing train, uplifts her hand and says, with sparkle in her eyes: 'Here's to your happiness forever, old boys!'

"Grim-visaged war has surely smoothed his wrinkled front, and the voice of the Southern turtle dove is heard in the land. Confederate joy has leaped into the band wagon, and the band is playing 'The old-time Confederate is good enough for me.' Southern patriotism is in the saddle to-day, and its spirited horse prances to the stirring strains of dear old 'Dixie.' The bugles sound eternal truth to strife on earth, and the angels answer back from heaven a long, loud, and grand amen! O let eternal, happy sunshine suffuse the old soldiers' souls like uncreated original light pervades the paradise of the blest. Augusta's unsurpassed Confederate monument declares the truth where its inscription says, 'Well worthy of the grandeur of all ovation are these brave soldiers of the Confederacy;' and may their children prosper and be happy as they move on in the ways of their fathers!

"Augusta soil has been made rich and sacred by the footprints of great colonial, revolutionary, and Confederate men. The dust of the plain on which it reposes in beauty and grace has been converted into the gold dust of precious memory. I recall the story of its early history, when great colonials, great revolutionary heroes, and Confederate princes walked its streets—among them George Walton, John Milledge, James Jackson, and Telfair: Walton, the sturdy patriotic signer of the Declaration of Independence; Milledge, Jackson, and Telfair, the fiery 'Liberty boys.' Let me summon them to say on which side would they have stood when Georgia set its seal

to the ordinance of secession. Do you not hear those Liberty boys reply: 'We would have fought for Georgia and its cause forever?' Later the historic visit was made by Lafayette, whom Augusta entertained as the gallant young French marquis who had tendered life and fortune to achieve the independence of the colonies. Ask him his position, and hear him say: 'My sword would have been drawn for the independence of the Confederacy.' Another came to Augusta, whose sublime character brought to him the title of father of his country. Let us ask Washington: 'Reverend sir, what would you have done when invading hosts of armed men trampled Southern soil in 1861?' His reply would surely be: 'My course would have been precisely that of Robert Lee.' I will call but two more grand men, and need only call their names to say enough that these two were once the guests of Augusta—Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee.

"My comrades, in your name I accept, with gratitude, the splendid hospitalities of this lovely and prosperous Southern city. We shall float our banners and fly our battle flags; we shall smile and look young; we shall laugh and grow fat; we shall be good, at least while here; and, although we shall sometimes sing the Confederate song of the swan, we will love Augusta forever.

"Augusta! All our Confederate wealth in gratitude is your priceless invested treasure. As for myself, I have many reasons to claim a share in the joys of this occasion. From your law school in the fifties I received in my youth my law diploma. In your courthouse I was admitted to the bar. From your county a company of brave and splendid young men fought



with me under my command, and hundreds of others fought with me, side by side, to the end. In passing once homeward, sadly wounded, I had a day of needed and well-remembered ministrations of kindness by the ladies of your Wayside Home. Ten good years I lived among you, knew you well, and loved you with all my soul. Your city is very lovely to my eyes, and I love you with all my heart more than ever. But, better

than all, you have the hearts of all my Confederate brothers. They are mindful that Augusta is named in honor of a princess, but now they crown you Queen of Courtesy and Empress of Hospitality."

At the conclusion of Gen. Evans's address the convention resumed the regular order of business.

The Committee on Credentials announced that sixty-six of the Camps of the State were represented by properly accredited delegates, two hundred and sixty-four being present.

Gen. Evans announced this a constitutional quorum, and proceeded to the order of business.

At the time for the election of officers Gen. Evans called Gen. West to the chair and retired.

Maj. Middlebrooks nominated Gen. Evans for reelection. Maj. J. C. McDonald seconded the nomination, and Gen. Evans was elected by a rising vote, amid great enthusiasm.

He was escorted back to the chair. He feelingly thanked his comrades for the honor, tears in his eyes and his form shaking with emotion. He asked their cooperation in working for the good of the common country on Confederate principles.

Maj. W. H. Pennaman, of Savannah, was nominated and unanimously elected as Secretary of the Georgia Division for the ensuing year.

The meeting of the brigades were announced for six o'clock at the Armory. An invitation from the local chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy to a reception at the courthouse at seven o'clock was accepted.

The four brigades held separate conventions and elected brigade Commanders for the ensuing year as follows:

Northern Brigade—Brigadier General, A. J. West.

Eastern Division—Brigadier General, C. M. Wiley.

Southern Division—Brigadier General, Peter McGlashan.

Western Division, Brigadier General, Thornton Wheatley.

These were all reelected. They responded in brief addresses, assuring their men that the honor was appreciated and prized most highly. Great feeling was shown in these addresses.

Col. U. R. Brooks, of Columbia, S. C., in a few well-chosen words introduced Miss Elizabeth Lumpkin, formerly from Georgia, but now of Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C., who made the closing address of the session. It was a magnificent eulogy of Southern people and the lost Confederacy. More about it may be expected in the VETERAN.

Business features may also be given for information to Georgians and as suggestive to Veterans in other States.

Miss Lumpkin lost a letter on Greene Street, between McIntosh and the courthouse, or in the courthouse. It was a letter signed by Gen. Nelson A. Miles, and relates to the shooting of Miles by a Confederate soldier, and is addressed to the latter, whose name is not remembered by Miss Lumpkin. It was to have been read at the courthouse. Any one finding the same will confer a great favor by returning it to Mr. R. E. Allen, 737 Broad Street. Reward, if any is desired, will be paid for its delivery as stated.

HOW AUGUSTA WAS SAVED FROM BURNING.

BY COL. ALEX ROBERT CHISOLM, NOW OF NEW YORK.

A few lines of secret history of the War between the States, by which the city of Augusta, Ga., was probably saved from a like disaster to that which befell the city of Columbia, will interest your readers.

My near relative, Capt. Miles Hazzard, now a resident of Georgetown, S. C., was a very distinguished cavalry officer, commanding a large portion of a Georgia regiment, he being a native of that State. His command operated as scouts on the flank of Sherman's army in the march through Georgia, until

his arrival at Augusta, where he was under the command of Gen. D. H. Hill, who then commanded all the troops in the vicinity. Mr. Morse, then the editor of the principal newspaper in Augusta, had become a violent opponent of President Jefferson Davis. In expectation of Sherman taking Augusta, most of the cotton had been piled in the widest streets, to be burned. Gen. D. H. Hill issued an order to Capt. Hazzard that when Sherman was about to enter the city he must take Mr. Morse, put him on a jackass, and deliver him to Gen. Sherman; then to set fire to the cotton.

I was in Charlestown with Gen. Beauregard, where I received a private letter from Capt. Hazzard, informing me of his order and of his fears that the city would be burned if the cotton was set on fire. I brought the matter to the attention of Gen. Beauregard, who promptly countermanded Gen. Hill's orders, thus saving the cotton and the city, while Morse lived to enjoy his life in beautiful Augusta, and afterwards became a warm friend of mine in this city as manager of the *Daily News*, one of our most prosperous democratic papers. Hill and Morse are now dead.

Gen. Hill was never able to learn how Beauregard came to cancel his orders. Only a few days since, a friend of mine in this city, who married a lady of South Carolina, informed me that he saved eighty bales of cotton in Augusta, which he sold for one dollar per pound. The citizens of Augusta should be ever grateful to Capt. Hazzard, for he not only saved their city, but with the proceeds of that cotton they recovered financially much sooner than those of any other Southern city.

I was present in Columbia, with Beauregard and Hampton, when the former ordered Hampton not to permit the cotton there to be set on fire, as it would endanger the city, and in no event benefit the enemy, as all the railways had been destroyed, so that it could not be moved. The following night Sherman's army set fire to the cotton and the city.

SIDNEY HERBERT IN SAVANNAH NEWS.

Sidney Herbert writes the Savannah (Ga.) *News*: "The bill introduced in Congress by Representative Rixey, of Virginia, to admit old Confederate soldiers to National Soldiers' Homes is an unwise measure. These institutions are already overcrowded with old Union soldiers, and this alone would be a sufficient reason for not passing the bill. Representative Rixey should take the 'bull by the horns' and not by the tail, and introduce a bill for a national soldiers' home for old Confederate soldiers. Such a bill would have a much better chance to pass, and would win more general outside support."

He also writes concerning the "Daughter of the Confederacy": "I am glad to see by a telegram in the *Augusta Chronicle* that the U. C. V. of Savannah protests against making Miss Laura Galt the 'successor' of Winnie Davis, as the 'Daughter of the Confederacy.' As I have before stated in these letters, there can be no legitimate 'successor' to that dear child who grew up in the midst of the prolonged war and its immediate disastrous entailments, and, thus growing up into a noble young womanhood, won a deep and abiding place in the hearts of all her people—a place no other can ever occupy."

Any discussion of this matter should be regarded as entirely apart from the noble young patriot Kentucky girl, members of whose family are extremely modest. It is certain they would not aspire to such distinction. The dear child no more expected glory than did Sam Davis in his surrender of life for principle. Laura Galt yearned for favor by her teacher, but to sing "Marching through Georgia" was a wicked thing to do, and it was so very disagreeable to her that she put her fingers in her ears to avoid its wicked sound.

LEE AND JACKSON DAY.

The survivors of the famous Stonewall Brigade, at a reunion held in Staunton, Va., on the twenty-second of October, adopted the following preamble and resolutions, signed by Thomas D. Woodward, Secretary:

"Whereas the day in January on which, in the year 1824, Gen. Thomas J. Jackson was born is a matter of uncertainty; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That we, the survivors of the Stonewall Brigade, in reunion assembled, do adopt the nineteenth day of that month as the anniversary of his birth.

"2. That as that date is also the anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and as these two great men were so united in life that the thought of one instinctively suggests the other, we will celebrate the day as 'Lee and Jackson Day.'

"3. That all Camps of Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans and Chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy be requested to observe the nineteenth day of January as 'Lee and Jackson Day,' that these heroes may be as united in the memory of their countrymen as they were in their service and their fame."

Judge John N. Lyle, whose Camp at Waco, Tex., inaugurated the plan to unite the birthday of "Stonewall" Jackson with that of Gen. R. E. Lee, sends the above and the following notes:

"From the inclosed copy of resolutions adopted by the survivors of the Stonewall Brigade, at their recent reunion at Staunton, Va., you will see that the article in the September VETERAN has borne fruit quite early after planting. I should be glad if you would publish the resolutions in the VETERAN and call attention to them editorially, urging the Camps and Chapters to adopt the request of the Stonewall Brigade and celebrate January 19 as 'Lee and Jackson Day.'

"I note with gladness your comments in the last two issues on the decay of Veteran Camps. It is the inevitable. With a few exceptions, the old boys have done their do, and the affairs of life have lost interest to them. It is hard to move them from the comforts of the chimney corner. Seeing this coming, I have been urging for some time a consolidation of the Veterans, Daughters, and Sons in one association to take the place of the U. C. V. I have met with no success. The Veterans here are organizing a county association (incorporated), and will buy camp ground and hold annual reunions or camps. But this has more of the commercial than Confederate motive. It is to have a great, promiscuous, political, commercial, social gathering every summer.

"How would it do to consolidate the Sons of Confederate Veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy? It is the only chance I see of keeping alive a Simon pure Confederate organization. If the Sons were mingled with the Daughters, I think they would be stimulated to take greater interest in the cause."

"ELEVEN COLUMNS FOR DAVIS MEMORIAL."

BY J. RANDOLPH SMITH, HENDERSON, N. C.

Some one has said that if he were given the songs of a country he could write that country's history;—and we of "Dixie land" are proud of our Southern songs, and delight in knowing that "The Bonny Blue Flag" gives the names of the States of our Confederacy in order as they seceded, the eleven sisters, joined by the holiest of earthly ties, fighting for their freedom and rights; and now these eleven States—one time that glorious dream, the Confederacy—with the United Daughters of the Confederacy leading, are to erect a memorial to our beloved first, and only, President, Jefferson Davis. As

these eleven States acknowledged him as President, and gave, as he did, their all to the "loved cause," so let them, only them, be represented in that memorial. It is proposed to have thirteen columns in that memorial, representing the eleven States that seceded and Kentucky and Missouri. Think of what the President of the Confederacy would say to having these States honored equally with his own eleven Confederate States! As a man cannot serve God and mammon, so no State could serve the Confederacy and the Federal government, and Kentucky and Missouri had Federal Governors. They were represented in the Federal Congress, and were under the protection of the Federal flag the whole four years of the war. Though these States had representatives in the Confederate Congress, they could not represent these States.

Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri gave to the Confederacy some of the bravest men who followed Lee and Western commanders; and when the memorial to President Davis is completed, let us erect no columns to these States, stepsisters to the Confederacy.

The memorial at Richmond, the capital of the Confederate States of America, is to be a symbol of all that the Confederate war meant to the South—built to honor the man chosen from all the seceding States to be their head—and as it is the "holy of holies" of our "lost Confederacy," let no State be represented in it that did not give its *all* to the Confederacy, and certainly let no States that by government and arms fought against us and put indignities upon our President be represented. No man living who wore the gray will sanction such an act. They know too well all that was sacrificed and lived through for this cause to consent. As there were eleven States in the Confederacy, so there should be eleven stars on every Confederate flag, especially on the Crosses of Honor given to the heroes who wore the gray and still glory in this sacred uniform, and wear it, when they can, at their reunions.

My father, Orren Randolph Smith, designed the stars and bars, and though the model he sent to Montgomery bore only seven stars for the seven States which had at that time seceded, he suggested that a star be added for each State as she seceded. He says that some Yankee, seeing we were Rip Van Winkles, and thinking it hard that the Union, with all the world to draw upon, should be kept out of Richmond four years by eleven States, added two, and we, yet half asleep, not only did not resent it, but adopted it, to our own hurt.

As the English, with sorrowing hearts and bowed heads and grief-stricken, buried their beloved queen, saying, "The queen is dead," standing erect, their grief turned into joy, sang, "Long live the king," so let us reverently, lovingly build this memorial to the man who represented the loved cause of Dixie, and allow no enemy, nor even stranger, to have a hand in it, but keep it our very own, and selfishly as a mother the memories of her dead baby.

Walter Stewart, Woodland, La., who was of Company E, First Louisiana Cavalry, wishes information of Gen. Jenkins, Kershaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, commanding a brigade of infantry in the battle of Chickamauga. In this battle Gen. Jenkins was wounded on the head by a piece of shell, and went to the rear for surgical aid.

Maj. W. P. Dearing, No. 486 Whitehall Street, Atlanta, Ga., is engaged in writing the history of the loyalty of the negro during the war and the days of reconstruction. He would be pleased to have any acts of devotion or heroism of the old body servant or slave during those trying times in his work.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE THANKSGIVING DAY.

The designation of a day for Thanksgiving is the distinctive event of the nation in acknowledging the sovereignty of God over all else. It is the most distinctive characteristic of a nation's proper humility in the highest sense. There should be diligent consideration for all living persons and all life, since all are created by an Omniscience that numbers even the hairs on human heads. The VETERAN deplors that it has not pursued a conviction heretofore expressed in changing Thanksgiving day to make it contiguous to Sunday. President Washington made Monday the week day of observance, as it happened, and President Jefferson Davis, during the existence of the Confederate States, designated Friday the day for Thanksgiving. President Lincoln set apart Thursday, and his successors have continuously continued to observe that day of the week. Christmas, the Fourth of July, and other holidays could not, of course, be changed; but since Thanksgiving may be arbitrary, if there be potent reasons for another day of the week, why not be progressive and change the date? It would hardly be extravagant to state that millions of dollars are sacrificed in the shutting down of factories and the travel in the aggregate of hundreds of thousands of miles that would be avoided if this day of prayer and praise was either Saturday or Monday. It is very important and desirable that the day be observed as universally as practicable. The moral effect being the great purpose of the event, it should be so ordered that every man be at home with his family where it is practicable. The interests of a hundred thousand traveling men—drummers—should induce much consideration of the subject. While many of these men live in luxury and can afford to journey home Wednesday and return Thursday night, a large number are obliged to economize and cannot afford the luxury and the blessing of a family reunion, and so are obliged to remain away, and because of the general suspension of business lose the time. Consider the meditations of such a man loyal to home and a dependent family. Instead of proper sentiments of gratitude for the blessings that have come to others and to himself, he can but bemoan his own misfortunes, and the day is painfully the reverse of what it is designed to be. By making Thanksgiving day contiguous to Sunday, traveling men who can be with their families but three or four times a year would arrange far in advance to be at home at that time, and the time would be anticipated long beforehand with such joy as is designed in its appointment.

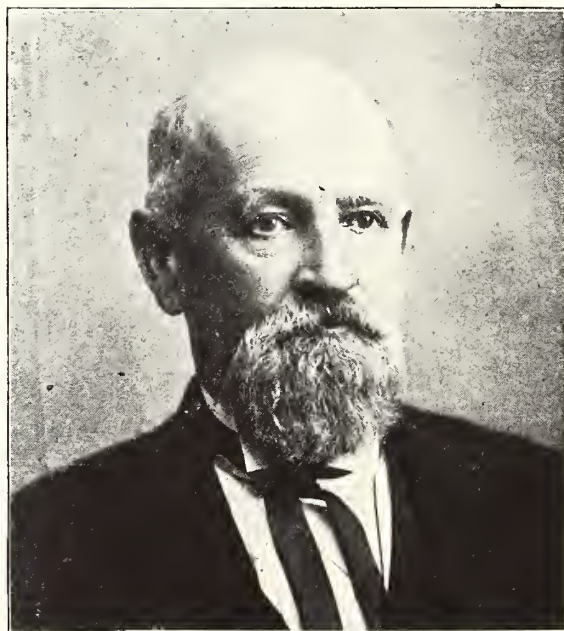
Saturday, it seems, would be preferable. The Jews would no doubt favor it. Then Sunday might be given to cooks and other servants far more generally. To be earnestly practical, on the day following Thanksgiving luxuries it would be easy to provide the meals with cold turkey, etc., for Sunday.

If the VETERAN could bring about this change as a side issue to its great work, that service to millions would compensate for all the struggles of its existence. The editor invites expression from all who agree with him. Such data would be preserved for seasonable use. Camps of Veterans, Grand Army Posts, associations of traveling men, and even railroad corporations might well enough take action on this subject,

as the mileage traveled might exceed what it is. Then manufacturers whose plants are put in operation at great expense would hail with gratitude the event of shutting down Friday night for the week, paying their employees so they could all procure suited luxuries. No persons or interests would suffer by this change, and the result would be a far more general and generous observance of that Thanksgiving week day added to the Sabbaths designated by the Lord of Hosts.

TRIBUTE TO "BILL ARP'S" MEMORY.

An explanation is here given that was not intended to be made public, but the exigencies of the cause induce it. The editor of the VETERAN has explained that he resolved at the grave of Maj. Charles H. Smith to give its patrons an opportunity to contribute to a memorial fund. His purpose was simply to accept dollar subscriptions and send with the names of the donors to the family and to publish the list in the VETERAN as an honor roll. He felt that he could assume this responsibility, and prepared the article for the September issue without the knowledge of the family. It seemed appropriate for him to do this after an intimacy with the distinguished philosopher, patriot, and humorist, regardless of other means adapted to this most worthy purpose. With that article in type and a proof of it in his pocket, he happened to be with a member of the family, who introduced the subject, saying:



MAJ. CHARLES H. SMITH ("BILL ARP").

"It was believed by the family that father's friends might like to make a contribution to a monument; and I said if it should be undertaken, Mr. Cunningham is the proper person to do it." The proof sheet of the article was immediately produced, and so the matter stands. It was a gratifying coincidence.

Imagine the pride in being so selected as an approval of the purpose already undertaken, and the ambition to succeed in a measure commensurate with the dignity of the enterprise. Thousands of people will approve this patriotic and laudable undertaking, who would be pleased to coöperate, but the slowness to act may humiliate the editor of the VETERAN in his purpose. It is desired to complete the fund by Christmas and send it as a seasonable offering, and the appeal is made most earnestly that all who want a share in such a memorial

report now or not later than December 20. The appeal is made ardently that those who wish to contribute a dollar report it by that date, even if they remit the money later. A large contribution in these small sums would be a vindication of the faithful and just principles that "Bill Arp" advocated so independently through all the intervening years, through carpet bag rule and in the better years following that bitter period. A worthy memorial to this faithful champion of right would of itself be a vindication of the great principles for which he so boldly contended.

The grave of Maj. Smith is on a beautiful hill, near a railroad junction; and if a memorial worthy the man be erected, all day passengers on the Western and Atlantic and the Seaboard Air Line roads who pass Cartersville, Ga., may have the pleasure of seeing it.

A good way to help this cause by those who have not spare money would be to procure four new subscribers to the VETERAN, and one dollar will be added to it in the name of those who procure them. The man or woman who will supply four worthy, poor Confederates the VETERAN for next year will be accepted as a contributor to this fund. So earnest is the editor of the VETERAN to succeed in raising a sum worthy that he appeals to personal friends who would contribute to his memory in such way to send one dollar now to the honor of this patriot, philosopher, and Christian.

His great lecture, "Dixie Then and Dixie Now" is ready for publication in the VETERAN, but there is so great pressure for space it will be withheld a few months longer.

Col. V. Y. Cook, of Newport, Ark., an honored soldier and officer of two wars, having sent his dollar for the Bill Arp memorial, sends an additional sum of \$3 in the names of his three daughters (May, Jennie, and Varina), concluding his letter as follows: "No Confederate is more entitled to, or worthy of, an appropriate monument than Maj. Charles H. Smith, and I am glad to see the inauguration of such a movement by the VETERAN." Col. Cook had subscribed for Mrs. Cook also.

W. E. Winston, Wiskom, Tex., who served in the First North Carolina Infantry, sends a dollar with this note: "I honored 'Bill Arp' living, and I honor and revere his memory though dead."

Reports from Col. Bennett H. Young, who sends more than the limit, and others are yet to appear.

DON'T ATTRIBUTE THE TERM TO FATHER RYAN.

Mrs. G. P. Wheeler, No. 18 Chase Avenue, North Adams, Mass., writes inquiry to the VETERAN for a poem by Father A. J. Ryan, entitled "The Lost Cause." The writer knows of no such poem, nor even the term in any poem the distinguished patriot ever wrote. That phrase, like "the New South," evidently originated in the mind of some one unfriendly at heart to Southern principles. If those who desire to use the term "lost" in such connections would designate *Lost Confederacy*, they would not insult the great majority of Southerners who believe the principles for which the South fought were just, and that they will live despite defamation. It would be well for all who believe the *cause* of the South in going to war was justified by inalienable right and by the Constitution of the Union as founded by our fathers to abrogate the term at all times and upon all occasion of reference to the vital issues that caused the great War between the States.

SUGGESTED RECORD CONCERNING THE BATTLE FLAG.—The battle flag of the Confederate army was discussed by the U. C. V. committee at the Louisville meeting, with the following result:

"Whereas there appears to be much difference of opinion

as to the shape and design of the battle flag of the Confederacy—a matter of such historical importance as to require settlement in authoritative manner by the Veterans now living; therefore be it resolved

"1. That a committee of five be selected to ascertain all accessible data regarding the origin, shape, and design of the same, and prepare a resolution to be submitted for consideration to the United Confederate Veterans to be assembled in convention at the annual reunion to be held in Nashville, Tenn., 1904.

"2. That said committee is also hereby directed to ascertain the laws of the Confederate Congress relating to the aforementioned battle flag and the flags adopted respectively on March 4, 1861, May 1, 1863, and March 4, 1865.

"Committee: Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, of Washington, D. C., Chairman; Col. J. Taylor Ellyson, of Richmond, Va.; Gen. A. C. Trippe, of Baltimore, Md.; Col. Fred L. Robertson, of Tallahassee, Fla.; Brig. Gen. J. F. Shipp, of Chattanooga, Tenn.

The committee is commended to the very interesting paper on this subject by Gen. W. L. Cabell on the first inside reading page of the VETERAN for August, 1903.

Mr. C. B. Van Pelt, of South Bend, Ind., sends a "P. S." and a dollar with this note: "I hand you the amount of my subscription to the VETERAN for the ensuing year. I wish the Federals issued such a commendable chronicler of events pertaining to the great Confederate war."

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

BY ROBERT A. SMYTHE, ESQ., EX-COMMANDER IN CHIEF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

I have been asked to write a few words of greeting to my comrades in the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, and am very glad of this opportunity to express my pleasure in seeing the steady and wholesome growth of this organization, as shown by the minutes of its recent conventions. It is indeed gratifying to note the growth of the order in the West, and my friend, Commander in Chief Fayssoux, has sent me some very encouraging reports of the recent work.

The last convention must have been a most interesting one, and I hope it will be my good fortune ere long to again be at one of these gatherings. Let the good work go on, and let each Son of the old Confederacy do his part in preserving its priceless history.

The Veteran ranks are thinning rapidly, and many duties devolve upon us as their successors. Among them, there is none more pressing than helping the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to continue its useful career. Our reunion in Nashville adopted the VETERAN as our official organ, and we had a regular department in it for the news of U. S. C. V. This courtesy was extended by Mr. Cunningham, who has certainly done a noble work for the perpetuation of Confederate history. The Camps of Sons should bear this in mind and should help the VETERAN by their subscriptions and also by contributed articles.

The committee for the erection of a monument to the women of the Confederacy has a noble work before it, and it is a great pleasure to be one of its members and work with its enthusiastic Chairman, Mr. James Mann. Please convey to the U. S. C. V. my wish for successful and continued growth and best regards to my old comrades.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS SUGGESTED.

Henderson's LIFE OF T. J. JACKSON with the VETERAN, \$4.35. Two WARS, by Gen. S. G. French, and the VETERAN 1 yr., \$2.50. REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR, by Gen. J. B. Gordon, and the VETERAN, \$3.50. Address the VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

THE MISSOURI REUNION.

On pages 489-491 of the November VETERAN there was a partial account of the proceedings by Missouri Confederates at Columbia, the location of the State University, in their annual convention. The oration that thrilled the thousands present was by James W. Boyd, Esq., of St. Joseph. It was reserved for this issue. A more beautiful campus could hardly be found to any university in America. There was an exhibition of wealth and culture by the thousands in attendance that will linger with gratitude and pride by those in attendance until time shall be no longer. No man of the North who enjoys an uplifting in spirit could have seen and heard what occurred there without honoring in his heart the men and women of the South as long as he may be blessed with a memory. United States Senators and Governors (most of whom were old enough to share the honor of Confederate comradeship) were prominent participants in the proceedings, along with many men who have lived in the humbler walks of life and who enjoyed the honor, with their distinguished associates, of being Confederate veterans. If the veterans, the mothers, the sons, and the daughters of all the South could have had the inspiration of that reunion, there would be a magnetic increase of all organizations the purpose of which is to maintain the honor of the Southern people in all they did in those eventful years of the sixties.

Fitting resolutions were adopted by the convention in recognition of the remarkable hospitality of Columbia. They were as follows:

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

The United Confederate Veterans of the Missouri Division, in our seventh annual reunion assembled, hereby tender to the citizens of Columbia and Boone County our hearty thanks for the generous hospitality which has been extended to us—particularly to the Columbia newspapers for their courtesies; to the curators, faculty, and students of the University of Missouri for the use of the auditorium of the university, in which we have held our meetings; to the faculties of Christian and Stephens Colleges for the very enjoyable concerts given for our entertainment; to the University band for kindly attention; and to the reception committees for their foresight in providing homes for our delegates. We will carry to our homes the most pleasant recollections of the warm-hearted welcome which has greeted us on every hand in this splendid old city and county, which have so joyably maintained their reputation for hospitality. We invoke the blessings of Heaven upon the city and county and our great University.

SPEECH OF JAMES W. BOYD.

Gen. Gates, Ladies and Gentlemen: The Missouri Division of the United Confederate Veterans, the Major General commanding, the Confederate soldier, his wife, widow, sons, and daughters, highly appreciate the kind and cordial welcome so earnestly and eloquently extended them by the J. J. Searcy Camp, No. 717, the great University of Missouri, and this beautiful and classic city.

You have made glad the hearts of your visitors by such a greeting as might have been expected from Columbia, the Athenæum of Missouri, full of refined and generous people, whose hospitality seems to know no bounds—the capital city



COLUMNS OF OLD UNIVERSITY BUILDING ON CAMPUS.

of Boone County, which long ago wrote upon its banner the motto, "For our country we live, for our country we die," and whose homes furnished so many noble sons as priceless sacrifices upon the altar of the Southern Confederacy.

Your reception will be long remembered and gratefully cherished by these survivors of the most memorable war in the history of our race—this remnant and rear guard of the Southern army, composed of men who for four years pitched their tents within the zone of fire and held constant companionship with death.

They are now here upon a peaceful, social, patriotic mission, true to the Stars and Stripes, and for the promotion of truth; and truth is religion.

Some are here destitute of an arm, others minus a leg, and

most of them with scarred bodies. There is one man here who wears thirteen bullet marks, who was three times left as dead, who also suffered in prison. Others are here who escaped from prison to get back under the battle flag.

By welcoming them, you honor the dead, place the laurel wreath upon one hundred thousand graves of men who wore the gray, fought under the Stars and Bars, and died as brave men die—in the defense of their inalienable rights, their homes, and all they held dear and sacred in this world.

In these reunions we stand, under weeping willows, about the sepulchers of our dead. The whole Southland is sanctified by their blood. Their sublime courage has thrown upon the sky of Dixie a picture so bright and beautiful that neither defeat nor oppression nor smoke nor fire nor devastation nor desolation dire and calamitous has been able to mar or blemish it—an aurora australis which can never fade.

The canopy of the South is studded with stars which shall never go down—stars which shall grow brighter and brighter as the ages in their endless procession succeed each other.

We would be unworthy—miserable recreants—did we not honor our dead and strive to perpetuate their memory.

No nobler men ever lived, no braver soldiers ever answered the bugle call nor marched under flag or banner. They were untainted by selfishness. The frosts of commercialism never touched their lofty souls. They fought, not for conquest, nor for coercion, but from a high and holy sense of duty.

No sacrifice was too costly, no march too long, no odds too great, no breastworks too high, no death too awful for them to make and meet and charge and defy.

True to the instincts of their birth,
Faithful to the teachings of their fathers,
Constant in their love of State,
They died in the performance of their duty.
They have gloried a fallen cause.
By the simple manhood of their lives,
Their patient endurance of suffering,
Who, in the dark hours of imprisonment,
In the hopelessness of the hospital,
In the agony of death on the field,
Found support and consolation in the belief
That at home they would not be forgotten.

And we are here to hold in unfading memory their sacred honor!

The fact that their flag went down before overwhelming numbers settled the question in controversy, but proved no moral fact. The decision was final, and they cheerfully, bravely, and loyally abided the result.

The Confederate soldier fought against the coercion of States. He fought for rights which had been acknowledged from the time the Constitution was adopted.

Up to 1860 the sovereign power of the State, subject only to the limitations in the Federal Constitution, had been everywhere recognized, and nowhere more persistently insisted on than in Massachusetts and the other New England States.

In 1780 Massachusetts in her convention declared that her people had the sole and exclusive right to govern themselves as a free, sovereign, independent State; and that they, and they alone, had the indefeasible right to institute, reform, alter, and totally change the government whenever their happiness and welfare might seem to require it.

When the Louisiana Purchase was under discussion, Mas-

sachusetts bitterly opposed it, and threatened to exercise what she called her unquestioned right of secession if the measure should be insisted on.

Timothy Pickering, an officer in the Revolution, afterwards Postmaster General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State in Washington's cabinet, and for many years a Senator from Massachusetts, did not like Jefferson's administration, and proposed a general dissolution of the Union, with the view to the formation of a Northern Confederacy. This scheme was favored by New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Connecticut, but it was deemed imprudent to act without the alliance of New York. New York declined the proposition, and the project failed.

In 1804 the Legislature of Massachusetts asserted and defined the principle of secession by the following enactment: "The annexation of the Louisiana Purchase to the Union transcends the constitutional power of the government of the United States. It forms a new confederacy to which the States, united by their former compact, are not bound to adhere."

In the debate on the bill for the admission of Louisiana, the representative from Massachusetts, Hon. Josiah Quincy, said: "If the bill passes, it is my deliberate judgment that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligations; and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some to definitely prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must."

A Southern member raised the point that the suggestion of a dissolution of the Union was out of order, but on appeal, the house sustained Mr. Quincy, who, in an elaborate argument, vindicated the right of secession.

In 1812, when the war with England was on hand, Massachusetts and Connecticut refused to furnish their quota of soldiers. The call of the President for troops from those States was ignored; and, during hostilities with England, those States arranged for the Hartford convention.

The Hartford convention assembled in 1814, with delegates from Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, regularly elected by the Legislatures of those States, and delegates from other States. That convention expressed its adherence to the doctrine of State sovereignty in the following language: "When emergencies occur, which are either beyond the reach of judicial tribunals or too pressing to admit of delay incident to their forms, States which have no common umpire must be their own judges and execute their own decisions."

And thus at that time when our country was suffering disaster, when we, for the second time, confronted the armies of the British Empire, when our capitol at Washington was sacked and burned, when our existence as a government was threatened, some of the New England States refused to furnish their proportion of troops for the defense of our common country; and the people of the South—Kentuckians, Tennesseans, Louisianians, and Mississippians—and others under Andrew Jackson at New Orleans met the picked battalions of the British army, led by Pakenham, and with magnificent courage laid low the British flag, saved the honor of the Stars and Stripes, and established the prestige of the United States.

In 1845, when measures were taken for the annexation of Texas, the Legislature of Massachusetts passed another resolution which was as follows: "The Commonwealth of Massa-

chusetts, faithful to the compact between the people of the United States, according to the plain meaning and intent in which it was understood by them, is sincerely anxious for its preservation; but Massachusetts is determined, as it doubts not the other States are, to submit to undelegated powers in no body of men on earth, and that the project for the annexation of Texas, unless arrested on the threshold, may tend to drive these States into a dissolution of the Union."

In 1851 Daniel Webster said: "I do not hesitate to say that if the Northern people refuse to obey the laws of Congress and the Constitution of the United States, the South would no longer be bound to the compact."

In 1859 an Ohio convention declared: "That the Constitution was a compact to which each State acceded as a State, and that each State had a right to judge for itself of infractions and of the mode and measure of redress."

In 1861 Wendell Phillips, a lawyer, author, and statesman, said: "The States which think their peculiar institutions require a separate government have a right to decide the question for themselves."

In the very convention which framed the Constitution a proposition was brought forward to embody in it a provision authorizing the use of force by the Federal government against a State, and that proposition was voted down!

Just a year or two ago Charles Francis Adams, son of Charles Francis Adams, who was the son of John Quincy Adams, who was the son of old John Adams, made a speech in Charleston; and in another in New York, concerning the rights of a State, he said: "If we accept the judgment of modern students and investigators, it would seem that the weight of the argument falls into the Confederate scale. The issue was settled by might, not by right."

We refer to these facts, not to argue, but because: "Nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present came to be what it is."

In 1861, weary of discord and dissension, harassed and threatened, confronted with a momentous proposition which involved her very existence, the South did only what the New England States had long maintained they had the right to do. Then her soil was invaded, her overtures of peace were spurned; and, when no other recourse was left, she went to war.

And now, after this lapse of time, conscious of rectitude in aim and motive, she claims only the privilege of relating to her own children the simple annals of her life, that they may know the true character of their own mother, and not be influenced by false and designing stories published in books called history. From her schools, her homes, her libraries—from all schools, homes, and libraries—such publications ought to be excluded, as you would exclude from your household the germs of yellow fever.

But time has cleared away the smoke, and with it passion and prejudice have gone. Now, happily, all the people, North, South, East, and West, unite in paying tribute to the man who wore the gray. They now say he is "the unique character in American life." He is indeed an object lesson of devotion to duty, a picture of the virtues of the elder day in the setting of the twentieth century. His heroism has become the heritage of every American; it makes up some of the brilliant pages of American history, and constitutes a material part of the grandeur of the world's greatest republic.

When the final verdict of history shall have been written

it will place the Confederate soldier upon an imperishable monument, crown it with the symbol of heroism, and portray his deeds as worthy to endure forever and forever.

On Fame's eternal camping ground his tent shall stand through all the ages. The men who wore the blue will help to build the mighty mausoleum and write the epitaph. They cannot afford to say that the men who, against overwhelming odds, won so many world-renowned fields against them were not brave, chivalrous, and heroic. They cannot afford to say that the men who, against four times their number, made the distance from Washington to Richmond four thousand miles, the way four years long, and the road the hottest mortals ever trod, were not heroes. No, no, the Union soldier cannot say that, because he was a brave man and fought with the courage of his honest convictions.

His pension roll contains—or did a few years ago—a million names, and every name on the list, whether he will or not, is a positive witness, already subpoenaed, before the High Court of History to testify to your conduct as a soldier.

And to this list you may add two hundred thousand other Union soldiers killed and mortally wounded who, through their deaths, testify to this same fact.

History cannot, and will not, ignore such testimony. Even now Jackson's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, in which many of you took part, is regarded in the great military schools of Europe as the finest specimen of strategy and tactics of which the world has any record. It is used in those schools to-day as a model. It is taught for months at a time in the sessions of the schools of Germany. Von Moltke, the great captain, declared it superior to any campaign ever planned by Napoleon, and without a rival in the world's history.

It took two things to make Jackson's campaigns the marvel of the world: Jackson's genius, and the genius and heroism of the private soldier, his foot cavalry, the men who marched under his banner twenty, twenty-five, and thirty miles a day in order to be there on time.

In this forum, in these halls, in other universities and colleges, they tell us, through tradition, song, and story, of the wonderful deeds of the ancient Greek and Roman, of Thermopylæ, Marathon, and Plataea, of Cæsar and his Tenth Legion which carried the Roman eagle to the confines of the known world, of the chivalric knights of the Middle Ages, of Saratoga and Yorktown, of Cowpens and King's Mountain, of Lodi and Austerlitz, of Napoleon and the Old Guard, of Wellington and Waterloo, of Marcos Bozzaris and his Suliote band, of Buena Vista, Monterey, and Mexico; but there is nothing recorded which surpasses the achievements of the soldier who wore the gray. For undaunted heroism, unyielding endurance, patient suffering, incessant fighting, and deathless valor he is without a parallel. He was the ancient Greek of modern times, led by the Miltiades of the nineteenth century, the world's hero, Robert E. Lee.

The Spartan lived again in the Confederate uniform. When the flag of the Stars and Bars was unfurled, consecrated by woman's devotion, sanctified with woman's tears, with all the hopes that clustered around it, with all the mighty millions of forces arrayed to crush it, Leonidas rose from the dead to fight under its folds, to again die for his country, and with him a hundred Spartan bands and a thousand Lacedæmonian cohorts elected to stay and die by it.

For four long years the Confederate soldier stood one against four. With scant supplies, inferior munitions of war, he stood as 600,000 men and boys, all told, against

2,778,304 men supplied with the most approved arms and provided for in every respect.

In the Union army there were enlisted 494,000 foreigners, 186,017 negroes, making a total of foreigners and negroes of 680,017. If the United States had not enlisted a single white American citizen, its armies would have outnumbered the total enlistment of the Confederate army by 80,017 men, a larger number than Lee ever had perhaps at any one time. From the seceded States the Union army enlisted 317,714 men. These added to the foreign enlistment made 811,714, or 211,714 soldiers, exclusive of negroes, in excess of the total enlistment during the four years of the Confederate forces.

Add to this excess the negro enlistment, and you have 397,731 more men than the Confederacy had, all told, from the beginning to the end. If not a single white American citizen from the Northern, Eastern, or Western States had ever put his name down or fired a gun, there still would have been in the Union army 397,731 more men than the Southern army, according to its total enlistment all told, ever had.

To this excess, add the troops from the nonseceding States—nearly 2,000,000—and you have 2,778,304 men, or 2,178,304 men more than the South mustered from first to last. It is astounding to know and consider that the Union army had as many soldiers as the Southern army, and in addition thereto 2,178,304 more. Marvelous disparity in numbers!

And when we consider the advantages these millions had in provisions, transportation, munitions, and all other martial resources, the simple story becomes more and more amazing.

When the war began, the Confederate soldier had to do with such weapons as he could hastily lay his hands upon. He had to whip the Yankees to get guns to fight them with, and oftentimes he had to depend on the enemies' commissary department for his rations. When Bledsoe's, Guibor's, Landis's, Wade's, and other batteries, in 1861, were spoiling for a fight, they had to have their sabots turned in carpenter shops; tin shops supplied their straps and canisters; dry goods merchants donated red flannel for cartridge boxes, which the soldiers at night filled with broken horseshoes and iron rods cut up into short pieces.

When a few thousand gallant young Missourians gathered together August 10, 1861, under the leadership of Sterling Price at Wilson's Creek to maintain their rights as they believed them to be, and to defend their Missouri homes from ruin and desecration, they were armed with old shotguns, flintlock rifles, horse pistols, and such obsolete weapons as could be picked up here and there; and their artillery was supplied with this home-made ammunition. Thus armed, they went forth to meet five thousand trained, well-armed, well-drilled soldiers of the Federal army, led by a gallant, experienced commander.

And what a day that was in the history of Missouri! The account the Missouri boys gave of themselves that day will live as long as history lives, and their deeds will be rehearsed in song and story through all the coming ages. And in the far-off, undreamed-of future, when the history of Missouri shall grow dim with age, the last page to fade away will contain an account of their conduct on that immortal day. Long after the beautiful monument, erected on or near that sacred field where many of you were baptized with fire, shall have crumbled back to dust, the record made that day will be as bright and clear as the pages of a newly printed book.

And this was only the beginning. These same Missourians followed the flag through twenty-two renowned battles and numberless minor actions, and went with heroic courage through all the years, from Booneville, June, 1861, to the 26th day of April, 1865, when they finally yielded to overwhelming numbers, four years, and a thousand miles from home! Now they are back here—

"Came from the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that are left of them."

And just before Wilson's Creek the world's greatest tragedy had been opened at Manassas Junction by your compatriots of Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Louisiana, and others, July 21. On that day a great army, splendidly equipped—infantry, cavalry, artillery, everything, drilled, experienced, and composed in part of the regulars of the United States army, led by an experienced general—came out from Washington with bugles and banners to go "On to Richmond."

Over by Manassas, near Bull Run, they met a lot of young men from the South, armed with such guns as the young Confederacy could provide, not the best, practically undrilled, totally inexperienced in military affairs, but full of hope and courage. And when the sun went down that day Bull Run ran red with the blood of that mighty host, and McDowell's army was one vast mass of fugitives flying for safety back toward Washington; and Jackson's name was "Stonewall." And the world's awful quadrennial, blood-red drama was on; and you know and experienced what followed.

Four years of carnage in which the red shaft of war plowed its broadest, deepest furrows. Six hundred thousand guns stood against 2,700,000 guns and won many victories.

On more than a hundred immortal fields, where death reaped so rich a harvest of precious lives, the Confederate soldier, by his undaunted courage, heroic devotion, lofty bearing, gentlemanly conduct, and quenchless valor, won for himself the plaudits of the world, and wrote his name in unfading letters upon the eternal scroll of fame.

Deathless courage! At Corinth you hear again the familiar roar of these same troublesome Missouri batteries. You see the barriers and works of the enemy, behind which are a mighty multitude. The roads leading into them are, in every direction, blue with reinforcements marching to swell their excessive numbers. You realize that the hour is at hand! Expectation is spontaneous. Then you hear the voice of the soldier who presides over this peaceful gathering, then in command of Little's old true and tried brigade, ring out with clear and determined accent: "Forward, double-quick, follow me!" And over the railroad they spring. Upon the enemy they rush with desperation born of Southern knighthood. Over all obstacles they force their flag to the front, and there, with the varying tide of the Titanic struggle with unequal numbers, it rises and drops and rises again and again, until death and blood themselves tire of the awful test of manhood, when, from sheer force of overwhelming odds, it is borne from the field with eighteen bullet holes in its folds—an immortal witness to immortal heroism.

FIGHTING AT FRANKLIN.

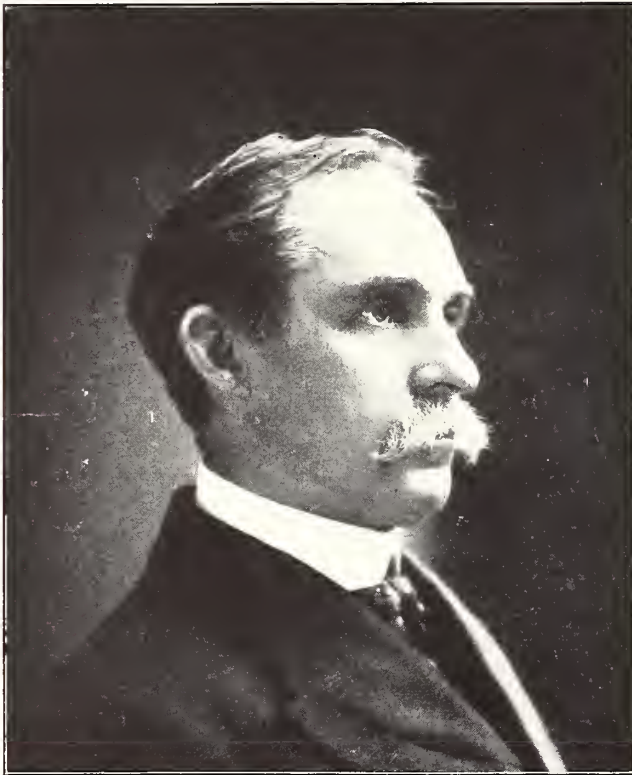
Tennyson has immortalized Balaklava, where Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan, led his English soldiers through the narrow valley of guns and rode upon the Russian battery.

But the charge of the Light Brigade fades into insignificance by the side of the charge of the Confederate soldier at Franklin. Twenty thousand Confederate soldiers proudly moved forward to storm a citadel defended by twenty-five thousand Federal troops safely intrenched and sheltered behind their impregnable fortifications.

Formed in a semicircle and marching to a common center, the divisions were forced to overlap just before reaching the ditch and breastworks. There they were met with an incessant sheet of fire and death which rolled like an endless scroll from the parapet. What a ghastly scene was that to the left of the ginhouse! But "On, on, forward!" was the cry. The decimated ranks re-formed and charged again and cry. Nine separate and distinct charges were made.

O perilous task! O sublime courage! O victory, so dearly won!

At Franklin, Marshall Ney, the incarnation of war, lived again, and led Hood's army into and through the awful vol-



HON. JAMES W. BOYD.

cano, and the heroes of all the past ages came to life again in the Confederate uniform and followed your battle flag. Col. Edward Adams Baker, who was behind the Federal breastworks during this struggle, writing, says: "I doubt if in the history of the world a single instance of such desperate, undaunted valor can be produced."

O Franklin, field of blood! upon which the Confederacy lost so many of her great generals; where companies and regiments lost seventy-five per cent of their numbers; where Gist and Strahl and Granberry and the intrepid Cleburne fell in the forefront of the battle; where the army lost one-fifth of its numbers in five hours; where Gen. John Adams, already wounded, rode his horse up to the enemy's embankments and, cheering his men, undertook to leap over,

when he fell on their battlements, pierced with nine bullets; where Cockrell's brigade flag received thirteen bullets; where Col. Elijah Gates, with both arms shot and dangling at his sides, rode with the bridle reins in his teeth upon the bloody breastworks of the enemy, leading the First and Third Missouri Cavalry Regiments dismounted.

Franklin! Eternal monument of undying devotion, of courage without a parallel—for all future time thy name shall stand for Confederate prowess!

AND GETTYSBURG.

At Gettysburg whole regiments of Confederate soldiers lost in killed and wounded eighty-seven men out of every hundred. Other regiments lost as many as eighty-two men out of every hundred. Capt Tuttle's company, Twenty-Sixth North Carolina Regiment, went into action with three officers and eighty-four men. All the officers and eighty-three men were killed or wounded. They stayed until every man, except one, was shot down. Only one left!

Company F, of the same regiment, went into that fight with ninety-one men, rank and file—three officers and eighty-eight men. They fought openly, boldly, long and well, and never quit until every officer and every man (ninety-one, all told) lay dead or dying on that fateful field. Ninety-one men out of ninety-one men dead or weltering in their own hearts' blood! Not a man to answer the next roll call; not a soul left to tell the story of the undying devotion of the dead and dying heroes of Company F!

Gettysburg! Gettysburg! Fame's Eternal Camping Ground! Bivouac of the Confederacy's deathless dead!

It is the third day of the battle! It is half-past one o'clock! The dreadful roar echoes down the valley between Cemetery Hill and Seminary Ridge, then dies away like distant thunder. A hush, solemn as death, falls over the two great armies, one numbering about one hundred and twelve thousand, the other about sixty-five thousand; a stillness so deep that the rustling leaf is heard as it quivers in the dancing sunbeam.

What is it that holds the brave Union soldier spellbound? When Pickett rides up to Longstreet and says, "General, shall I charge?" The whole world wondered! A solemn awe filled the earth! The shadow on the dial stood still!

Foreboding strains of martial music rise over the field. The flags are softly waving. The soldiers look each other in the face and, without a word, read the whole story. The men, from rank to rank, quietly bid each other good-by. Every man looks into his own grave, and then sends home over the wireless telephone a farewell message to his loved ones.

And, O my soul, the bugle sounds! The line of gray, with shining bayonets, emerges from the trees skirting the Emmetsburg road. Garnett's brigade on the left, Kemper's on the right, Armistead's to the rear of the center. Garnett, just out of the sick ambulance—with his heavy coat buttoned up, perhaps to strengthen his weak body, perhaps for a shroud—passes Longstreet, smiles, salutes, and goes straight to death.

The division moves forward as if on dress parade. "Stern Federal veterans stand awe-stricken and thrilled with wonder and admiration at the sight of this sublime heroism."

Across the valley of death for three-quarters of a mile it comes—this solid wall of living men. The roar of the cannon shakes the earth. A hundred guns on the right and left volley and thunder, enfilade and plow through their ranks

with hellborn destruction, leaving wide and terrible gaps. Again and again the men close up. On move the lines with steady, unflinching purpose. At last Pickett and the survivors of his division reach the hill on which Meade's great army is stationed. Along its crest, death, in full panoply, with exultant glee, holds high carnival. But not a line wavers, not a man falters. Up the side of the hill they spring, over the stone wall and breastworks they come with the Stars and Bars; and the world's record is broken. History turned over a new leaf and wrote her brightest chapter on courage and valor unsurpassed and unsurpassable.

Men and brethren, build here a shaft that will fitly commemorate the sublime heroism. Help the truth to talk through bronze and granite to future ages, and inspire them to noble deeds by the examples set by the men who wore the gray. Erect a mighty monument, firm and lasting as the eternal hills, to the private soldier.

The real hero in that war was the man who walked in the ranks and went to certain death, knowing his name would never again appear, except in the list of the killed.

If Lee, why not Jackson? If Jackson, why not Cleburne? If Cleburne, why not the boy who marched twenty, twenty-five, thirty miles a day to get there in time to die—to die as a simple matter of devotion to duty, already consecrated and sealed for death by a mother's kiss implanted on his youthful brow with an intensity of suffering inconceivable as she bade him go and join the mortal combat? He is my hero. He is God's child. His mother is the heroine of us all forever.

And don't forget the smaller boys, from only twelve to sixteen years of age, who went to the forefront in the dark days when hope was dead. The cadets of Virginia, two hundred and fifty in number, joined Breckinridge at New Market May 15, 1864. The soldiers good-humoredly guyed them at first about their smart uniforms and their girlish faces. Before the battle began, now and then you could hear a "Rebel" shouting to them: "Look out there, boys! If the Yankees shoot, they are not particular, and some of you little fellows may get hurt."

But the battle is now on, and the fighting is terrific and against great odds. A Federal battery seems to be having its own way and is raining destruction upon the Confederate ranks with shell, canister, and grape, and there are no troops that can be spared to silence it. The cadet corps is kept lying down, watching the dreadful tragedy. The crisis is at hand. Something must be done!

Above the din of battle is heard the voice of Col. Scott Ship, "Corps of cadets, follow me." In a minute the boys are in line; then we hear the command, "Dress to the right, forward, double-quick!" And on they sweep across the plain of death, A. P. Evans and his color guard in the front with their beautiful banner. A full volley from the battery is let loose. Fifty cadets with girlish faces are mowed down toward the center as with a scythe. Ship's horse goes down. In an instant he is upon his feet with the ringing command, "Close to the center!" Without a waver, on they go across the wheat field as if on dress parade. Hand to hand they engage the iron soldiers at the guns; the battery is taken, and on they sweep; the enemy is retreating; a shout goes up along the lines; the victory is won!

A battalion of Georgia cadets was placed to hold one of the roads leading across the Oconee River. The Federal soldiers called them "Brown's Babies." In the emergencies of the hour Capt. John H. Weller commanded them. He says they

made a gallant fight, and that he saw on that little battlefield boys dead and other boys bleeding, with the pallor of death on their faces, not over twelve years of age. And I reckon it is true.

Can't you build a little monument also to these small boys, plant a few flowers around it upon which the dewdrops may come and nestle until the morning sun, touching them with its dawning rays, bids them kiss the petals good-by and fly away upon their iridescent wings, like angels, to the throne of God to plead for the perpetuation of the memory of these little dead heroes?

But I must stop. It would take a thousand volumes to record the heroic deeds of the Confederate soldier. In my dreams I see him yet. In my dreams, still I hear the "Rebel yell," and then his wild huzza, as amid flame and smoke, and battle shout, and saber stroke, and shot and shell, and cannon roar, and leaden hail, and bloody bayonets, he plants the Stars and Bars on a hundred fields of victory.

But I awake. The end has come. The flag is furled.

"But its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages."

Out of this sacrifice, blood, and death there is nothing left to him but "The Southern Cross of Honor," and there is nothing left to us but his undying fame. But this legacy enriches us all.

And now we are one people, forty-five States, united forever; one country, one purpose, one flag, the flag our forefathers fought seven long years to establish—the Stars and Stripes—emblem of liberty throughout the world, and hope of the human race.

Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen, citizens of Columbia, the Missouri Division of Confederate Veterans salutes you, and thrice thanks you for your noble welcome.

THE CROSS OF HONOR.

This poem was composed by Miss Vivian Poindexter, a member of the Baker-Lemmon Chapter, U. D. C., of Covington, Tenn., and read on Memorial Day, when Crosses of Honor were bestowed on members of Joe Brown Camp:

We meet on this Memorial Day,
Our love and garlands giving
To honor those who have passed away,
To cheer and honor the living.

To you who now on temple and brow
The livery of gray are wearing
As proudly as when in the battle's din
Southern arms you were bearing—

We give this emblem of the Southern cause,
In the bronze that will not perish,
In memory of battles you bravely fought
For the cause we'll ever cherish.

For as long as Southern breezes blow
With the fragrance of flowers blended,
We will honor the soldier who faced the foe
And Southern homes defended.

Then let us honor our noble dead,
And cover their graves with flowers;
But our hearts will go with this token bestowed
On these living heroes of ours.

GEN. E. W. PRICE.

BY CAPT. J. C. WALLACE, CO. A, 1ST REGIMENT, MISSOURI BRIGADE.

Edwin W. Price, eldest child of Gen. Sterling Price, is a native Missourian. He was educated in the common schools of his county and the State University at Columbia. Upon leaving the university he married Miss Kittie Bradford, of Boone County, May 1, 1855. He took his young wife to his farm in Chariton County, where they lived happily until the breaking out of the War between the States.

He volunteered in the first company raised in his county, and was elected captain by acclamation. He and his lieutenants immediately went to St. Louis and reported to Gen. Frost, who was in command of a camp of instruction under the State law, and remained there until the day Camp Jackson surrendered. On the morning of May 10, 1861, Capt. Price, not anticipating any trouble in camp that day, asked permission of Gen. Frost to allow him and his officers to visit the city for the purpose of purchasing a uniform for his company. The request was granted, and by noon they had accomplished their mission. Capt. Price invited his officers to dine with him and his father at the Planters' Hotel. His father was then State Bank Examiner and boarding there.

Upon reaching the hotel they met Gen. Sterling Price, who, upon seeing his son and his lieutenants, asked what they were doing there, and when informed that they had come to dine with him remarked: "Gentlemen, you have no time to dine. Lyon is marching upon your camp." There was a carriage in front of the hotel. He pointed to the carriage and said: "Go with all possible speed to Gen. Frost, and ascertain from him if he intends to fight. If so, take a musket and stay with him. If not, however, say to the General that I have advised you to make your escape, if possible, and return to your company." Upon their return to camp Gen. Frost told them he was sorry they had returned, for he felt it was impossible to get away. They replied that with his permission they would make the effort. He told them to go if they could. They did not take time to go to their tent for their baggage, but entered a carriage and drove leisurely between the lines of the enemy to the nearest railway station, and made their escape from the city. As soon as a battalion was raised in Chariton County Capt. Price was elected lieutenant colonel. After taking part, with his command, at the battles of Carthage, Drywood, and Lexington, he was elected colonel, and soon after the election of Gen. John B. Clark, Sr., to the Confederate States Senate Col. Price was elected brigadier general of his brigade. At



GEN. E. W. PRICE.

that time he was only twenty-seven years old. He is now living upon his farm in Chariton County, enjoys excellent health, far exceeding most men of his age in active business.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S BIRTHPLACE.

On October 2, 1903, the old soldiers of Todd and Cheatham Counties, Ky., held memorial services in the church which was built at the birthplace of Jefferson Davis at Fairview, Ky., and where, sixteen years ago, at the church dedication he delivered one of the most beautiful and impressive addresses of his eventful life. About a year ago the church was burned, and it has recently been rebuilt, which was the occasion of the memorial service. The large attendance and the magnificent dinner served by the ladies attested the love and veneration that the people living in the county where Mr. Davis was born have for their revered chieftain. They had hoped to have Mrs. Davis there, but her severe illness prevented it. Letters of sympathy and the local papers containing pictures of the old homestead and the lovely church were sent to her. There is a large well of never-failing water that the oldest citizens say was there when President Davis's father owned the property.

The old locust and walnut trees under which Mr. Davis played as a child are still there, but the old trees have been shorn of their branches. Mrs. M. C. Goodlett was given a piece of one of the trees for a gavel to be used by the U. D. C. at the recent meeting in Charleston.

CHAPTER U. D. C., COLEMAN, TEX.

A number of ladies of Coleman, Tex., met at the home of Mrs. W. R. McClellan last August and organized a Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy, enrolling sixty members. This good showing is evidence that Coleman is full of Southern women who honor companions and ancestors of the early sixties. Two meetings have been held since, and interesting programmes given. The younger members find it a pleasure to revive the old songs of loyalty to the gray without losing delight in giving things of later date.

The following officers were elected for the year: Mrs. J. E. McCord, President; Mrs. J. M. Bailey, Mrs. W. R. McClellan, and Mrs. J. O. Woodward, Vice Presidents; Mrs. Tom Martin, Secretary; Mrs. J. Warren, Treasurer; Mrs. C. A. Jackson, Registrar; Mrs. J. P. Ledbetter, Historian.

UNION VETERAN VOLUNTEERS INFORMATION.—Rev. John A. Wright, of Bridgeport, Ohio, who was a soldier in the Union army during the War between the States, while in Stanton Hospital, Washington City, under treatment for a wound received in the battle of Chancellorsville, became acquainted with Lieut. Col. W. G. Delony (Cavalry Battalion), of Cobb's Georgia Legion. He was brought a wounded prisoner, and died there. If the widow of Col. Delony or either of his children are living, Rev. Mr. Wright could give them some interesting and comforting facts in regard to the death of the Colonel.

Otis Bethune, of Sixty-Third North Carolina, C. S. A., was also taken there a wounded prisoner. This generous comrade of the other side would gladly give particulars concerning him.

Minor Meriweather, Esq., of St. Louis, while sending \$2 for the Sam Davis monument and \$1 for the memorial to Maj. Charles H. Smith (Bill Arp), says: "Let us adopt for 'Dixie' the words of Albert Pike as published in the November VETERAN."

MANNER OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S DEATH.

BY W. F. RANDOLPH, CAPTAIN OF JACKSON'S BODYGUARD.

It is not my purpose to give a detailed account of the memorable battle of Chancellorsville, but only to give some few incidents of the first two days leading up to the terrible catastrophe which was the closing scene of one of the most brilliant and successful movements recorded in the history of any war.

The writer was, during these two days, attached to the person of Gen. Jackson, and only left his side occasionally as the bearer of orders to his division commanders.

During the winter of 1862-63 the Army of Northern Virginia was encamped near and around Fredericksburg, and the writer was in command of a company of cavalry and attached to the headquarters of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, then located near Hamilton's Crossing, about three miles below the town.

The battle of Fredericksburg, which took place the 13th of December, resulted in the defeat of Burnside, and his retreat across the river ended all active operations for the winter. So we settled down in quiet observation, awaiting with anxious expectation the advance of Gen. Hooker, whose artillery crowned the heights on the other side of the river, where the white tents of the Federal army could be seen dotting the hills.

The spring was well advanced, the country all around us was covered with verdure and the roads had become dry and hard, when we were awakened from our long holiday by the welcome announcement that the Federal commander's long-expected advance had at last commenced, and that a portion of his army had crossed the Rapidan at Germania Ford and was marching upon Fredericksburg. Gen. Lee at once put his whole army in motion, with Jackson's Corps in the front, leaving one division under Gen. Early to prevent the enemy from crossing at Fredericksburg and attacking his rear.

Two of the best divisions of Longstreet's Corps had been detached and sent to Southeastern Virginia, leaving Gen. Lee with scarcely fifty thousand infantry with which to meet that well-equipped army of Hooker's, consisting of more than one hundred thousand men. After an arduous and exciting march without rest, the army frequently advancing in line of battle and expecting every moment to meet the enemy, the advance column, consisting of a portion of Hill's Division, halted about sunset, within less than a mile of the Chancellorsville House, in the vicinity of which the enemy was evidently concentrated, awaiting our attack. But the impenetrable nature of the thickets which separated us prevented any further advance in that direction, and the whole army was forced to bivouac for the night. At this point a road, which was known as Mine Run Road, intersected about at right angles the plank road along which we had been moving, and here, with no other protection than the spreading arms of an immense oak and without camp equipage of any kind, the two generals, Lee and Jackson, slept for the night, myself and a few of my troops lying within a few feet of them. I was awakened next morning by a light touch on my shoulder, and on jumping up had the mortification to find that the sun had already risen and Gen. Lee had gone. Gen. Jackson, who was just mounting his horse, turned to me with a kindly word and smile, telling me to follow as soon as possible, and dashed off at a furious gallop down the Mine Run Road, along which his troops had been rapidly marching since daylight. I did not succeed in overtaking the General again for several hours, and when at last I came up with him he was far in advance of his columns, standing talking to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee in the old turnpike road, at a point about five miles distant from Chancellorsville, having made a circuit of fifteen miles, thus putting the whole Federal army between himself and Gen. Lee and the two divisions of

Longstreet's Corps which were with him. As the several divisions of the corps came up, they were formed in line of battle, and about four o'clock in the evening everything was in readiness for the attack.

While Fitz Lee was talking to Gen. Jackson a half-dozen troopers rode up, bringing with them a Yankee lieutenant, whom they had just captured. Lee turned to the officer and asked him smilingly: "What would Hooker think if old Stonewall were to suddenly fall upon his rear?" "Ah," said the Federal officer, "Hooker has both Jackson and your great Lee in the hollow of his hand, and it is only a matter of a very short time when your whole army will be bagged." Jackson's lips closed in a grim smile; but he said nothing, and Lee and his troopers rode away, laughing, leaving us alone.

The General turned to me and asked how far behind was the advance of his army. I replied that the leading division ought to be up in an hour. We both dismounted, Jackson seating himself on a log by the road, studying a map which he spread out before him. After tying our horses, I took my seat not far from him, and, being somewhat fatigued from the long ride, I fell asleep. Waking with a start, I turned and saw the General kneeling with his arms resting on the log in earnest prayer. I was profoundly impressed, and a feeling of great security came over me. Surely this great soldier, who held such close and constant communion with his Maker, must certainly succeed in whatever he undertook!

Presently the General, seated on the log, called me to his side and ordered me to ride down the turnpike as far as possible in the direction of the enemy, and ascertain if any of his pickets were stationed in the direction facing our advance, and to gather any other information it was possible to obtain.

Taking one man with me, I galloped rapidly down the road until I came within sight of the camp fires of the enemy. Dismounting, I tied my horse in a thicket near the road, advanced cautiously, expecting every moment to come in contact with some outlying picket, but met no enemy until I came to an opening in the woods overlooking a large field, where I saw a sight most amazing and unexpected. No less than a vast force of Federals in every conceivable state of disorder, without any formation; several batteries of artillery unlimbered; hundreds



MONUMENT AT WAYNESBORO, NORTH CAROLINA.
Erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association, and unveiled in 1892. It is thirty-two feet high, and made of Fairfield granite.

gathered around the camp fires cooking, some sunning themselves in the bright May sunshine, as apparently unconscious of danger as if they had been encamped around the environs of Washington City—no sentinels, no pickets, no line of battle anywhere. My heart bounded with exultation, and I could have shouted for joy. "Verily," I said to myself, "the God of battles has this day delivered these people into our hands." Hurrying to my horse, I mounted and rode with all possible speed to where I had left the General. I made my report. Not a word escaped his lips. He raised his eyes to heaven and his lips seemed to murmur a prayer; and then, turning to Gen. Hill, who was then with him, he said: "Order the whole line to advance, Gen. Hill, but slowly, with great caution, and without noise."

And so the movement commenced, slowly, silently, with no sound save the occasional cracking of a stick beneath the feet of the men; those long gray lines stretching far into the gloom of the forest pressed on; twenty-five thousand veterans of many a hard-fought field, who had never moved save in the path of victory; on and on in the gathering evening, the sinking sun casting long shadows behind them, and there was a strange calm preceding a storm, the like of which has rarely ever been chronicled in the annals of war.

When our line of battle emerged from the dense wood which effectually concealed the advance, it came immediately upon the Federal encampment and directly in the rear of their whole line. The first intimation the enemy had of our approach was the characteristic Confederate yell, which rolled along the line, and rung out clear and loud above the thunderous clash of musketry and reëchoed through the forest, which had until then been as silent as the grave. Never was surprise so complete; never was a victory more easily won. As our lines swept like an avalanche over the Federal camps, they were overwhelmed and outnumbered at every point. Resistance was paralyzed, and the panic which ensued is indescribable. On the part of the enemy it was not a retreat, but the wildest flight—a race for life. At one time during the evening a young officer, wild with enthusiasm, dashed up to the General, crying: "General, they are running too fast for us; we can't come up with them." "They never run too fast for me, sir," was the immediate response. And thus onward rushed pursuers and pursued, down the road toward Chancellorsville. Now and then Jackson would press his horse to a gallop and dash to the front, and whenever he appeared the troops would break ranks and rush around him with the wildest cheers that I ever heard from human throats.

When night closed upon the scene the victory seemed complete. The infantry of the enemy had disappeared from our immediate front, falling back under cover of several batteries of artillery, which, halting upon every eminence, poured a furious fire of shot and shell down the road upon our advancing columns. In order to avoid this heavy fire as much as possible, our men were formed in columns and marched up the edge of the dense wood, and parallel with the road. The moon was shining very brightly, rendering all objects in our immediate vicinity distinct.

About this time Gen. A. P. Hill rode up, and Jackson and himself had a conference of some length. I did not hear all that was said, but both were deeply absorbed, for shells from the battery of the enemy were bursting all around us and plowing up the ground under our horses' feet without either of them taking the slightest notice of the little incident. The firing soon ceased, and Hill rode away.

At this juncture the General had no officer with him except Lieut. Keith Boswell, an officer belonging to his signal corps,

and myself, together with a dozen of my own men, who were riding behind. A Confederate brigade was marching slowly in column on the left of the road and close to the woods. Lieut. Boswell was riding on the right of the General and I on the left between him and our lines. The General turned to me and asked: "Whose brigade is that?" "I don't know, sir," I replied; "but will find out in a moment." I at once rode up to our line and asked the first officer I met whose brigade it was. He replied: "Lane's North Carolina." I rode back to Jackson, giving him the reply. "Go and tell the officer in command," he said, "to halt his brigade." I rode up to the same officer, gave the command, and told him that it came from Gen. Jackson in person. The order was passed along the line, and the whole brigade halted at once, made a half wheel to the right, facing the road, and rested upon their arms. We continued our movement in the same order, walking our horses very slowly toward the front of the brigade. Suddenly the General asked: Captain, is there a road near our present position leading to the Rappahannock?" I replied that not far from where we stood there was a road which led into the woods in the direction of the Rappahannock River.

"This road must be found then, at once," he said. He had hardly uttered these words when a few scattering, random shots were heard in the woods to our right. The men in line on our left, excited apparently by this fire, commenced firing across the road into the woods beyond, not in regular volleys, but in a desultory way without order, here and there along the line.

Gen. Jackson turned to me and said: "Order those men to stop that fire, and tell the officers not to allow another shot fired without orders." I rode up and down the line and gave the order to both men and officers, telling them also that they were endangering the lives of Gen. Jackson and his escort. But in vain; those immediately in front would cease as I gave the order, but the firing would break out above or below me, and instead of ceasing the shots increased in frequency. I rode back to Jackson and said: "General, it is impossible to stop these men. They seem to be in a kind of panic. I think we had best pass through their line and get into the woods behind them." "Very well said," was the reply. So making a half wheel to the left, thus presenting a front of about sixty yards, our little company commenced the movement to pass through the line, and thus to put ourselves beyond the range of the fire. A few more seconds would have placed us in safety, for we were not over three yards from the line; but as we turned, looking up and down as far as my eye could reach, I saw that long line of bayonets rise and concentrate upon us. I felt what was coming, and, driving spurs into the flanks of my horse, a powerful animal and full of spirit, he rose high in the air, and, as we passed over the line, the thunder crash from hundreds of rifles burst full in our very faces. I looked back as my horse made the leap, and everything had gone down like leaves before the blast of a hurricane. The only living thing besides myself that passed through that stream of fire was Boswell's black stallion, my attention being called to him by the rattle of a chain halter that swung loose from his neck as he passed out of sight in the darkness of the wood. But his saddle was empty. Boswell too, an old comrade of many a perilous scout, had gone down with all the rest before that inexcusable and unwarranted fire. My own horse was wounded in several places, my clothing and saddle were perforated with bullets, yet I escaped without a wound, the only living man to tell the fearful story.

As soon as I could control my horse, rendered frantic by his wounds, I rode among our men, who were falling back into the woods, and from behind the trees were still continuing

that reckless and insane fire, and urged them to form their line and come back to the road, telling them that they had fired not upon the enemy but upon Gen. Jackson and his escort. Then sick at heart I dashed back to the road, and there the saddest tragedy of the war was revealed in its fullest horror.

I saw the General's horse, which I recognized at once, standing close to the edge of the road, with his head bent low, and a stream of blood running from a wound in his neck. Jumping from my horse, I hastened to the spot, and saw the General himself lying in the edge of the woods. He seemed to be dead. I threw myself on the ground by his side and raised his head and shoulders on my arm. He groaned heavily.

"Are you much hurt, General," I asked, as soon as I could find voice and utterance.

"Wild fire that, sir; wild fire," he replied in his usual rapid way.

This was all he said. I found that his left arm was shattered by a bullet just below the elbow and his right hand was lacerated by a Minie ball that had passed through the palm. Not a living soul was in sight then, but in a few moments A. P. Hill rode up, and then Lieut. Smith, one of his aids. Gen. Hill ordered me to mount my horse and bring an ambulance as quickly as possible. "But don't tell the men it is Gen. Jackson who is wounded," he said. I soon found two of the ambulance corps with a stretcher, and ordered them to the front, saying that a wounded officer needed their services. Then I rode further on to find an ambulance. Before coming up with one I met Sandy Pendleton, Jackson's adjutant general. I told him what had occurred, and he ordered me to go and find Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and tell him to come up at once.

"Where shall I find him?" I asked.

"Somewhere near the Rappahannock, he replied; 'not more than four or five miles away.'"

I rode off through the woods in the direction of the river, and by a piece of good luck soon struck a well-defined road, which seemed to lead in the right direction. After riding along that road for a few miles, I had the good fortune to meet Gen. Stuart himself, with a small escort of cavalry. I stated that Gen. Jackson had been badly wounded, and that Pendleton had ordered me to tell him to come to the army at once. Without making any comment, he dashed off at full speed. I tried to follow, but by this time my horse was much weakened by the loss of blood and began to stagger under me. I was obliged to dismount, and found that he was shot through both thighs and slightly wounded in several other places, so I was forced to walk, leading the wounded animal slowly behind me.

Thus ended my connection with the tragic incident of this most memorable night. I did not reach headquarters until two o'clock that night. I saw Dr. McGuire and asked him about the General's condition. He said that his arm had been amputated below the elbow, his wounded hand had been dressed, and that he was resting quietly. "The wounds are serious and very painful," he said, "but not necessarily fatal, and there seems to be no reason why he should not recover."

If asked why and how such a fire could have occurred, I can only answer that it was then and still is a mystery, wholly unaccountable and without provocation or warrant. We had been for some time walking our horses along the road in close proximity to this very brigade from which the fire came. The moon poured a flood of light upon the wide, open turnpike. Jackson and his escort were plainly visible from every point of view, and the General himself must have been recognized by any one who had ever seen him before. There was no reason for mistaking us for an enemy; and when turning to pass through our line to avoid the scattering random shot which

was sending bullets all around and about us, I did not for a minute dream that there was any possibility of the guns of our own men being directed upon us. An accident inexplicable, unlooked for, and impossible to foresee deprived the army of its greatest general at a time when his services were indispensable. If Jackson had lived that night, he would, without doubt, have marched his columns along the very road upon which I met Stuart, thus throwing his entire force in the rear of Hooker's army, his left resting upon the Rappahannock, cutting off the enemy's communications and forming around his flanks a net of steel from which he could never have extricated himself. . . .

Capt. Randolph disagrees with Gen. J. B. Gordon's account in *Scribner's Magazine*, in which he gives the "almost universal opinion that Jackson was killed by his own men," accepting the statements of thoughtful Union officers in preference to his own comrades, who were in the front and near where he was killed.

It was certainly no mooted question in the army then. It was well understood and *absolutely* known that the fire came from our own lines; and how in the face of this fact Gen. Gordon should have such grave doubts is not easy to understand, and why he should place such implicit confidence in the opinion of Federal officers about such a matter are passing strange. It will be remembered that this fire occurred between eight and nine at night, in a road on each side of which was a dense wood almost impenetrable, the enemy was in full flight, there was no organized resistance, every Federal soldier as well as officer was hunting *only* some place of safety. How then, in the midst of all this confusion, in a dense wood, in the darkness of the night, could any Federal officer, however "thoughtful," stop and not only locate Gen. Jackson's position, but tell by whom he was killed? Gen. Gordon, I think, with all of his eloquence and ability, will find this hard to explain. The truth is, there was no enemy in our immediate front, no effort was made on their part to resist our advance, the rout and panic being complete. The Federal general would be very glad to ascribe the death of Jackson to the prowess of his own men and the thoughtfulness of his officers, but the truth of history ought to be vindicated, and a fact so momentous and far-reaching in its effects upon the South, a fact which changed the civilization of a continent, ought not to be misrepresented. The facts given in the foregoing account are as distinct in my memory now as they were when engraved in letters of blood forty years ago.

REUNION IN VIRGINIA.

Miss Kate Mason Rowland writes of the reunion of the Joe Kendall Camp in Fauquier County, near Warrenton:

"The reunion took place on the grounds of the Bethel Academy, about four miles from Warrenton, Saturday, August 29. The August sun being overcast made the weather cool and pleasant. The beautiful spot selected for the meeting, with its undulating, grass-embroidered lawns, its picturesque buildings and noble trees, was filled with a happy assemblage, about one thousand in all. The veterans of the Camp, some sixty out of the hundred and odd on the roll being present, numbered among their members, with infantrymen and artillerymen, representatives of the famous 'Black Horse Cavalry,' and the no less renowned gray horsemen known as 'Mosby's men.' And the families of the old soldiers were there, down to the third and fourth generations. Young mothers brought their babies; children were there of every age with their parents; the lads and lassies; and women who 'remembered the war,' and who had seen fathers or husbands or brothers

go out to battle for Southern rights, some of them never to return, and the rest to return in '65 mostly to desolate hearths and broken fortunes.

"The Camp is named after the brave Virginia boy whose dying deed of heroism has rendered his name immortal. Joe Kendall went out to the war, from a humble home among his native hills, as a gunner in the Fauquier Artillery. His battery, commanded by Col. Robert M. Stribling, was engaged in a hot artillery duel in one of the battles around Richmond. Struck by a cannon ball, young Kendall fell mortally wounded. As he was borne, all mangled and bleeding, from the field, he was carried past the artillery horses. 'Stop!' cried the young hero to his bearers. 'Put me down here and let me hold the horses while their driver takes my place at the guns. You see I must die. Nothing can be done for me; but I can at least hold the horses while I lie here, and so be of some service.' He pleaded so earnestly, and his condition was so hopeless, that his request was granted. The reins were wound firmly around his hands, his friends moved off and the driver left him. After the battle was over, the enemy having been repulsed, young Kendall was found dead at his post, the reins of the horses still in the grasp of his lifeless hands. *Etiā in morte fidus*. Was there ever a nobler instance of Spartan endurance and more than Greek patriotism than this sublime deed of the untutored lad of Fauquier County? The story, as is fitting, is pictured on the handsome silk badge of the Camp which bears Joe Kendall's name and honors his memory. With recollections such as these, and with thronging thoughts, both grave and gay, of the stirring years of the Confederacy, an inspiration was 'in the air' of that August day to many of us which made it one of thorough enjoyment not soon to be forgotten.

"Ample provision was made for the dinner, to which all were invited. Barrels of lemonade, cold tea, and hot coffee were the wholesome beverages provided; while ham and fried chicken, pickles, apple pies, fruit, and other good things furnished a feast worthy of the hospitality of the neighborhood. A business meeting was held early in the day in one of the buildings there, which was opened with prayer by Mr. Tom C. Thornton, of Warrenton; Dr. J. H. Cochran, of The Plains, Commander of the Camp, presiding. There a movement was set on foot to erect a memorial to Gen. William Smith, of Fauquier, one of Virginia's two war Governors. The people took their seats, as many as could be accommodated, in a pavilion open on all sides (used by the school for a gymnasium). An elevated platform, opposite the speaker's stand, was occupied by over a dozen members of the Loudon Cornet Band, whose music was excellent. The battle flag of the Confederacy and an old, war-worn Virginia standard were crossed over the heads of the speakers, while between these flags hung a blue silk banner, on which was inscribed in white letters Kipling's well-known couplet:

'Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!'

"Ah! who could 'forget' in such a scene, amid such surroundings? The veterans' entrance to the reserved seats furnished an interesting and pathetic spectacle. Many of them were bent with years, yet with eyes still bright, and some of them as strong and vigorous as ever. The band played the beloved strains of 'Dixie,' and all stood up with a simultaneous impulse of enthusiasm, women waving their handkerchiefs and the old Confederates leading the chorus of applause.

"The Commander of the Camp (Dr. Cochran) voiced the sentiment of the hour. He was followed by Col. Tom Smith, the gallant son of the Confederate General and War Governor, who made an eloquent though brief eulogium of the deceased members of the Camp. These included three well-known and popular clergymen: Rev. George W. Nelson, Rev. Walter Robertson, and the Rev. Buchnor Randolph, brother of Bishop Randolph. A fine address was made afterwards by the Rev. William Dudley Powers, one of the Camp's guests, who, though but a boy in the last years of the war, had worn the gray and stood in the trenches around Richmond. The most notable visitor was the silver-tongued orator, Virginia's pride, Senator and 'Major' John W. Daniel. He is indeed a youthful-looking 'veteran,' though he was maimed for life in the service of his State. His handsome face and noble presence would distinguish him in any assembly. Though Maj. Daniel had not expected to speak, he was, as always, equal to such demands, and he delighted his hearers by his reminiscences of the war, delivered in the forceful and impassioned style of which he is a master. Another distinguished guest of the Camp was Gen. Lee's famous and trusted scout, now the 'Reverend' Frank Stringfellow, whose deeds of daring and adventure make up one of the most thrilling chapters of martial history. For more than an hour the large audience listened with rapt attention to Mr. Stringfellow as he told, with his wonderful memory for details, of some of his war exploits in and around Fauquier County. Many of those who heard him were able, from personal knowledge, to corroborate his account. The story of the raid on Pope's wagon train at Catlett's Station, where most important papers were captured from Pope's tent, enabling Gen. Lee to plan the victory of the second battle of Manassas, was graphically narrated. Before the raid was made, the brave scout was sent by Gen. Lee to Warrenton, then occupied by Federal troops, to ascertain where the wagon train was. In his 'blue' uniform in the dead of night young Stringfellow entered the sleeping town, and walked up first to the handsome residence of Mr. Marshall, on one of the principal streets, and coolly knocked at the door. The townspeople, always on the alert and expectant of nocturnal visits from Mosby's guerrillas, many of them Warrenton 'boys,' were never caught napping. The door was soon opened, and with noiseless steps the scout was received into the friendly mansion. The young lady of the house, hearing muffled sounds beneath, low voices in earnest conversation, at one rushed to the conclusion that this was her brother, Col. Charles Marshall, an officer on Lee's staff. She flew downstairs in dressing gown and slippers and with disheveled hair, and was about to throw her arms around the young man's neck to embrace him, when she discovered her mistake. Mr. Stringfellow says he has always regretted that lost kiss! But the young girl, as clever as she was attractive, who had kept eyes and ears open and was eager to do anything for the Confederate cause, immediately sat down in the friendly darkness, for they dared not strike a light, and gave the scout the clearest and fullest information about the enemy; and to his question, 'Where is the wagon train?' responded promptly, 'At Catlett's Station.' From the home of the Marshalls the scout went boldly up to a house where some guards were asleep on a porch. Pulling one of them by the leg to wake him, he asked: 'Where is our wagon train?' 'At Catlett's Station,' said the man, scarcely opening his eyes, and grumbling and swearing at being roused from his slumbers. This experiment was re-

peated with two or more soldiers by the persevering 'blue-coat,' each man grumbling and swearing in turn and giving the same answer. The scout then found an officer as he walked on, to whom he put the question as before: 'Where is our wagon train?' Here too came the answer: 'At Catlett's Station.' Finally, in order to exhaust all sources of information, our friend lounged up to the lighted window of a basement where some negro women were washing the soldiers' clothes. The better to preserve his disguise and secure his object, he greeted the sable washerwomen as 'young ladies,' and insinuatingly queried: "Where is our wagon train?" The ready answer came that he had received in every case: 'At Catlett's Station.' So now, having heard from the citizens, from the soldiers, from the officers, and from the negroes that Pope's wagon train was at Catlett's Station, the vigilant and careful scout felt that he could report this with confidence to Gen. Lee. And then the raid was ordered.

"It will be seen the first information that led to the raid was given by a Confederate woman, a young girl, Miss Lillie Marshall, now the wife of the Hon. Moses M. Green, of Warrenton, Fauquier's present representative in the Virginia Legislature, and an enthusiastic member of the Joe Kendall Camp. Mrs. Green, it need hardly be added, is a Daughter of the Confederacy.

"Mr. Stringfellow had other adventures to relate of equal interest. One of the members of the Camp who made a brief address, which was full of Confederate fervor and devotion, was Col. Stribling, of 'Joe Kendall's Battery.' An honored Confederate general, William H. Payne, was expected to speak, but was not able to gratify his friends. Between addresses the band discoursed stirring and patriotic music, 'The Bonnie Blue Flag' coming next to 'Dixie' in popularity.

"After the ceremonies were over, the musicians played waltzes for the young people to dance, and many lingered to watch the graceful movements of the light-hearted revelers. At length, by sundown, the crowd melted away, the veterans voting it one of the most successful of their annual meetings. The picture of the Joe Kendall Camp which appears below was taken on the grounds during the reunion."

JACKSON AT VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

BY JAMES B. HODGKIN, MANASSAS, VA.

Some years ago I published a story of Stonewall Jackson in *The Youth's Companion*, and rewrite it substantially as it was told me by Rev. Templeman Brown, of Maryland, who was present at the time, and who vouches for the truth of the narrative. Mr. Brown said that he was at Lexington in the winter of 1860-61, and was on the day on which the affair occurred taking dinner with Gen. Smith, who was in charge of the Military Institute at that time. It seems that the students of the Institute, most of them of Southern birth or rearing, were in the habit of going down into the town of Lexington, and getting into arguments with the "natives" on the subject of secession, at that time a question of course much debated. It should be premised that at that date the large majority of the residents of that part of Virginia bordering on what is now West Virginia, a State which was characterized by Gov. Wise as "the bastard offspring of a political rape," naturally took the side of the Union in all arguments. From arguments with words simply the students fell to blows, but in the majority of cases found themselves no match for the rugged mountaineers. In fact, so frequently did they return the worse for their rencounters that at last they resolved on having recourse to arms. On the day in question Mr. Brown was dining with Gen. Smith, and some of the "boys" had been down town, engaged in the usual argument, returning with bloody noses as the result of that final appeal to the original "arms."

Mrs. Smith came into the dining room, remarked Mr. B—, and said that the students were getting their guns from the armory, and that they were going down into the town to do battle with the citizens. Gen. Smith seemed completely upset by the statement and incapable of taking any steps to prevent what promised to be a bloody collision.

Jackson's residence was about halfway between the institute and the town. In some way word reached him of the movement of the students while he was at dinner, and he at once left the table and went to the front of the house. Sure enough here came the students pellmell down the road, some hatless, all with guns taken from the armory, and in great excitement. Jackson stepped to a horse block in front of the house, and just as the head of the column was driving past, called out in his most commanding tone: "Halt! Front face!" The boys halted almost instinctively. "Well, young



CAMP JOE KENDALL, WARRENTON, VA.

gentlemen," he asked in his mildest tone, "where are you going?"

One of the foremost told in a few words their grievances and their resolution to right them.

"Well," he said, "that's very well, perhaps, but who's your leader?"

They acknowledged that they had none.

"Do you not think that it's rather imprudent to sally out on an enterprise such as this without a leader?"

They acknowledged that it seemed so.

"How would you like me to lead you?"

Nothing would please them better, so they said.

"Well, then, I think as we are going on a serious enterprise we had better try and organize. Suppose we get out here in the road and drill a little." This was done, and then, having cooled their sanguinary mood somewhat, he took them over into the adjoining field, marched, countermarched, double-quickened, until they were pretty well tired out. Then, bringing them back into the road, and drawing them up in front of his horse block, he made them a little speech on the impropriety of such actions as they had planned, saying that some of them might be killed, to the grief of friends at home, or some of the townspeople might be slain, bringing sorrow and dismay on their families, and "now be good boys and go back to your studies. You came here not to learn the practice but the theory of war, and books, not weapons, are your equipments just now."

In a few words they were persuaded to return to the institute, and a bloody collision was avoided.

Here we see the real Jackson, resourceful, ready, alert. He exhibited then, at Lexington, exactly the same readiness of mind, the same quickness of apprehension, the same ability to form an instant plan, the same ability to carry out his plan as at the Wilderness or at Spottsylvania. Greatness is born, not made, and although the great man may never have opportunity to exercise his talents, he does not create them on occasion—they are in him, ready to rise when the exigency occurs. Jackson was as great in stopping those headlong boys at Lexington as in leading his men against the enemy a year later.

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA, S. C.

BY LIEUT. MILFORD OVERLEY, NINTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY.

Reading Chaplain General J. William Jones's recent biographical sketch of Lieut. Gen. Wade Hampton, in which he speaks of the controversy between Hampton and Sherman relative to the burning of Columbia, S. C., I am reminded that in 1869, while the facts in the case were still fresh in my memory, I published in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* a brief article contradicting Gen. Sherman's official report of the burning, stating that I was one of Gen. Hampton's rear guard on that occasion, and was probably the very last Confederate to leave Columbia; that I heard the order given to see that no cotton was fired for fear of burning the city, and that the order was obeyed; that the Confederates did not burn Columbia, but that Sherman and his army wantonly destroyed the beautiful capital of the hated Palmetto State.

Of course my statement had little weight as opposed to the official report of a victorious, and then popular, army commander, but it was true.

Kettell's history of the war (North) contains the following upon the subject of the burning of Columbia: "Gen. Wade Hampton, who commanded the Rebel rear guard, had, in anticipation of the evacuation of the place, ordered all the cotton

to be moved into the streets and fired. A violent gale was blowing as the advance of the Union army entered Columbia, and before a single building had been fired by Sherman's order, the smoldering fires set by Hampton's order, and which the soldiers and citizens labored hard to extinguish, were rekindled by the wind and communicated to the buildings around." Sherman's official report says: "I disclaim, on the part of my army, any agency in the fire, but, on the contrary, claim that we saved what of Columbia remains unconsumed; and, without hesitation, I charge Wade Hampton with having burned his own city of Columbia."

Some years ago, in writing up the Carolina campaign for publication in a home paper, I made the following statement concerning the destruction of Columbia: "I was one of Hampton's rear guard, and was probably the very last Confederate to leave the city, yet I saw no cotton burning in the streets of Columbia, nor did I hear any order from any one to fire the cotton, but I did hear one just the reverse. It was given to a detachment—three companies—from the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry that was ordered back to Columbia as a provost guard after the Confederates had evacuated the place and before Sherman entered it. I asked and obtained of Col. Breckinridge, the brigade commander, permission to accompany the detachment, and was present and heard this order given to the officer commanding: 'It is Gen. Hampton's order that you return to Columbia, bring out any straggling Confederates you may find, and see that no cotton is fired.' Having no time to lose, the detachment immediately proceeded on its mission, passing down in front of Sherman's skirmish line, which was in plain view, and entering the city in advance of him. In the suburbs we met Mayor Goodwyn and other municipal officers in carriages, with a white flag, going out to surrender the city. During the parley, which, however, was a brief one, we hastily visited different streets in search of straggling Confederate soldiers, but found none, neither did we find any cotton burning. Falling back as the Federals advanced along the streets, the detachment passed out toward the east (it had entered from the north), and, by a circuitous route, rejoined the command on the Winsboro road. I remained in the city after the detachment had gone, just keeping out of the enemy's reach by falling back from street to street till pushed out by the advancing infantry (they had no mounted men in the city at that time), yet I saw no cotton burning in Columbia. Basing my conclusions on what I saw (the Federals in possession of the city), on what I failed to see (any cotton burning in the streets), and on what I heard (the order to see that no cotton was fired), I can safely say that the Confederates had no hand in the burning of Columbia, Gen. Sherman's official report to the contrary notwithstanding."

In his "Memoirs," published in 1875, Gen. Sherman says: "In my official report of this conflagration I distinctly charge it to Gen. Wade Hampton, and confess I did so pointedly to shake the faith of his people in him, for he was, in my opinion, a braggart, and professed to be the special champion of South Carolina." He then claimed that Columbia was burned by accident and not by design. Now how much respect can proud American people have for the memory of one of their great generals who would make to his government such a report, and for a purpose so base? Similar falsehoods have been exposed through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the work will go on till we have a full and fair history of the War between the States.

BATTLE OF ELK HORN.

W. L. TRUMAN, GUEYDAN, LA.

In the article by Gen. W. L. Cabell on Confederate battle-flags, as it appeared in the August *VETERAN*, mention is made of a few of the patriotic deeds of our noble women. The women of our Southern Confederacy were the grandest, bravest, and purest women that ever blessed this earth. It made us ragged soldier boys happy to take off our hats to them along the roadside and to receive a smile and a nod of recognition. God grant that our Southern daughters may come up to their standard in all that is pure and true and brave, and always love and teach the righteous principles for which they suffered and did so much!

Gen. Cabell says in regard to a certain flag: "My wife, who was in Richmond, made a beautiful flag out of her own silk dresses and sent it to a cousin of hers who commanded an Arkansas regiment. This flag was lost at Elk Horn, but was recaptured by a Missouri Division under Gen. Henry Little." That event induces me to tell what I know of the Elk Horn fight, and about a beautiful flag that fell into the hands of Capt. William Wade's First Missouri Battery, of which I was a member, on our retreat.

The Northern Army commanded by Gen. Curtis was encamped at Elk Horn Tavern, in Benton County, Ark., near Sugar Creek, except one division under Gen. Sigel at Bentonville, a few miles to the north. Gen. Van Dorn divided his army, sending Gen. Price with his Missouri troops to attack the enemy on the north and Gen. McCulloch on the southwest, which cut off all chances for the enemy to retreat. Price aimed to crush Sigel at Bentonville; but that wily general got a chance to run, and he was never known to be caught on a retreat. His rear guard cut down trees and blocked the road in many

places; and, as there was no way to go around, we had to get axes and cut them out of our way. We kept up this slow pursuit all night, coming up with the enemy near Elk Horn about daylight. The country is rough and mountainous, and the road we were traveling had steep clifted sides, and in leaving it our men had to climb very high bluffs in order to form line of battle.

The enemy was ready for us and saluted with a heavy artillery fire. My battery was ordered to climb a certain rocky hill, take position, open fire, and silence a battery that was doing our men considerable damage. We expected to have great trouble in getting up that steep hill, as we had several very balky teams, but to our surprise and joy they went up in a gallop, leaving the cannoneers way behind. We learned, and saw it demonstrated many times afterwards, that a balky team never balks under fire. When on top of the hill the battery we were sent to engage paid its unwelcome respects to us, and we had to go in battery under a heavy fire. We were soon ready, and opened fire with our six guns. In twenty minutes the enemy withdrew, leaving one gun behind. Gen. Henry Little, commanding the First Missouri Brigade, now advanced and engaged the enemy on our right. The roar of small arms was fearful. We continued to throw shells into their line of battle, and our brave, talented captain sat his beautiful iron-gray horse and was happy. They stood their ground well about half an hour, then retreated. Our men raised a yell and followed them for some distance. Things were quiet now for quite a while. We could plainly hear the firing and the Rebel yell of McCulloch's men in our front engaging the enemy on the opposite of us. They did not seem to be more than two miles off. Every man in Price's little army heard the same, and it did us all good to know that we had the enemy penned and



GROUP OF DAUGHTERS AT HOT SPRINGS, ARK., ANNUAL SESSION OF STATE DIVISION, OCT. 28-30.
Mrs. J. M. Kellar, President Hot Springs Chapter and former State President, was made Honorary State President for life.

there was no chance for them to get out unless they whipped Price, and the beginning they had made convinced us they could not do that.

When the firing ceased, we noticed several piles of knapsacks at the foot of the hill. We brought up a few, and such fun as we had reading love letters. Some of them were just overpowering, and the boys would hold their breath and act in other amusing ways while they were being read aloud. We did not know the girls, so there was no harm done. None of the blue clothing and but few other articles were appropriated.

Firing soon commenced on our extreme left, and my battery was moved in that direction, finding our infantry hotly engaged in an unequal contest trying to drive the enemy out of the dense bushes on the opposite side of an old field. They had made one charge, but were driven back, and had taken shelter in a hollow in the middle of the field. Capt. Wade placed one battery in position immediately, ordered to load with canister and commence firing. We raked the bushes front, right, and left for several minutes under quite a sprinkle of Minie balls. Suddenly our infantry gave a yell and started on a double-quick for their concealed foe. A sheet of fire leaped from those bushes the whole length of the field and farther, and never let up. Our boys were again forced back, and took shelter under the hill. In the meantime we had run our guns by hand some distance into the field, firing all the time. We were now very much exposed, but continued to send a perfect hailstorm of canister into the bushes. In a remarkably short time our men returned to the assault the third time, and, with a continuous yell and in the face of that terrible fire, went right into the brush, routed the enemy, and drove them nearly a mile beyond Elk Horn Tavern, which was Gen. Curtis's headquarters, capturing many wagons and commissary stores. Our loss was heavy, but during my four years' service I never saw better fighting. They were Missouri troops, but I do not remember who commanded. My battery followed in the pursuit at a double-quick.

As I was following my gun I passed one of our infantry boys sitting on the ground holding the head of a dying Northern soldier in his lap. He called to me and asked if I had any water in my canteen, as he wanted some for the man. I ran to him, knelt down, and gave the dying soldier a drink. He tried to thank me, but could only move his lips. He then raised his right hand, with a happy smile on his lips, and patted me on my cheek, seeming to say, "God bless you!" He had a smooth face, was fine-looking and handsome. He was from Illinois, but I never learned his name. I shall never forget that sweet face when he blessed me for that last drink of cold water. I hope to meet him in the bright beyond.

I could not tarry, but went in a fast run to overtake my battery. When I came up they had unlimbered and prepared for action. We soon opened fire, replying to a battery trained upon us, and continued firing until after dark. Things soon became quiet after we ceased, and the first day's battle was over. We had driven the enemy about two miles and held the field. We had not heard a gun nor a yell from McCulloch's men since nine or ten o'clock in the morning, but later in the night we learned that McCulloch and McIntosh were killed early in the morning. The other officers were puzzled on the subject of rank, and could not decide who should take command.

Elk Horn Tavern is situated on a beautiful plateau which was in a high state of cultivation. There were several sutler wagons in park near our battery, and we laid in a supply of candies, tobacco, canned fruit, and other useful articles.

There was a large barn near by full of commissaries, and we secured plenty of sugar and coffee and other groceries. The tavern was full of the wounded of both armies.

About sunrise my battery was ordered to advance and take position in the edge of a field and open fire on the enemy, who were in full view on a ridge in the field unpleasantly close. As we moved for our position we passed in the rear of our line of battle. The men were lying flat on the ground at the edge of the field, well concealed in many places by small undergrowth. The brave young Capt. Clark, with his Missouri battery, was already in position, and was so gay and happy that morning as we passed him going to our position. Every one who knew him loved him, and his battery boys idolized him. As we entered a strip of heavy timber the enemy opened fire on us from several batteries, and such a cyclone of falling timber and bursting shells I don't suppose was ever equaled during our great war. Our advance was stopped on account of fallen trees, and our horses were being killed every minute. We were ordered back, but how to get back required a kind of military tactics not learned at military schools. We finally obeyed the order in some way I cannot describe, after losing several men and thirteen horses. The gallant Clark's battery had the brunt of this terrible fire. He was slain, but his battery could not be driven from its position. The enemy now found Gen. Forrest a major general, with a small, badly equipped command. In three months we were the best-mounted and equipped cavalry in the C. S. A.; we had the finest batteries, and got all from the Yanks. In six months we made Forrest a lieutenant general, with a name that will stand as long as the American people care for heroic deeds. The few of us that got home are proud to think we did our duty always; the rest

" . . . sleep their last sleep.

They have fought their last battle;

No sound can awake them to glory again."

GEN. ROSS'S SCOUTS IN GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.

BY R. G. CHILDRESS (OF THIRD TEXAS), ROSCOE, TEX.

In the summer of 1864, while Johnston and Sherman were confronting each other in North Georgia, amidst the thunder of artillery and the rattle of small arms day and night, Gen. Ross's scouts were operating part of the time in Sherman's rear, about thirty or forty miles northeast of Rome. We heard of a squad of Federal cavalry that was out scouring the country for Confederate soldiers, as they said, but in fact were out plundering and robbing the people as they went. We were traveling north in a public road. About noon we halted in a grove near the road, and remained there until about the middle of the afternoon, when we saw a squad of Federal cavalry coming down the road. We had no way of escape without being seen by them. They were, in fact, close upon us before we saw them. With little time to think and act, we decided that the best thing we could do would be to show a bold front and bluff them. They were moving down a lane, and we were near the mouth and had the advantage of the dense grove of small timber. When the Yanks got in about one hundred yards of us we fired on them. They were surprised and routed. They went flying back down the lane in great confusion. We killed one of their horses and captured the rider. We knew there were too many of them for us, and that they might rally and return. We left the public road, dropped back two or three miles, and bivouacked for the night. That night a company of cavalry went back to where we fired and asked an old citizen how many men

we had when we fired on them that evening. He told them he didn't know, but if they would continue down the road they might meet with us; that he had heard that the roads were lined with Confederate soldiers; he told the captain that in order to get him to retrace his steps and not to advance any farther down the country, as he knew how the citizens would be treated by them. The old man told us that he did not know of any Confederate soldiers in that part of the country until he heard the firing that evening. They returned north, whence they came.

They arrested an old man that night near where we had fired upon and routed them, and carried him off. We never heard what they did with him. The next day we beat our way back south toward Rome.

FORBES LOST HIS RATIONS.

BY W. R. BURWELL, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

I was a member of the Fifty-Sixth North Carolina Regiment, Ransom's Brigade, in the days when we "Tar Heels" were helping to make the glorious history of the Southern Confederacy. But it is not to mention any fighting in which I or my regiment participated that I write, although I was severely wounded one time and mortally scared more than twenty times. It was our brigade that charged and carried the Yankee breast-works at Hare's Hill, near Petersburg, Va., on the 25th of March, 1864, but almost before we could draw a long breath they charged and carried us, so we threw down our guns and threw up our job of serving Mars Robert and went to live with the Yanks for a spell.

We were marched, two thousand strong, to City Point, on the James, loaded on the water deck of a coal barge, carried to Point Lookout, Md., and unloaded on an island of about six hundred acres. After being examined and relieved of all valuables, for which receipts were given, we were registered by name, rank, and regiment, and put in an inclosure of about fifty acres, surrounded by a plank fence fifteen feet high. We did not present a very stylish appearance as we marched in, but what we lacked in style was more than made up for in variety. No two of us were dressed alike, for a Confederate's private uniform at that stage of the game consisted only in foot wear. Most all of us were barefooted; many of us had no hats, lost in our rush at the works; our clothing gave ragged evidence of long and hard service—some of our pants were worn out in the bosom, others at the knees, while others were heavily fringed around the bottoms. But we put on a bold front, and when the Yankees would gey our appearance, we would come back at them with the question if they were not ashamed to let such a ragged, half-starved set of Rebs lick 'em three to one.

At 8 A.M. we were furnished a loaf of bread and a small piece of pickled pork, codfish, or a No. 3 mackerel. At noon a pint of bean soup was issued to us. This completed our day's rations. A detail of prisoners was sent out every morning to work, some to unload commissary stores from vessels, some to wheel turf to the officers' quarters to beautify their yards, etc.

I bunked with a fellow from Louisiana named Forbes. We found that if we could get out on detail to help unload commissary stores there would be some chance of our picking up something to eat, so we made our arrangements accordingly. Now Forbes wasn't the best-shaped man I ever saw. His little legs were so thin that in standing before you they gave you an idea of two straws stuck in an Irish potato. The morning we were detailed Forbes procured, by trading, a pair of pants with very large legs. I put on two extra large shirts and an old

lee-gum hat that a Yankee had supplied me with. There were about twenty prisoners out on this detail engaged in unloading a large vessel of commissary supplies. We carried the goods on our backs from the vessel to the large warehouse. Forbes and I kept together and had been cultivating the negro guard at the warehouse. At half-past three we carried our last load; at four we would be returned to the "pen." By a little persuasion we prevailed on the negro guard to walk to the farther end of the building while we filled Forbes's pants legs full of flour, having first tied them tight around the ankles. I then lined my shirt with crackers and dried herring and my bee-gum hat with Irish potatoes. We had scarcely finished loading up when the bugles sounded for us to assemble and march back to prison. Before entering the prison we had to march single file between two posts to be counted by the officer of the guard. I passed all right, but had my doubts about Forbes, for his legs were away off the biggest part about him, and we had packed the flour in so tight that he could hardly work his knees, so I glanced over my shoulder, as I stepped through, in time to see the officer's eyes almost bulge out of his head as he looked at Forbes's shape and halted him. Noticing the strings around Forbes's ankles, he stooped down and cut them with his knife. In an instant Forbes was standing knee-deep in flour. "March!" said the officer, and Forbes marched, leaving two streaks of flour behind him and a blue streak of profanity above him, which the laughter of the officer and men served only to make bluer.

WAS WITH "JEB" STUART WHEN HE WAS SHOT.

Thomas Jackson Watson, of No. 2 Wall Street, New York, writes concerning the death of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart:

"My memory to-day is very clear on the main points. I was a member of Company K (a Maryland company), which, with Company D, formed the First Squadron of the First Virginia Cavalry, and on May 11, 1864, we were in the thicket of woods to the right of Chickahominy River.

"Gen. Sheridan, late in the afternoon, made a charge and broke through our lines. In that charge Gen. Stuart, leading eight companies of the First Virginia Cavalry down the Chickahominy road, was mortally wounded. We were fighting in the woods when the Federal cavalry charged us, on horseback, and drove us back. Orderly Sergeant William Wright, of Company K, killed a Federal soldier and captured his horse. When we were driven back, I was on the extreme left of our line, at which place Gen. Stuart appeared suddenly, when I took off my hat to cheer him and I discovered that he was wounded. I helped him off his horse; just then Gen. Fitzhugh Lee and Capt. Dorsey came up, and Gen. Lee ordered us to take him away. We put him on the horse that we had captured from the Yankees, took him back and put him in the ambulance of Gen. Lomax's command at the bend of the road, about half a mile distant. I led the horse, and Charlie Wheatley, Fred Pitts, and J. D. Oliver held him on the horse. Between the place that we started and the ambulance, Gen. Stuart was suffering such pain that he insisted upon getting off the horse and lying down on the ground. We kept him on the horse until we got him to the ambulance. Charlie Wheatley went to Richmond with him, and I returned to my company.

"Charlie Wheatley has crossed the river, Fred Pitts lives in Philadelphia and Capt. Dorsey in Montgomery County, Md.

"Gen. Stuart at that time was riding a horse that belonged to Ben Weller, who was a member of the First Virginia Regiment and was detailed as a courier for Gen. Stuart."

REMINISCENCES OF THE PENINSULA.

Brig. Gen. H. T. Douglas, now of New York, pays tribute to the survivors of the Army of the Peninsula, C. S. A.:

"Forty-two years have passed since there were assembled on the historic plains of Yorktown, in Virginia, troops of the Confederate States army under Maj. Gen. John Bankhead Magruder, afterwards known as the Army of the Peninsula. Gen. Magruder was not a stranger to the people of Virginia, his native State. The record of his distinguished services in the Mexican War, gaining for him two brevets and special mention in the reports of Gen. Scott, were fresh in the memory of his people, and they welcomed him to the command of the Confederate troops at this important point.

"In the march of events it will be remembered that serving with Capt. Magruder, then in command of a light battery in the Mexican War, and especially commended by him in his reports for distinguished services and gallantry in battle, was Lieut. T. J. Jackson, U. S. A. It was this same soldier who at Bull Run won the sobriquet of 'Stonewall' Jackson, and whose fame, growing brighter with time, will live forever, who became the great lieutenant and right arm of the grandest of soldiers, Gen. Robert E. Lee.

"The Army of the Peninsula was composed of the flower of the South: troops from Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, and Louisiana filled its ranks. It received its baptism of fire on the field of Big Bethel, where the First North Carolina Infantry, under Col. (afterwards Lieut. Gen.) D. H. Hill, two battalions of infantry from Virginia under Lieut. Cols. Edgar Montague and W. H. Stewart, two companies of artillery (Richmond Howitzers) commanded by Capt. J. Thompson Brown and Robert Stanard, under Maj. George W. Randolph (afterwards Secretary of War), and a small force of cavalry under Capt. Jeff Phillips, commanded by Gen. Magruder, met and defeated the Federal army under Gen. Butler.

"The following incident forcibly illustrates the changes which time brings about: At the battle of Bethel a young lieutenant, U. S. A., in command of a section of light battery, was killed in action whilst gallantly performing his duty. The war between the States ended. The wheel of time rolled on, and in 1898 the country was again fired by the fever of war, and the Spanish-American war began. Men who had worn the blue and the gray were found standing shoulder to shoulder in support of a common cause, and the writer had the honor to receive from President McKinley an appointment as brigadier general, U. S. A., with orders to report to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, commanding the Seventh Army Corps, U. S. A., at Jacksonville, Fla. On reporting for duty I was assigned the command of a brigade in the Second Division, commanded by that distinguished soldier, Gen. Abram K. Arnold, U. S. A. Imagine my surprise to find that the adjutant general of the Second Division was the son of the gallant young lieutenant who had yielded up his life on the field of Bethel. It seemed to me but a mere span of time since the tragic event of 1862. I found this young soldier worthily following in the footsteps of his father, the adjutant general of a division in which I commanded a brigade. Surely time does work wonders.

"After the repulse of the Federal army at Bethel, the Army of the Peninsula was kept actively employed for the next year in constructing the defenses of the Peninsula at Gloucester Point and Yorktown and along the line of the Warwick River, and in constantly moving from point to point, watching and skirmishing with the enemy and keeping him well within his intrenchments at Newport News and Fort Monroe. In one of these skirmishes the gallant Lieut. Col. Charles Drew, of Louisiana, was killed.

"The Peninsula became the drill ground and training school for a part of that army to become so famous as the Army of Northern Virginia, and to the lessons taught it by its able commander may be attributed to a large degree the distinguished career of the soldiers of this gallant little army.

"In the spring of 1862 Gen. McClellan, with his grand army, splendidly equipped and organized, began his march from Fortress Monroe and Newport News on Richmond. The troops of our advance guard fell back slowly as McClellan moved up until the lines at Yorktown and on the west bank of the Warwick River, stretching from Yorktown to Mulberry Island, on the James River, were reached and occupied. The Army of the Peninsula comprised at that time about 12,000 men of all arms, and with its thin gray line interposed to its giant foe the only barrier to the Confederate capital.

"In order that the defense of the Peninsula may be understood, I will state that at Yorktown the Peninsula narrows to a strip of land about fourteen miles in width between the James and York Rivers. The little stream known as the Warwick River, a tributary of the James River, has its source within less than a mile of Yorktown, and, running south, empties into the James River at Mulberry Island. Along this stream there were two grist mills—Wynn's and Lee's—located about three and eight miles respectively south of Yorktown, and which, with the back water of their ponds, formed a part of our defensive lines, occupying a distance of about two miles. South of Lee's mill the Warwick River developed into a stream of about one hundred and fifty feet in width and from five to ten feet in depth. The defenses of Yorktown consisted of bastioned earthworks about one mile in length enveloping the village. These works were connected with two strong earth redoubts constructed on the high ground commanding the south approach to Yorktown and the head waters of the Warwick River, and a line of rifle pits was constructed along the west bank of this little stream from Yorktown to Lee's mill. Two dams, located between Lee's and Wynn's mills, were thrown across the stream, flooding the lowlands for a depth of from two to five feet.

"Earthworks for artillery and infantry were constructed at the two dams and at Wynn's and Lee's mills. The Army of the Peninsula occupied this line, sometimes with long intervals between men. In rear of and parallel to the line of defense there had been constructed a military road, affording quick communication between all parts of the line. The weak points in the defensive line of the Peninsula were the York and James Rivers, on both flanks. The York River was defended by the guns at Yorktown and Gloucester Point, and was considered reasonably secure. The James River was unprotected, save by the armored vessel *Virginia*, which, after its great battle with the United States ships *Cumberland* and *Congress*, both of which it destroyed, and the drawn battle with the *Monitor* and *Minnesota*, occupied a position at the mouth of the Elizabeth River, commanding the approach to Norfolk, Portsmouth, and the Navy Yard, leaving practically the James River open to the enemy's fleet.

"For three long weeks without receiving reinforcements the Army of the Peninsula held the lines at Gloucester Point and Yorktown, and stretching fourteen miles across the Peninsula to Mulberry Island, on the James River, met the enemy with undaunted front at every point, never yielding a foot. McClellan felt our strength by attacks made at various points along the line. At Dam No. 1, defended by a small force of infantry and artillery, a fierce attack was made one afternoon. The enemy was met with great gallantry, defeated and driven back with considerable loss. In this attack Col. McKenny, of the Fifteenth North Carolina Infantry, was killed. The lines

of the two armies were so closely drawn at this point and the firing so constant, both night and day, that the enemy's dead, many of whom fell within a few feet of our slight line of rifle pits, could not be collected for burial, and remained exposed for several days after the battle. Finally, the commanding officer of the Federal forces, under flag of truce, asked for a cessation of hostilities and permission to gather up and bury their dead, which was granted.

"After making attacks at several points along our line and being met at every point, McClellan, with his grand army, sat down in front of this little army, and by regular approaches began his preparations for the *second siege of Yorktown*. At the end of three weeks reinforcements from Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army, under G. W. Smith, Longstreet, Early, Ewell, Whiting, Rodes, and others, began to arrive, and Gen. Johnston moved down and established his headquarters at Lee's house, about seven miles south of Yorktown, and assumed the command of the united forces.

"The relief afforded by the reinforcements to the army of the Peninsula, almost worn out by three long, weary weeks of constant watching and fighting, was greatly needed and came at a most acceptable time. With our reinforcements we became very 'cocky,' believing that if McClellan would then attack we could do more than act on the defensive, and visions of possibly a great victory filled the hearts of the men of the Army of the Peninsula. The possibility of retreating without giving battle had never been thought of by this army.

"Time went on, each army watching the other and skirmishing daily, until one morning the writer, who was the engineer officer of the Army of the Peninsula, was summoned to the quarters of his commander and told that Gen. Johnston had decided to abandon the Peninsula and that preparations for the movement should be made. Worn out by the anxiety and activity of a campaign which for skill and courage has rarely been equaled, to abandon the Peninsula was a great disappointment to Gen. Magruder. He considered our line, even with its exposed right flank, a strong one, and was anxious to fight. There were other points on the Peninsula favorable to defense by an inferior force, especially at Williamsburg, where two creeks, tributaries of the James and York Rivers, approach each other so closely as to leave less than two miles of line to be defended. He knew, moreover, that the abandonment of the Peninsula meant the giving up of Norfolk, Portsmouth, the Navy Yard, the Eastern Shore counties, and all of that portion of Virginia south of the James River and east of City Point, and the destruction of our iron-clad Virginia, whose draught of water was too great for her to be taken up the James River, besides opening up to the enemy Northeastern North Carolina from a base of operations especially favorable at Norfolk, and he protested with great earnestness against the move. His superior officer, however, had decided upon the plan of campaign, and his duty was to obey orders. After discussing the details of the movement of his command and giving the necessary orders, he turned, and with uplifted arm pointed to the field where for so many days and nights his splendid little army had contended with and held in check its giant foe, and, with a voice broken by the emotions which filled his breast, exclaimed: '*Sic transit gloria Peninsula!*'

"The movement began. McClellan was quick to follow, and at Williamsburg, the scene of much of the early colonial history of Virginia, and which for many years had been the capital of the State and the seat of the colonial government, attacked the rear guard of Gen. Johnston's army. The fighting for several hours was sharp, with considerable losses on both sides. The old Army of the Peninsula displayed the highest

courage and proved itself worthy of its distinguished commander. The gallant Mott, of Mississippi, Ward, of Florida, and Irby, of Alabama—all of the Army of the Peninsula—yielded up their lives on this bloody field. The Confederate army, although largely outnumbered, repulsed every attack and drove the enemy back at every point, and, after holding its ground, at its leisure resumed the march.

"The next clash of arms occurred near Barhamsville, in New Kent County, about sixteen miles north of Williamsburg. McClellan, finding Gen. Johnston had retired his army from his front on the Peninsula, sent Franklin's Corps, who had not debarked from their transports, up the York River, and, landing on the Pamunkey River, opposite West Point, pushed out to intercept Johnston's army. At the Burnt Ordinary, a point twelve miles northwest of Williamsburg, the road leading from Williamsburg to Richmond divides, one continuing north via Barhamsville, the other turning to the west via Diascun bridge. From continued rains and the movement of wagon trains the roads had become almost impassable. McClellan, anticipating that Gen. Johnston would divide his army at this point, moving them over the two roads, sent Franklin to attack that part of his (Johnston's) army moving on the Barhamsville road. Franklin's attack was feeble and was met by a small force under Whiting and driven back. I have often thought that if we in turn had made a vigorous attack in force, Franklin's Corps might have been destroyed or captured. It was in this fight that the gallant Archer, of Maryland, and Hood, of Texas, won their spurs. The army continued its march until the south bank of the Chickahominy was reached. Then followed the battle of Seven Pines, where Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was seriously wounded and Gen. Robert E. Lee assumed the command of the Army of Northern Virginia. Then came the seven days' battles around Richmond, and at Savage Station and Malvern Hill, the last one of the bloodiest of these memorable engagements. The old Army of the Peninsula bore the brunt of the day, sustaining its reputation for courage and efficiency.

"In the carnival of war which followed during the next three years the Army of the Peninsula was broken up and merged into many commands. It was always conspicuous for its high courage, its soldierly qualities, and devotion to duty. Many of its officers became greatly distinguished, among them J. B. Hood and D. H. Hill, holding the highest commands, won by their valor and distinguished services, following in the pathway where knightly honor led the way.

"After the seven days' battles around Richmond, resulting in the defeat of McClellan, Gen. Magruder relinquished his command in the Army of Northern Virginia and was assigned to the command of the District of Texas, the Indian Territory, New Mexico, and Arizona, in the Trans-Mississippi Department. When he assumed command the enemy had possession of Galveston, the principal port west of the Mississippi River. In a short time he organized a force consisting of dismounted cavalry, and with a small river steamboat attacked the enemy, capturing the gunboat Harriet Lane and the city of Galveston, with a large supply of stores, completely driving out the enemy, and held the city of Galveston until the close of the war. For boldness and skill this achievement has never been surpassed.

"Again at Sabine Pass, with a single company of artillery occupying a small earthwork, he defeated an attack of the enemy's navy, and captured several of their ships. The career of this brilliant soldier closed with the war, the last troops to surrender being those of his command. The morning report of this gallant little army will show its numbers greatly re-

duced and growing less each year as time goes by. Taps has been sounded long ago for the commander of the Army of the Peninsula and for many of those who composed that army. The youth of 1861-62 has become the gray-haired veteran of 1903, and soon must pass into oblivion.

"My object in writing this brief sketch of the Army of the Peninsula and its distinguished commander, Gen. J. B. Magruder, is that history should not be silent in recording the deeds of as gallant an army as ever bore arms, and that the brilliant services rendered by its commander in his defense of the Peninsula and in the Trans-Mississippi Department should not be veiled in obscurity. It has been written from recollection, without notes or papers of reference—a labor of love. I know I have left unsaid a great deal that might be said of the distinguished services rendered and the brilliant deeds accomplished by this gallant little army and its commander. In its incompleteness I dedicate this sketch to my comrades of the Army of the Peninsula, the survivors of the commands of Cols. Tom August, Joe Mayo, Jeff Phillips, Edgar Montague, John Thompson Brown, H. Coulter Cabell, Ben S. Ewell, Jack Maury, Crump and Robert Johnston, of Virginia; of Cols. Howell, and T. R. R. Cobb, Pierce Young, and Robert Toombs, of Georgia; of Cols. Mott and Taylor, of Mississippi; of Col. Ward, of Florida; of Cols. D. H. Hill, Lane, and Hoke, of North Carolina; of Gen. Kershaw, of South Carolina; of Cols. Fry and Winston, of Alabama; of Cols. DeRussy, Marigny, Hunt, Forno, Zulokowskie, Levy, York, Coppens, Rieter and Drew, of Louisiana. They were all members of the old Army of the Peninsula. It was a part of that army that won from its gallant foe the name that will never die—"the Invincible Infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia."

The foregoing is given just as written. The indication that Gen. J. E. Johnston should not have fallen back as he is reported by Gen. Douglas will not be agreeable to those who served under him in the Army of Tennessee, for his old soldiers felt that he rarely, if ever, committed a military blunder.

An omission will be noted, besides, in no reference to Henry Bryan, who was the adjutant general to Gen. Magruder and dreadfully wounded at Malvern Hill. Then, Col. A. G. Dickinson, who succeeded Col. Bryan as adjutant general and later as chief of staff to Gen. Magruder, was conspicuous in that service. He also was desperately wounded while leading the forlorn hope in the battle of Galveston, and was sent to San Antonio to overcome a mutiny and restore order to a part of Magruder's command, in which he succeeded. These must have been unintentional omissions.

CHOKED BATTERY CAUSED A STAMPEDE.

BY G. M. ROBINSON, AUSTIN, TEX.

While returning from a cavalry raid into Kentucky under the command of Gen. Pegram, in 1863, we had a disastrous engagement. We were falling back after driving the Federals from Danville, Ky., and their cavalry was pursuing us. On reaching Somerset our commander determined to give battle, and accordingly we deployed right and left, forming under cover of woods and fences. The Federals approached, and also deployed in an open field in full view of our line, the only time during the whole war that I saw two cavalry commands deploy in full view of each other. It was truly a picturesque scene, and our command was anticipating a victory, as we had the decided advantage in position, and our light artillery was posted just to our left. When the battle opened the Federals, having the advantage of long-range guns, were pouring a leaden hail upon us.

We returned the fire with our carbines, and expected our artillery to open fire and drive them back. (I remember well the crisis, for just at this time two balls struck me on the left leg just above the knee, tearing off pants, but leaving no scratch; while another struck the same leg on opposite side of knee, cutting out the skin the width of the ball.) Just then word was passed down the line that our artillery was choked, and the command was given to fall back, and quite a panic ensued. I remember on reaching the river, a few miles east of the town, that one small boat was all the chance for crossing the stream, and many had to swim the river.

PERILOUS RIDE OF LIEUT. JOE DAVIS.

J. D. J. SHELBYVILLE, KY.

Gen. S. D. Lee's account of Corporal Champion's famous ride at Chackasaw Bayou, in the October VETERAN, reminds me of an event my grandfather, Capt. J. W. Johnston, of Company E, First Kentucky Cavalry under Gen. Wheeler, relates concerning Lieut. Joe Davis and his daring ride near Knoxville, Tenn.

Gen. Longstreet was moving toward Knoxville after the battle of Chickamauga, and Gen. Wheeler was on a raid in Central Tennessee. Lieut. Davis, then second lieutenant in Company E had been left at the convalescent horse camp near Dalton, Ga., and was ordered to accompany Gen. Longstreet with all the convalescent men able to march, making in all a very good company. With this improvised company, Lieut. Davis was acting as advance guard for several other detached bodies, the only cavalry with Gen. Longstreet.

When near Knoxville, Davis left his company to reconnoiter. After riding for some time in the thick bushes, he suddenly found himself cut off from his command and facing a brigade of Federals commanded by Col. Woolford. It was when in this position that Lieut. Davis showed his nerve as a true soldier, preferring to take a desperate chance with death than surrender. So with his teeth set and riding as erect as a commander rode in review, he put spurs to his horse and boldly dashed along the Federal line of battle within thirty yards of their guns, each sending forth its missile of death as he passed, until he reached the road in safety and soon joined his comrades, very little the worse for his adventure.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY J. M. M'CAINS, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

It is only a bit of bronze stamped in the form of a cross, Lettered plainly, simply figured, without the crude gloss—"U. D. C. to U. C. V."—these letters surely tell Dixie's daughters' true devotion to a cause they loved so well.

"1861-1865"—four years that held a century's woe;
The Sunny South was called to arms to meet a mighty foe;
Long and bravely her sons did battle for home and liberty sweet,
But fate and the world combined did lower her flag in defeat.

"Deo Vindice"—our cause was just, the adage will come true,
Those who firmly hold to faith shall in full receive their due;
The beautiful star-crossed banner I see in my dreams at night,
And a brother's life in its folds is held—a sad yet glorious sight.

This Cross of Honor is a gift more precious than jewels, gems,
or gold;

A king's full ransom could not buy it though three times over
told;

The cross of bronze to my lips I press and see ten thousand
faces fair,
To each and every one of which my heart doth true allegiance
bear.

CRATER LEGION OF MAHONE'S BRIGADE.

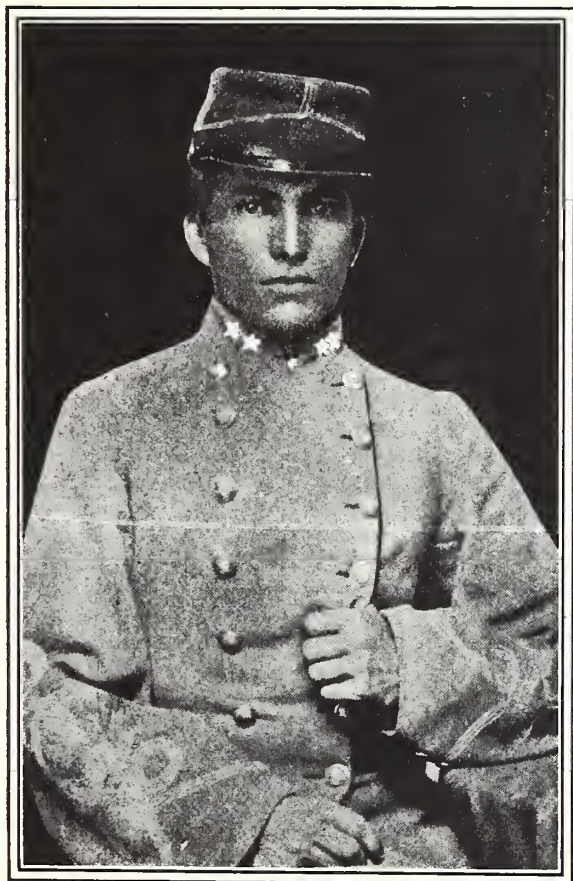
One of the most interesting reunions of Confederate soldiers since the war was that at Petersburg, Va., on November 6, when the battle of the Crater "was fought over again." Twenty thousand people assembled on the Crater battlefield to witness the thrilling sight. Sham battles have often been fought, but it is rare that historic conflicts are reproduced, and especially by some of the survivors of the battle.

The Richmond companies of the Seventieth Virginia Regiment, "the Blue's" Battalion, represented the Federal forces. To the hundreds of Virginia volunteers participating, it was that of a soldier life, but to the tottering remnant of Mahone's Crater Legion, charging over the same ground they did thirty-nine years ago under the battle flag amid the roar of the guns, it was as if the hand of time had been turned back and the undying past was being lived over again.

The parade through the streets of Petersburg was the most imposing and picturesque seen in the city since Lee's army marched out of it. But the climax of all was when the wavering lines of Mahone's old Crater Legion, made up from members of all the Camps, marched by, bearing aloft the battleflag presented to them by Portsmouth Chapter, U. D. C. A shout from ten thousand throats greeted them, mingled with tears of women. A grizzled old negro, clad in Confederate gay, with his army canteen over his shoulder, the observed of all observers, was lustily cheered as he marched in the procession, for he was well known as Stonewall Jackson's cook and servant.

ADDRESS OF COL. W. H. STEWART.

[The address of Lieut. Col. William H. Stewart, Chief of



COL. W. H. STEWART IN THE SIXTIES.

the Crater Legion, to the surviving soldiers of Mahone's Brigade, who participated in the charge on the Crater at Petersburg, delivered on the 6th day of November, 1903, while they stood on the very ground from which they charged on July 30, 1864.]

My Comrades of Mahone's Brigade, Survivors of the Charge of the Crater: It is meet to thank God in a grateful spirit and with a loving heart for the privilege of forming again on this old line of battle.

I would rather stand here to-day conscious of having performed my duty in the peril of July 30, 1864, than own thousands of gold and of silver.

We here declare that we fought for right and justice, for constitutional liberty, for our homes and for our firesides; and stand up before all men as proud as kings of the uniform we wore in the Confederate ranks.

The dust of our unconfined comrades has been stirred in these furrows by the plow of the unthinking husbandman as the seasons have passed, but we have cherished their memory as the vestal fire of our lives.

From this line you rose upon your knees, rushed as a whirlwind over this field, and crushed the black battalions which had started down the hill in more than fourfold your numbers, hissing "No quarter" in your ears, bent on capturing the city of Petersburg.

No wonder Mahone said: "You must save the city!" No wonder Emmett Richardson shouted: "Now is your time, boys, if you are ever going to do anything for the old Cockade City!" No wonder all went forward to do or die!

At nine o'clock in the morning Burnside reported that "many of the Ninth and Eighteenth Corps were retiring before the enemy." You were the enemy who swept them back, and Lee said it was the work of heroes.

While at your posts, yonder at Willcox Farm, you heard the tremendous explosion of eight thousand pounds of gunpowder, which had been buried twenty-two feet beneath the surface of the earth, forcing the upheaval of an immense cone of more than one hundred thousand cubic feet of earth, which fell around in heavy masses, crushing and burying alive hundreds of our sleeping soldiers, making clouds of dust and a great volume of smoke and fire like the outpouring of a great volcano.

The main gallery of the mine from the enemy's line to the end, under Pegram's Battery, was five hundred and twenty-two feet in length and the side galleries were about forty feet each.

The excavation made by the explosion was one hundred and thirty-five feet long, ninety-seven feet broad, and thirty feet deep.

The artillery opened along the whole line, and that day the enemy expended three thousand eight hundred and thirty-three rounds of ammunition, weighing seventy-five tons.

Burnside had planned to rush his negro troops into the breach and throw them into the city upon the sleeping inhabitants; but his superiors, Grant and Meade, made him push his three white divisions, commanded by Ledlie, Potter, and Willcox, foremost; and they took possession of the Crater and about two hundred yards of our breastworks, including the rear works, termed in the reports "trench cavalier."

He then put in his negro division of nine regiments, commanded by Gen. Edward Ferrero, to press beyond the white divisions and capture that crest, then the very gateway to the city.

The enemy held our works from 4:45 in the morning,

when the mine exploded, until 8:45 A.M., when the negroes emerged from the trenches, shouting, "Remember Fort Pillow; no quarter for Rebels!" and coming down this hill, you met them in the open field, hurled them back upon their white supports, recapturing our lines, both "retrenched cavalier" and the main line up to the crest of the Crater, and you held on to every inch you gained; and at two o'clock in the afternoon Saunders's Brigade made their splendid charge and finished the work of reestablishing our lines.

The eight hundred men of Mahone's Brigade, who aligned in this ravine on that parching July day over thirty-nine years ago, charged into an army corps!

Burnside's Corps reported the day after the battle present, equipped for duty, nine thousand, five hundred and fifty-five infantry, and he gave as his loss on the 30th of July three thousand, four hundred and seventy-five officers and men.

He swore before the court of inquiry that he put every single man of his corps in the fight; then he must have put in thirteen thousand and thirty men. Now, crediting three thousand as his loss up to the time you rose from this place to charge, there were more than ten thousand men of his corps in the works (not counting those of the eighteenth corps he mentions) when you charged up this hill to retake them. Besides, there were four army corps (Birney, Hancock, Ord, and Warren) ever behind, in supporting distance, aggregating probably more than Lee had in the entire Army of Northern Virginia, which was stretched out on a line of thirty miles. You captured fifteen of their flags, uncounted small arms, and a number of prisoners.

Gen. Lee, Gen. Beauregard, and Gen. A. P. Hill looked on from yonder elevation, and saw you perform one of the most wonderful feats in the annals of warfare. It sounds like fiction; and although I saw it and was of it in a small measure, I sometimes wonder how it was done. Its magnitude was marvelous! Its achievement was one of the most thrilling in human experience! Is there another deathless record in the world's history where five regiments, averaging one hundred and seventy-five soldiers, charged an army of ten thousand men and took from them fifteen of their battle standards?

The testimony of the enemy establishes the truth of the wonderful victory, and the lamentation of Grant, "It is the saddest affair I have witnessed in the war," reechoed the praise bestowed on your valor by the peerless Lee.

But the cost to you of his praise was the sacrifice of one hundred and seventeen lives of your bravest comrades, and to them we owe the duty of inscribing their names on imperishable tablets in our temple of fame, soon to be erected in the capital city of the South; and let us also ask a place for them on the walls of old Blandford Church.

"For those who fell, be yours the sacred trust

To see forgetfulness shall not invade

The spots made holy by their noble dust;

Green keep them in your hearts, Mahone's Brigade."

A distinguished soldier and eminent citizen of the city of Richmond has said: "With the Army of Northern Virginia there were three critical occasions requiring, above other occasions, real heroism: 1. Jackson holding the line at First Manassas with his brigade from the mountain section. 2. The charge of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg, composed of Virginians from all sections, most of them from the middle section of Virginia. 3. The charge of eight hundred men of Mahone's Brigade, under Col. D. A. Weisiger,

at the Crater before Petersburg—Virginians from the tide-water section of Virginia. They were all picturesque occasions, and required all the courage in men, and they did not fail from any quarter of the dear old State."

This is a great tribute to the soldiers of Virginia, which gleams out as the evening star in the shadows of night above surrounding constellations.

Soldiers, nothing in all the earth could bring more honor to your name than the part you acted on this field in rescuing the inhabitants of dear old Petersburg from the brutal malice of negro soldiers in the flush of success, and in saving the Army of Northern Virginia on that critical occasion. Privates, soldiers with muskets,

"Men of the ranks, step proudly to the front;

'Twas yours unknown through sheeted flame to wade
In the red battle's fierce and deadly brunt;

Yours be full laurels in Mahone's Brigade."

CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP OF NEW YORK.

BY MAJ. EDWARD OWEN, COMMANDER, NOV. 11, 1903.

Again do I congratulate the members of this Camp on its continued prosperity during the past—its thirteenth—year. It still occupies the high position in the community which it long since gained by its conservative course and its charities.

Its prosperity is attested by the fact that during the past year sixty-six new members were added to the roll. The membership numbers now nearly four hundred.

The regular monthly meetings are largely attended, showing the active interest members generally have in the Camp. It has done good deeds of clarity, relieving parties in trouble and distress, obtained employment for a few, and sent several veterans stranded here to their homes in the South.

The Camp has always met its obligations promptly, and there are no outstanding liabilities.

The Mortuary Fund of the Camp for the burial of deceased members in need in its plot in Mt. Hope Cemetery has a balance in the Union Trust Company of \$931.58.

The thirteenth annual banquet last January at the Waldorf-Astoria, with ladies present, was a pronounced success in all particulars. There were some eight hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen present. Several "Camp fires" were held during the year.

EDITORIAL NOTES ABOUT THE CAMP.—At the regular annual meeting, held on October 27 last, the following were elected to fill offices for the ensuing year: Commander, Edward Owen; Lieutenant Commander, H. N. Bullington; Adjutant, Edwin Selvage; Paymaster, William Preston Hix; Chaplain, Rev. George S. Baker; Surgeon, Dr. J. Harvie Dew; Executive Committee, Samuel B. Paul, J. J. Rivera, Theo. C. Caskin, G. Terry Sinclair, and George Howe Winkler.

This Camp still continues on its high road of prosperity under the able management of Commander Owen, recently re-elected to fill that office for the sixth consecutive term.

The Camp will hold a Camp fire in honor of the memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee on January 19 next, and on January 25 next it will have its annual dinner in the grand banquet hall of the Waldorf-Astoria.

The remains of the late Thomas P. Ochiltree were removed on Sunday, November 8, from the vault in Greenwood Cemetery to the plot of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York in Mount Hope Cemetery, and there interred. They were accompanied to their last resting place by some of the comrades of Col. Ochiltree, and the ritual of the Camp was read at the grave.

THOMAS AND LEE—HISTORICAL FACTS.

BY DR. J. WILLIAM JONES.

The proof is overwhelming that Maj. Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, U. S. A., was a strong secessionist. I give merely an outline of the facts:

1. As major in the old Second Cavalry, which Col. R. E. Lee was commanding, he was accustomed to express himself so strongly in favor of the Southern side of the controversy that Col. Lee took him aside and advised him not to talk so freely, as it might cause unpleasantness in the mess.

2. He applied for the position of commandment of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, saying in his autograph letter to Gen. Smith, then superintendent of the Institute (that letter is in the archives of the Southern Historical Society), that "from present appearances, I will soon have to seek other employment."

3. He applied to Gov. Letcher for appointment as Adjutant General of the State, and was appointed by him Chief of Ordnance, and the place held open for him until it became evident that he had decided to remain in the Federal army.

4. When Lieut. Fitz Lee had resigned his commission in the United States army and was on his way to offer his sword to Virginia, his native State, he met Maj. Thomas, who told him that he would join him as soon as he could settle certain business, and as they parted Thomas said: "Look out for a place for me, Fitz. I shall be with you just as soon as I can close up some business matters." Mrs. Thomas, who was a Northern woman and strongly adhered to the Federal cause, said, when her husband made this remark to Lieut. Lee: "Indeed, Mr. Lee, he will do no such thing if I can prevent it."

5. He had a large part of his baggage sent in April, 1861, to his old home in Southampton County, Va., showing that he purposed coming himself. His sisters received and cared for his baggage, but after he sided with the North against Vir-

ginia, they always insisted that their brother "was dead," and could never be persuaded to acknowledge him.

6. Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, in a speech in defense of Gen. Fitz John Porter, claims that when Maj. George H. Thomas was purposing to join the Army of Virginia, his native State, he was "saved to the Union" by the arguments and persuasion of Fitz John Porter. Mr. Cameron argued that Porter's equal service in securing to the Federal army the great ability of Thomas should be recognized and rewarded.

7. It was well known that friends of Gen. Thomas in the Virginia convention after the ordinance of secession had been passed argued that Thomas be elected commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces in preference to Lee, "because he [Thomas] was an original secessionist and Lee was not." The convention preferred and elected Lee. How far this action of the convention decided the course of Thomas need not be discussed.

8. The following letter of that gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman, Gen. Dabney H. Maury, who, as an officer in the old army, knew Maj. Thomas, and was thoroughly cognizant of all the facts in his case, was published in the Southern Historical Society Papers, and seems to settle the question. He says: "Thus it is clearly shown that George H. Thomas did intend to cast his fortunes with his native State, and was prevented from doing so by the influence of his wife or other considerations which could not be called 'patriotic' by any stretch of language. As for Robert Edward Lee, he was the son of 'Light Horse Harry,' a Virginian of the Virginias, and a patriot to the very core. He was not an 'original secessionist' (as was Thomas), and clung to the Union with filial devotion, but he never doubted the right of a State to secede from the Union, and held most emphatically that 'a union pinned together by bayonets' would be no union at all. When President Lincoln, through the Elder Blair, offered him the supreme command of the United States armies in the field called out to 'suppress the rebellion,' he promptly declined



POOLVILLE CAMP, UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

This Camp met at Poolville, Tex., October 17. Out of the thirty members that answered to roll call, ten different States were represented. Hugh L. Ray, Jr., delivered the address of welcome, followed by speeches from Judge J. M. Richardson, Rev. E. P. Macgaughill, Judge D. M. Alexander, and Rev. J. P. Patterson. The veterans were also entertained by recitations from Misses Mamie Bryan and Dollie Neal.

the tempting offer, saying: 'If the four millions of slaves in the South were mine, I would free them with a stroke of my pen to avert this war. But I cannot take up arms against my State, my home, my children.' He fought for his home, his native State, and the God-given 'inalienable rights' of his people. He always called the war 'our great struggle for constitutional freedom,' and never regretted the part he took in it. He said to his great lieutenant, Wade Hampton, in 1869: 'We could have taken no other course without dishonor; and if it were all to be gone over again, I should act in precisely the same manner.' Thomas a patriot and Lee a traitor! Well, this will pass into history as true when it is established that 'the Tories' of the Revolution and Benedict Arnold were patriots, and George Washington and 'Light Horse Harry' Lee were traitors, when 'might makes right' and truth becomes falsehood."

DEAD ANGLE.—GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.

BY GEORGE W. HARRIS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

In a recent issue of the *VETERAN* appears an article from my townsman and friend, B. H. Harmon, Trezevant, Tenn., on the "Dead Angle" fight in Georgia, in 1864. I have often wondered why some one did not write concerning this affair, yet Harmon's article is the only account I have seen.

I belonged to Walthall's Division, which was on a different part of the line, but remember the general topography of the country. Johnston's line ran east and west, facing north and crossing the railroad, in all a distance of ten or fifteen miles. Comrade Harmon is evidently in error, according to my recollection, in several particulars. Dead Angle was on the left of Kennesaw, and the battle of Kennesaw Mountain was fought on the right of the main part of the mountain. I don't remember any river or stream on the Kennesaw line large enough to be bridged. My friend might have been impressed with water, as that was about all that we had to drink, except an occasional draught of "pine top." The Confederate line along Kennesaw Mountain was farther south than the New Hope Church, and therefore not the same line.

Reviving the memories of the Georgia campaign of 1864 reminds me of several incidents in that campaign which have not been recorded in history, although there are many survivors who took active part in those incidents.

Many of the boys, both Yanks and Johnnies, remember the lightning bug fight at New Hope Church. It may seem odd that lightning bugs could get up a fight, yet it is a fact. Our line ran by New Hope Church, and my brigade was in reserve, one hundred yards or more in the rear of the trenches, in a small depression caused by a ravine. Millions of lightning bugs were flashing their phosphorescent light in the balmy breeze of a summer night, when either a Federal or Confederate picket fired his gun and gave the alarm that a charge was being made. Two great armies turned loose every piece of ordnance they had, consisting of artillery, musketry, etc. That was one night when "h— broke loose in Georgia."

Col. W. A. Owen, commanding the Forty-Sixth and Fifty-Fifth Tennessee Consolidated Regiment, having been ordered with Quarles to the right, asked me to take care of his horse, which I did, but got into trouble. I mounted the fiery steed, and had I remained in the little valley I would have been all right, as the death-dealing missiles from the enemy's guns would have passed over my head. I rode out of that valley upon a dead level for a mile or more through a wheat field that was ready for the harvest. The shot and shell and Minie balls seemed to do the harvesting, and that frightened the horse and also myself. The result was that I was thrown

into the wheat field, and the horse left for parts unknown. I pulled myself together and hustled for a city of refuge among some teamsters, with whom I spent the remainder of the night, and found the horse the next morning at Gen. Johnston's headquarters.

In conversation with a Federal soldier many years after, who was in that fight, I asked him what harm was done to his side, and he replied that "you d— fellows killed nearly all our horses and mules hitched to our commissary wagons, as we were at that time, 2 A.M., drawing our daily rations."

I passed New Hope Church in the fall of the same year, 1864, on our return march to Tennessee, and found every tree between the lines dead from shot and shell. The forest looked like a great deadening.

I inclose you a copy of a letter from Lieut. John W. Moran, who was a member of Cheatham's Division, which will explain itself.

"DRESDEN, TENN., May 15, 1903.

"Mr. George W. Harris, St. Louis, Mo.

"Dear George: Yours of the 13th inst. received. I think Mr. Harmon was right in stating that 'Dead Angle' was on line of Kennesaw. The Angle was on our left, New Hope Church on left center, and Kennesaw on right center, with Sand Mountain on extreme left, where Gen. Polk was killed. Our brigade (Strahl's) was on the extreme left, next to Maney's, which was in the ditches at the Angle and did the fighting. We relieved them after the second or third day, and remained in that position until the army retreated. The enemy lost about as many at the foot of Kennesaw when they attacked French's Division as they did at the Angle. It was a very disastrous line of battle for them. I read a very interesting account of the fight at the foot of Kennesaw in French's 'History of Two Wars.' I have the book, which you can read when you come down this summer."

Mr. Editor, you were with Johnston's army and perhaps at New Hope, Dead Angle, Kennesaw Mountain, and other battles in the Georgia campaign of 1864, and would be pleased should you throw lights upon these disputed points.

It has been thirty-nine years since that time. I was only a boy, less than fifteen years old, but was old enough to do a good deal of skirmishing around to keep out of danger and look wise, and my memory, although it may be at fault, yet was indelibly impressed with the awful scenes enacted in Georgia. My recollection is that New Hope Church is fifteen miles northwest of Marietta, Ga., and Kennesaw Mountain about two miles in the same direction.

A VETERAN WRITES OF MESSMATES.

BY A. S. HORSLEY, COLUMBIA, TENN.

In an old copy of the *VETERAN* I saw notice of the death of an old messmate, Alex W. Brandon, of Nashville. He died more than a year ago, but I was living in the mountains and had not heard of it. His picture is a striking likeness of him when in the vigor of manhood.

My original messmates on May 1, 1861, were Joseph W. Bynum, W. G. Graham, William T. Carr, Henry H. Estes, James, Alex, and Edmond Brandon, sons of Charles Brandon. Henry Estes secured an exchange to the cavalry service at Valley Mountain, and we took in Byron Richardson. Joseph W. Bynum died at Bath Alum Springs, Va.; Byron Richardson was killed at the battle of Perryville, with many other members of the First Tennessee, and James and Alex Brandon, W. G. Graham, and W. T. Carr were wounded.

Alex Brandon was wounded in the hand so badly as to ren-

der him unfit for field service, and he was detailed for the hospital, under Dr. S. H. Stout, at Chattanooga. He made a fine nurse, and his services were highly prized by Dr. Stout. He was a good man and an ideal soldier. He was also a good cook in camp, tidy in dress, and was always in ranks on the march, and ready for duty. As a nurse he was tender and careful as a woman. He returned to his company for field service later in the war, and performed it to the end, surrendering April 26, 1865. He marched across the mountains with his comrades to Tennessee, and lived at Franklin for a time, where he was a carpenter and contractor, but afterwards moved to Nashville.

He was the last of the three brothers who belonged to Company H, known at first as the Maury Grays. James was wounded at Dead Angle, June 27, 1864, and died a few days afterwards; Edmond went to Texas and was murdered at his home at night, supposedly for his money. William G. Graham was killed on the 4th of July, 1864, and William T. Carr was killed in the battle of Nashville.

A. W. Brandon was a member of Cheatham Bivouac, and was buried by the bivouac. It would be impossible to find in the Army of Tennessee better soldiers than those I have named. Joseph W. Bynum died before we got into a big battle, but he was brave and of surpassing gifts of eloquence and learning. His death was very saddening to all his messmates, who nursed him tenderly to the end. When his body reached home, it nearly crazed his old father, Chapley P. Bynum, who was a Union man. A grave had been dug for our young friend at Windy Cave churchyard, but Mr. Alf Nicholson happened to be coming to Columbia at the time and brought the body home, and he lies in Greenwood Cemetery—a cemetery ornamented with many monuments to Confederates and the burial place of many Confederate soldiers. W. G. Graham was Bynum's law partner, and he too had rare attainments.

W. T. Carr was known as the bravest and gamest soldier in the regiment. He and Graham were wounded in nearly every engagement. It was such men that made Hume R. Field's First Tennessee Regiment famous.

In passing through the capitol grounds recently I saw these words written on a board: "This spot has been selected for a monument to Sam Davis." This is all right. I knew Sam Davis. I saw him in playing leapfrog jump over Dave Sublett [one of the largest soldiers.—ED.] and a hundred other members of the Rutherford Rifles, which was one of the best companies in the army. He was a brave young fellow. Monuments should also be erected over such other young heroes as W. T. Carr. Napoleon would have made him a marshal.

COL. JAMES HAMPTON ROADS CUNDIFF.

Col. J. H. R. Cundiff served through the four years of the great war, and although living in Missouri on "the border land" and having varied interests within the Northern limits, he left a prosperous newspaper, which he owned, and joined the army under Gen. Sterling Price. Col. Cundiff was a Southerner by birth and nature, inheriting the best blood of Virginia, his ancestral line showing unbroken loyalty to State and country. He began his service as lieutenant colonel. Later he became adjutant general and participated in many strenuous battles. His clothes were pierced by bullets and his horse shot under him, but he escaped untouched.

In the battles of Iuka and Corinth Col. Cundiff, under the gallant leadership of Col. Elijah Gates, saw war at its worst.

At the close of the war Col. Cundiff joined the expedition to Mexico under Gen. Joe Shelby. The following year Col. Cundiff spent in the administration service of the Imperial

Mexican Railway Company, where his familiarity with the Spanish tongue made his intercourse and correspondence particularly valuable.

As party feeling subsided in Missouri, home feelings gained their natural ascendancy, and Col. Cundiff returned to his native city of St. Joseph, taking up again his journalistic life, his paper gaining steadily in influence until, in 1880, he removed to St. Louis, buying an interest in the *St. Louis Republic* and becoming its editor in chief and business manager, which capacity he filled at the time of his death, in 1885. His many friends remember him to have been genial, kindly, just, rigidly exact and frankly outspoken, a true man, a generous friend, and one who would not trample a worm or cringe to an emperor.

Miss Hannah Cundiff, a daughter, is a talented musician, and for several years has given her time to the training of children's voices in juvenile opera, and especially in giving these productions under the auspices of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Miss Cundiff was chosen maid of honor for three successive reunions, and the Cundiff Camp, of St. Joseph, is named for her father. Her mother was the organizer and first president of the Sterling Price Chapter, U. D. C., in St. Joseph. It seems very fitting that one of our own Daughters should be able to so materially aid the Chapters in their benevolent work.

UNION OFFICER REQUESTS HIS SWORD.—U. S. Westbrook, of Ripley, Ill., would like to know of Gen. J. B. W. McCausland, C. S. A., who succeeded to the command of Jenkins's Brigade. He wishes to communicate with him, if living. In explanation of this, Mr. Westbrook writes:

"In the year of 1864, and on the morning of July 3, I was by seniority in command of a blockhouse eight miles west of Martinsburg, W. Va., at a place called North Mountain. About seven o'clock of that morning my pickets were attacked near Hedgeville, so I took out Company B, One Hundred and Thirty-Fifth, O. V. I., to meet the attack. I had but two companies of my regiment. I supposed it was Mosby's command making the attack. After some little skirmishing we were driven back to the blockhouse and forced to surrender it and my one hundred and sixty-three men. My men were finally sent to Andersonville, but I was left at Macon, Ga. What I wished to say was that Gen. McCausland buckled on my saber, and as he has had it a longer time than I did, I should like to get it back now as a relic for one of my boys, of whom I have five—all grown and following the arts of peace."

"SOLDIERS ON A HORSE."—Rev. A. T. Goodloe, of Cheap Hill, Tenn., writes: "I knew the song with this title during the war, but have forgotten all but the first verse and the chorus. Who can furnish it entire?"

"Old Bedford on a spree was bent,
Soldiers on a jubilee;
So into old Kentuck he went,
Soldiers on a horse.

"Then walk along, jog along,
Soldiers on a jubilee;
Then walk along, jog along,
Soldiers on a horse."

The address of W. H. Coffey, of Company B, Fourth Tennessee Infantry, is desired. He wrote the *VETERAN* in regard to Capt. J. J. Partin, who died of wounds in the Zollicoffer barracks, Nashville, during the war, but the letter is without date or post office.



SOME TIME.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
 And sun and stars for evermore have set,
 The things which our weak judgments here have spurned—
 The things on which we've grieved, with lashes wet—
 Will flash before us mid our life's dark night,
 As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue;
 And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
 And what most seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we fret and sigh,
 God's plans go on, as best for you and me—
 How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
 Because his wisdom to the end could see.
 And e'en as prudent parents disallow
 Too much of sweets to craving babyhood,
 So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
 Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
 Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
 But that sometimes the sable pall of death
 Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
 If we could push ajar the gates of life,
 And all God's workings see,
 We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
 And for each mystery find there a key.

But not to-day! So be content, poor heart;
 God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold:
 We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—
 Time will reveal their calyxes of gold!
 And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
 Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
 Where we may clearly know and understand,
 I think that we shall say: "God knew the best!"

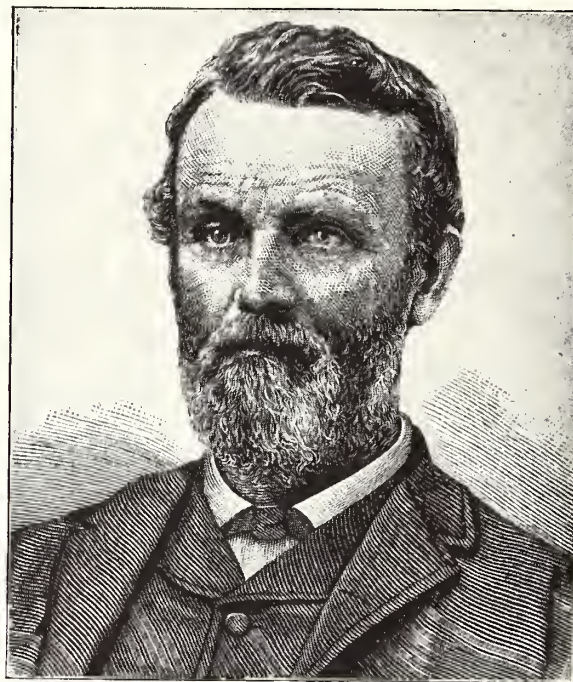
J. Wesley Choate, of the Wayne County, Tenn., Rangers, died in the hospital at Nashville during the war, September 18, 1861. He was of the first in his section to enlist. While on a brief visit home in August he seemed to have a presentiment that he would never return. In this depressed spirit he called the servants to tell them good-by. In turning to his mother at the last, he said: "Must this parting be forever?" In less than six weeks his father was summoned to his sick bed, but ere he reached Nashville he met an escort taking him to his home for burial. Young Choate was a noble, generous-hearted youth, and his death created widespread sorrow.

CAPT. L. T. BASKETT.

Though late in paying this tribute to the memory of a comrade who was in life one of the VETERAN'S most loyal and zealous friends, no one has ever deserved to a greater extent such attention through its columns. A gallant Confederate soldier, a citizen of high standing, a man possessing tenderest sympathies for the unfortunate and needy, ready at all times

to assist those in want and distress, Capt. Baskett's life of some seventy years was one truly worth the living. His death occurred in Memphis on December 27, 1902, where he had been under treatment at St. Joseph's Hospital. The remains were carried to Greenwood, Miss., where he had so long resided.

Capt. Baskett was born in South Carolina on February 9, 1833, and was taken in infancy to Mississippi by his parents, and, with the exception of the four years from 1861 to 1865,



CAPT. BASKETT.

which he spent in service for his country, he resided in that State. As a soldier in Humphrey's Brigade of Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V., he was in every engagement from Seven Pines to the long fight in the trenches around Petersburg, where he was so badly wounded as to entitle him to a furlough. He was faithful to duty in every position—as private, then lieutenant, and at last virtually as captain, being the commanding officer of his company, and, when the end came, he turned to the duties which awaited him as a private citizen. Of Capt. Baskett it can be truthfully said that in every walk of life he met the responsibilities of the hour with courage, and every duty was performed under the guiding star of an exalted purpose.

CAPT. WILLIAM NELSON SCRUGGS.

Capt. William Nelson Scruggs, a veteran of two wars, died at his home in McDade, Tex., October 1, 1903. He was a man of high order of intellect and character.

Comrade Scruggs was born in 1823. His father gave six sons to the Confederacy, four of whom yielded their lives in defense of the country they loved so well. Capt. Scruggs's first experience as a soldier was with Zachary Taylor when about seventeen or eighteen years old, and he fought with gallantry at Palo Alto, Monterey, and Buena Vista.

In 1861 he raised a company for the Confederate army, and was made captain. This became Company F of the Sixth Alabama Infantry, of which John B. Gordon was major. He led his men through all the battles of the Army of Northern

Virginia in the famous Stonewall Jackson Corps, participating in twenty-one pitched battles from Seven Pines to Appomattox.

In 1870 he removed to Bastrop County, Tex., and has since been a prominent citizen of that section, serving as County Commissioner for twelve years. He was always alive to the interests of his community and faithful to the duties of his office, and as a neighbor was loved and appreciated.

GEN. J. L. KEMPER.

Maj. Gen. James Lawson Kemper was born in Madison County, Va., in 1824. He descended from British and Continental ancestors, who settled in Virginia in 1700. He took the degree of M.A. at Washington College, Virginia. In 1847 he was commissioned captain in the volunteer army by President Polk, and joined Gen. Taylor's army in Mexico. Gen. Kemper was for ten years a member of the Virginia Legislature, for two years Speaker of the House of Delegates, and for a number of years Chairman of the Committee of Military Affairs. He was also President of the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute.

On May 2, 1861, he was commissioned colonel of the Virginia volunteers, and assigned to the command of the Seventh Regiment of Infantry. He was first engaged with his regiment in the first battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, where his regiment was temporarily attached to the brigade commanded by Gen. J. A. Early.

Afterwards his regiment was assigned to a brigade commanded by Gen. Longstreet. The brigade was subsequently given to the command of A. P. Hill, and under him Col. Kemper, with his Seventh Regiment, was in the hottest of the fight at Williamsburg, and engaged with the enemy for nine successive hours, capturing the several pieces of artillery and four hundred prisoners.

Immediately after this battle he was promoted to the command of the old brigade, which had been commanded by Longstreet, Ewell, and A. P. Hill. He participated in the first day's fight at Seven Pines and the seven days' fighting around Richmond. In the second battle of Manassas Gen. Kemper commanded a division comprised of several of the brigades that afterwards made Pickett's Division. In this engagement he was opposed to the extreme right of the enemy, but, acting upon his own judgment in the crisis, he changed front so as to strike the enemy's left flank, and soon afterwards he received a message from Gen. Lee to make precisely the same movement he had already effected with eminent success, inflicting tremendous loss upon the enemy. He commanded his own brigade in the battles of South Mountain and Sharpsburg. After the return of Kemper's Brigade from the first Maryland campaign, it was incorporated in Pickett's Division.

Soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, early in 1863, Gen. Kemper was detached and sent with his brigade to North Carolina, where he commanded the forces at Kingston. He afterwards rejoined Pickett in front of Suffolk, Va., participated in the operations at that place and marched with the division into Pennsylvania.

In the battle of Gettysburg Gen. Kemper was desperately wounded while gallantly leading his brigade. He was brought

off the field, but without hopes of his recovery, and was afterwards captured. He was held prisoner for three months, but upon the written certificates of several of the United States surgeons, that "he must soon die," he was exchanged for Brig. Gen. Graham, U. S. A., slightly wounded and captured at Gettysburg. After his exchange, Gen. Kemper was too much disabled to perform field duty (carrying to the day of his death an unextracted ounce ball in his body), but was assigned to the important service of commanding the local forces in and around Richmond, the reserve forces of Virginia, and the Bureau of Conscription, and while in discharge of this duty put nineteen thousand men into the Confederate service from Virginia. In June, 1864, he was commissioned major general.

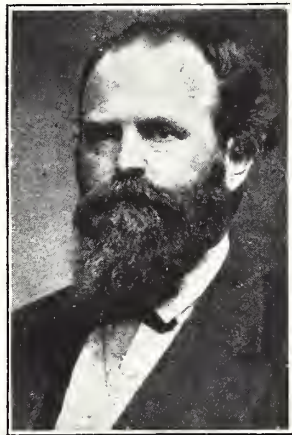
In 1871 he was presidential elector for the State at large on the conservative ticket, and Governor of Virginia from 1874 to 1878. At the end of his term the United States Senatorship was unanimously tendered to him by the Legislature, but declined on account of failing health and a wish to retire to his well-earned rest in private life. A great sufferer, partially paralyzed on one side, he spent the remainder of his days at his country home, Walnut Hills, Orange County, Va., where he died in April, 1895.

JUDGE JAMES E. COBB.

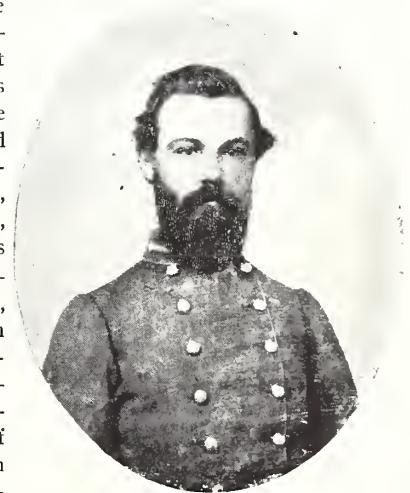
In far-away Las Vegas, N. Mex., where he had gone in search of health, Judge James E. Cobb, of Alabama, died on June 2. His remains were brought back home to Tuskegee for burial. Among the many who had helped to make Tuskegee a place of culture and refinement, no one strove harder to honor his home than did he, and no life shed more luster on his town than did that of this distinguished citizen.

Judge Cobb was a native of Thomaston, Ga., and was born October 5, 1835. He graduated at Emory College and afterwards taught school, studying law at the time, and was admitted to practice in 1857. Soon thereafter he emigrated to Texas and located at Quitman, removing a year later to Henderson, where he practiced till 1860, when the town was burned. He then went to Galveston, but not finding a satisfactory opening walked two hundred miles from Henderson to Beaumont and thence to Liberty, where he taught till Texas seceded.

He joined Company F, Fifth Texas Volunteers, A. N. V., as a private, but was promoted to the office of second lieutenant soon after the organization, and afterwards was made first lieutenant. He was captured at the battle of Gettysburg and taken to Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, then to Fort Delaware, and later to Johnson's Island, where he remained till February 7, 1864. He was then taken to Point Lookout, thence to Charleston Harbor, to be exposed to the fire of Confederate guns with six hundred other officers. From here he was sent to Fort Pulaski, thence to Fort Delaware, and kept till Gen. Lee surrendered.

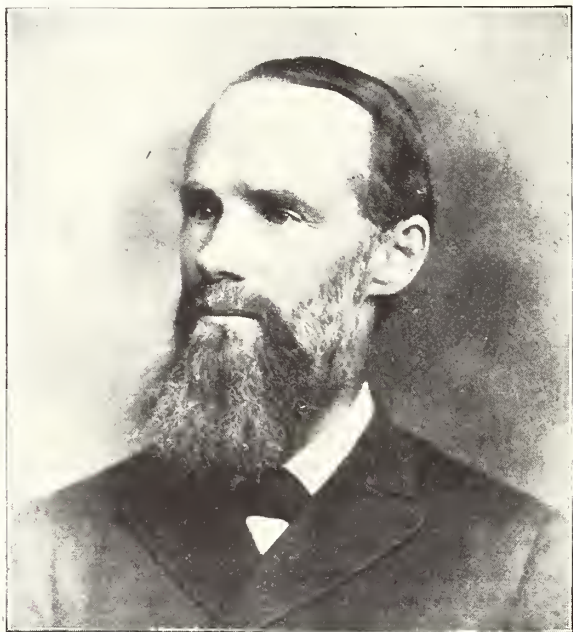


MAJ. GEN. J. L. KEMPER.



JAMES E. COBB AS A CONFEDERATE.

He returned to his home at Thomaston, Ga., after the war; but soon after settled at Tuskegee, Ala., where he made name and fame for himself as jurist and statesman. He was elected Judge of the Ninth Judicial Circuit in 1874, serving continuously up to 1886, when he was elected to the Fiftieth Congress. He was reelected four times, serving ten years in Congress with faithfulness and ability. After retiring from Congress,



HON. J. E. COBB.

he resumed the practice of law at Tuskegee, but was never active and strong again, disease having taken a firm hold on him and sapping his life and vitality.

Judge Cobb was from early manhood a consistent member of the M. E. Church, South, always faithful in doing those things which best supported his Church and pastor.

For the past twenty-five years he had been a prominent figure in the affairs of Alabama, and through it all kept his escutcheon clear and his name untarnished. He was a valuable member of the Constitutional Convention which framed the organic law now in force in Alabama. As an editor on the *Tuskegee News* from 1869 to 1874, he was a power in shaping public opinion. In Masonic circles he had high position, having once been Grand High Priest of the Royal Arch Chapter of Alabama. He was Master of Tuskegee Lodge at his death, and was buried with Masonic rites. In 1867 he was married to Miss Carrie E. Hunter, who, with six of the seven children born to them, survives him.

MRS. KATE FULKERSON HURT.

At a meeting of the Anna Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., held at Abingdon, Va., November 12, 1903, it was resolved

That we desire to express our sincere sorrow on account of the death, on October 14, 1903, of our esteemed President, Mrs. Kate Fulkerson Hurt; that this Chapter has lost an efficient and faithful officer, our community a useful citizen, and many of us a true and tried friend.

The daughter of an officer in the war of 1812, and the sister of two distinguished officers in the Confederate army, one of whom lost his life at the head of the Third Virginia Brigade on the Chickahominy, she believed firmly in keeping the mem-

ory of those who served their country fresh in the hearts of the living, and was always ready to do her part to that end. She was a fair type of that noble army of Southern women who suffered and prayed and waited during the war, and who, when peace came, welcomed back the survivors of the "lost Confederacy," and then and ever afterwards had tried to help their country and honor their God by maintaining pure homes, inculcating in the minds of their children sentiments of virtue and patriotism, and themselves leading unobtrusive but useful lives.

That we hereby extend our sympathy to the family of our deceased President; that these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Chapter, and that copies thereof be published in the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* and in the *Abingdon Virginian*.

Mrs. Sue P. Trigg, Mrs. Mary P. Campbell, Miss Sue M. Ewing, were the committee on the report.

WILLIAM MILTON CATHEY.

After a few days of patient suffering, William M. Cathey, of Greenville, Tex., passed away from his loved ones of earth. He was born in Maury County, Tenn., in 1837, and when the call to arms came from the South he left his young wife at home and enlisted in Capt. Biddle's Company of Maj. Akin's Ninth Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry, Ashby's Brigade. He made a true and valiant soldier till the surrender at Charlotte, N. C., April 26, 1865. Returning home, he engaged in farming till about ten years ago, when he removed to Texas and engaged in merchandising. Later he was in the real estate business. He settled in Greenville about three years since, and there leaves his wife to mourn her loss.

ONA A. ALEXANDER.

Miss Ona Alexander, youngest daughter of William T. and Jennie Alexander, was born in Gadsden, Ala., August 16, 1885, and died in Tuscaloosa, Ala., June 23, 1903, aged seventeen years, ten months, and seven days.

She accompanied her father to the U. C. V. reunion at New Orleans, La., where many of the old veterans paid her marked attention. On her return home to Chattanooga she stopped off at Tuscaloosa, Ala., for a short visit to her sister, Mrs. E. W. Hausman, where she was stricken with measles. Her mother and a sister reached Tuscaloosa in time to be with her during the last hours, but her father, being in North Texas, did not arrive until after she had passed away.

She was a devout member of Christ Episcopal Church, Chattanooga, Tenn., and never neglected her religious duties. Her body was laid to rest June 26, 1903, in Citizens' Cemetery, Chattanooga, Tenn., near the Confederate monument, six veterans of N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 4, acting as pallbearers, and Rev. Dr. W. C. Robertson conducting the funeral services.

The following was copied from the *Tuscaloosa Times-Gazette*: "It was one of the saddest events that has ever happened in Tuscaloosa. Miss Alexander came to Tuscaloosa to spend commencement with her sister, stopping over on her way from the reunion at New Orleans. She had been here only a few days when she was stricken with the measles. She did not appear very ill, and was soon convalescent. Thursday, however, she had a relapse and was desperately ill until the end. All that the best of skill and good nursing could do availed not, and the beautiful spirit entered into rest."

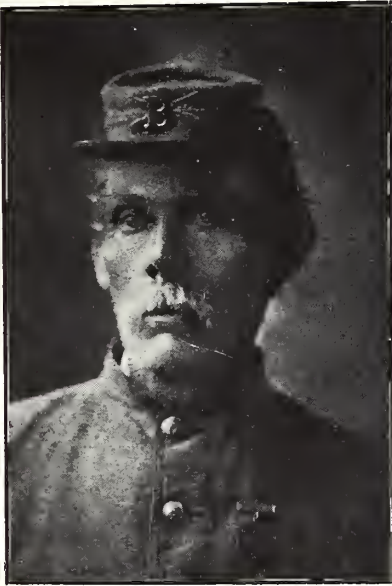


Mrs. E. S. JOHNSON.

Mrs. E. S. Johnson (née Miss Chester Bibb), who died in St. Louis November 6, was a member of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Owensboro, Ky., her former home. She was a daughter of G. M. Bibb, of the Ninth Kentucky Regiment, C. S. A. Her rare intellect and faithful work made her one of the most prominent members, and she will long be remembered not only by her associate members but by all whose pleasure and good fortune it was to know her.

LAWSON W. SMITH.

L. W. Smith, a member of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, of Nashville, Tenn., and of Company C, Confederate Veterans, died at his home in this city on May 1, 1903. He was born in White County, Tenn., in 1836, and enlisted in Company B, Sixteenth Tennessee Infantry, at its organization, remaining with it until the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at Greensboro. He was always at his post ready for duty, and at the reorganization was elected lieutenant of the company.



LAWSON W. SMITH.

There was no better soldier or citizen than Comrade Smith. He was a devoted Church member from early life. Company B attended the funeral, uniformed and equipped, and fired a parting salute over his grave.

A memorial was prepared by Comrades J. W. McConnell, H. C. Binkley, and M. M. Gee, as a committee of Company B, Confederate Veterans.

DR. WILLIAM M. LEMEN.

At his home near Hedgeville, W. Va., Dr. William M. Lemen entered into the life eternal on May 2, 1903, being in his seventy-second year. His body was laid to rest in the cemetery at Hedgeville, attended by a large concourse of friends, among whom were many Confederate veterans.

Dr. Lemen was a gallant soldier from the beginning to the end of the war, serving as a member of Company B, First Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, commanded first by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and later by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. His death occurred on the fortieth anniversary of the battle of Chancellorsville, in which he took part. He was a deacon of the Presbyterian Church at Falling Water. He died as he had lived, true to his convictions in religion and as to the justice of the cause for which he had fought. His wife survives him with four children: Mrs. William E. Branham, Mrs. William D. Ropp, Miss Sarah E. and William N. Lemen, and one sister, Mrs. Joseph Bosler, of Carlisle, Pa.

CAPT. H. C. ELLIS.

"A friend" writes from Hartsville, Tenn.:

"Capt. H. C. Ellis, the subject of this sketch, died at his home in Hartsville on the morning of October 17, 1903, in his eighty-sixth year. Capt. Ellis was born in Sumner County in 1818, moved to Hartsville in 1843, where he was a merchant until the beginning of the war of the sixties, when he entered the Confederate army as captain in Col. W. W. Ward's Ninth Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry, under Gen. John H. Morgan, with whom he served, and was captured on Morgan's Ohio raid at Buffington's Island, Ohio; was in prison with the officers of Morgan's command at Columbus, Ohio; knew of the time and plan of Morgan's escape from Columbus prison. He was sent from Columbus to Fort Delaware, where he remained a prisoner until exchanged in 1864. He rejoined his command, and served until paroled in North Carolina after Lee and Johnston's surrender.

"On his return home, Capt. Ellis engaged in agriculture, possessing one of the best farms in Tennessee. By his zeal and energy he succeeded in everything he undertook. As a citizen he was public-spirited, and no enterprise for the good of the community failed to receive his hearty support. Railroads, schools, and churches received his liberal support. Although he had no children, his contribution to the Masonic Institute at Hartsville, after it was burned, was a large factor in its being rebuilt. Capt. Ellis married Miss Josephine Towson (who survives him), with whom he lived over



CAPT. ELLIS.

fifty years, and to whom he clung with devotion until his last ray of reason was gone.

Capt. Ellis was president of the bank of his town from the time of its organization, in 1884, until his death. He was a good citizen, a good neighbor, a good Mason, a true soldier, and a devout Christian. Can we not believe that

"When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,

And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, he'll be there?"

CO-OPERATION BETWEEN VETERANS AND SONS.

In "General Orders No. 303" the Commanding General announces with pride his satisfaction in actions that look to the closer relations that are to be established between the U. C. V. and the U. S. C. V., and he is confident that this feeling animates every member of our beloved organization.

He directs particular attention to the report of the Special Committee who had this matter under consideration during the recent reunion, which report was enthusiastically adopted by the convention:

"The committee appointed for the purpose of a conference between the United Confederate Veterans and United Sons of Confederate Veterans, with a view to the closer association of the two confederations, having met and exchanged views, submits the following report through C. Irvine Walker, Chairman of the Committee:

"1. That there shall be appointed a standing committee of five members of the United Confederate Veterans and a like number from the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, to be selected by the respective Commanders in Chief, to be known as the Joint Committee on Coöperation between the Veterans and Sons; and it is recommended that the several divisions appoint similar committees.

"2. That at all reunions of the United Confederate Veterans the United Sons of Confederate Veterans shall have the full privileges of the floor, but without the right to vote. That particularly at the opening or welcoming ceremonies the Sons shall be seated with the Veterans, and the Commander of the Sons shall respond to the address of welcome as well as the Commander of the United Confederate Veterans; and that the Veterans have similar privileges at all conventions of Sons. That divisions of the United Confederate Veterans be authorized to extend similar courtesies to the Sons at all division reunions.

"3. That at all parades the Sons shall be the special escorts to Veterans.

"4. That the Camps of the United Confederate Veterans shall be authorized to enroll in associate membership the Sons, giving them, for each Camp, such privileges of membership as such Camp may determine, provided such Son is a member of some duly organized Camp, belonging to the United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

"5. That the Sons be urged to uniform themselves in historic gray, but in so doing omit from such uniforms all designations of military rank; and that they be urged in the designation of their officers to use no military titles.

"6. That all Camps and all officers of the United Confederate Veterans be earnestly recommended to assist in every possible manner in the organization and support of Camps of Sons; and that the Veterans see to it that in all Confederate gatherings and celebrations the Sons shall be given prominence. They are the heirs of the Veterans and must, by association with them, be taught the glorious heritage that belongs to them."

The Commanding General urges all the Division Commanders to at once give this subject careful and immediate consideration and insist that Camp officers take up the matter without delay, so that the objects may be immediately effective; and he appoints the following committee to represent the U. C. V.: Lieut. Gen. C. I. Walker, commanding Army of Northern Virginia Department, Chairman; Maj. Gen. Bennett H. Young, commanding Kentucky Division; Brig. Gen. John A. Webb, commanding First Brigade, Mississippi Division; Maj. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, commanding Texas Division; Private W. R. Houghton, of W. J. Hardee Camp, No. 39, Birmingham.

Hon. William McL. Fayssoux, Commander in Chief, U. S. C. V., has named on behalf of the Sons: Comrades R. B. Haughton, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.; W. P. Lane, Fort Worth, Tex.; H. L. Whitfield, Jackson, Miss.; A. M. S. Morgan, Charleston, W. Va.; W. M. Barrow, Baton Rouge.

Commander General Gordon sincerely trusts that this Joint Committee will not be backward in doing all possible to make the Sons feel that they are our heirs, are part and parcel of our Association, "and must be taught the glorious heritage that belongs to them." Too much zeal, too great an interest cannot be taken in this most important work.

VIRGINIA SONS OF VETERANS.

It is the custom of the Virginia Division, U. S. C. V., to hold their reunion at the same time and at the same place as the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans, and this year it was held on October 28-30 at Newport News, Va. The Sons attended in large numbers, delegates being present from eleven Camps, it being the largest gathering of Sons ever held in Virginia.

On the first day only a short business session was held, committees were appointed on credentials and to extend greetings to the Confederate Veterans in session at the place.

On the second day the convention was called to order at eleven o'clock by the Division Commander, E. Leslie Spence, Jr., in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. The large hall was well filled with the delegates and with many of their lovely sponsors and maids of honor. A motion to increase the *per capita* tax to the division headquarters from five cents to twenty-five cents was overwhelmingly defeated. Comrade E. P. Cox, Chairman of the Committee on Good of the Division, submitted his report containing many valuable suggestions, which was adopted, and it is expected will result in very much good.

Comrade R. S. Blackburn Smith, Chairman of the History Committee, read his interesting report, this being the most important part of the meeting. Comrade Smith's report, which will have attention in a subsequent issue of the *VETERAN*, recommended, among other things, that a bill be introduced in the Virginia Legislature creating a new department in the State government, one of the duties assigned to it being the collection of all papers relating to the part Virginia took in the war from 1861 to 1865 and the collection of the muster rolls of the troops furnished the armies of that period. It was an excellent report, many very important facts being brought out.

The report of the Division Commander was received with much enthusiasm, as it showed a marked increase in the number of new Camps during the year, and a revival of the interest in the old Camps. There were eleven new Camps organized since the last reunion, the largest number of Camps ever organized in any one year in Virginia.

In the election of officers, Commander Sale, of the First Brigade, was elected Division Commander; E. Leslie Spence, Jr., declined reelection, having held that office for three years. He was appointed by Commander in Chief Biscoe Hindman upon the election of Division Commander James Mann to the command of the Department of A. N. V., and having been elected to succeed himself at the three reunions prior to the one just held. Commander Spence received a division composing thirteen Camps, and turned over to his successor a division of thirty Camps in good condition, said to be as good as any division in the entire Confederation. Comrade Charles Aylett Ashby, of Newport News, was elected Commander of the First Brigade, and Comrade E. Lee Trinkle, of Wytheville,

was reelected Commander of the Second Brigade. There were three hundred Sons in the parade on Thursday afternoon. The following is the list of sponsors and their maids of honor for the Virginia Division, U. S. C. V., at their reunion at Newport News.

Sponsor in Chief, Miss Annie Henry, Norfolk; First Maid of Honor, Miss May Davies, Chase City; Second Maid of Honor, Miss Marie Peabody McGill, Petersburg; Third Maid of Honor, Miss Elizabeth Bowdoin, Norfolk.

Sponsor First Brigade, Miss Margaret Old, Norfolk; Maid of Honor, Miss Anne Salley, Newport News.

Sponsor Second Brigade, Miss Eleanor French, Alexandria; Maid of Honor, Miss Ella Jackson, Richmond.

First District Sponsor, Miss Virginia Ward Maitland, Fredericksburg; Maid of Honor, Miss Ellen Dickerson Wallace, Fredericksburg.

Second District Sponsor, Miss Melissa Payne, Norfolk; Maid of Honor, Miss Anne Burwell Jones, Newport News.

Third District Sponsor, Miss Agnes Drewry, Centralia; Maid of Honor, Miss Sophia White, Richmond.

Fourth District Sponsor, Miss Rosa B. Stephenson, Petersburg; Maid of Honor, Miss Mary Douglas Gee, Petersburg.

Sixth District Sponsor, Miss Elizabeth Lewis, Lynchburg; Maid of Honor, Miss Edith Appleton, Lynchburg.

Seventh District Sponsor, Miss Elizabeth Love, Winchester; Maid of Honor, Miss Helen McGill Page, Berryville.

Ninth District Sponsor, Miss Minnie B. Spiller, Wytheville; Maid of Honor, Miss Elizabeth Waller Moore, Wytheville.

Tenth District Sponsor, Miss Janet Carter Berkley, Staunton; Maid of Honor, Miss Kate Hutcheson, Staunton.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S FAME AS A PIANIST.

Marie Louise Bailey was born in Nashville, Tenn. She went to Europe when fourteen years old. Her entire education was in the continental schools. She speaks German, French, and Italian as well as her mother tongue, English. At sixteen years of age she made her debut in the old Gewandhaus, in Leipzig, with great success. Later, she made a successful tour through America and Canada. In 1898 she married Lieut. Louis Apfelbeck, an officer of distinction in the Austrian service. She has played before many of the crowned heads of the old world. She has been decorated by the Shah of Persia and the Duke of Coburg. She has letters of congratulation from the nobility and distinguished personages of every country. At a recent concert in Beirut she was a guest of Baron de Cuny at his magnificent palace, Eremitage.

In her Beirut concert she was overwhelmed with congratulations and floral tributes, and Baron de Cuny gave her a gold medal. This official is a Prussian in the service of the Emperor, and later, through his offices, Madame Bailey will have an opportunity of playing before the Kaiser.

In Beirut she played before an immense audience in a hall of great size, so overcrowded that many people had to stand. Of her performance a German musical paper of recent date says: "Madame Bailey carried away the public through her 'great genius.' Madame Bailey has every quality which the best critic in the world can ask from the world's greatest pianist. Great intelligence, soul, expression, temperament, and an unequalled technique—but this is the greatest part of her art. Her great technique, which appears sometimes more magic than reality, is a road which she uses alone to reach the zenith of her soul! The elasticity of her iron wrist and velvet fingers, her scales, which can be compared only to a strand of pearls or Venetian lace work, and the fragrance

and charm of her touch, which really reflects on every accord of our souls, are simply wonderful, but not less her deep feeling, which can express a Chopin as well as a Liszt. Storms of applause broke out again and again, and the artiste was



MARIE LOUISE (BAILEY) APFELBECK.

compelled to give the 'Campanella' of Liszt and then a Chopin number. Without question Madame Bailey belongs to the greatest artistes of our century.

She was received at the station by distinguished persons with a carriage drawn by four white horses that cost 2,000 marks each.

ESTIMATE OF COTTON CROP FOR 1903-04.

Dear Sir: We beg to submit for your information the following estimate of the United States cotton crop for 1903-04, compiled from reliable and intelligent correspondents in every cotton-growing county in the Southern States. Our efforts to obtain approximately correct results have been as diligent and thorough as it was possible to make them.

State.	Estimated Crop 1903-04.	Crop 1902-03.	Our Estimate of Crop Nov. 25, Last Year.
Alabama	1,100,000	1,050,000	1,000,000
Arkansas	800,000	1,000,000	1,000,000
Florida	50,000	55,000	50,000
Georgia	1,350,000	1,470,000	1,350,000
Louisiana	800,000	884,000	825,000
Mississippi	1,300,000	1,404,000	1,450,000
North Carolina.....	550,000	575,000	650,000
South Carolina.....	900,000	950,000	950,000
Tennessee & Okla....	550,000	509,000	525,000
Texas & Indian Ter...	2,900,000	2,831,000	3,200,000
Estimated total.....	10,300,000	10,728,000	11,000,000

As a rule, weather conditions throughout the South for the year have been unfavorable for the production of cotton. The gathering season has been exceptionally fine in all sections, and the crop thus far has been secured in good condition; marketed rapidly on account of urgent demand in the interior from spinners, whose mills were closed for some months, or who carried over very small stocks into the new cotton year. Yours truly, LATHAM, ALEXANDER & Co.

Confederate Veteran.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by address, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE CROSS OF HONOR.

The committee, composed of M. M. Teager, Jno. W. Heflin, and John G. Morris, appointed to prepare and report resolutions in commemoration of the event of conferring the Cross of Honor upon Confederate veterans by the Lucien McDowell Chapter No. 503, United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Flemingsburg, Ky., submitted, at the conclusion of the resolutions, the following poem by Mr. M. M. Teager:

Cross of Honor—yes, confer it;
Price of valor bravely won,
Woman's gift, reward of merit,
Badge of honor; keep it, wear it,
Sacred gift from sire to son;
Emblem of thy strong protection,
Woman's faith and kind affection,
Loyalty to home and section,
Duty nobly, bravely done;
Borne from fields by thunders riven,
Dusky mountain, hill and plain;
Badge for matchless valor given,
Sacred in the sight of heaven,
Sacred to the gallant slain.
May each manly bosom bear it,
Proudly, nobly, bravely wear it;
Hearts with trusted honor spare it
From reproach and guilty stain.
Sacred to the love we nourished,
Sacred to the land we love,
Wear it for the lives that perished
Bravely for the cause we cherished,
Trusting in the Power above;
Arms of Truth and Justice lend us
Succor, vindicate, defend us,
In the lap of peace befriend us
As his righteous laws approve.
Gallant spirits, gone before us,
Fallen in their manhood's prime,
Softly, sweetly bending o'er us,
Mingle voices with the chorus
Borne upon the vesper chime.
Eyes, though dim, and locks are hoary,
Emblems of a nation's glory,
Live and bloom in song and story,
Fresh upon the shores of time.

Kindred hearts, in love united—

Souls that win the world's applause,
Homes bereft, love unrequited,
All save hope and honor blighted
'Neath the touch of cruder laws.
Wear the Cross of Honor, brothers,
Gift from gentle hands of others,
Daughters, sisters, wives, and mothers,
Listed in one common cause.

Cross of Honor, 'mersed in slaughter,
Born in battle smoke and flame,
Nursed on fields of crimson waters;
Tears of widows, wives, and daughters,
Fields of monumental fame;
Let each sacred badge remind us
Of the kindred ties that bind us,
And with honor leave behind us
Records of a spotless name.

SPECIAL LAND BUYERS' EXCURSIONS

will run to the new lands of Greer County, Okla., and other sections of the great Southwest, in November and December, via the Frisco System.

Are you looking for rich and fertile farming lands in the Southwest, which you can buy from one-fourth to one-tenth the cost of lands of the East and North? They produce as much acre for acre. Here is a chance to better your condition and add a liberal amount to your pocketbook.

For full particulars and special railroad rates apply at once to R. S. Lemon, Secretary Frisco System Immigration Bureau, St. Louis, Mo.

A NOVELTY IN RAILROAD EDUCATION.

The novel project of running a palatial special train from Chicago to New Orleans and return, a distance of nearly two thousand miles, for the sole benefit of competitors was successfully carried out by the officials of the Illinois Central Railroad recently. Nearly one hundred general passenger agents and members of their families were the guests of the Illi-

nois Central during the trip, everything, including musical entertainments in the observation car, being provided by the company. Had any one undertaken to purchase the service and entertainment provided, the cost could not have been far from \$10,000. The train was, so to speak, an *edition de luxe*, the Pullman Company certifying that the new cars furnished were the finest ever manufactured by them, and the engineers and train crew were the most expert in the employ of the railroad company.

The novelty of the affair consists largely in the fact that a few years ago railroad companies strove to keep from competitors accurate knowledge of conditions along their lines of railroad. Excluding the complimentary feature, the main purpose of the Illinois Central expedition was to educate competing lines regarding the unexcelled transportation facilities possessed by that company, and the possibilities which lie in the development of the South. Although progressive men, the general passenger agents who were on the trip were amazed to learn that the Illinois Central now practically has a double-track system all the way between Chicago and New Orleans, and a rock-ballasted roadbed with few grades and curves which is capable of accommodating an enormous volume of traffic. They were also surprised at the phenomenal commercial and industrial awakening which the South is experiencing, and they will spread the news regarding both facts for months to come.

In doing this they will be advertising the South most effectively and promoting travel there from every quarter of the country. Naturally the Illinois Central will get the benefit of this, for, in short, it has recruited a force of one hundred live advertising agents from among the ranks of its active competitors. Under railroad methods in vogue prior to the era of "community of interests," such an undertaking would have been hailed as suicidal.



I WILL GIVE YOU a Perfect Fitting
Pair of **GOLD SPECTACLES FREE.**

SEND NO MONEY.

Just write me ten names of spectacle wearers and I will do this:—First I will mail you my perfect Home Eye Tester Free. Then (after you have sent me your test) I will mail you a full \$2.50 family set of spectacles (which will wear yourself and family a lifetime) for only \$1.00—and with this I will also send a Handsome Rolled Gold Pair Free. My regular price for this full family set of spectacles is \$2.50 and your home dealers are charging from \$2.50 to \$5.00 a pair for them, which would make this set cost you about \$10.00 if you bought them from your home merchant. I am really giving away the whole set free (the dollar I will ask you to send me with your test is only to pay for this announcement). I am doing this for a short time only, just to prove to you and all other spectacle wearers in the United States that my spectacles—the Dr. Haux "Famous Perfect" Vision Spectacles—are the most perfect fitting, clearest and the best that money can buy, and I'll give you your dollar back and let you keep the spectacles also if you **you** don't say they are the best and finest you have ever bought at any price. Address:—**DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO. I WANT AGENTS ALSO.**

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A true and beautiful story by a Southern author, Mrs. D. E. Osborne, of Greensboro, N. C. The characters of the story—many from real life—are chivalric, manly, womanly, giving to the book a charm which agreeably diverts the attention when the serious interest loses its hold. The story strongly appeals to all classes of readers. It treats of the South—of North Carolina. The local color is faithful, and much history and tradition is mingled with the narrative.

As the wife of a Confederate veteran, Mrs. Osborne dedicates the book to the brave and noble heroes of America who have made the history of our war a glorious heritage.

It is handsomely printed and bound in green cloth with gold lettering; 485 pages. Price, \$1; postage, 11 cents.

"Agriculture for Beginners," by C. W. Burkett, Professor of Agriculture, F. L. Stevens, Professor of Biology, and D. H. Hill, Professor of English in the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, is a valuable little work, profusely illustrated with cuts that are of great assistance to the student of agriculture in all of its branches, giving treatment of soils and plants, for field crops, orchard, garden, dairy, poultry, etc. It would be of great assistance to any one who tills the soil for pleasure or profit. Published by Ginn & Company, Boston, Mass.,

T. R. McDonald, of Dade, Fla., (Holmes County), inquires the whereabouts of any members of Company K, Twenty-Third Alabama Regiment.

THE GREAT SOUTHWEST.

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in the new country—\$5, \$10, \$15 per acre and up. These lands are mostly cut-over timber lands, some of them possessing a deep, rich soil, producing corn, wheat, oats, clover, cotton, fruits, and vegetables. Well-improved farms are scattered throughout this country. Many places with small clearings and some improvements can be bought very cheap. Our descriptive literature gives a fairly good idea of this country. It tells about the soil, crops, climate, people, schools, churches, water, and health. It contains maps showing the location of counties, towns, railways, and streams, and gives the names and addresses of real estate dealers in the towns.

Reduced rates for home seekers and colonists are in effect first and third Tuesdays of each month, by way of St. Louis, Cairo, or Memphis and the Cotton Belt Route. Let us send you our literature and quote you rates. Address W. G. Adams, Traveling Passenger Agent Cotton Belt Route, Nashville, Tenn., or E. W. La Beaume, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Cotton Belt Route, St. Louis, Mo.

J. A. Turpin, of L'Argent, La., inquires if any veteran member of the Crescent City Regiment can give him particulars of the wounding of Capt. A. F. Haynes, of one of the companies of that regiment, which was commanded by Marshall J. Smith. Capt. Haynes was mortally wounded at the battle of Shiloh in the second day's fight, and it is thought he was carried to Grenada, Miss., where he died.

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Confederate Veteran.

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I take great pleasure in recommending your won-
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the loathsome disease of cancer. You can use this
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It consists simply of a belt with certain medicines quilted within it, which is worn around the waist, and is not in any way annoying. The medical qualities are absorbed by the body, and quick relief follows. Wonderful results have been effected, as the testimonials following show. This remedy is a boon to humanity, for it brings safe and speedy relief from the pains of one of the most dreadful maladies. The stomach cannot stand medicine that is powerful enough to eradicate uric acid, therefore treatment by absorption is the only sure cure.

As a preventive, wear the belt one week in each month from October to May. If you are subject to rheumatic attacks, why not wear one of the belts as a preventive? It may keep you from suffering from that terrible disease; and just think, it costs only \$2, just the price of one visit from your doctor!

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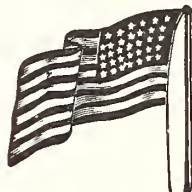
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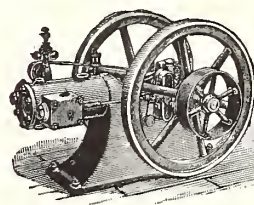
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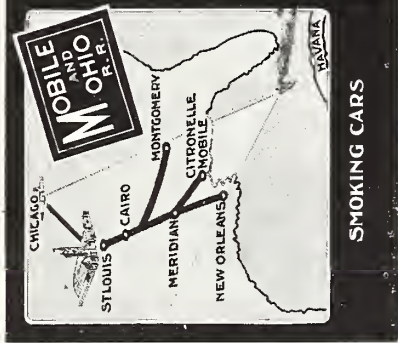
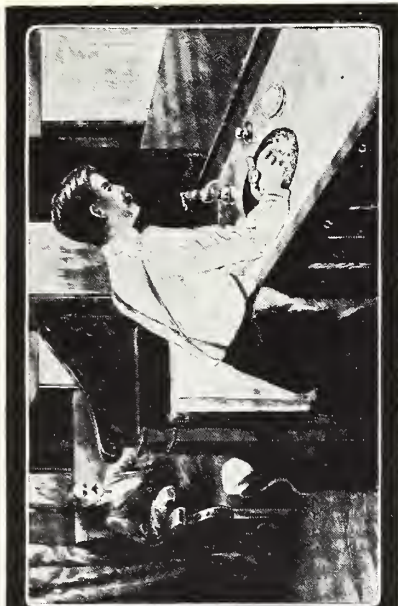
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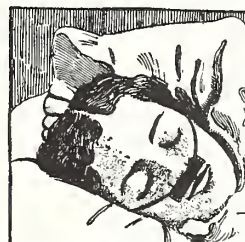
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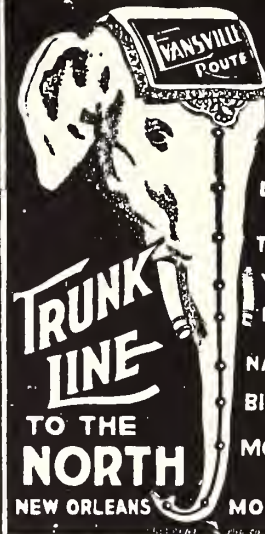
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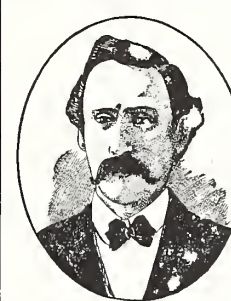
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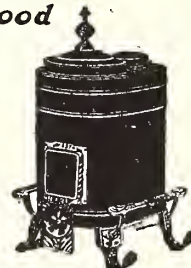
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